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THE CHURCH.

VOL. VIII.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Ephesians* ii. 20.

M.DCCC.LIV.

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

The end of the year brings with it the pleasing duty of addressing a few last words to our readers and friends. Our eighth volume is now closed, and our eighth year of labour accomplished; and we cannot take up our pen to write the page in which we announce this fact, without a variety of emotions crowding upon us, all seeking expression, and all solemnizing in their effect. How many who have aided us in our work, in one way or other, during the eight years, have passed away from the field of labour to the place of rest! How many of those whom we have sought to influence, and upon whom, doubtless, we *have* exerted some influence, have also gone from the scenes in which they once—some of them till recently—occupied a place! With a circulation so large as that with which we are favoured, scarcely a number of our magazine can be issued without finding some one reader a reader no longer; and how *many* readers must have been removed during the past year—during the past eight years! Forcibly, indeed, does each revolving year remind us of the admonition—"Work while it is called to-day, knowing that the night cometh wherein no man can work."

We are happy to say that we have, during the past year, received from our friends more expressions than ever of cordial satisfaction and kindness. For the success of our efforts to interest and benefit the members of the denomination with which we are identified, we are much indebted to many able correspondents, whose aid we would now thankfully acknowledge. And for the continued large circulation which our periodical enjoys, we are equally indebted to many friends in every part of the kingdom. It is such coadjutors, and such friends, that make editorial labours so much lighter and so much more satisfactory. We need not say that we shall begin another year, relying still on the aid which both correspondents and readers can render.

The year which has gone has been, perhaps, more important than any in which we have prosecuted our editorial labours. The one word, WAR, includes in it so much that is momentous, both in itself and in what it implies, that the year in which war has commenced must be regarded as most important, both in a political and christian view. To what results the war may lead it is impossible to say. What further elements of danger—unseen as yet—it may evoke, no human intellect can comprehend. We can only pray that it may be so directed by the Wisdom which is higher than human, that it may contribute to the advancement of liberty, and the extension of the reign of righteousness and peace throughout the world.

The year has been most remarkable in its effects on the progress of the principles of religious freedom in England. The events as they have occurred have been fully commented on in our usual monthly record: it is enough here to say, that the year has been most encouraging to all lovers of religious equality. We trust that those who have carried on so well the struggle which past years banded down to us so sacredly, will be sustained in their future efforts, so that triumph may soon be their reward.

Denominational matters call at present for little special remark. The new effort which has been suggested as likely to aid in denominational extension and improvement will be found referred to on another page. We can only say, that our attachment to our denomination increases with every year in which we are identified with it, and labour for it. More and more important do our principles appear to us as essential to the consistent maintenance of ecclesiastical freedom and christian truth. We trust that our friends are not too partial who assure us that our own efforts are not without their effect in elevating and strengthening the denomination, and in the higher work of extending and impressing christian principle on the minds of thousands. May we, and all who are labouring in the Master's vineyard, have, next year, and as long as he permits us to work for Him, his presence and his ever-needed aid!

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JANUARY, 1854.

GOING HOME.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

"Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you."—Deut. xii. 9.

And is it so, that at the close of this lone and weary pilgrimage there is a rest above? And that after this earthly, fleeting existence, there is an inheritance reserved? May I unhesitatingly believe this assurance, and hopefully clasp it to my heart? Then with what a firm tread and with what a buoyant spirit may I press my foot upon the mysterious threshold of the year now opening upon me—even as the morning's sun peers above the horizon, and as the early flower expands to the warm influence of its genial beams. Whether, like that sun, this new-born year shall in its course be wreathed with storm-clouds, or whether, like that opening floweret, its earthly loves, and joys, and hopes, shall pale, and droop, and die, I cannot tell, nor wish to know. Enough that God is my Father, my Sun, and Shield; that he will give grace and glory, and will withhold from me no good and needed thing. Enough that Christ is my Portion, my Advocate, my Friend, and that, whatever else may pass away, his sympathy will not cease, his sufficiency will not fail, nor his love die. Enough that the everlasting covenant is mine, and that that covenant, made with me, is ordered in all things and sure. Enough that heaven is my rest, that towards it I am journeying, and that I am one year nearer its blessed and endless enjoyment.

Thus may each christian pilgrim commune with his own heart, while standing beneath the shadowy portal of another cycle of time. Ere yet we meet its new and sacred claims, its duties, its responsibilities, and its trials, it may be our wisdom to remember that we are "*not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord our God giveth us.*" Our path, pointing homewards, lies across a long and dreary desert. We have as yet many a milestone to pass, many a stage to travel, many a foe to confront, many a battle to win. We cannot exult as those who put off the armour and wave the palm. And yet we are going home. Going home! what a soothing reflection! what an ecstatic prospect! The heart throbs quicker; the eye beams brighter; the spirit grows elastic: the whole soul uplifts its soaring pinion, eager for its flight, at the very thought of heaven. "I go to prepare a place for you," was one of the last and sweetest assurances that breathed from the lips of the departing Saviour; and though uttered eighteen hundred years ago, those words

come stealing upon the memory like the echoes of bygone music, thrilling the heart with holy and indescribable transport. Yes! he has passed within the veil as our Forerunner; he has prepared heaven for us, and, by his gentle, wise, and loving discipline, he is preparing us for heaven.

Amidst the perpetually changing scenes of earth, it is refreshing to think of heaven as our *certain* home. "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." This is no quicksand basis for faith, no mirage of hope. Heaven is a promised "rest"—exquisitely expressive image!—and that promise is the word of Him who cannot lie. Nothing can surpass, nothing can compare with this. Human confidences—the strong and beautiful—have bent and broken beneath us. Hopes—bright and winning—we too fondly fed, have, like evening clouds of summer, faded away, draping the landscape they had painted with a thousand variegated hues, in the sombre pall of night. But heaven is true; God has promised it, Christ has secured it, the Holy Ghost is its earnest, and the joys we now feel are its pledges and "first-fruits." Christian, consider this new epoch of time; unfold a new page of your yet unwritten history with the full, unwavering conviction that God is faithful; that in all the negotiations, transactions, and events of the unknown future, in all the diversified and fluctuating phases of experience through which you may pass, it will be your mercy to do with Him of whom it is said, "It is impossible that God can lie." Oh, take this precious truth into your heart, and it will shed a warm sunlight over all the landscape of your yet shadowy existence. "He abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." Receive the promise, and confide in the veracity of the Promiser, and he will make good to its utmost the word upon which he has caused you to hope. Standing yet within the solemn vestibule of this new and portentous year, could our fluttering hearts find repose in a more appropriate or sweeter truth than the divine faithfulness of Him "with whom there is no variableness, neither the shadow of a turning"?

The home to which we aspire, and for which we pant, is not only a promised, it is also a *perfect* and *permanent* home. The mixed character of those seasons we now call repose, and the shifting places and changing dwellings we here call home, should perpetually remind us that we are not, *as yet*, come to the perfect rest and the permanent home of heaven. Most true, indeed, God is the believer's present home, and Jesus his present rest. Beneath the shadow of the cross, by the side of the mercy-seat, within the pavilion of a Father's love, there is true mental repose, a real heart's ease, a peace that passeth all understanding, found even here, where all things else are fleeting as a cloud and unsubstantial as a dream. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." But it is to heaven we look for the soul's perfect and changeless happiness. With what imagery shall I portray it? How shall I describe it? Think of all the ills of your present condition; not one exists in heaven! Bereaved one! *death* enters not, slays not, sunders not there. Sick one! *disease* pales not, enfeebles not, wastes not there. Afflicted one! *sorrow* chafes not, saddens not, shades not there. Oppressed one! *cruelly* injures not, wounds not, crushes not there. Forsaken one! *inconstancy* disappoints not, chills not, mocks not there. Penitent one! *sin* exists not, burdens not, embitters not there. Weeping one! *tears* spring not, scald not, dim not there. "The former things are passed away." There rests not upon that smooth brow, there lingers not upon those serene features, a furrow, or line, or shade of former sadness, languor, or suffering; not a trace of wishes unfulfilled, of fond hopes blighted. The desert is passed, the ocean is crossed, the home is reached,

and the soul finds itself in heaven, where all is the perfection of purity and the plenitude of bliss. Ages move on in endless succession, and still all is bright, new, and eternal. Oh, who would not live to win and enjoy a heaven so fair, so holy, and so changeless as this? He who has Christ in his heart enshrines there the inextinguishable, deathless hope of glory.

It is a richly instructive and deeply sanctifying thought—the *futurity* of the heavenly rest. When told that we are not *as yet* come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord our God giveth us, we are gently reminded that we have each one a niche in life to occupy, a sphere to fill, a mission to perform. The idea of personal responsibility, of individual influence, and of untiring action, instantly starts up before the mind. “Not yet in heaven—then for what am I here? Surely it is for an object in harmony with my intellectual and spiritual being, and worthy of Him who still detains me on earth. It must be that I have something to do or something to endure for Christ; an active or a passive part to fill. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do or suffer for thee?” Oh, there is a fathomless depth of divine wisdom in the arrangement that keeps us so long out of heaven. The world needs us, and we need the world. It needs us to illumine and sanctify it; we need it as the field of our conflict, and as the school of our graces. We want the world, not as a hermit’s cell, but as a vast theatre, where, before angels and men, our Christianity is developed in the achievements of prayer, in the triumphs of faith, in the labours of love, and in the endurance of suffering.

Not yet at home—then we would remember that it is “through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom.” As a new period of time slowly rises from the depths of the unknown and mysterious future—its form half-shadowy, half-brightness, seeming to say,—

“Cold is my greeting; but, when we part,
Thou shalt find I have crept around thy heart:
Ah, vainly then wouldst thou bid me stay,
And sigh to recall me when I am away!”

shrink we from its stern and solemn duties, its bosomed sorrows, its deep and impenetrable decrees? Why shrink we? Infinite resources unveil their treasures upon its threshold. Christ’s atoning merits confront our vast demerit. Christ’s boundless grace confronts our deep necessities. Christ’s promised presence confronts our sad and gloomy loneliness. Jesus, thus filled with grace so overflowing, with love so tender, with sympathy so exquisite, with power so illimitable, with resources so boundless, with a nature so changeless, stands before us and says to each trembling heart, “Fear not!” We commence a new march under his convoy. We prepare for a new conflict with his armour. We renew our pilgrim-age with fresh supplies of “angel’s food,” affording nourishment for the present, and pledges for the future. For that future, be not needlessly, unbelievably anxious. It is all in God’s hands. He would that you should live each day upon him as a little child—simple in your faith, unshaken in your confidence, clinging in your love. Let each morning’s petition be—ever linking it with the precious name of Jesus, that “name which is above every name”—“My Father, give me this day my daily bread.” Then, oh yes, then, shall the promise be fulfilled—and its fulfilment shall be the immediate answer to your prayer—“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

Leamington.

THE YOUNG MAN OF THOUGHT.

BY THE REV. A. M. STALKER.

"I thought on my ways."—*Psalms* cxix. 59.

This is a bright passage in the history of the Psalmist. It is so in the history of every pious young man; but who can tell what shall become of the youth who cannot, as to his own case, *truthfully* repeat the declaration? The ocean of human life has its rocks and its quicksands, its tempests and its pirates; and a mariner tossed in his little bark on mountain waves, while he himself is in a state of intoxication, does not present a more affecting spectacle, than a thoughtless youth, being borne further and further on the mighty main of solemn existence. May none of my young readers have, at last, to narrate the horrors of such a voyage! We may consider,—

THE YOUNG MAN Musing ON HIS NATURE AS A THINKING BEING. Then, if ever, he is conspicuous. His attitude is characteristic of his exercise,—his whole aspect is suffused with meaning. The process going on within manifests itself on the brow, alternately placid and anxiously knit,—in the steady, almost moveless eye,—in the compressed lip,—in the soul transferred to the countenance. We feel as if in the presence of a being seldom met with, yet his human form throws over us, as we gaze, the spell of sympathy. His looks, his tones, his muttered phrases, make us fear to disturb him. The Divine oracle has addressed him, "Know thyself." He is rendering obedience, and it is the intelligence he is acquiring which imparts to him this air of eloquent, speechless earnestness. He finds the world without him in constant communication with the world within him. The senses are the avenues by which the former supplies the latter. Such importations he feels grow, and enlarge, and multiply, the longer they are retained, and the more cordially they are welcomed, for he is the subject of reflection as well as of sensation. "The inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding," and this "spirit within him" not merely raises him superior to "the horse and the mule," but plants him in a position only "a little lower than" that of "the angels." Such spirit, he concludes, was made to think, and though conscious that the sphere in his own bosom has been as certainly blighted by sin as the external world on which he looks every day, he cannot help conjecturing what splendours must have studded it prior to the fall. What beautiful, what pure, what glorious things must have been the first thoughts that interlaced the intellect of the sinless Adam! He considers them too Eden-like in their character for him to appreciate or even imagine. Nevertheless, though "the glory has departed," that *on which* it radiated remains, and the young man musing on his own nature says to himself, "I feel thinking is expected of me, and I cannot cease to think." It is so. Mind may be said to be in "perpetual motion." Its oscillations, its efforts, may vary in number, magnitude, and power, at different times, but it is questionable if at any period the thinking faculty is totally suspended. Be this as it may, no one, feeling he has mind, will contend for the possibility of its being, during consciousness, unengaged. It must have an object on which to settle. That object may be unworthy of it, but the youth, analyzing his constitution as a thinking being, feels that were an intellectual void in his case to be realised, and consciousness yet remain, he must experience torture the most exquisite,—torture, compared with which bodily suffering, such as hunger or thirst, would be an absolute trifle. The power of thinking, therefore, stamps his existence

with unutterable solemnity, and thrills him with the conviction that it had been better for him never to have possessed it, than to live only to abuse it, and to die with his spirit crimsoned in its own blood. Consider again,—

THE YOUNG MAN ADDRESSING HIMSELF TO THE EXERCISE OF THOUGHT. "I have an intelligent nature," he says, "and it must be regulated." How does he proceed? *He cherishes a deep sense of dependence on the Author of mind.* "If He has spoken to the mind which He has formed, what has He said?" This is the first enquiry. "Where shall I find His revelation?" is the second; and having examined the volume that claims to be divine, he bows before the evidence that proves the Bible to be the revelation he is in quest of. It contains assurances of mercy to pardon, and of the Spirit's aid to direct and to purify. Help is needed, and here it is found. *Thus encouraged, he strives to gain control over his thoughts.* He soon discovers he has undertaken a task. His attention when fixed for a time on a particular theme becomes restive, and his thoughts diffuse themselves over a width of sphere that renders him fearful whether he shall ever be able to bring them into subjection. Nevertheless, again he makes the attempt; and instead of accounting for the difficulty he feels (as a youth once did) on the supposition of the greatness of his mind, he solves it by a reference to the feebleness of the government he exerts over it. But effort is repeated after effort. Every following endeavour becomes the easier; and at last he feels that habit has crowned him conqueror over the waywardness of his intellectual powers. The conquest is valuable; and daily he appears in the court of self-inspection that he may judge as to the manner in which, during the hours of the day, he has, as a thinking being, discharged his duties. "Do my actions betoken me rather a being of passion than of thought?" Again, *he employs likely means to facilitate his acquisition of mental control.* Such means are numerous; but it requires considerable self-denial to avail himself of them in an age when what is called nourishment for the mind is served up with all that is luscious and sweet. He knows, however, that alway to diet his intellect on custards will be to weaken its powers and to vitiate its taste. He addresses himself to mental bracing. By the perusal of a closely thought and well-reasoned work, or by a determination to acquaint himself with the dead languages, or by an effort to familiarise himself with the ordinary and the higher departments of mathematics, or by an application to the study of purely mental science, he finds his faculties energised. The acquisition of knowledge is not so much his object as the infusion of vigour into his intellectual system. He is aware that knowledge is power; but he is equally sure that he will gain but little, and that little will not half bless him as it might, unless his mind is thoroughly disciplined, and unless that discipline issue, under aid divinely vouchsafed, in the increased muscularity of that within him which *thinks*. Once more, *he desires to have always at hand a supply of materials for profitable thought.* History's wondrous page,—nature's marvellous treasures,—the government divine of men and things, may all furnish fertile themes for vigorous thinking, inasmuch as the men,—

"Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grown familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, act upon His plan,
And form to His, the relish of their souls."

But his thoughts are not expended exclusively on these mighty ranges of human contemplation. There is another still—one equally important with any of them—one superior to each of them—one more momentous than them all,—*"I thought on my ways."* This leads us to speak of THE

YOUNG MAN APPLYING HIS POWER OF THINKING TO A SUBJECT WHICH IS TO HIM OF STUPENDOUS INTEREST.

He "comes to himself" not only as a mental, but as a moral being. He unbars every gate,—he removes every impediment,—he rends every veil, until his thoughts are in the presence-chamber of "the hidden man of the heart." At proper seasons he thinks of his health, his reputation, his means of subsistence; but at this solemn hour he thinks "on his ways." A man's ways are found in the tenor of his life. Thus we read that the wicked "setteth himself in a way that is not good," and "the way of the wicked God turneth upside down." He desires, as he thinks on his "ways," that the light of the Bible,—of the Law,—of the Cross,—of the Throne,—shall fall upon them; and under this revelation the discovery is made, that *his* ways have been opposed to God's way. He thinks, and, as he thinks, he asks, "*What am I?*" *A dependent being.* Thus I was created,—thus I continue. However frequently I have said, "My lips are mine own, who is Lord over me?" I dare not repeat the question. Though my existence has so "kept the even tenor of its way," that I have occasionally all but exclaimed, "There is no God!" now I am convinced that that existence, mental and physical, is every day, every hour, every moment, sustained by an invisible power. "In his hand my breath is." He has only to lay his hand, by certain mysterious or well known influences, upon me, and I should become either a mass of disease, or a victim of insanity, or both. Every beat of my pulse,—every throb of my heart,—every blood-drop that bounds through my veins,—says, "Think." "*I am an immortal being.*" There never will come a period when it can be said, "He is not." Ten thousand arguments in my own breast declare this, while their commingling voices, blending with the utterances of inspiration, reverberate around me, "ETERNITY!—that is to be thy dwelling place." I must strive to grasp the immensity of the idea involved in that one word, "Eternity." The effort may overwhelm me. Be it so. I must make it. "It is for my life," and the unbounded prospect that sheds its deathless grandeur on my spirit, says, "Think." "*I am a sinful being.*" While my Bible unfolds the purity of the divine law, and speaks of its transgressor as having waged war with his Maker, my conscience, as with a voice of thunder, says, "*Thou art the man.*" I must no longer allow the phrase, "sinful world," to blind my eye to my sinful self. The truth that God is holy, and the fact that the past years of my life are peering in as so many spectres on my consciousness, to prove me "laden with iniquity," alike bid me "think" *on my ways.*—The young man thinks, and as he thinks, he asks, "*Where am I?*" In a world *where God has borne long with me.* He has with "much longsuffering endured" me,—yes, "endured" me. That is scripture language, and impressively suggests the repeated, and the aggravated, provocations with which I have assailed him—provocations that might have exhausted the patience even of the Infinite. Did He not often warn me in my childhood? Has He not frequently prostrated me by sickness? Has He not more than once compelled me, while I listened to the funeral knell that was rung for others, to muse on my own shroud, my own coffin, my own grave? He has, and the possibility, the probability, that his next visit will be vocal with the command, "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?" constrains me to "think." I am in a world *where my example as a thoughtless young man has done mischief.* I find I must go out of the world, ere I cease to have influence in it, and the example I set will not be buried then. "The ill men do lives after them;" and even when the ill-doer is in his tomb will the truth of scripture be apparent: "One sinner destroyeth much good." Through human eyes, souls have looked on me that are to

live for ever, and, since they have seen me, immortal as themselves, treating sin as a trifle, they may, after I have ceased to tread the earth, quote my example as a warrant for sinning more and more. The impossibility of flinging away all influence, coupled with the declaration, "A man perisheth not alone in his iniquity," commands me to "think." I am in a world where alone I can prepare for the world of spirits. Without preparation I dare not enter it. "It were better" for me "not to have been born," than to step into its dread solemnities an enemy to Him who made me. Why should I continue an enemy? Though I have been thoughtless, God has had "thoughts of good, and not of evil, towards" me, else he would not still be inviting me to accept of the righteousness his own Son has provided,—the righteousness without which I must perish,—the righteousness which, while it robes the believer for eternity, must be procured on *this* side the grave—on that, it is never offered. Have I got it? Now is the accepted time,—am I improving it?—The young man thinks, and as he thinks, he asks, "*WHERE shall I soon be?*" In a world where all are constrained to think. All levity of spirit, all thoughtlessness, dies the moment a man feels that with him "time is no longer." Every object that would hide him from himself is removed, and he can find there no stupifying draught to benumb his thinking faculty. To that world of keenest activity of intellect I am advancing. Every breath brings me nearer to it. With an eternity of thought before me, ought I not now to "*think on my ways*"? I shall soon be in a world where the thoughtful and the thoughtless now, will be separated. Here they are apparently mingled. They live on the same earth,—are supported by the same means,—have in the business of time mutual transactions; but when the business of eternity commences, "a great gulf" will be seen rolling between them. Those who "thought on their ways," will, in the light of God's smile, be asked to "Rejoice;" and those who "would not consider," will, trembling under his frown, be commanded to "Remember." In which company shall I be? Had I not better "think"?

ADDRESS YOURSELF, O YOUNG MAN, TO SERIOUS AND PROFITABLE THINKING. *Such thinking has much to do with the formation of character.* Thought kindles emotions,—emotions stimulate to actions,—actions grow into habits,—habits stamp the man. Therefore thus is it true, "*As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.*" Remember the evils from which such thinking saves, and the pleasures to which it conducts. We have already hinted that the mind cannot be unemployed, and we now affirm that, such is the depravity of our nature, and such the vigilance of our spiritual foe, that mind will be crowded with all-debasing, ruining themes, unless previously occupied, and constantly disciplined. Is there no moral in the confession of him who said,—

"One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again?"

But if the intellect be profitably engaged, how high, how pure, the joys it realizes, for

"A correspondence fixed with heaven
Is sure the soul's best anchor."

Without such thoughtfulness religion is impossible. The nature of mind, and the nature of religion, and the book of God, proclaim it to be so. Never until you "think on your ways," will you "turn your feet unto the divine testimonies." These "testimonies" can alone direct, ennoble, save you; but opposed, or even alighted, they will be "swift witnesses" against you. Therefore, I implore you, "think." An affectionate father was greatly distressed by the conduct of an undutiful son. One evening, the latter was long in returning home. Eleven o'clock struck—he had

not appeared ; twelve o'clock—but still he was absent. A little before one, the parent imagined he heard footsteps on the stairs. He went to the door. He listened. He believed his boy was ascending. Still anxiously he waited, with candle in hand ; at last a knock was given. He opened the door ; and as soon as the son's eye lighted on the clock (which was immediately opposite the threshold), he said, "Father, I didn't think it was so late." "Think !" exclaimed the weeping parent, "*think!*—my son begun to THINK ? Oh, now there is hope !"

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."—*Jer. ix. 1.*

Jeremiah has been called the weeping prophet. He was unquestionably a man of deep feeling. He was a thorough Jew. He was as thorough a christian, believing in Messiah to come, as we believe in Jesus who has appeared. He loved his nation ; he pitied his people. Though he sympathised with God who punished them, he sympathised with them, also, under all their privations and calamities. Who ever wrote such bitter words, from such a sorrowful heart, as Jeremiah ! How deep are his feelings, and how touching his exclamation, now before us ! "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." Here is,—

First, *an affecting sight.* The Jews slain by Nebuchadnezzar and others. The destruction was merciless, the massacre was dreadful, the sight was calculated to produce the greatest sorrow and grief. No respect was paid to age or station ; the sword devoured one as well as another. Jerusalem was turned into an Aceldama, a field of blood. God's wrath was poured out ; his long-suffering was exhausted ; and now his awful threatenings were fulfilled. It was "a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The prophet heard the sound of the trumpet, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. He saw desolation ride in triumph through the land, and the slain lay everywhere in heaps : his heart was almost broken, and with deep emotion he cried out, "Oh, that my head were waters ! " Brethren, is there any similarity between his circumstances and ours ? Not literally, but spiritually there is. If the eye of the mind were as quick to discern as the eye of the body is, what should we see ? See ourselves surrounded by the slain of the daughter of our people. Even literally, we are almost surrounded by the graves of those who have been cut down by the relentless hand of death ; and spiritually, look which way we will, there are the slain. We are surrounded on every hand by those who are dead in sin. Every city, town, village, and hamlet, is full of the dead. Every street, lane, and alley, contains the dead. Scarcely can we find "a house in which there is not one dead." Oh, the number of our fellow-countrymen who are in one sense dead, and in another, under sentence of death ! Dead in sin, and sentenced to endless suffering and separation from God ! Oh, how strange that there should be such indifference,—indifference in them as to their doom,—indifference in us as to their everlasting destiny ! How great must be the hardening power of sin ! One would think that our hearts were petrified, and literally turned into stone. What a strange infatuation they are under, to feel at ease under such circumstances. Nor are we much less infatuated not to feel for them more than we do. They are "*the slain of the daughter of our people,*" flesh of our flesh,

bone of our bone. Our brothers and sisters in nature, as well as our fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen. *What* slew them? Sin. *Who* slew them? The offspring of sin, Death. *Who* delivered them up to such a fearful doom? The justice of God. *Who* is the Nebuchadnezzar that rejoices and triumphs in their destruction? Satan, the cruel serpent, the merciless old lion, who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour." What an affecting sight, to see thousands, tens of thousands, millions, of our brothers and sisters, all around us, slain by sin, and doomed to endless woe. One would think that we should daily feel like the noble-minded Esther, when she exclaimed, "How can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or, how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" But, alas, such feelings seldom fill our breasts, or influence our conduct; we are rather like the ostrich in the wilderness, destitute of feeling or concern. But here is,—

Secondly, *an affected heart*. "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." He saw the state of his countrymen already slain; he realised the danger of those who were left; he pitied their sad condition; he sighed over their sorrows; he desired their escape; and he prayed for their salvation. Brethren, is this our case? Are our hearts affected? What numbers have died in sin all around us during the last year; what hosts have gone down into hell from our country, from our own towns, from our very doors. At the beginning of the year, we saw them, perhaps, as healthy and as likely to live as ourselves; but death came and cut them down. They *were* in the land of hope, but they are *now* in the regions of despair. Do we ever think of them? Do we ever feel for them? Do you say, "It is of no use"? true, we can do *them* no good *now*; but look all around us. By whom are we surrounded? Is not every unconverted sinner under sentence of eternal death, and every moment in danger of dropping into hell? We *know* their danger; we *see* their state; but do we *sympathise* with them? Oh, the misery of their condition as the enemies of God, as led captive by the devil at his will! But are we affected by their miserable state as we ought to be? Suppose some modern Nebuchadnezzar were to take the town, and collecting together all the unconverted inhabitants were to chain them together with heavy chains, and lead them by your doors in gloomy procession, to inflict upon them dreadful and long-continued torments, could you witness the sight and not feel? Among them you see the old inhabitant you have known from your childhood with his silvery locks; the young men and women of your acquaintance; and multitudes of boys and girls. Some of the company your near neighbours, some of them your servants or fellow-workmen, and some of them your own children or other relatives. Supposing this to be the case, what kind of a heart must you have not to feel? But is it not worse, infinitely worse, to see multitudes of all grades, and all classes, passing before your eyes to hell? What are the sufferings of earth to the horrors of hell? What the torments of time to the perpetual agonies of eternity? What the anguish of the body to the unutterable sorrows of a lost soul? And yet we do not sigh over those sorrows. We do not appear to desire their escape. If we did really sympathise with them, if we realised the tremendous character of their destiny, if we desired their escape, should we, *could we*, be so indifferent, so careless, about them? Could we live with them, and never warn them? Could we live by them, and make no effort for their rescue? Are our feelings like those of Jeremiah? Do we weep like him? Do we sigh like him? Do we pray like him? Yet have we not cause, yea, greater cause than he had? Must we not say with the sons of Jacob, "We are, verily, guilty concerning our brethren"? But we have,—

Thirdly, *an affecting desire*. "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." He would encourage deep feeling, give way to incessant weeping, and thus manifest his patriotism, pity, and anxiety for their welfare. Oh, brethren, does this at all represent the state of our hearts in reference to perishing sinners around us? Must it not rather be said of many, as in the days of Job, "They perish for ever without any regarding it"? Souls are daily, hourly, perishing; but who regards it? Hell is filling; but who regards it? Satan is reaping a tremendous harvest; but who regards it? Every hour, every minute, every second, souls are sinking into hell; but who regards it? Where is our deep feeling? Where are our tears for the lost? For those who are now perishing? Where is our patriotism, when Englishmen are sinking by thousands into perdition? Where is our pity, when the human family are passing away from us in every direction to the regions of black despair? Where is our anxiety, even for our own flesh and blood? Wife, is thy husband unconverted? How dost thou feel? Husband, is thy wife unconverted? How dost thou feel? Child, is thy brother, thy sister, thy father, thy mother, unconverted? How dost thou feel? How many tears have we shed for the thousands who have perished during the year 1853? Friends, do you ever weep over perishing sinners? Is it not wonderful that we can walk the streets or sit in our houses without weeping? Is it not more wonderful that we can go to the house of God and pass the Sabbath breakers, profane swearers, harlots, and the multitudes of careless creatures that throng our streets, and never shed a tear? Is it not more wonderful still, that we can preach on the torments of the lost, and the joys of the saved; publish the glorious gospel of Christ, knowing that there is no salvation without receiving it, and see the great mass of the people around us rejecting it, yea, refusing to listen to it, and not weep bitter, bitter-tears? Would it be surprising if our places of worship were often turned into Bochims,—places of weeping over impenitent sinners? Surely not. But we do not half believe what we preach or what we hear. We do not half believe the statements of Holy Scripture in reference to the awful realities of eternity and another world, or we must feel deeply, and weep frequently too. But do we now *wish* that our heads were waters, and our eyes fountains of tears, that we *may* weep for those perishing around us? Or, would we rather go on in the same callous, unfeeling way that we have? God forbid it. If we never shed tears over sinners perishing in their sins, we are not like Jeremiah, for he did. We are not like the blessed Apostle Paul, for he did. Hence, speaking of his labours at Ephesus, he says, "*Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one day and night with tears*" (Acts xx. 31). We are not like our adorable Lord and Saviour, for when he came near to Jerusalem just before his death, passing over the mount of Olives, where it came full in view, we read, "*He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes.*" Oh, to feel as Paul felt! As Jesus felt! If we realised the danger of sinners, and the terrors of hell as they did, we should weep as they wept. But weeping is not enough. Feel we ought; but feeling should lead us to prayer. We should pray for sinners as if we saw them suspended over the burning lake, and one after another falling in,—as if we could hear the awful plash, as the lost soul takes its terrific plunge into the liquid, flaming brimstone. Feel we ought; but feeling should lead us to effort. Personal effort. Frequent effort. Heartly, soul affecting effort. It should lead us to plead with them, as well as plead with God for them.

To plead with them tenderly, lovingly, in good earnest. To plead with them as if we realised their danger, dreaded their doom, loved their souls, and would gladly do anything to snatch them as firebrands from the flames. It should lead us to strive to influence them, so as to bring them under the word, to believe the gospel, and to flee to the blessed Jesus for immediate salvation. We shudder when we read of the heathen seeing their neighbours and fellow-countrymen drowning, or perishing by other means, and not exerting themselves for their rescue. But are we better than they, if we see our friends, neighbours, and fellow-countrymen perish, perish for ever, and never attempt to rescue them? Yea, are we not worse than they, seeing we have the book of God in our hands, which says to us, "Others save with fear, plucking them out of the fire:" which to encourage us adds, "Let him know, that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins?" Which sets before us as an example the Apostle Paul, who became all things to all men, that he might "*by all means save some*;" who stooped as far as he could to every one's prejudices, that he might "*save the more*"? As the soul is more valuable than the body, as eternity is more important than time, as the eternal death of the soul is worse than the natural death of the body, so we must be more blameable than the heathen if we can see sinners perish and never go out of our way, or stretch out a hand for their rescue. Oh, how unfeeling we are! How unlike the prophet! How unlike Paul! How unlike Jesus! Let us endeavour to realise it, to deplore it, to pray over it, and seek for grace to convert us from such an inconsistent state. Oh, Saviour, let thy blood wash out the blood of souls, if our garments are stained with it! And when thou makest inquisition for blood, may not one drop of the blood of souls be found on our robes! Brethren, are we not guilty? Ought we not to repent? Is it not time for us to reform? Can we do better than at the beginning of a New Year to seek grace, that we may weep for souls, labour to save souls, and wherever we are, or whatever we do, keep one object in view, even to bring souls to Jesus?

Cheltenham.

WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave

On life's dark rolling stream,

Which is so quickly gone that we

Account it but a dream.

'Tis but a single earnest throb

Of Time's old iron heart,

As tireless now, and strong as when

It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn

Of Time's old brazen wheel;

'Tis but a page upon the book

Which death must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road

Which we must travel o'er,

A few more steps, and we shall walk

Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type

Of life's oft changing scene:

Youth's happy Spring comes gaily on

With hills and valleys green;

Next, Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,

Then Autumn with a tear,

Then comes old Winter—Death, and all

Must find their level here.

Christian Heroes.

No. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Every one knows how much there has been said and written of late about Heroism and Heroes. Without expressing any opinion as to whether much of this has been calculated to extend right views, and to exert a beneficial influence,—to do which would be difficult in brief, and would probably lead us far from our present purpose,—it is obvious to remark, that many who have been called Heroes, have been men whose Heroism has, to say the least, been of a very doubtful character. We propose now, in a few papers, to present our readers with some samples of *Christian Heroism*. We think that we shall find in them manifestations of the heroic far higher than any others that the history of the world can furnish; and we hope to meet, as we proceed, with something to learn, and much that may be of use to aid and encourage.

The chief difficulty we shall have to contend with will be that of *selection*. Perhaps we may obviate this somewhat by placing our Heroes in *groups*, rather than taking them and representing them individually. Our selection will be made without any particular care about arrangement or order,—certainly we shall not consider ourselves bound to the order of chronological or historical sequence. A few reflections, however, occur to us, equally applicable to the whole, which it may be well to give in this Introductory paper.

In running over, then, the list of Christian Heroes before us, and remarking the actions and spirit for which they have become conspicuous, the thought cannot but suggest itself, first of all, *how much nobleness Christianity has evoked*. In one sense, indeed, every Christian man may justly be regarded as a Hero. He is engaged in "fighting a good fight," and struggling, with Divine aid, for a victory—over himself—which the wise man declares to be better than any; so that in the highest or the humblest position he is a "man of mark" in the eyes of superior beings; and if we could read the unwritten records which only the Book of Life could reveal, we should find a Heroism in the every-day life of many a man, whose name is unknown, and whose history has never been recorded,

that would outshine very much that attracts the world's attention, and calls forth its loud applause. But age after age has left behind it, deeply written, the names of many who have stood out from the crowd of even Christian nobles. Every century as it has passed has swelled the number of those "of whom the world was not worthy." If we could ask them what it was that made them what they were, the answer would be, the religion of Jesus.

"They marked the footsteps that *He* trod;
His zeal inspired their breast."

They, more than others, imbibed the spirit, and appreciated the motives, which Christianity presents. On they have marched, a noble host, with their spirits elevated, and their hearts enlarged, by the truths and the hopes which they were enabled, to such a great extent, to realise and to enjoy. And in the upper world, to which they have been gathered, and where the same truths are presented to them with so much more of glory, doubtless they shine all the more brightly for their higher intelligence and nearer communion with God, as they indeed make that world brighter to us, whom they have left behind them.

And this leads us to remark the peculiar advantage there is in the study of *Christian Heroes*, namely, that they, more than any, are or may be *examples* to us. Granted, that there was much of heroism in Mahomet and Napoleon, and in others whom the world has been taught to "worship," how little there is in *them* which common men may be exhorted to follow—how much, alas, that we must rather condemn! At first, and in the distance, we are apt to think them stars, which may help to guide us along the rough sea of life, but on going nearer, we find them beacons, which are to be noted indeed, but only to be shunned. But this cannot be said of those whose memory we would enshrine. True, they had their imperfections, and we would not hold them up as faultless. But their remembrance is fragrant. They remind and teach us ever, that we also may make our "lives sublime" ones. Every page of their history is calculated to "give heart" to us who are still "sailing o'er life's solemn main." If we are Christians, the principles

which were their pole-star are ours also. We have the same Saviour to follow, and the same truths to aid; and it is only needed that we should live as closely to the Saviour as they lived, and hold our principles in the spirit in which they held them, for us to be as much Heroes as they were, and to live and die as they lived and died.

There is one thing that is evident from the histories of those to whom we shall have to refer in the succeeding papers. Religion was to them a *LIFE*. They did not regard it merely as a system of doctrines however important, or a form and mode of worship however complete; they regarded it as a *LIFE*, which the doctrines but aid to develop, and the worship but faintly expresses and shadows forth. And this it was which made their lives, to use a common expression, "so much of a piece." If we could have visited them in their homes, or studied the indications of their character in retirement, we should have found their private life as noble as their public life; they were as truly Heroes at home and by the fireside, when mixed up in the affairs of ordinary life, as when placed, as many of them were, at the tribunal of the persecutor, or immured in the dungeon of the anti-christian tyrant. Oh, how many are there who forget the lesson which is contained in this! *Their* religion consists in what is called "religious duty," and seems too sacred a thing to be mixed up in the

engagements of common life. They carry their Christianity with them when they go to chapel or church, but they do not carry it with them into the market-place, or the workshop, or the office. They find Sunday religion far easier than week-day religion,—piety in public far less difficult than piety with wife and child at home. Depend upon it, such men as these will never be Christian Heroes! It will not be of such that we shall have to write,—not of such that others in after ages will tell. Let us follow the *HEROES* of our religion, and we shall find that *their* life was always and everywhere the action of a principle. Look reverently upon them, for they are temples of the Holy One! They enable us to understand something of the mystery of a life "hidden with Christ in God." In wealth or in poverty, at home or abroad, alone or in the presence of the great world, struggling with small and petty vexations or engaged in the stern battle of life, in all and always they lived to God, and made his love and service the principle of their action.—Is not this the *secret* of a noble Christian life? Is it not this that makes the poor man a prince, and renders the humblest cottage the dwelling-place of a Hero?

If these papers should teach the writer and reader a few such lessons as these, to neither will the time given to them be given in vain!

Tales and Sketches.

A NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

"I had a Dream, which was not *all* a Dream."

Amidst the musings natural to the close of one year and the commencement of another, I retired to my bed in the evening of December 31st, 18—, meditating on the mortality of man, and repeating to myself the words of the prophet, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness of man as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

I have no recollection of intervening thought, until I found myself far distant from my place of rest, standing at the great gateway of one of the parks of our metropolis. A peculiar and death-like silence reigned through the extensive

avenue, of which I commanded the entire view—a portentous sign of silence in all its tributary streets. There was no rattling of carriages; no hurrying or jostling of the crowd; no intermingling of voices; no hum of distant business, though the sun had just passed the meridian, and was pouring his full and unclouded light upon all the haunts and ways of men. I saw only the public and private buildings which human art had reared, as if to mock the frailty of the hands which built them; the trees stripped of their summer foliage, and the withered grass, nature's yearly lesson of mortality to living men; and a mysterious preparation of hearses and mourning carriages, as far as the eye could reach, as though the city were sitting in silent waiting for a universal funeral.

I did not muse long upon the scene before me, when a general knell struck upon my ear from every dome in the city; speaking in deep and varied tones the general calamity, and leaving minutes of silence more death-like than before, the mournful, meditative silence of myriads of souls.

What, thought I, can be the meaning of this awful silence—this pause of motion and business—this mysterious preparation—this universal knell? Has some fearful pestilence made havoc of the people, some angel of destruction smitten the first-born, and changed the joyous city into a scene of mourning and woe? While I was musing, fixed in astonishment, the whole city, as by one consent, seemed to be put in motion. The narrow houses of the dead, apparently innumerable, were brought out from the abodes of the living; I could hear the sounds of universal weeping and lamentation, and felt unutterable sympathy in the public agony. Immediately the death march commenced to the different cemeteries of various processions, passing in different directions without disorder or confusion, moving slowly to the general chime of tolling bells.

I attempted to hasten away from the scene which filled me with horror; but I could not escape. Wherever I went, *the funeral was there*; in every avenue, in every street, the same death-like order and stillness, and weeds of mourning and tolling bells, the same flow of a smitten people to their graves—to which abodes of silence the living were everywhere consigning their dead, as it seemed to me, past numbering.

I would have asked the meaning of a scene of woe so peculiar; but I could not ask to be told a story which I saw written in lines of anguish upon the face of the living. I hastened away, that I might find a place of quiet thought in the winter loneliness of a beautiful promenade, the bright water flowing before me, wont of a summer's evening to be thronged by cheerful groups of young and gay in innocent recreation. *But the funeral was there.* The clear and transparent waters, gilded with the sun now hastening to set, shewed not their ordinary display of craft of all sorts sporting by wind and steam as if to decorate a holiday. The shipping moored at the wharfs, or anchored in the stream, shewed no other signs of living beings but colours at half-mast; save here and there scattered sail and steam boats

covered with coffins, and dismally decorated with palls, and filled with mourners, apparently carrying their bewailing friends to be buried among grandsires, and parents, and kindred who were gone before: save here and there also a few vessels of larger size, from distant voyages, with dead on board, now disembarking; how differently from their hopes when they went merrily to sea?

I felt that there was no escape from the horrors by which I was surrounded; no avoiding this awful funeral, this universal knell, still sounding in softened and distant tones upon my ears; and I sat myself down to give vent to my sorrows in a flood of tears.

As I was weeping, I felt a gentle touch upon my shoulder, such as a kind friend might have given who had become an accidental spectator of my grief. I turned, and saw a face so lovely, so benignant, as seemed to be more than human—a countenance which could never have been ruffled with anger, or radiant with pride; surely, I thought, a ministering spirit, some holy angel, come to unfold the mystery before me, to soothe the anguish of my heart, and to aid me in learning some lesson of salvation.

"What you have seen to-day," said he, "you may be surprised to know is nothing new. All that is uncommon in the scene before you is, that, by my aid, the funerals of three hundred and sixty-five days have been clustered before your imagination into one. All that you have seen has passed before the people unnoticed and forgotten. The knell you have heard was the knell of thousands, the victims of death's daily and common work. No other evil has befallen the city than its usual mortality of so many a week. No fearful pestilence, no overwhelming calamity, has filled the city with mourning, or caused the universal knell. Health and prosperity have cheered the past year. The thousands whose obsequies have passed in vision before you, have met their death by the common varieties of human calamity and disease. When the sun cast the shadows last as you now see them, the greater part were in health, and had no reason to expect themselves to be the victims of death. Rapid fevers, and fluxes, and lingering consumptions, have wasted and destroyed multitudes of the strong, active, and blooming who have gone to their graves, instead of the infirm and aged, whom they were ex-

pecting to follow. Some fell down dead suddenly amidst their walks, or conversation, or daily toil, or were blasted by lightning or steam. Some alone, and without forewarning, breathed away their lives amidst the quiet slumbers of the night, and heard not the lingering morning call, as it fell again and again upon their dead ear, nor the cry of astonishment and woe which burst from their friends at the sight of their lifeless corpses.

"Some, as they died, no matter where or how, were met by the angels. No shock came so suddenly, no blast so terribly, as to elude the care of those ministering spirits who have daily, nightly, charge of redeemed souls. Even in the storm and tempest, in darkness and alone, the charged angels covered them with their shields, until they were fitted for their upward flight, then speeded and aided them to the regions of purity and love."

I was waiting in anxiety approaching to agony to hear my heavenly guide speak of those unused to prayer, who had never accepted the offered covenant of their Maker, nor welcomed the Spirit sent down by their exalted Saviour; but the foreboding awoke me. As I awoke, I found myself saying, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee." "Whatsoever my hand findeth to do, I will do it with my might; for I am hastening to the grave." I will be "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as I know that my labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

A TALE FOR ALL SEASONS.

The other day I stepped into an omnibus, going up the town, in which were some three or four gentlemen, and as many ladies. Soon after taking my seat, a young man, running after us, called to the driver from the causeway. The omnibus stopped, and the young man came up, pulled open the door, and stepped in. He was well dressed, with an overcoat on his arm, about eighteen, and evidently from the country.

The passengers moved to give him a seat, which he did not seem disposed to take, but looked anxiously about the 'bus. "I have lost my pocket-book in this 'bus," he said, as he began to examine the seats and floor. Every man smiled incredulously, as almost every man will at the first mention of any

story of loss or misfortune, suspecting that every such story is simply a *ruse* to get money.

"It wasn't in this 'bus, I fancy," said one. "Yes, it was in this 'bus. I got out at ——— Street to go to the Railway Station, and, as soon as I was out, found that my pocket-book was gone."

"Oh, yes," said one of the men, "I recollect seeing you get out." This declaration quickened the memory of another, who also now remembered that he left the 'bus at ——— Street.

Here every one in the 'bus commenced a search for the lost pocket-book. The search in a 'bus is not an extensive one; there are few crooks, or crannies, or by-places in a 'bus, where lost treasures may lie secluded. Just cast your eye along the floor, and turn up the cushions, and the work is done. Every one got up, every one looked intently along the floor, and every one assisted in turning over the cushions. But every one failed to find a lost pocket-book. It certainly was not there. Again they looked at the floor, again pulled up the cushions, but with the same success.

The first thought I said always is, where one complains of losing, that it is all a *ruse*. The second thought is that somebody has *stolen* it. When no one could find the pocket-book, each one began to wonder who took it from his pocket.

"It was in this pocket," said the young man, "and I sat in that corner;"—which would have made it impossible for any one to have taken it while he was in the 'bus.

"I don't know what I shall do," said the young man, despondingly. "I was going into the country, and I haven't got money enough left to pay my fare. I wonder if the Railway people would take me?" No one ventured a reply to this query, but some one asked how much money he had in his purse. "Oh, only about half-a-crown. I don't care anything about it, if I only had enough to get home with."

The case now was reduced to a very simple point, and the question was, how should he get money enough to pay his fare. No one moved, but all were thinking, perhaps, though they did not say it, "Well, go to the Station—I dare say they will let you pass;" or, "Somebody, if you ask them, will let you have the money;" or, "Well, I can't do anything for you,—you *must* look out for yourself." And all looked hard at

the floor, for the third time, and thought of turning over the cushions again.

No one offered to give him anything, for if any one felt disposed to a generous act, he had not courage, because every other one would *think*, "Why, what a fool you are to give money to everybody that gets into a *fix*! If you undertake to give to every one, your hands will be full."

"Come, *hurry up*!" cried the driver; can't stay here all day." And on went the 'bus, tumbling over the rough pavement.

"How much did you say you needed?" asked a lady. "Four shillings," was the reply. Without saying another word, she quietly drew out her purse. The effect was electrical. Every lady fumbled for her purse; every gentleman put his hand into his pocket, as they do when the conductor comes along and says, "*Fare*, gentlemen!" And almost before the lady could put her money into the young man's hands, six or eight hands were extended to him with their contributions.

"There, there!" said the young man; "take care,—don't give me too much. I only want four shillings; that's all. There, you keep that,—no, I don't want it, here's enough;" and he refused to take several pieces that were held out. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you;" and immediately he jumped from the 'bus and was out of sight.

I looked at *that lady*, whose magic touch of her purse called money from so many pockets, more surprisingly than Signor Blits could possibly have done. She was perhaps thirty, well dressed, though not richly, with a fine, interesting countenance, yet not particularly beautiful. She was evidently in easy circumstances in life, and yet as evidently not wealthy. She was, also, I suppose, a mother, as she had a beautiful little girl, of some four years old, about whose smiling rosy cheeks the chestnut curls danced, as she nestled into her mother's lap, or whirled round to look out of the window.

The gift of the money was a very small affair; but the manner in which it was done, and the circumstances, made a deep impression on my mind. She did not ask who his father was, and where he lived, and what he came to town for, and why he was not more careful, and if he could not beg the money, or borrow it, or work for it. There was no flourish or parade—not a word; no vain-glorious look of triumph.

She did not gaze round at others, as much as to say, "Now follow my example."

It was a small particle, but it was the genuine, pure gold. She was a *mother*; perhaps she had a *son*; and he might meet sometime with a little accident away from home, and need a few pennies to return him to her fireside and her embrace. Would she not then bless the heart that might prompt a generous though a trifling service?

If it had only been in an old-fashioned country stage-coach, so I could have talked with her! In stage-coaches, anybody may talk to anybody without being intrusive. Even in a Railway Station, waiting for the train, you might venture to speak. But in an omnibus, it is scarcely polite to do more than assist a lady in getting in or out, or make change for her when she pays her fare, or—give her your seat.

But a mother has always a second self in her child. The little rosy-cheeked girl was reaching her dimpled hands out of the window, catching at the carriages as they passed, and laughing at the sport. I patted her cheek, and said, "Won't you come and sit with me?" She turned around with a merry laugh, that made her sweet face radiant as if the golden borealis was playing with her curls.

"Won't you go and sit by the gentleman?" said her mother, turning around and smiling. What mother ever failed to be pleased when you caressed her child?

"Ah! hold up, driver—I must get out." No matter; I left the stage, and the child, and the mother. Who she was, where she went, I do not know. It's of no consequence. But there is one home, *somewhere*, that she makes happy; there is one fireside, not very rich, not very poor, where the comforts if not the luxuries of life, and even its toils, are sweetened by her goodness.

God bless her! whatever joys or sorrows she may have in life. May she, every day, do some *little* deed of noble, generous sympathy and love, that shall lighten somewhat the heavy load of trouble, misfortune, and misery that afflicts humanity! Every such act shall be a new star set to gleam in life's dark firmament; a new spark to kindle fires in its chilly and cheerless waste; a new beacon to light others to generous deeds. She did not dream that any one would think of it—perhaps has already forgotten it herself. Yet that *little act* has

a better memorial than I can give it. I shall see her no more; but I will think of that act.

Who knows but some day to come my boy may be far from home, in a great city, and penniless? Who knows? Would I not bless and pray for the one who should give him but a farthing, that he might return to my embrace, so that I might kiss him when he went to sleep, as I used to do, and he not be exposed to stay all night in the streets, or, what is worse, perhaps, be seduced to the abodes of death?

Do deeds of generous love, reader. They may be *small*. Never mind that. They cannot be so small but that they shall call forth thanksgiving from some heart,—but that they shall be seen of Him who numbers your hairs, and notices a sparrow's fall!

“HE WAS MY DEAR SON.”

So said a mother to me, not many weeks since, when weeping with overwhelming grief for the death of her eldest son. I have seldom seen deeper anguish; and perhaps few parents are ever called to part with just such a son. Though but a youth, his manners were those of a gentleman; his judgment sound; his conscience tender; his reverence for the truth profound; his respect for the gospel and its ordinances uniform; his obedience to his parents habitual, prompt, and cheerful; his affection for the younger members of the family pure and abiding; he was not simply a son and brother, but already the companion, counsellor, and friend, of father, mother, brothers, and sisters. His mind, too, was of a fine order, and well cultivated for his age; the promise of his future was most encouraging. But with all this, Death marked him for his prey. During the Christmas recess from school, and while on a visit to the family of a friend, he contracted a severe cold. Bronchial consumption followed, and laid him, in a few months, in the silent grave.

His sick chamber exhibited much of meekness, patience, and cheerfulness. Though without an external stain upon his character, a sense of sin, of ill desert in the sight of God, troubled him; he sought relief in the peace-speaking blood of the Lamb; he found it, not suddenly, but by slow degrees; he read, he prayed, he loved to have his pastor, his friends, the elders of the church, pray with him. At first he spoke tremb-

lingly, but when Jordan rolled at his feet, and the murky shades of its deep valley gathered about him, he knew no fear. “Father,” said he, “I am now about to die; but I feel that Jesus is carrying me over the dark valley. Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!” This his weeping mother heard; but she was badly prepared to part with her boy. “Oh, mother,” said he, “do not weep so; I am happy, and will soon be with the Saviour!”

Sad, yet precious comfort, these words of her dying boy! Life and death here meet. Life in death, death out of life. His sight fails—his hearing also—his lips cease to speak—and—now—a few long, slow heavings, and all is quiet—all is over—he is gone.

The death chamber was filled with wailing; and when the voice of the pastor would speak peace and calmness to that grief-stricken mother, this was her answer: “He was my dear son; he was my dear son; I could not give him up, for I expected him to preach the gospel.”

Surely, the death of a son, and such a son, is cause of grief. We admit it; but should it be hopeless, despairing, unsubmitive grief? Has not God taken him? and had not God a right to take him—a better right than a mother to retain him? Will he not take better care of him, and exalt him to higher degrees, both of service and joy, than could be conferred upon him here?

Weeping mother, have you really lost your son? Is he not still your son? Is he not your son in heaven? God lost not *his* dear Son when he gave him up for us all—he gave him up that he might receive him for ever. So your jewel has been taken but to be purified, and brightened, and reset in your crown, never more to be removed. Is that a cause of grief? He is now in God's family in heaven. Would you call him thence? Do you grieve that he is happy? Oh, let it not be. What sweet comfort was afforded in his death! And what an honour to have a son in the court of heaven! He was your dear son, true; but God loved him also, and has provided for him better than you can. Is your best earthly treasure too valuable to be given cheerfully to the Saviour when he asks it? What has he not done for you? Dry, then, your tears. Look up, and say, and feel, “Even so, Father; not my will, but thine be done.” You may yet rejoice with your

son among the glorified at God's right hand. Will you weep *then*? Weep not now. Mothers, weep not; grieve not for your children, even for a dear son dead in the Lord.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BIBLE.

A STORY FOR TEACHERS.

In the county of Kent lives, or lived, a clergyman and his lady who took a very active part in the Sunday school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he enquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and, oh, sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah," he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver (presenting him the

Bible), and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask (opening the Bible), so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "this is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart when I was in the Sunday school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange! but who is this 'me' that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truths and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after this conversation, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which, the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

The gentleman who told this tale, said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there were no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James.

Teachers, does not this story encourage you? Will you not resolve to pursue your work this new year with greater earnestness than ever before? May God help you to do so, and give you the success which will be your sweetest reward!

Correspondence.

ON TEACHING YOUNG CHILDREN PRAYERS.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

My attention has been arrested by a letter in your excellent magazine for Novem-

ber, "On teaching young children prayers," and (with your permission) I am anxious to say a few words in reply.

Your correspondent supposes in starting, that "If the readers of 'The Church' were asked, At what age would you com-

mence the religious instruction of children? when teach them their first prayer? the probability is, that a large majority of the most pious would reply, 'With their earliest years,—so soon as they can speak.' This certainly would be my reply, and as one of your numerous readers, I adopt it now.

"C. C. P." refers to Messrs. Müller and Craik, of Bristol, as authorities against this practice. To these dear brethren I would on many points defer most gladly; but the Redeemer's example and teachings upon this subject are so plain, that the necessity of secondary appeal is obviated. My rule is the well known text, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It will be observed that the children here spoken of were *just such* as "C. C. P." objects to, in the matter of religious instruction. They were "little children," proved not only by the language which describes them, but also by the fact that "Jesus took them up in his arms;" and then, as if to make their *age* and *size* important particulars, he said, "Suffer the little children." I need not stay to remark upon the character of the reproof administered by the gentle, child-loving Jesus, to those disciples who rebuked the anxious parents for bringing their infants to receive the Divine benediction; its severity and the lessons taught by it are rendered sufficiently clear and impressive by the sentence, "When Jesus saw it, he was much displeased." Coming to Christ, on the part of an adult, is synonymous with believing in him, learning of him, and acknowledging him as Lord, Redeemer, Friend, *all*. In what spirit does Christ direct us all to come to him? Is it not in the spirit of a little child, with simplicity, humility, and unreserved confidence? If, therefore, the "Great Teacher" illustrated great fundamental truths for the instruction of adults, by the condition and characteristics of little children, is it too much to infer that *little children* have a claim upon pious parents and guardians, to direct their minds in the very dawn of life to Him who took so much and such tender notice of them, when those who ought to have known better would have kept them from him?

I gather from "C. C. P.'s" letter, that he is opposed to *any* religious instruction for children *under* the age of nine or ten, but that he particularly objects to their being taught to *pray*. In support of this he defines

prayer, and then asks *how*, according to such definition, it can be understood, appreciated, and offered with propriety, by little children. But our friend has more clearly exposed the evils of an injudicious and unseasonable *form*, than the impropriety of seeking to give a devotional bias to the heart, and a devotional idea to the mind of the child. It is quite true that an infant may not know much, or rather may be entirely ignorant of the *nature* of God's kingdom, consequently cannot understand a prayer for its extension; but the same infant *may* have its tender spirit filled with delight at the thought of God's regarding it with a Father's love, and that *one* impression will necessarily lead to others, which will influence the mind in its simple but real communion with God. The objection of "C. C. P.," "But if the man finds it difficult to realize the majesty and presence of the Great Invisible, and to subdue his mind to becoming reverence, how shall the babe comprehend the Infinite, or its heart be penetrated with fitting awe?" is I think unfortunate, since neither child nor adult is expected or allowed to "comprehend the Infinite." He is, to *all* created beings, *incomprehensible*. But the mind of the child is susceptible of Divine grace, and if instruction in the mode of prayer be accompanied on the parents' part by an *earnest* and *believing* appeal to God to sanctify such instruction, the Lord promises, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. xxi. 22). If, on the other hand, this should be in any case (in the language of "C. C. P.") "the seed plot of hypocrisy and formalism," the faithful parent will have done his duty, and be no more chargeable with the production and promotion of these evils, than the apostles of the past, and the ministers of the present day, are to be charged with laying the foundation of similar results in the minds and conduct of their hearers.

To *suspect* that the impartation of spiritual instruction to a child will lead to *evil* consequences, appears to me dishonouring to God, since it manifests a lack of confidence in the truth, and in the power of the Spirit of truth to meet *every* case and *every* age in the family of man. "They that seek me *early* shall find me." Every saint must have his start in the divine life, and if he must be first of all a babe, is it not most desirable that the infancy *spiritual*

should be coeval with the infancy *natural*?

I may also say that it does appear most undeniable that if a child is not to be taught (instrumentally) to pray *before* the age of nine, he *may not* upon the same principle be taught *then*, but should be left until he voluntarily seeks instruction; and the same must I think apply to *all* religious guidance in reference even to adults themselves, since "neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase."

Without saying anything here as to the age at which responsibility may commence in a child, it is I think fair to conclude that if a child should die at the age of five, six, or seven, the loving parent would far more gladly give it up, knowing that its infant eye had been directed heavenward, than if *no* such direction had been given to its enquiring mind. And what pleasure in after days that parent feels, while the little "lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave," if he still hears as it were the very sounds of early praise which he was instrumental in teaching.

It was the habit of my sainted mother to take all her children to the Lord, and teach them his fear from the beginning. In my boyhood we buried my youngest brother (not quite three years old), and *that child* spake of "going to Jesus;" and I owe (through the infinite mercy of God) my salvation from the service of Satan, to my pious and devoted mother's instructions,—*not* deferred till I was nine or ten,—but commenced as soon as I began to know my parent, and speak the lovely name—*mother*.

"Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." So was Samuel trained, and at six years of age ministered to the Lord. So was Timothy trained. So was Doddridge trained. So were many more. But I forbear, fearing I may be too long,—offering my christian regards to "C. C. P.," and to yourselves, dear Sirs, and am very respectfully yours,

CHARLES T. KEEN, Jun.

Regent-Street, Lambeth.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

Permit me to put the following apology to "C. C. P.," as a reply to his letter.

I have some ground, weeds *will* spring up spontaneously on it. If it is not tilled, they will cover the whole surface, and spread their roots far, wide, and deep, to the utter ruin of the plot. If I dig, and sow good seed, and check the weeds, it is probable I will have a crop. Frosts may nip,—the sun may scorch,—rains may drown it. These accidents it is not in my power to prevent. But it is my duty to sow, watch, and weed, and, beside all, to pray for God's blessing. One part of the work is mine, the other His. Must I murmur if my crop fail? Must I conclude, because I laboured and there was no result last year, there will be no crop to compensate my labour this year? No. Perhaps some part of the work was ill-done, or *not* done, and it was my fault.

Now, my ground is virgin soil. Is this a reason why it must be uncultivated for ten-years? True, weeds may be plucked as soon as grown; yet I do it no good, its nature is not altered. And even if it be kept in the best condition, it is unprofitable to the master whose steward I am; and, at the end of ten years, my neighbours will laugh at me as foolish, and my lord will be angry, for I *might* have grown ten crops, and my labour in cleaning it of weeds has been lost.

Is the moral of the above too much under the surface to need putting in words? For some years my mind was misty on the subject of "C. C. P.'s" letter, and reasoning as above ended the conflict.

When is a child of proper age or state of mind to be taught to pray? So soon as he is able to understand that his Father is in heaven, and on earth sees and hears him. We cannot too soon cultivate a love and reverence towards Him, and an affection for all His works. Much depends on the means a parent adopts. It is of no use to tell a child there is a God, and he must love Him. He must be led to think and reason. An intelligent father will discover easily some judicious means to effect this, with regard to things around; and a child is as capable of comprehending simple divine truths as simple natural truths. That it is difficult work I own; that it is impossible I deny. My experience tells me it is possible, and that it is only relatively difficult, that is, it is more difficult than some other duties. What I learn from its difficulty is, the greater necessity for tact and judgment.

Children reason at a very early age. A boy, four years old, told his mother, when she reproved him for going to bed without praying, and asking God to take care of him, "Father didn't pray last night when he went to bed, so I didn't care to do." Sharp reproof!

They observe and remember. A child, seven months old, afforded a good instance the other day. A lady held her watch to his right ear, and he conveyed it to his left, to which his father invariably applied his. Some may smile, yet I am convinced it was the effect of observation.

What is a prayer fit for a child? His own wants in his own language. He asks his parents for what he wants in his own words, and is as able to pray to God. Instances of most appropriate and touching petitions, by children of tender years, have come under my notice. One may be adduced, which was related to me by a friend. A little girl equivocated on some occasion, but the next moment a sense of her sin flashed across her mind, and, bursting into tears, she exclaimed, in horror, "Oh, I have told a lie! I have told a lie!" Forgiven by her mother, she was still unhappy, and spent the whole night in agonizing prayer for God's pardon.

A "too early acquaintance with the *name* may prevent through all after years a friendship with, and due appreciation of, the *Being*." The parent who teaches his child the name, and nothing of the Being, neglects his duty, and fulfils only an atom of it. "C. C. P." will not reason from this that no child should be taught to pray? No wonder that the child becomes a hypocrite, that he "lifts the voice to God when the heart does not follow it." It is not very like good reasoning to conclude because a mother tells her child to read the Bible, and herself reads novels, and a father bids the little one not to ask for scripture knowledge, as it interrupts him in reading his business letters on the Lord's-day; and another scrupulously hears his child repeat a prayer, and prays not himself, and the children grow up, believing not the Bible, and neglecting prayer; that it is a bad practice to teach children to pray and read God's word.

Yet "C. C. P." assumes that the infidelity of religiously trained children arises from their having been taught to pray at a too early age. To prove it he asks, "Why do the miracles of daily nature excite no

passing interest in our breasts?" And answers, "We witnessed them first at an age when we could not comprehend them, and, contented with the vague ideas we then obtained, we have in later years never even thought of procuring more than this misty, superficial, unsatisfactory knowledge." He considers there is a complete analogy between the two cases. His answer is not satisfactory. He takes the effect of a bad early training as the first cause, whereas the bad early training is the cause of the "vague ideas" obtained, and must, of necessity, be the cause why we feel no thrill of deepest interest at the sight of beautiful nature. Wherefore, if there is any analogy between the cases it must be, that bad training produces indifference to natural and divine things, and, as a matter of course, good training is likely to produce (as a means) good results.

What will our friend say of children who *die before they arrive at any age* he may think best for teaching them the plan of salvation, supposing them to be brought up under his direction? That they are saved? That they never sinned? That they had no responsibility?

My mind is almost incapable of believing that he will follow out his reasoning on the second "kindred subject." It confounds me. According to it, for the gospel to be successful it must be quite novel and strange, and the night must be very dark, as if the Holy Spirit's work were limited to certain conditions.

I fear my note is much too long, yet have tried hard to be brief.

Yours truly,

Bristol.

GEO. OWEN.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

I have just had my attention called to a letter in the November number of your periodical, in which a correspondent, writing on the subject of early religious instruction, makes reference to my name, and, although evidently in a very kind and brotherly spirit, makes a statement calculated to convey a wrong impression of my views relative to the subject of his communication.

I do not feel it well to teach children set forms of prayer, but I do most entirely differ from your correspondent as to his views, or rather suggestions, in reference to early religious instruction.

I consider it right to speak to children at a very early age of the truths revealed in the scriptures, and that, like Timothy of old, they should be taught to know the Scriptures from the earliest dawn of reason (2 Tim. iii. 14, 15)—*ἀπὸ ἑρπίους*. At the same time, I would pray with them; talk to them about prayer, and tell them that God, who sent his beloved Son to die for them, is willing to hear and answer the prayer even of a little child. I would endeavour to teach them to pray, even as the eagle teaches her young ones how to fly.

I may mention that a beloved little one, who was removed from me many years ago, when only about three years of age, manifested, before he was taken with his fatal illness, an evident interest in the simple truths of the Bible, a certain disposition for prayer, and a child-like reverence for God.

The object of this note is simply to correct the misapprehension of your correspondent, and to prevent the false impression which his statement is calculated to produce respecting my views and practice, in regard to the deeply important subject of his letter. I may just add, that in combining my name with that of my esteemed friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. George Müller, he uses terms of commendation to which I have no claim whatever. My esteemed brother has been, for many years past, singularly used for the temporal and spiritual benefit of children, particularly of destitute orphans, but the praise of this work does not at all rightfully belong to me. I cannot say with truth that I have been singularly successful in the case of

children, and do not feel it right to accept such unmerited commendation.

I remain yours respectfully,
HENRY CRAIK.

Bristol.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

May I request you to have the kindness to insert in "The Church," that the correspondent in your November number has been misinformed, in stating that I would not commence the religious instruction of children before they are nine or ten years old. I do not approve of teaching a *form* of prayer at any period of life; but I consider it a matter of deep moment, to seek to instil into the minds of children from their *earliest* days the truths of the Holy Scriptures, and to impress upon them the necessity of prayer. This has appeared to me for more than twenty years so important, that I have taken orphans under my care from their *earliest* days, for the very purpose of seeking to bring them up from a very tender age in the fear of the Lord, as experience had shewn to me how greatly corrupted children might be, though they had attained only to the age of nine or ten years.

It is not my object to enter upon the reasons why I act as I do, but simply to state that your readers have been misinformed concerning my views in reference to this point.

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

GEORGE MÜLLER.

Bristol.

Notices of Books.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET DANIEL, WITH NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL. By ALBERT BARNES. 2 Vols. Blackie and Son.

First of all, it gives us great satisfaction to read in the preface to this edition the following announcement, "The copyright of the Notes on Daniel for Great Britain and Ireland, has been assigned by the author to Messrs. Knight and Hawkes, and this edition is now published under arrangement with them." We presume, therefore, that, whatever editions may be issued, there will be on the part of the publisher a full,

practical recognition of the writer's claim to a fair portion of the proceeds of his honourable toil. This is as it should be.

Of the Commentary itself it would be difficult to speak too highly. Barnes appears to us a far better commentator on the Old Testament than even on the New; and we are inclined to pronounce this Exposition of Daniel the best of his works. Three different classes of readers will probably take it up. There will be first the critical student, possessing some knowledge of the attacks that have been made of late years upon the genuineness of this part of

scripture. Then there will be the enquirer into prophecy, anxious to know the commentator's interpretation of Daniel's gorgeous symbols. And the majority, doubtless, will take up the book as plain Bible readers, solicitous for something to instruct them, and to do their hearts good. Students of each class will find what they require. The critical investigator has here a summary, remarkably complete, concise, and fair, of the objections raised, in Germany and elsewhere, against the book, together with a very able refutation. The prophetic student will soon see that Mr. Barnes adheres to the old "Protestant" interpretation; and that he supports it by reasonings such as even those who, like ourselves, do not always assent to them, will find it no easy task to refute. The "Little horn" (chap. vii.) is explained of the papacy; its period is computed from the gift to Pope Stephen by Pepin, King of France, of the Exarchate of Ravenna, A.D. 752; and comprising 1260 years, is to end, of course, A.D. 2012. But the gem of the whole book is, undoubtedly, the exposition of the seventy weeks (chap. ix.), a prophecy, the unquestionable application of which to the Messiah, Mr. Barnes establishes and illustrates in a style most lucid, forcible, and felicitous. The general reader will find useful information mingled with the plain, practical enforcement of truth, on every page. We need not add, that we heartily recommend this exposition to all who love and study the Word of God. And, with regard to the edition before us, though we have not had an opportunity of comparing it with others, we are bound to say that nothing could be more thoroughly or satisfactorily executed. The additional matter (comprising able dissertations by Professor Stuart, many valuable notes by the editor, useful maps, and numerous engravings, not to mention the book of Maccabees, which are printed in an appendix for facility of comparison with the prophecy), is all illustrative and useful. We know not the editor; but to our mind it is far better to be able to trace a thoughtful, well cultivated, and judicious mind at work all through the book, than merely to read an imposing or popular name upon the title-page.

THE YOUTHFUL ENQUIRER COUNSELLED AND ENCOURAGED. By HENRY W. BARNETT. Pp. 148. London: William Freeman.

There are many things in this volume which, in our view, are opposed to right

views both of philosophy and religion. There is much in it from which we altogether dissent, and much more that we regard as false by exaggeration; and we could wish that our friend had kept it the full Horatian period in his desk, to give it the advantage of the corrections and modifications, which doubtless time would have shewn him to be desirable. Still, we are not disposed to join in the cry of "Heresy," which Mr. Barnett so justly and unsparingly denounces. Almost all in the work from which we differ is the result of a reaction from something equally wrong, often more wrong, on the other side. It is evidently the work of an earnest, thoughtful, and, we trust, also, a devout mind. The book is *meant* to conduct the Youthful Enquirer through scepticism to intelligent belief. We predict that Mr. Barnett will yet write a book,—not cleverer than this, for that it need not be,—but which will be much more calculated to attain the object, and which we shall be able with less of qualification to commend.

THE BIBLE CLASS MAGAZINE FOR 1853.

NOTES ON SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE FOR 1853.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS REGISTER AND DIARY FOR 1854.

THE JUVENILE YEAR BOOK, AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY FOR THE YOUNG. London: Sunday School Union.

With one exception, these are all publications which we have been accustomed year by year to recommend to our readers, and they are, also, so far as we can see, as well worth approval now, as on any former occasion when they have come before us. The exception is, "The Child's Own Magazine," which is new to us,—of which, indeed, this appears to be the first volume,—and it seems equal to the run of children's periodicals, of which, however, we must confess, we have never yet met with one which altogether met our idea of what such a thing should be. Perhaps we may try, sooner or later, to furnish one according to that idea ourselves.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FIVE POUND NOTE. By MRS. J. B. WEBB. Pp. 227. London: Clarke, Beeton, & Co.

A very interesting and instructive little tale, which all who know "Naomi" are sure to read with avidity. It would be a nice book for a winter evening's fireside, when the family are drawn all around it.

STRIKES, VIEWED IN RELATION TO THE INTERESTS OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR; A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT INDUSTRIAL CRISIS. By HENRY DUNCKLEY, M.A. Pp. 36. London: A. Hall & Co.

An able, but we are bound to add, not to us altogether satisfactory *brochure*, by the author of the Free Trade Essay, which has just obtained the prize of two hundred

and fifty guineas. Those who understand the subject will see what are the topics discussed, from the following list of headings to the respective sections. Our Present Industrial Position. The Might of Labour. Labour has its Rights. Capital. Capitalists. Strikes. Strikes Cannot Raise Wages. Strikes Always Depress Wages. Tyranny of Trades' Unions. Conclusion.

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

Joseph and Adaline Green were playing in the front yard of their father's cottage. Ada had brought out the whole furniture of her baby-house, doll, and doll's bed, and the little table and chairs, and her nice little tea-things. They had played at "keeping house and keeping shop," going a visiting and receiving visitors; Adaline all the time yielding everything to Joseph's arrangement. The little boy being rather a peevish, fretful child, his sister was glad to be anything, or nothing, so that she could keep him in humour to play with her. At length Joseph began to get uneasy. "How hot the sun shines here, Ada," said he, "I am tired of playing." Ada had just tucked her doll into its bed for a scarlet fever, and the little boy was to be the doctor that was going to cure it, and she didn't like to put dolly away without curing. "Oh, Josey," said she, "it is nice and shady round the corner of the house, let's carry the things there and play." Joseph sat silent on the green bank; but as he did not absolutely refuse, the little girl gathered up the things and carried them round the house. A happy thought struck her just as she had got everything arranged. "Oh, Josey, dear," said she, "you be out there in the carriage, and I will come and call you Doctor B., and ask you to come in." But Joseph was crosser than ever. I will tell you why, he was dissatisfied with himself for disappointing his sister, he knew it was unkind in him to let her carry all the things round alone, and so the silly boy resolved she should do all for nothing. "Doctor B." called Ada, in her most polite tone; but Doctor B. was deaf as an adder. After a few more vain attempts to interest him in

her case, she gave up the hope of winning the boy back to play; she knew by bitter experience, that his sullen fits must have their course. But Adaline was a child that never let trifles disturb her. A sweet little honey-gatherer she was, and one (her mother said) that would make sunshine in the darkest day.

"Well, Dolly," said the patient girl, after vainly trying to rouse the doctor, "ma must cure you herself; I dare say I can, for Mrs. May had no doctor to Ellen, and she got well of the fever." So Ada affected to make some sage tea, and sweat the little one, which appeared so well, that in a short time she was able to remove her, furniture and all, into the house, and up stairs.

All this time Joseph sat on the green bank switching his little whip, and feeling as unpleasant as ill-natured people generally do, especially if they have been disobliged. He heard his sister sing a sweet lullaby to her sick doll, and when in her imagination the baby had recovered, how lightly she carolled some merry little song as she removed her play-house to the chamber. "How in the world can Ada sing all the time, I wonder," said the impatient boy; "mother says it is because she is light-hearted, but I should think she was light-headed. There she goes with her basket for chips, to boil the tea-kettle; she might have asked me to help her, for though I don't like to play baby-house all the time, I am willing to work now father is sick, and mother has to nurse him."

Joseph walked slowly and sullenly towards the house. "Look here, Josey," said his sister, "don't make a bit of noise, for mother don't know 'tis five o'clock, and I am going to get the tea all myself, just to please her, and then call her out;" so saying, the little girl drew out the table very softly, and spread the cloth, and put on two cups for her father and mother to drink

tea, and two little mugs for herself and Joseph to have their milk in.

"You need not put that nasty mug for me to drink from," said her brother, testily, "I shall have tea, and a cup and saucer."

"Why, Bub, the mug is not *nasty*," said Ada, laughing.

"Well, nasty or clean, I shan't drink milk all the time."

Ada didn't want to dispute the point; young as she was, she had learned to "leave off strife before it was meddled with," and she took her plates and went into the cellar to get some butter and a loaf of bread, and then she went softly into her mother's room and asked her "if she would please walk down to tea."

"And so my children have got a nice tea ready alone," said Mrs. Green, coming into the kitchen, and looking very happy. "Which of them will carry father his tea?"

Ada looked at her brother, thinking, perhaps, he would like to do that, as mother seemed to suppose he had been helping her; but Josey had not got pleasant yet, and stood looking from the window, and so the little girl took up the tray containing her father's tea, and carried it to his room.

"Why, Ada," said her mother, when she had returned and taken her seat at the table, "how you have burned your neck in the sun this afternoon! where was your bonnet?"

"Oh, I was keeping house, and couldn't wear it; no one wears a bonnet keeping house," said Ada, laughing.

"Ada looks like a negro girl beside Ellen May," growled Joseph.

"Ellen is sick," said his sister; "you wouldn't have me like her with her pale face and blue veins, her poor crooked back and weak limbs, and then to think that she will never walk a step. Mrs. Rowe said she should think Mrs. May would hope she might never get up from the scarlet fever."

"Mrs. Rowe is a stupid old woman," said Joseph, with warmth, "and deserves

to have the scarlet fever all her days. I am sure if Ellen was my sister I should love her very much, and would hand her in the little carriage or do anything for her."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Green, "you and Edward May had better change sisters, for Mrs. May was remarking how happy you were to have a healthy sister to play with; she said that Eddy sometimes got tired of being confined to poor Ellen, though he was too kind to let her know it. She says he will leave play any time to come to her, and has fixed a long rod with a bright flag on the end of it, for her to wave out of the window for him; no matter how interesting his play, if Ellen's flag is waving, Eddy is off, and then he will sit by her couch for hours together, handing her pictures and explaining them, bringing books and reading to her; maps and globes are brought forward, and then when she is tired, nobody but Edward can put them all into their place again."

Joseph was silent, for conscience was contrasting his own conduct with that of Ellen's brother; after a while, willing to justify himself, he remarked, "that a fellow must be very unkind that was not good to a sick sister."

"True, my son," said Mrs. Green, "but a child who indulges ill-nature and unkindness under one circumstance, will soon do so under any. It is not things outward that make little or grown people unpleasant, it is an unhappy disposition, nursed and fostered in the bosom, till it becomes a settled habit. It is a dreadful disease, my children: crooked spines and shrivelled limbs are nothing to it, for these are not faults, but misfortunes, which may become sanctified to the soul, and help to prepare it to dwell with the good and happy for ever. But ill-nature lets in a train of evil spirits into the heart, anger, revenge, and jealousy, and a real troop of fiends. Oh, I hope we shall never get acquainted with them."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

A STRONG CHURCH—"A church may be what the world calls a strong church in point of numbers and influence. A church may be made up of men of wealth, men of intellect, men of power, high born men, and men of rank and fashion; and being so com-

posed, may be, in a worldly sense, a very strong church. There are many things that such a church can do. It can launch ships, and support seminaries. It can diffuse intelligence, can uphold the cause of benevolence, can maintain an imposing array of

forms and religious activities. It can build splendid temples, can rear a magnificent pile, and adorn its front with sculptures, and lay stone upon stone, and heap ornament upon ornament, till the costliness of the altar shall keep any poor man from entering the portal. But, my brethren, I will tell you one thing it cannot do—it cannot *shine*. It may glitter and blaze, like an iceberg in the sun; but without inward holiness it cannot shine. Of all that is formal and material in christianity, it may make a splendid manifestation; but it cannot shine. It may turn almost everything into gold at its touch; but it cannot touch the heart. It may lift up its marble front, and pile tower upon tower, and mountain upon mountain; but it cannot touch the mountains, and they shall smoke, it cannot do Christ's work in man's conversion. It is dark in itself, and cannot diffuse light. It is cold at heart, and has no overflowing and subduing influences to pour out upon the lost. And, with all its strength, that church is weak, and for Christ's peculiar work worthless. And, with all its glitter of gorgeous array, it is a dark church—it cannot shine. On the contrary, shew me a church, poor, illiterate, obscure, unknown, but composed of praying people; they shall be men of neither power, nor wealth, nor influence; they shall be families that do not know one week where they are to get their bread for the next; but with them is the hiding of God's power, and their influence is felt for eternity, and their light shines and is watched, and wherever they go there is a fountain of light, and Christ in them is

glorified, and his kingdom advanced. They are his chosen vessels of salvation, and his luminaries to reflect his light."

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance, to me, is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things that Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend them if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little; and are constantly anxious, lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the evil that is to come. This is not religion; religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself. The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but buzzes on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—*Dewey*.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The great public event, since our last monthly notice, in November, in connection with religion, has doubtless been the *Anti-State-Church Conference*, of the proceedings of which we gave a brief outline in our last, but to which we would refer again here. As the Anti-State-Church Association it was convened, but its first act as a Conference was to part with its maiden name. Wishing to wed a section of Dissenters who were afraid of *seeming* hostile to State-Churchism,—wishing to prevent the mistake (too often a willful one) of the name being understood as indicative of hostility to the church of Christ the Second's Prayer-book and Articles,—wishing, also, to make it pleasant to all parties to join it who really wish religion to be free from State bondage of any kind, the Conference gave the old Association the new name of "SOCIETY FOR THE LIBERATION OF RELIGION from State patronage and control." "Liberation of Religion" are now to be the large-letter words in every placard, instead of "Anti-State-Church." Well, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that we thoroughly and heartily approve

the change, more for the two last-mentioned reasons than for the first. To our personal knowledge, large numbers of Churchmen have, by careless habit, so confounded the State-Church with the Episcopal and Prayer-book Church, that they cannot dis sever from the old name the idea of hostility to their religion. The present name, besides its peaceful sound, has the advantage, like that of "Free Church," of branding the State-Church as an *enslaved* Church. Our friends must not imagine, however, that these captives are desirous of freedom, at least of freedom based on self-support. They would like well the freedom of Voluntaries, but covet the wages of pauperism. They would rather remain in slavery amongst the abundance of Egypt, than worship their God in freedom at the cost of journeying in the wilderness. The Society also threw overboard its fundamental principle,—it is now without one! Its *name* and its *objects* were deemed enough; and it was rightly held that any who, on any principle, object to Religion being paid and controlled by the State have a right to find in the Society a means of forwarding their object. The Conference

was both large and unanimous,—the difference of opinion being quite as little as could well be amongst so many independent gentlemen.

A deputation from the Protestant Dissenting Deputies of the three denominations has waited upon Lord Aberdeen on the subject of *Church Rates*. They were, of course, courteously received by the Premier, who told them that the subject had been under the consideration of the Government, *and that some measure would be introduced by them early in the ensuing Spring*. It will be introduced, we have no doubt, if, and only if, Nonconformists do their part in every parish-vestry in the kingdom, by public meetings, by newspapers, by placards, by canvassing. Parishioners should be induced to attend and *simply negative any rate whatever which may be proposed*. It will be as disgraceful to Dissenters as to Government, if this question be not settled this session. The Government cannot carry a measure for us, unless our conduct everywhere shews that we will endure the insult no longer.

A chief topic of the day is the *New Reform Bill*. Although not strictly within our limits, we think it best to indicate, briefly, our views on the main points. Indeed, to us, they are grounded on the great divine principle, "of doing to others as we would that others should do unto us." This was the chief religious idea which overthrew the corn laws, and we could go through legislation leaning upon it with the utmost confidence. We would not that another, because richer than we, should have a vote affecting our liberties and our taxation. We could not, therefore, withhold from another the right we claim for ourselves. We who can live in ten pound houses have no divine right to be political lords over our neighbours. Next, we would not that any one who gave us employment, of whom we had borrowed money, whose farm we tenanted, &c., should have power to intimidate us to vote against our own judgment, or even against our own inclination. We would, therefore, protect the timid voter by requiring all to vote secretly, to say nothing of the desirableness of depriving the corrupt of the power of selling their vote, and the corrupter of the power of buying it. It appears to us that every christian at all acquainted with the genius of our blessed Lord's religion ought to be prepared to concede these two points as fundamental, as being that simple and obvious New Testament justice to the poor, without which no Reform Bill ought to satisfy him. We are not particular as to the mode by which any man capable of being registered somewhere should have a vote, nor if anything better than the Ballot can be offered to protect the dependant from the political tyrant, shall we stickle for that terror of the despotic, the venal, and the vote-jobber. We would strongly press on all real christians, however, whether as creatures of the same God, and sinners for whom the same Saviour died, they can justify themselves in denying to their poor neighbours the political liber-

ties which differ only in *degree* from those withheld by the slaveholder. We would also strongly urge upon all christian ministers, that they cannot commend their master's religion to the poor, by teaching that rich men, in addition to the power conferred by riches, should enjoy all political power also. The present is least of all a time when we can afford to throw into the shade the *popular and brotherly* principles of the gospel. We must be answerable if we do so, not only for unfaithfulness, but also for the infidelity due to our siding with the rich and "the respectable" against the claims of the people. With merely political arguments we have here nothing to do, though, in their province, we think them very strong.

War is commenced between Russia and Turkey,—the Turks, after having borne with the most dignified patience the wanton outrages and insults of the Russian Emperor, having been goaded into action. On the heir to the despoilers of Poland, and on the savage destroyer of Hungarian liberties, rests, by the verdict of all Europe, the entire blame of all the blood shed, or about to be shed, in this war. The Turks have fought with the bravery worthy of a righteous cause, and, at first, both on the Danube and in Asia, with unexpected success: while we write, however, a part of their navy has been destroyed with great slaughter in the Black Sea; and they have suffered severely in Asia also. The general feeling of the country is, that our Ministers (with the fleet, too, at Constantinople) have connived at Russian atrocities, in deference to the German connections of the crown of this country; and the resignation of Lord Palmerston is believed, probably with truth, to be due to the German and Russian partialities of the Cabinet. None can foresee the result of permitting the first act of territorial robbery on the part of Russia,—her entrance into the Turkish Danubian provinces. It *may* issue in the embroilment of all Europe. To her occupying these provinces whence we import much of our corn, wasting their resources, and even obstructing the navigation, together with the fear of extensive war, may be attributed in part the prices to which provisions have risen, and which are now causing much suffering to the poor, especially in the agricultural districts, where wages are always low.

The *Cholera* is checked probably by the season of the year not departed; it shews a tendency, however, rather to increase. Nothing is now more certain than that *filth* of every kind is the necessary condition of its entering a neighbourhood. It has *begun* nowhere unless where filth, generally filth offensive to our senses as we pass by, was present. It is, therefore, the duty of every one who cares for his own life, and the life of his neighbours, to remove everything of the kind from his own premises, at any cost, and to inform the proper authorities of those who will not, or cannot, remove the causes of this fatal pestilence from their dwellings. Every one who attends to the reports in the daily papers

must have seen that unventilated, undrained houses, heaps of offensive rubbish near dwellings, unemptied cesspools, dirt thrown out at the doors, nightsoil allowed to accumulate, putrid matter of any kind animal or vegetable,—these are always found to be the immediate causes of the most fatal cholera. We have thought it mere charity to record these facts, for the notice of thousands who otherwise might remain ignorant of them. Indeed, cholera appears to us a warning from providence to expel filth from our dwellings, and to use it to fertilize our fields. In the one case it is the minister of death, in the other it increases the staff of life. Filth, moreover, and immorality, are twin evils. In compelling us to get rid of the one, we are also compelled to take one step towards lessening the other.

EAGLE STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

On Wednesday, November 30th, two services were held here, when the Rev. Francis Wills, late of Cavendish chapel, Ramsgate, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church. The afternoon service was chiefly of a devotional character: the Revs. Owen Clarke, William Groser, and E. Probert, leading the devotions of the congregation. The Rev. G. Wyard delivered an address on "Christian Union." At five o'clock, above two hundred friends partook of tea, in the school rooms, Fisher Street, after which a second service was held in the chapel. The Rev. Edward Steane, D.D., read the scriptures and offered prayer; the Hon and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., delivered a faithful and affectionate address to the newly elected pastor, on the importance and deeply solemn responsibility of the ministerial office, founded on 1 Tim. iii.; the Rev. C. A. M. Shepherd, M.A., implored the divine blessing on the pastor and the church; and the Rev. Wm. Brock addressed the church, from Rom. xii. 3, 4. The whole of the services were of a very interesting character.

ROMNEY STREET CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

On Wednesday, the 30th of November, services were held for the public recognition of the Rev. T. S. Baker as pastor of the church worshipping here. The services commenced with reading and prayer by Mr. Sparke, of Waterloo Road; Mr. Keen, of Lambeth, delivered an introductory address; Mr. Aldis, of Maze Pond, stated the nature of a gospel church, and asked the usual questions; Mr. Baker gave an account of his christian experience, and a statement of his views on christian subjects; Mr. Talbot, of Mile End, offered prayer; Mr. Stovel, of Prescott Street, gave a most impressive charge from 2 Tim. ii. 1; and (the time allotted for the meeting having expired, and Dr. Angus, who was to have addressed the church and congregation, having therefore postponed his address to the evening of Lord's day the 8th of January) Mr. Wyard, of Soho chapel, concluded the meeting with prayer. A tone of solemnity and deep interest appeared to pervade the numerous assembly.

ENFIELD HIGHWAY.

A new Baptist church has been recently formed here. About four months ago, circumstances occurred, which made such a step desirable. A social meeting of those intending to meet in church fellowship, was therefore held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, 1853; Mr. Spencer Murch, Baptist minister, Waltham Abbey, and one of his deacons, Mr. William Richardson, kindly came to conduct the service. A hymn was sung, Mr. Murch engaged in prayer, and then gave an excellent address, and enquired if the church were prepared to invite any one to become their pastor. A letter of unanimous invitation to Mr. John Beavan was then read, which he cordially accepted. The right hand of fellowship was given to each other, and some further very sound, judicious, and practical advice given by Mr. Murch. Deacons were then elected, and an address delivered by Mr. Richardson. On the following Lord's-day, the little band, for the first time in their new relationship, observed the ordinance of the Lord's supper.

HAMEL HEMPSTEAD.

On Monday, December 12th, a very interesting Tea Meeting was held in the Assembly Room, Hemel Hempstead, to recognize the settlement of the Rev. N. Hawkes (formerly of Gillsborough) as pastor of the church here. About two hundred and thirty persons sat down to tea; after which, the Rev. C. Wildie prayed, and very appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Payne, of Chesham, B. P. Pratten, of Boxmoor, S. Stanion, of Berkhamsted, C. Wildie, of Box Lane, and N. Hawkes. The pastorate is one which presents a wide sphere of usefulness.

MANORBEAR, PEMBROKE SHIRE.

Mr. B. J. Evans, late student of Horton College, Bradford, was recognised on Tuesday the 15th of November, as pastor of the church at Manorbear, Pembroke-shire. Messrs. Jones, of Pembroke, Morgan and Thomas, of Pembroke Dock, Thomas, of Narbeth, and Burditt, Classical Tutor of Haverfordwest Academy, engaged in the services. The attendance was good, and the services impressive.

HAWORTH.

The Rev. J. H. Wood, of Padiham, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at West Lane, Haworth, Yorkshire, and entered upon his labours there, as pastor, the first Sabbath 16 December.

BOTESDALE, SUFFOLK.

The Rev. R. Morris, Dunmow, Essex, having accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church in this town to become its pastor, entered on his stated labours here the first Sunday in December.

CREWKERNE, SOMERSET.

The Rev. W. Evans, late of Beckington, having accepted the invitation of the Baptist church, Crewkerne, commenced his labours there, as pastor, the second Sabbath in December.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

FEBRUARY, 1854.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

There lies the garment which the earthly pilgrim wore during the whole season of his pilgrimage, in sunshine and in shower! Oh, what thoughts pass through the mind as we stand beside a corpse,—thoughts that are never felt elsewhere. We have still so much to say,—we have still so much to hear,—we have so much to ask forgiveness for; but his ear hears not,—his mouth speaks not. How different would be our intercourse with all our fellow-men, if we could realise to ourselves what our feelings would be were they lying before us on the bier, arrayed in the garments of the tomb.

Soul, refined in the furnace of affliction, thou art now with God! Now that the bands have fallen from thine eyes, now that faith is changed into sight, how is it with thee? Now that from the mouth of that Lord on whose hand thou hast leaned when as yet thou couldst not see his face, thou art hearing from his mouth the—"Come, ye blessed of my father, enter ye into the joy of your Lord"? Now that the joy of thy Lord is reflected in thine own breast, how is it with thee? The fruit is fallen because it was ripe. Blessed one, it has been appointed that thou shouldst mature upon earth; the charm and the delights of human life thou hast tasted, and its labours and its troubles too, but tasted not in vain. Whatsoever the outward labours thou hast engaged in, these have been an internal exercise as well. All thy labours in the world have been at the same time the inward building up of thine own soul as a temple for God. When in the evening, after the hot day, the waggons return home laden with fruits, all the dwellers therein rejoice. Thus I behold thee, thou bright and happy spirit, entering into thy heavenly Father's home, while the inhabitants of heaven rejoice!

And while there is so much joy in heaven, lamentation must be stilled on earth. If thy voice could reach us from that place where thou art now, what message would it bear but this: **WEEP NOT!** Then, surely, we must dry up our tears. Even when thou wast here on earth, thou didst not belong to us,—thou wast thy Lord's. Therefore, what can we say, but give thanks that thou wast so long lent to us, and hold fast that which we have received from thee? Sainted spirit, thou shalt continue with us; of the best of thine own possessions thou hast given us so much, that we have thee with us still, after thou hast gone away.

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

Clearly, even to personal appearance, thou yet standest in our midst, so that we may still take sweet counsel of thee, and receive the teaching of thy lips, even now that death has sealed them. On earth thou didst pray for us and watch over us, with a fidelity so great, and with a love so ardent, that the blessing from thy intercessions is not even yet exhausted, but will descend upon us while we live, like the dew from heaven. Thou wilt not forget us,—no, not even in the contemplation of the eternal Light; for that eternal Light is the light of Love, and thy thoughts of us will all be prayers.

Ended is thy fight of faith! From thee we have learned that man may lay hold of the Invisible, as if it were the seen; and having so learned from thee, we dare not sorrow as those who have no hope. Oh, that which they shall lay in the grave is not thyself,—it is but thy garment; and with that garment they shall bury all thy toils which thou hast borne therein, and all thy tears; and when again thou shalt receive it, renovated from the hands of the Almighty, it will bear no longer traces of thy tears. But He who has said, "Where I am, there shall my servants also be," He has taken thee to be where he is, and there it is good to be.

Wherefore should we sorrow? True, thou art far away, and we shall sadly miss thee. But He who could give such a father, such a husband, such a friend, must be a still wiser Father, kinder Husband, dearer Friend! Oh, when one is removed from our midst, who in his whole presence ever pointed to the Invisible, how much more closely do our hearts cling to one another, and to the Invisible. Such a soul is like a ray that emanates from the eternal sun; and after it has returned to him again, the eye can look with a more fixed gaze upon his glory. We can no longer lie upon thy bosom,—we will cleave more closely to the heart of Jesus.

How blissful is the truth, that when those die who belong unto the Lord, their love attracts us after they themselves have passed away. Farewell, to meet again! exclaims the longing of the heart; but we know this, that where thou art we cannot come, except by the way wherein thou didst walk. We often think of meeting again, just as if it were the necessary sequel to dying; but, alas, beyond the grave there open out so many different paths!

Holy, glorified spirit, we shall see thee again, find thee again, if we follow in the path which thou hast trod. Oh, from the last ascents which we have to struggle up in life, how insignificant must appear the warfare that is left below; happy he who can say he has not shunned it! When I thus stand before the corpse of one of God's victorious band, whose warfare is over, I say to myself, "Ah, all is over now;" and yet to one standing here it seems so difficult, so insurmountable. Beside the corpse all is stilled. Oh, for the gentle peacefulness of that dying hour, it is worth encountering with constancy the warfare of a long, long life.

"The memory of the righteous is blessed." Yes, the remembrance of the warfare of thy life, as well as the tranquillity of thy death, thou blessed combatant for God, shall remain amongst us as thy blessing, and shall ever declare unto us that the sufferings of this present life are not to be compared with the glory that shall follow. The tolling of thy funeral bell shall all through life continue sounding in our inner ear, and shall summon us to live as thou hast lived, and to die as thou hast died, so that at last we may also enter into thine everlasting rest.

Jesus, my Lord, thou who has taken away the sting of death, and hast brought life and immortality to light, what in thy love thou hast joined together here on earth, do thou again unite in thine eternal kingdom. Amen.

MARY; OR, THE POWER OF PENITENCE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Seest thou this woman?"—*Luke vii. 44.*

Whether this woman was the same as Mary, the sister of Lazarus and Martha, or not, is a question which we shall not stay to discuss, as it does not affect our subject. This woman was a sinner, an open sinner. One who had violated the laws of decorum, as well as the law of God. She is condemned and despised. Many are more ready to condemn than to pity; to despise than to endeavour to reclaim. We forget when we look at the profane, that we have the seeds of profanity in our hearts. That human nature is essentially the same in all, but that education, circumstances, the providence or grace of God, makes the difference between us and the vilest. We are all one man's sons. We were hewn out of the same rock, we were dug out of the same pit. Humbling consideration this. Nature in me is the same as in the harlot, the drunkard, the murderer; and if left to myself I might have been as depraved as they. While I condemn sin, let me ever pity the sinner. While I mourn over the fallen, let me ask the question so well put by the apostle, "Who made thee to differ from others?" Am I vile? let me take the blame and the shame to myself. Am I reclaimed? let grace have all the glory and praise.

But this woman, this great sinner, was a penitent. She had heard the gospel, and she believed it. It brought good news and glad tidings to her soul. It pointed to an open door by which she might escape from her degradation and desert. It informed her that there was love in God's heart for sinners, for great sinners, for the foulest transgressors. That God had devised a way by which sin could be condemned, and the sinner be forgiven. Pardon, the possibility of pardon, was sweet to her soul. Pardon, the certainty of pardon, was music in her ears. Pardon, and a free pardon, just met her case. That God loved sinners, was news indeed. That God had sent his Son to save sinners, was glad tidings of great joy. She heard, she pondered, she believed, and she was changed. Her views of God's nature and character were changed. Her views of herself and her conduct were changed. Her eyes were opened, light from heaven shone upon her understanding, new ideas took possession of her soul, and she felt a new, a strange, an inward convulsion. Sin appeared in its true colours. She saw that it not only degraded humanity, but insulted and dishonoured God. She perceived that she had not only sinned against God's holiness, as revealed in his law, but against his love, as exhibited in the gospel. She regretted that she had pursued such a course. She inwardly grieved that she had offended such a God. She was sorry, heartily sorry, that she had ever sinned. Her sorrow was deep. She mourned alone. She wept in secret. She confessed her transgressions. She pleaded for mercy. The greatness of her sin would have driven her to despair, but the infinite greatness of God's love generated hope in her soul. The more she reflected on her conduct, the deeper were her convictions; and the more she believed in the good news, the deeper was her compunction. She could not despair, for God had sent his own Son to be a Saviour; she could not but mourn and weep, because she had so fearfully sinned against so good and gracious a God. While she listened to the great Teacher, the work was deepened in her soul; and as she looked at him through her tears, the tenderest sensations were awakened, the deepest emotions were produced. She drank in his words, as the thirsty earth drinketh in the rain, or the exhausted traveller the sparkling

draught from the flowing spring. She followed him wherever she could. She heard him whenever she had an opportunity. She hung upon his lips, like the bee hangs on the fragrant flower, or like the limpet to the rock. As cold water to the thirsty soul, so to her were the good news from a far country.

One day, to her surprise, she saw him go into a Pharisee's house. She knew that for her there was no welcome there. But she longed to be with him. She thirsted to listen to him. She watched him in. She saw the cold reception he met with. No flowing cup was put into his hand. No water was prepared for his feet. No kiss was printed on his cheek. No fragrant unction was poured on his head. This broke her heart, to see her Saviour treated thus. She hastened home, for there she had an alabaster box of very precious ointment. She enters the Pharisee's house, regardless of the contempt with which she might be treated. She went behind the couch on which he was reclining. Her broken heart made weeping easy, and tears in plenty flowed. She let her tears fall on his feet, and washed them thus. She wiped them with her tresses, once her pride and glory. She kissed his feet, as she had never kissed man's cheek. Oh, the tender feelings which were awakened, as she toiled and he taught! She breaks her box, and pours its contents on his feet. It was her best, if not her all. Love prompted her, and love in her rejoiced, as she felt that she had honoured him, her dear, dear Lord.

She is a true penitent, and in her penitence there was power. Produced by the holy and ever blessed Spirit of God, through the instrumentality of the word of grace, it proved its nature and its origin by its effects. It changed the whole current of her feelings. Once she loved sin, and enjoyed it; now she hates it, and it is the cause of her bitterest grief. Once she pursued pleasure in the pathway of death; now no place is like the feet of Jesus, no music like his voice and words. Her present tears were sweeter than her former joys. Her love was now fixed on her Saviour's person, and sought to express itself by honouring him in every possible way. She was fired with zeal for his glory, and could brave the persecuting sneer, the contemptuous frown, of the Pharisees for his sake. Patiently could she endure any insults that might be offered her, for nothing could drive her from his feet. Powerful must be that principle that could bring such a character into such a place, under such circumstances, and produce such effects. Love and grief wrought together in her heart, and while she mourned for sin, she rejoiced in her Saviour. Such repentance is divine. It proves that a new principle has been imparted, a new nature has been produced, and a new course has been commenced. A course which has the Holy Spirit for its guide, the Scriptures for its rule, and the glory of God for its end. A course unknown to the world, and essentially different from that of mere formal professors. A course which has grace for its origin, holiness for its characteristic, and heaven for its end. Religion, without repentance, is a delusion. Repentance, without power, is a mere fancy. Power, that does not bring to the feet of Jesus, make us mourn over sin, and lead us to consecrate our best to his service, is not the power of God unto salvation, or the power that Mary felt. Reader, "Seest thou this woman?" Were you ever like her? Have you been convinced of sin? Have you fled to the Saviour? Have you sat at his feet? Have you wept under a sense of his undeserved love? Have you given him your best, and wished it were ten thousand times better, that you might bestow it on him?

Powerful penitence is always pleasant to the eyes of Jesus, and it is precious to his heart. It attracted his attention, and drew forth his vindication. He delivered a sweet and instructive parable, teaching that

great sinners, when pardoned, manifest great love. They bring great honour to Jesus, and pour out a full heart in tears over the feet of Jesus. Poor Mary, she had contracted a heavy debt, and when she felt in herself that all was forgiven her, she loved much. There was a depth, a power, a tenderness in her love, of which Simon knew nothing. The more vivid our sense of pardon, the deeper our penitence, and the more powerful our love. A question is proposed, in answering which Simon justifies Mary, and furnishes an excuse for her conduct. O Saviour! how prudently didst thou deal, and how wisely didst thou confute and confound cavillers. O Jesus! how great thy kindness to sinners, especially to broken-hearted sinners weeping at thy feet. Oh, may I have Mary's feelings, and Mary's place! Oh, that I could weep as Mary wept, and love as Mary loved! Jesus commends her. Blessed Immanuel! thy commendation is commendation indeed. Surely the tears of Mary flowed faster now than before! Surely her bosom swelled with gratitude and love, and her heart conceived praises too vast for the lips to utter! How did she admire thy words, thy Spirit, thy generous heart, thy glorious person! O Jesus, how wonderful it is, that with thy word before us, thy grace within us, and thy goodness sparkling all around us, we do not love thee more! What a reward is bestowed on weeping Mary! What a testimony is borne! "Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven." A present pardon. A full pardon. A free pardon. An everlasting pardon of all her sins pronounced. She stands acquitted of all sin before God. She is guiltless as an angel of light. Mystery of mercy this! Wondrous grace, that can justify the ungodly, and turn the greatest sinners into glorious saints! Mary was forgiven through believing. She believed that Jesus was the Son of God, the Sent One, the Saviour. She believed what Jesus said. She received him. She looked for salvation to him. Her faith saved her. It brought nothing to Jesus, but it received everything from Jesus. It deserved nothing, but it was the divinely-appointed means of obtaining pardon, peace, and everlasting life. Simple faith brings the guilty sinner to Jesus for pardon,—the troubled sinner she brings for peace,—the lost sinner she brings to be saved,—and the empty sinner she brings to be filled with all the fulness of God. Mary's faith brought her to Jesus, obtained from Jesus, and wrought by love to Jesus. Have we such faith? Cold assents will not do this. Merely crediting divine statements will not do this. Oh, no; but the faith of God's elect, the faith of the operation of God, always does so. The faith that does not bring us to Christ, obtain a pardon from Christ, and break our hearts in penitence at the feet of Christ, will not save us. But the end crowns the whole. Jesus says, "*Go in peace.*" Fear not, Mary, though men misunderstand you,—though men look with contempt upon you,—though men even reproach your Saviour for his kindness to you,—"*Go in peace.*" Go, tell of the joy you feel. Go, tell of the blessing you have received. Go, tell of the prospect before you. Go, and

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour you have found."

Go, and peacefully perform your domestic duties; go, and peacefully enjoy your religious privileges; go, and peacefully spend the days allotted you below; and then peacefully depart to be with your Saviour for ever.

Reader,—Faith is the root of penitence. There is no godly sorrow for sin, until there is faith in Christ. While you are under the law, look at God through the law, or seek to be saved by obeying the law, you will find it impossible to repent. The law worketh wrath, and you will find that it will harden your hearts, stir up hard thoughts of God, and lead you to self-pity, despondency, and despair. Faith looks to God as a God

of love; looks to Jesus as an able and willing Saviour; seeks and obtains pardon at his hands; melts the heart under a sense of his unutterable love; and produces contrition, compunction, and repentance unto life. If there is no penitence, there is no faith; and if there is no faith, there is no spiritual life; and if there is no spiritual life, the wrath of God abideth on us. Penitence always deepens at the feet of Jesus. You can never produce repentance by trying to do so, or by complaining of the want of it. No man can force himself to repent. But faith in Jesus, and fellowship with Jesus, will naturally, easily, and invariably produce penitence. Take thy hard, impenitent heart to Jesus,—he will soften, break, and melt it; and as the rock in the desert flowed with water when Moses smote it, so will your rocky heart flow with streams of penitence and godly sorrow. The feet of Jesus is the place for every guilty Mary, for every complaining sinner; and, blessed be his holy name, there is room for all such there, and there is always room. Jesus, who would not have this poor woman driven from him in the Pharisee's house, will not allow any one to drive a seeking sinner from him now. The tears of penitence sparkle in the Saviour's eyes. Every one of them reflects his image as he looks upon it. So highly does he prize them, that he puts them into his bottle, as if they were costly perfume; he enters the number of them in his book, as if they were valuable gems or pearls. Jesus has an inventory of his saints' tears. The streaming eye, the swollen cheek, and the groaning heart, when sin is the cause, always find favour in his sight. Those who weep for sin at the Saviour's feet, shall never be condemned at the bar of justice. No matter who may accuse, Jesus will advocate their cause. Let who will condemn, Jesus will pardon. Let who will try to trouble, Jesus will say, "*Go in peace.*" Blessed, blessed Jesus, thy feet shall be my place, and thy favour the object of my pursuit?

"Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart shall lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.
But I'm secure beneath thy shade,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosannah to my dying Lord,
And my best honour to his name."

Cheltenham.

THE DUTY OF SUBMISSION.

BY THE REV. A. ARTHUR.

"Be still, and know that I am God."—*Psalms* xli. 10.

The atheistical tendency of the human heart has been made manifest in all ages of time. The native element in which men live is that of being "*without God in the world.*" They have aspired to be like unto gods themselves, and acted as though they were their own proprietors, had a right to walk according to the imaginations of their hearts, and were accountable to themselves alone. All the recorded dealings of Jehovah with mankind, the revelations of his character and will on successive generations, and the dispensations of his Providence, are designed to teach the very reverse. We are invited in this Psalm to "come and behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth." There is no such thing as "desolations in the earth" without his permission and operation,—no such thing as the abandonment of the world to the blind and uncertain guidance of its laws, or to the disposal of merely created agents. While man looks only to what obtrudes itself

on his senses,—to what he *sees*, or can find out to be the immediate instrumental cause of changes, disease, and death, we are here directed to *the Unseen*—the almighty and supreme Ruler—and enjoined to cultivate sentiments corresponding with his divine character and sovereignty. *“Be still, and know that I am God.”*

1. Let us think of the import of the divine declaration, *“Know that I am God.”* These words imply that He alone, in distinction from all other beings, “whose name is Jehovah,” is the “Most High over all the earth.” He only possesses the attributes involved in being God—infinite power, and wisdom, and goodness, and truth; whose presence fills immensity; the all-sufficient and comprehensive good of those who love him in every part of creation; He who governs all things; “who does what He wills in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.” It is further to be observed, that these words, *“I am God,”* were affirmed of Him who is styled in the preceding part of the Psalm, *Jehovah of Hosts*,—the God of Jacob,—the refuge and strength of his people,—who is “in the midst” of his church, and “shall help her right early.”

To know that he is God, is to have a thorough and influential conviction of this truth, founded on the evidence he has given of it in his Word. In the whole of his interpositions in behalf of Israel—the displays of Divine power, and the deliverances He wrought for them—He verified this saying, “I am God, and besides me there is no other;” hence the language of Jethro: “And Jethro rejoiced for all the goodness which the Lord had done to Israel, whom he had delivered out of the hand of the Egyptians. And Jethro said, Blessed be the Lord who hath delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of Pharaoh, who hath delivered the people from under the hand of the Egyptians. Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods; for in the thing wherein they dealt proudly he was above them” (Exodus xviii. 9—11). When, too, in the degenerate days of Elijah the prophet, the people were seduced and bowed the knee to Baal, a remarkable demonstration was given of the same truth. No answer was returned to the loud cries of the prophets of Baal. But we read in 1 Kings xviii. 39, the wondrous manifestation of the God of Israel: “And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord (or *Jehovah*), he is the God; Jehovah, he is the God.” In like manner, when the proud king of Assyria reproached the living God, and vaunting of his creature power, presumed to say that none could deliver out of his hands, we find good Hezekiah making supplication thus: “Now, therefore, O Lord God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even *thou only*” (2 Kings xix. 19). The whole chapter is full of sentiments replete with grandeur and sublimity, vindicating the *supremacy* of Israel’s God, shewing the utter feebleness of all other powers when they contend with him, and the final entire overthrow of Sennacherib and his hosts.

Know then that Jehovah, he is God. He has made us, and not we ourselves. He still rules over all, giving the kingdoms of this world to whomsoever he will, and renders them subservient to his own government and glory. Let us, then, behold the divine, presiding, and overruling hand in the tumults of nations, in the deposing and exalting of kings, in the mighty earthquakes which shake the states of this world, and the revolutions that ensue. How solemn and dignified is the language of this inspired Psalm: “The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted” (verse 6). The conflict of human passions kindles the flame of discontent, and leads to desolating changes. But He utters his voice, and all fall into obedience to his sovereign will.

Know that he is God, in a manner which comes more nearly home to our experience. Nations and communities are but composed of individuals,—he is the controller and governor of the whole by being so of each,—he claims to himself as God the power of dispensing happiness or sorrow. It is he who turns our joy into mourning, our sackcloth into gladness,—who orders all that affects the destinies of ourselves, or those near and dear to us as our own souls. “I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God beside me. I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things” (Isaiah xlv. 5, 7). Does the day of adversity overtake us? Are our worldly enjoyments affected by the changes of time? Do we ourselves personally fall into affliction? or does the hand of death lessen the number of our friends, and open up the fountain of grief in our hearts? We are to know that we are “under the mighty hand of God,”—that he is God, the sovereign Lord of all,—he who *has given*, and at his sovereign pleasure *takes away*.

II. Let us consider the state of mind here enjoined in view of the Divine sovereignty, “*Be still.*” There seems here to be an allusion to a tempest when agitated by a storm. The human heart is sometimes in a similar predicament, when moved by the severe and mysterious dispensations of the Almighty. It is apt to rise in turbulent opposition to the allotments of Divine Providence, and thus to be the seat of tumultuous and painful, because rebellious passions. This state is represented by the condition of “a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke,” *restive* and *unhappy*, rebelling against unexpected restraints. In opposition to this ferment of murmuring and distressing emotions, which are alike *sinful* and *miserable*, the Divine command is, “Be still, and know that I am God.” Be silent, in humble submission to my sovereign will. Let the rising tumult of disappointment, sorrow, and rebellion, be hushed into a calm by the consideration that “I am God,” that all things are under my government, and ordered in perfect wisdom and love.

We have some very bright examples of this humble resignation recorded in Scripture for our imitation. Fearful was the calamity that befel Aaron, when the death of his two sons filled his parental bosom with the profoundest sorrow; but we are told that he was still before God; “Aaron held his peace.” The deeply afflicted and bereaved Eli said, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth unto him good.” The Psalmist, “I was dumb and opened not my mouth, because *thou* didst it.” They all knew that Jehovah was God, that he was the sovereign disposer of them and theirs, and therefore in the stillness of calm submission bowed *their* will to the *will divine*. I may here also add the well known example of the greatest and most illustrious sufferer upon earth, the Lord Jesus Christ, who when bowed down with the prospect of the heavy cup which was before him, meekly exclaimed, “Not my will, but thine be done.”

There are a few precious truths connected with the sovereignty of God, which when believed and felt, will enable us to “*be still.*”

1. That He only removes what he himself freely bestowed. All his blessings are undeservingly given to us. They are favours lent us only for a temporary period, to be recalled when he pleases. Let us, then, in the remembrance of this, and that as sinners we have no *claim* to his goodness, *be still*, in holy resignation, breathing the language of the ancient patriarch, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

2. He who deals with us acts towards his people not merely as a sovereign, but in the character of an all-wise and loving Father. “Like as a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity those who fear him,

for he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust." So far from afflictions being a proof that he has forsaken us, they are represented as evidence the *very reverse*,—"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth *every son* whom he receiveth." It is the discipline through which all his children pass, and needful to subdue our sins, humble and sanctify our souls, and prepare us as vessels of mercy for glory. "Blessed therefore is the man who endureth trial, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." *Be still*, therefore, knowing that he who afflicts is the Lord, that he is perfect in wisdom, and faithfulness, and love, and that all things are even *now* working for the eternal good of those who love his name.

3. To comply with this divine injunction, "*Be still*," is to seek our own true peace and happiness. Most miserable is the soul that frets against the Lord, and feels dissatisfied with his will. But when the rising tempests of the heart are hushed into a calm, and we are enabled to say, "*All is well*" which he doeth, then the peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus. Then the refreshing streams of consolation flow into the soul, "the streams of that river which maketh glad the city of God." Then his gracious presence is experienced, for he is in the midst of the church, and "will help her right early." The consideration of God's sovereignty, the character and design of all his dispensations, and our personal peace, alike enforce the Divine precept, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*"

Edinburgh.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE A MINISTER AND HINDER THE PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. J. E. SARGENT.

It is a maxim well understood and acknowledged, "To do anything well we must do it heartily," and if this be true in the common affairs of life, it must be preeminently so in ministerial labours. This will appear in a moment if we reflect on the nature of the engagement. A philosophical lecture may be given with perfect calmness, the facts may be stated, and well stated, so as to answer every purpose intended, without calling into exercise any emotions or feelings of the heart, either on the part of the lecturer or his audience. But can this be the case with the gospel? The merest tyro in religious knowledge will answer emphatically, No! The gospel is intended, indeed, to reach the intellect, but preeminently to reach the heart, to touch the very spring of feeling, to awaken in the sinner a consciousness of his condition, and to lead him to a heart-broken confession of sin and a cordial trust in Jesus for salvation, to call out the affections of the saint, and arouse and strengthen in him a feeling of ardent love and gratitude that will arm him against temptation, and lead to a renewal of entire consecration to Christ. Need it be asked when this is best done? Every one knows by experience it is when the minister speaks from the depth of his feelings, and when the glow of his own heart dictates his thoughts and words. It necessarily follows that anything that tends to depress a minister's feelings *must* have an injurious influence, and it, therefore, becomes a matter of the greatest importance for every christian to avoid it most scrupulously.

My object is to point out one way in which a minister's feelings are effectually chilled, and his heart thoroughly depressed. By a habit in

which some members of churches indulge, of *gadding* (I use the word *gadding* advisedly) about to other places and neglecting their own services. Only let it be known that any extra service will be held at another chapel, or a new or popular minister preach, and away they go. And what does the minister find when he goes to his own place? a dreary array of empty places, and those that are there dispirited and gloomy; a damp is thrown over every kindling emotion of his own heart,—the deadness and gloom is felt by all,—the meeting is attended by an injurious influence,—those present go away with the feeling, and express the feeling to others, “What a few there were at the prayer-meeting,” or other service, whatever it may be. And who does not know what such a feeling inevitably leads to? first, a general disinclination to attend, short attendance, and then, discontent with the minister, although the fault is not his, but lays at the complainer’s door.

Were this all it would be sufficient to shew the injuriousness of such a course, but there is something further in it than this. Those who indulge this propensity justly come under the apostle’s description, “Having itching ears.” The usual services become insipid and tasteless, and personal piety necessarily declines.

It is, too, an indication of the want of a warm and heartfelt interest in the prosperity of the church with which they are connected. I appeal to such characters, and ask, Did you feel your strongest and dearest interests were bound up in its welfare, and did the welfare engage your *earnest* and constant exertions and prayers, could you desert the prayer-meeting or the other service for personal gratification? (I will not say profit, for profit is only to be obtained in the path of duty.) I know if you respond honestly to this appeal you will answer, No! You stand, then, convicted, by your own confession, of a want of interest in the welfare of the church. In other words, of a want of affectionate allegiance to Christ. And be assured if this wandering spirit is indulged, your interest in the welfare of the church must necessarily decline, the one is incompatible with the other, it is impossible they can exist together.

There is yet another aspect of the case,—these very wanderers of course *expect* their minister to fill *his* place. *They* may be absent. *They* may go here or there as fancy leads, but he must be at his post like a solitary sentinel deserted by the army. Now, what is the feeling of the minister under such desertion? A feeling of the *keenest anguish*, and bitterest disappointment. He feels and mourns over the fact that his people’s interest in the prosperity of the cause is deficient, and knowing if this be the case God’s blessing is in vain expected, he anticipates, and anticipates truly, that it will be his lot in solitude to mourn in the prophet’s words, “Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?”

It is also to be remembered that in every congregation there are numbers of unconverted, ungodly, whose interest in religious things is very slight, broken easily as a thread. The effect on them is this, they feel, and say too, “If so and so, members of the church, stay away, it cannot be of any consequence my going.” I might also point to its effect on the enquirer, but I forbear.

Members of christian churches! if you wish to hinder the prosperity of the church and to discourage your minister, you cannot take a more effectual mode than absenting yourselves from the services of the house of God. There may, indeed, be *special cases* in which these remarks will not apply. There are among other denominations special services at which it is right to lend a helping hand by our presence and contributions, and far be it from me to wish to throw a barrier between the inter-

change of such christian communion. In such cases let the usual meeting be postponed, and minister and people go together; or if this cannot be done, in a *special* case no minister would object to recommend his people to go, and a short meeting would be productive of no evil but rather of good.

I recommend these few thoughts to the prayerful consideration of the wandering members of christian churches, and trust they may be awakened to consideration of the evils attached to their course. And that they may henceforth possess a feeling like the woman who, when she was asked if the king or captain of the host should be spoken to in her behalf, beautifully replied, "I dwell among mine own people;" or the feeling the Psalmist so earnestly expressed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Experience as well as the Scripture teaches it is only when *such* feelings are cherished that a church can expect prosperity.

Wyken.

PRAYER.

Mourner, whence those gloomy fears?
Whence the cause of all thy tears?
Dost thou feel thyself unblest,
And with care and grief oppress?
Know'st thou not there is on high
Solace for thy every sigh?
And if thou that bliss would share,
Lift thy heart to God in prayer.

Art thou in a foreign land,
Far from thy dear household band?
Where their voice no more with cheer
Falls like music on thy ear?
Where a stranger strangers meet
With a cold and formal greet?
Where for thee no loved ones care?
Lift thy heart to God in prayer.

Sinner, tremblest thou with awe
'Mid the thunders of the law?
Doth thy heart with grief o'erflow,
Burdened with its weight of woe?
Sick of sin, and yet its slave,
Hast'ning onward to the grave?
Yet do not of help despair—
Lift thy heart to God in prayer.

Thou who oft with purpose strong
Chose the good and shunned the wrong,
Yet, alas, too often stray
From the good and heavenly way,
Yet dost thou thy sins deplore?
Dost thou hope to stray no more?
Of the tempter then beware,—
Lift thy heart to God in prayer.

He in every time and place
Stands the guardian of our race;
Wise, and good, and strong, and kind,
All may ask and mercy find.
Then, whatever thee may cross—
Sorrow, toils, bereavements, loss,
Sickness, anguish, fear, or care—
Lift thy heart to God in prayer.

Christian Heroes.

No. 2.—SOME OF THE FIRST.

Eighteen centuries have passed away since the Founder of Christianity first began to unfold the doctrines of his gospel. He came into a world dark and benighted, at a time, too, when almost all apprehension of the spiritual seemed to be lost; and, consequently, though he wandered far and laboured hard to fulfil the high mission on which he came, but few were induced to listen to his teachings, or to receive the glorious and elevating truths he had to tell.

And it is difficult for us, living when we do, when Christianity has attained such a different position and influence, to understand the difficulties which then stood in the way of a reception of the gospel. It was not then a system venerable by antiquity, and which had been gathering fresh glories by the conflicts and conquests of two thousand years; no triumphs were then associated with its name, nor had it impressed itself on the character of vast and enlightened nations; it was then a *new* thing; a new thing, too, presenting itself in aught but an inviting and prepossessing aspect; and which we might have predicted would be rejected, as indeed it was, by the large proportion of those who ever heard or thought of it. Who was its founder? He was a peasant. Who were its converts? They, also, were, for the most part, poor and ignorant men. The weight of authority was all against it. Power was everywhere wielded to crush it. Philosophy ridiculed it: respectability passed by it: even when it had made some way, it was regarded as a silly and degrading superstition—only another of the follies into which the ignorant and credulous had so often been led.

We do not, therefore, wonder that *so few* were induced, presenting itself as it did, to accept it; we rather wonder that *so many* believed.* They were many of them Jews. They possessed an ancient and venerable religion, associated with all the great events of their national and domestic history. It was as rich in association, and as imposing in ritual, as the new religion

was poor. God had given it himself to their fathers. Moses, and Joshua, and Samuel, and David, were among those who had defended it and had handed it down. Its magnificent ceremonial had been their delight in childhood, and its wondrous narratives had been read and told to them from the dearest and most honoured lips. Even in their manhood it had comforted and guided them, if they were spiritual men, when they felt most to need comfort and guidance; and they had been accustomed to look to it for support and consolation, when they should grope amid the darkness of the darkest hour.

Thus we see that it was an heroic thing, under these circumstances, to catch a glimpse of the divine under the human in Christianity. It needed, it is evident, great manliness and virtue, to see the truth and to receive it, when there was so much to blind. Nor was the struggle over when the new religion had been embraced. Nay, it was then only begun. They were looked upon as atheists after they became christians. The finger of scorn was pointed at them, and they had to meet the cold distant looks of those they loved. It was then a reality, and not a figure, that men had to leave father and mother and wife and child for Christ. It was a stern fact, and not a mere sentiment, that christians were pilgrims and sojourners, and that the world was a desert to them. *They*, certainly, were not

“Carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease.”

Poverty, hunger, stripes, banishments, were the “portion of their inheritance and their cup.” Persecution in all its rigour was theirs. Chains and dungeons were familiar and every-day things to them. Nay, many of them ended their course of devotedness and allegiance to the truth, by *dying* to witness their faith in it!

To whom, then, shall we give the name of Hero, if not to these? Men whose life, after their conversion, was one of noble self-sacrifice—of more than manly daring?

There is PAUL,—one of the most heroic

* The writer does not overlook here the evidence which the *miracles* would have furnished. It will be perceived, however, that the difficulties alluded to above would operate *antecedently* to the examination of evidence.

sames that the history of any age can produce. A Hero even in his days of ignorance, for then with all earnestness he threw himself into the cause he believed to be true. But how much more a Hero afterwards! A scholar and a philosopher, yet despising the taunts of the wise and learned. A man of station, and probably of affluence, yet joining himself to the degraded and the poor. One whose education and circumstances made him peculiarly sceptical, and whose conversion to christianity involved the loss of all his dearest hopes, yet yielding himself simply and unostentatiously to the truth, and acknowledging himself its servant, when it made its demand on him. Then watch him, as soon as he is converted, throwing all his energy at once into the cause he has espoused. Obligated more than once to escape for his life, from the enemies whom his conversion has gained him. Wandering from city to city, and from land to land, preaching the gospel of that Jesus whom once he persecuted. Maintaining himself through almost all his travels and labours by working with his hands for bread. Boldly standing up before both Jews and Gentiles, declaring the truth which both united to oppose. Submitting to chains and a dungeon, and in the prison at midnight singing hymns of praise. Declaring the truth unwaveringly before the enraged Sandhedrim, before Felix, before Agrippa, before the emperor Nero himself. Even in the last of his many imprisonments, when an old and grey-headed man—his mission nearly accomplished, his life-conflict nearly over; his body chained down in a Roman dungeon, and a death of torture awaiting him—see his eye glisten as he

dictates those glowing words, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." And this glorious course of heroic suffering he closed by being beheaded!

There is JOHN, too—the amiable, loving, retiring John—who was imprisoned, scourged, banished to Patmos, plunged, as old traditions say, into a caldron of oil, (though he came out unhurt), and died at last enfeebled with age, after having maintained his consistency through a life in which he had many a time suffered more than a martyrdom. And there is PETER, whose life we all know, and who ended it by being crucified with his head downwards: and JAMES, the Lord's brother, who led the believers to martyrdom, being stoned, with a prayer for the forgiveness of his murderers on his lips: and MANY MORE, whom we know, and whom we do not know, but whose names are written in the Book of Life.

If unwavering allegiance to truth constitute a Hero, these men were Heroes. If a manly and bold, yet unostentatious defence of the truth constitute a Hero, these men were Heroes. If suffering and death for the right and good make a Hero, these men were Heroes.—Through our widely different path, may our course be as heroic as theirs; and at the end of our journey, may we be fitted to join them in the land where they and their Glorious Leader are assembled!

Tales and Sketches.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

"HOME!" How that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chamber! Our home was a "pearl of price" among homes; not for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four-gabled, brown, country house, shaded by two antediluvian oak trees; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm

every sense and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remembered no other; and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, it must be confessed.

But neither the house nor its furnishing makes the *home*: and the charm of *ours* lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it "home" to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them

gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough not to be spoiled—not one link had ever been dropped from the chain of love, or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another star in glory," even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was dearest—from our gentle "eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy, who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still, an observing eye would soon have singled out sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in the inheritance of that load of responsibility which, in such a household, falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. Eliza, as I have said, was ill from early girlhood: and Ellen had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and a lighter step. Up stairs and down cellar, in the parlour, nursery, or kitchen—at the piano or the wash tub—with pen, pencil, needle, or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek, and a warble on her lip.

Quietly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realised that change was to come over our band. To be sure, when mother would look in upon us, seated together with our books, paintings, and needle work, and say, in her gentle way, with only half a sigh, "Ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder who *would* go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour, and ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so—and the change came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunder bolt in a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart—which of us *could* spare her? *Who* had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth? For the first moment, *this* question burst from each surprised, half angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen! It was *only* for a moment; for our hearts told us that nobody could help loving her, who had ever looked through her loving blue eyes, into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw

our arms around her, and hid our faces on her shoulder and lap, and sobbed without a word!

We knew very well that the young minister, whose Sabbath sermons and gentle admonitions had won all hearts, had been, for months, a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby Georgie on his knee, and Georgie's brother and sisters clustered about him, he had sat through many an evening, charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine o'clock warning; and the softly spoken remainder, "Girls, it is bed time!" woke more than one stifled sigh of regret. Then sister Ellen must always go with us, to lay Georgie in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb out the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story book, over which he would have squandered "the midnight oil;" and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly about them.

We do not know how often, of late, she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our senses were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the *minister* to be guilty of such a plot against our peace! That name was associated, in our minds, with all that was superhuman. The gray haired pastor, who had gone to his grave six months before, had sat as frequently in that same oaken arm-chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us, with his high pale forehead, and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also, "the face of an angel"—too glorious for the print of mortal passion! Especially after, in answer to an urgent call from the people among whom he was labouring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them, or anywhere on his native shore; that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much-bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favourite preacher on a higher pinnacle of saintship.

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville! And then—"Oh,

sister, you are not going away to India!" burst from our lips, with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first to look up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotions that ruffled its calmness, as the tide-waves ruffle the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed; her eyes were fixed on some distant dream, glassed with two tears, that stood still in their chalices, forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sisters! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed, in a husky whisper, "Hush! be calm! *Don't* break my heart! Do I love home less than?"—

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to the bed, frightened into forgetfulness of our own grief. We soothed her until she, too, wept freely and passionately, and, in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing, in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother has told us the tidings, with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's surely; for though she had leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not, as we did, that she was going. She was too happy in the thoughts that her child had found that "pearl of price" in a cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart, to guide and protect her.

Father sat silently in the chimney corner, reading in the large family Bible. *He was* looking further than any of us—to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her young life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe, whither she was going. But both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations: how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared,—how we stoned raisins with tears in our eyes, and seasoned the wedding cake with

sighs. But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was first and foremost in all, as she had always been in every emergency, great or small. Nothing could be made without her. Even the bride-cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride-cake; and *she* "knew just how to bake it."

We were not left alone in our labours; for Ellen had been loved by more than the home-roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich, united in bringing their gifts, regrets, and blessings to the chosen companion of the pastor they were soon to lose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which mammon has not too long seared. To see one, with sympathies and refinements like our own, rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief, by contrast, the selfishness of *most* human lives led among the gaudies and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour, came. The ship was to sail on the ensuing week; and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village congregation, that all who loved her, and longed for another sight of her sweet face, might look upon her, and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters stood all around her, but not too near; for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us through the day, with sunshine from her own heart, and even while we were arraying her in her simple white, like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when, at the door of her mother's room, she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eye with the look that said, "Where thou goest will I go, even from *all* besides!"

Tears fell fast in that assembly; though the good old matrons tried to smile, as they passed around the bride, to bless her and bid her good-bye. A little girl, in a

patched but clean frock, pushed forward with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please, Miss Nelly," she cried, half laughing, half sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you!"

Ellen stooped and kissed the little, eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong-armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if *you* had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday School teacher!" pleaded the little girl, in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side, and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herrick is here!" said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened, to admit a white haired, half blind old man, who came leaning on the arm of his rosy grand-daughter. Father Herrick was a superannuated deacon, whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart of that little assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured to himself; "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again—bless her!"

Ellen sprang forward, and laid both her white, trembling hands in the large hand of the good old man. He drew her near his falling eyes, and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling; and they tell me I shall never see you again! Well, well—if we go in God's way, we shall all get to heaven; and it's all light *there*!" He raised his hand over her head, and added, solemnly, "The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed the voice of Henry Neville.

And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel.

So she went from us! Oh, the last moment of that parting hour has burnt itself into my being for ever! *Could* the human heart endure the agony of parting like that, *realised* to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity? Would not reason reel under the pressure?

It was hard to bear; but I have no words to tell of its bitterness. She went to her

missionary life; and we learned, at last, to live without her; though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief, or childish want. Then the start, and the sigh, "Oh, dear, she's gone—sister *is* gone!" And fresh tears would flow.

"Gone, but not lost;" for that first marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling has linked us to a world of needy and perishing spirits—a world that asks for the energy and the aid, not only of those who go from us, but of those who remain in the dear country of their birth. God bless her and her charge!

Already she has been the means of turning many poor benighted ones from darkness unto light; if we meet not again on earth, we shall assuredly meet around the throne. For there is no one who gives up house, or land, or *father*, or *mother*, for Christ's sake, who will go at last without a blessed reward; and we know that they who are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS, FOR EVER AND EVER.

BUNYAN AND HIS LITTLE BLIND CHILD.

One of the most touching things in all the labouring, suffering, struggling life of Bunyan, is his artless account of his sorrow in leaving his blind child, when he was about to take up his residence in Bedford jail. This imprisonment was not unexpected. The arbitrary, persecuting laws which signalized the reign of Charles the Second from its commencement, had armed the authorities of the realm with power to imprison the persons and confiscate the goods of all who should be found either preaching or hearing the gospel outside the walls of the parish church, or praying without the prayer book in their hands. Bunyan very well knew that he should be one of the first to feel the effects of these measures, and he accordingly prepared himself. His forebodings were not long unrealized, for having made an appointment to preach on a certain day, the Justice of the Peace heard of it, and issued a warrant for his arrest. This fact was soon known to Bunyan and his friends, and he might have given up the meeting for that

time, and retired to a place of safety, had he chosen. But, no, he will not flee! He says, "I feared that if I should run, now that there was a warrant out for me, I might, by so doing, make them afraid to stand, when great words only should be spoken against them. Besides, I thought that seeing God of his mercy should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope in this country, that is, to be the first that should be opposed for the gospel,—if I should fly, it might be a discouragement to the whole body that might follow after. And, further, I thought that the world thereby would take occasion at my cowardliness to have blasphemed the gospel, and to have had some grounds to suspect worse of me and my profession than I deserved." He does not, we see, come to his decision without much consideration and prayer. He considers the effect of his example upon the weak and timid among the people of God; and though it was probably hard to come to it, his deliberate conclusion was, "I will stay and hold my meeting, let the consequences be what they may." We know that it was hard for him to make up his mind to go to prison, not so much because he dreaded imprisonment, but his family, his forsaken, destitute family, rose up before his mind's eye, appealing powerfully to his feelings as a husband and father. Especially did it go to his heart to leave his blind child. He says, "Notwithstanding these spiritual helps, I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from my bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these mercies, but also because I should often have brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likewise to meet with, *especially my poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all I had beside. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces. Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind shall blow upon thee. But, yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh, I saw in this condition I was as a man who is pulling

down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it. And now I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, to leave their calves behind them."

How beautiful is this relation, and how does it open to us the rich vein of tenderness in Bunyan's heroic heart! We are apt to clothe those noble souls of Bunyan's stamp, those Christian warriors who stood in the breach, fighting stoutly for "liberty to worship God," in those old, trying days, we are apt to think of them as all stern and grim, and unaffected by mere earthly joys and sorrows. Here the veil is lifted, and we see underneath their grave, calm steadfastness, a pure, strongly-flowing current of human affection and feeling. That, although so richly endowed with strength to do and bear, they were not wanting in that lovely grace of charity that fertilizes and beautifies the soul.

Following Bunyan to his damp and narrow cell in the Bedford jail, we find him there solaced by the company of his little blind daughter. It is said that the wet unwholesome state of this jail, standing as it did upon a bridge, first inspired the celebrated John Howard with a desire to improve the condition of jails and prisons. We can judge something of its state from this fact: form some idea of the sufferings and privations that Bunyan endured for conscience' sake. But there was a bright side to the picture. Every morning came this blind daughter to cheer the heart of the lonely father. She brings in a well-secured parcel the materials for the day's work, for Bunyan even here labours assiduously in aid of his family. He cannot of course carry on any longer his humble trade of tinker, but he has learned since he came to prison to make tagged laces. Upon them they work together perseveringly through the day, not a long one, for time thus devoted to honest labour and hallowed by love and peace could not have seemed long; and at evening, with the laces that have been completed, the little girl goes home to her mother. It is easy to suppose that the father could not willingly settle to his work in the morning, until he had embraced his dear one—that he listened anxiously every time he heard the jailer's step in the passage, for the accompanying sound of a small foot, that came at last, making his pulses leap, and

lighting up the calm eye with a gleam of pleasure. The key turns in the lock, the bolt flies back, and the blind child enters. She can see nothing; all is dark to her within the narrow cell; but she knows very well where her father's arms are open, waiting to receive her. Her eyes are sightless, but the light of love shines in her soul, and irradiates her patient, thoughtful countenance, as she hastens with rapid step to her father's embrace. He presses her gently to his manly breast, and kissing her soft cheek, murmurs, "My sweet heart." How tender and pure must have been the companionship of these two. How pleasantly pass the hours as they talk to each other, like children, for Bunyan in his ripest years retained the beautiful simplicity of childhood. Doubtless he taught this dear one of the love of Christ, and knelt often upon the cold stone floor of his prison-house, to pray with and for her. How lonely and anxious must have been the days when she came not. Then we can imagine he would often rise from his work, and gazing through the narrow window, beneath which flowed the waters of the Ouse, look longingly in the direction of that humble cottage where dwelt those dearest to his heart. Then striving to forget his care, we see him open his well-worn Bible, and draw from thence sweet comfort and strength still to endure. Those prison hours were on the whole very pleasant ones, as Bunyan himself tells us; and next to those spiritual joys which filled his soul, he was indebted for this to the constant occupation of body and mind to which he accustomed himself. He must have been very busy, as the work he accomplished during those twelve years of imprisonment proves. Labouring at his tagged laces all day, and writing far into the night, tracing the passage of his pilgrim through the lights and shadows—the joys and sorrows of his Christian course. Blessed labours! wherein was sown seed which shall bear fruit till time shall end, to the good of man and glory of God. Would that the Spirit that prompted and inspired those labours might rest with power upon every successive generation of pilgrims to Zion, warring through them against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and finally, through the riches of grace, triumphing over every foe.

THE MAN THAT SLEEPS IN CHAPEL.

A minister of the "*Kirk*" in good old Scotland once discovered his wife fallen asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady and, possibly, somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate—

"Susan!"

Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan, I dinna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I dinna marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see! And if ye hae no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!"

Susan's slumbers were effectually broke up for that day.

One feels sometimes inclined to send sharp words or Psalm books, or some other persuasive missiles, at the head of a chapel sleeper, but is deterred by *various considerations*.

We used to think when we began to preach, that we would defy anybody to go to sleep quietly under our pulpit addresses, and made now and then some very doughty resolves "to keep folks awake if we had to thunder and lighten for it." But we have long since given that up. People may become accustomed to thunder and lightning, as the Israelites did, lapsing into idolatry at the base of Sinai when it rocked under the foot of God.

There are different kinds of sleepers in "the great congregation." There is one man who settles himself deliberately to the business, "like a day's work"—putting himself, with malice aforethought, into posture, his head on its wonted support, his shoulders gently inclined to the right or the left, and "the promises" under his elbow. This is a hardened case, given over, joined to his idol, past cure.

There is another man with whom we always have a deep sympathy. He leads amid his secular business an active life—a life of incessant locomotion. He can't sit down anywhere without feeling the reaction. He comes into chapel with a desire to render wakeful worship—to give his most earnest attention to the preached truth. But when the sermon is fairly under way, and *labours* a little at the foundations of its argument, his drowsiness

comes upon him like a strong man armed. He struggles against it with his best manhood. He rubs his eyes. He "blows" his nose. He straightens up desperately. But his enemy is too strong for him. We cannot but be interested in his heroic though fruitless efforts. We are half moved to call out—"My dear fellow, it's of no use, you may as well give up to it for a little—you have our full and free permission to nap it for eight minutes."

Well, that is about all he wants. He rouses again at the expiration of that time—looking so refreshed that we are really glad for him; and through the remainder of the discourse, nobody listens better.

And here and there we recognise one overcome with the soft potency, whom it is rare to see so subdued. And we charitably understand that he lay awake with the toothache the night before, or watched by the couch of a restless child, or sat by the pillow of a sick friend. He has our consent to be dull, for a space, in his comfortable pew.

It is undeniably true, though, that whatever the type of sleeping, the preacher winces a little under its rebuke. Is he somewhat dull himself? Has he failed to set forth the truth, whose ideal so moved him when he began to write, to the clear discernment and the quickened sensibilities of his hearers? By any personal default, has he robbed his message of its interest and power? Must that occasion go for nothing or worse, to any for whom he has thought and toiled? Are they getting tired of his voice and his method? Is he responsible for that lost opportunity?

The queries will make him a little braver-spirited, perhaps; perhaps, too, they ought to affect him so.

A clergyman whom we know, once stopped in his discourse as he found his audience sinking from his grasp into too silent a hush, and frankly said aloud—"My dear hearers, I am afraid I do not interest you to-day." And another resorted to another expedient. About midway in his discourse he stopped suddenly, and gave out a couple of stanzas to be sung by the choir, and then resumed and concluded before a wide-awake audience.

It is difficult to know how to contend against this intruder in the sanctuary. Something may be done by care as to the temperature of the house. Something by a skilful adjustment of the light and shade.

Something by *variety of tone* in the elocution of the preacher. Something by caution as to the length of the discourse,—by directness of address,—by a happy use of illustrations in what are likely to be the heavier parts of the discourse,—by a soul-felt earnestness in every part,—by the solemn presence of the Spirit, fervently invoked.

Something, too, the people might do. By care as to the exhausting labours of the day previous,—the hour of retiring on Saturday night,—the quality and quantity of the Sabbath dinner,—by cherishing a sense of common courtesy and good breeding,—by a diligently-sought spiritual frame of mind,—by an awe-breathing consciousness of that Presence into which they have adventured,—by a remembrance of the dread day of final account!

There is no infallible specific against dullness, for preacher or people, but a heart earnest and intent upon the business that has gathered them in the sacred convocation, and so garrisoned by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost against every influence hostile to the highest spiritual improvement of the place and the hour!

LITTLE IDA'S CONSOLATION.

Ida was a gentle, quiet child of four years. No shadow had passed over the bright horizon which surrounded her, and she knew not that this is a world of sorrow. Her mother's smile was her chief joy; and so confidently did she look to that mother as the source of every comfort and pleasure, and the soother of every transient grief, that the sweet little one could have formed no idea of existence, if "mother" was gone, for ever gone. Alas, that the most bitter grief so often mingles in the cup of innocent, unsuspecting childhood! A dense and heavy cloud settled all around the pathway of little Ida. It came not all at once; she saw it creeping on in those days when "mother" first became too sick to sit up the whole day, and she missed her all the long hours when she was lying down,—when her cough became so violent that she could not speak to answer her questions,—when she looked pale and thin, and smiled but faintly. The poor child observed these changes with a trembling dread, yet she knew not what she feared. But changes still sadder followed rapidly on. The

sitting-room where "mother's" chair stood by the fire—oh, it was vacant! that voice which was the life of her being was heard there no more. The cloud gathered closer round. "Mother" was seen but once in the long, long day, and then in a darkened room, bolstered up in bed, tolling for breath, and, oh, how changed! It was her "dear mother;" but Ida shuddered when she kissed her. Yet one more change, and the little sufferer was enveloped in thick darkness. "Mother's" room was deserted and cold; no watchers were around her bed, no medicines beside it. That dear form lay stiff and motionless, the eyes stunken, the lips sealed. Ida kissed the marble cheek, and started back with horror. Her mind formed its first conception of the King of Terrors at that moment, and, uttering the most distressing cries of grief and alarm, she fled from the room.

A few hours after this I saw Ida. She was then composed; and as I wished the dear child to partake, as far as her infant capacity would allow, of the consolations we enjoyed in the death of her pious mother, and to feel that even death and the grave are conquered foes through Him who is the resurrection and the life, I spoke to her tenderly of her mother in heaven, enjoying the society of the good, and with Jesus, whom she loved better than any earthly friend. But as soon as I mentioned her mother, she burst into a most violent

paroxysm of weeping and sobbing—so violent that it was really alarming. I tried to comfort her, but she seemed inconsolable, and I feared she did not know what I said, and that, instead of doing good, I had done an injury; but it afterwards appeared that it was not so. I observed her daily, and knew the habits of her mind; they were unusually reflective for a child of her years. I did not venture to name her mother again for some weeks; but finally, while conversing about heaven at one time, I said, "Ida, where is your mother?" A shadow came over her expressive countenance; violent emotions seemed struggling within that infant breast; I trembled with alarm; when suddenly the most delightful change passed over her face, like a wave of mingled hope and joy: she lifted her large, full eyes to mine, and with a quiet, heavenly smile, said with imperfect articulation, "*Done up to see Jesus.*" Her affectionate heart was comforted.

And had she not found the true source of comfort? Had not her infant mind taken hold on that which to the redeemed sinner must constitute the very acme of heavenly enjoyment? Many, many times since, when beloved friends have been removed from earth, have I taken to my own heart the consolation of little Ida—indelibly impressed on my memory by her expressive countenance and sweet childish utterance—they have gone up to see Jesus!

Notices of Books.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON. By his Nephew, HUGH ANDERSON. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Not a few great and good men have recently exchanged pulpits on earth for thrones in heaven. Among these we find the name of CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON—a name embalmed amid the grateful recollections of many a Scottish heart, and "familiar as a household word" even in numerous English circles. Our estimate of the minister of Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh, was always high, but our admiration and love have been heightened by the perusal of this volume. Its selection of materials is judicious, its arrangement happy, and its quiet literary beauty very

attractive. The reader glides from one scene of interest to another in Mr. Anderson's life with increasing pleasure, and his sympathy is sustained to its close. We have no laboured panegyric on the departed. These pages are only a medium through which he "being dead yet speaketh." They place us in his presence whose gentlemanly bearing, ardent piety, affectionate spirit, fascinating conversation, and telling discourses, have frequently instructed and delighted us. He was emphatically a LABOURER,—the fathers and founders of the Baptist Mission, the advocates of education and christianity in the Highlands of Scotland, the friends of the best interests of "the Emerald Isle," all bearing witness. Here letters from the pens of Fuller,

Ryland, Sutcliffe, Sir John Sinclair, Charlotte Elizabeth, and other distinguished personages, appear for the first time, and are very interesting as proofs of the various labours of love in which Mr. Anderson engaged. The record, too, of his physical and literary toils, in preparing for publication his elaborate and standard work, "The Annals of the English Bible," furnishes a treat to every lover of "the Book Divine." In the pulpit Mr. Anderson pre-eminently shone, and "many rejoiced in his light." In his best days, we find that "during the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and of the Synod of what is now called the United Presbyterian Church, many of the members of those bodies attended on the Lord's-day evenings. Several of the Episcopalian clergymen, resident in the city, were frequent hearers, while Evangelical clergymen, from England or Ireland, visiting Edinburgh, were almost sure to be found, at least once, in Charlotte Chapel." And how interesting is the fact, that "several clergymen, both of the English and Scotch Establishments, and some now ministers in other communions, have owned Mr. Anderson as the instrument, in the hands of God, of first leading them to the truth!"

We must thank the author for the manner in which he has discharged his duty in this worthy labour of love. His relationship as a nephew does not interfere with his fidelity as a biographer. The work will have an extensive circulation, and this it *deserves*.

THE CHARACTERISTIC DIFFERENCES OF THE FOUR GOSPELS. By ANDREW JUKES. London: James Nisbit & Co.

The cardinal idea of this little book, that "the Gospels are four views of Christ," is one which has been recognized by most attentive students of them. It has been carried further, indeed, and a German divine, and one not a sceptic either, will speak as a matter of course of the Christ of Paul, and the Christ of Peter or James, as well as the Christ of John or of Matthew. It cannot be doubted that this view is essentially correct, and that each of the inspired writers presents our Lord and his religion to us in a somewhat different light. Whatever the nature of inspiration, it in no way interfered with the natural faculties of the authors of the New Testament;

it left to each his natural turn of mind as modified by his education and circumstances, and even his tastes and predilections seem to have been untouched. It pervaded them all with the supernaturally holy spirit of their Master, and according to his promise, guided them intellectually into all truth.

The blessing which this arrangement of infinite wisdom has been to believers is incalculable. The New Testament writers were men comprising all the leading varieties of the human mind, and hence every man has found the One Lord presented to him by some inspired writer of kindred mind with himself. Nor is it any failing, as some have erroneously described it, that some one or two books of the sacred Scriptures should be our *special* favourites. Our heavenly Father intended it should be so. Each of the earthen vessels is filled with heavenly treasure, and so that we do but find the treasure at all, we are truly rich. The only thing desirable to guard against in relation to this subject, is one-sided interpretation. The views of all the writers themselves are in perfect harmony, though all of them diverse.

Mr. Jukes thus classifies the views of our Lord presented in the four gospels:—"St. Matthew, or the Son of Abraham; St. Mark, or the Servant of God; St. Luke, or the Son of Adam; St. John, or the Son of God." Matthew and Luke have from primitive times been regarded as writing for the Jews and Gentiles respectively. Mark has been chiefly noted for his graphic fulness of details of fact; and regarded as Peter's attendant and gospel writer, as Luke was Paul's. John's character has always been the same; he is "The Divine;" the contemplative theologian; speaking classically, he is the Plato to the three preceding Xenophons.

The devout reader will find much to interest him in many of Mr. Jukes's remarks. Two things Mr. Jukes will hardly expect us to approve, or at least to concur with,—his fancies (as we must regard them) about the cherubim and living creatures in the Revelation; and, generally, his ingenuities in turning all kinds of Old Testament facts into types. And, secondly, his continual appeal to some deeper mystic perception of divine things enjoyed by himself and a favoured few. We never saw this done, indeed, with more evident humility and good-feeling towards fellow-christians "without."

Still the habit is a pernicious one. It tends to excite undesirable feelings in many honest and intelligent readers, and it is very likely, if cherished, to injure the person who indulges it. If an apostle tells us we can only digest milk as yet, we humbly believe him; but it is rather too much for the sincerest uninspired brother to use similar language. A notice of the book in the last *Westminster Review* (though a kind one), will give Mr. Jukes an idea of its mischievous effect in other quarters. Much of the last chapter, "The Common Testimony," is calculated to be very profitable. With slight alterations, it would make a most useful "Tract for the Times," for the progressing world.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS, ILLUSTRATED BY FACTS IN THE LIFE OF A LAYMAN. Pp. 151. London: *Religious Tract Society*.

A very interesting reprint, apparently from an American work. The author "had long been familiar with 'The Anxious Enquirer,' 'The Path of Peace,' and other works of that kind—works which have been instrumental in leading multitudes to the feet of the Saviour: but it seemed to him there was yet wanting something which, while it pointed to the path of life, might, by the manner in which the truth was presented, *attract* the young and thoughtless, and lead them to stop and *consider*." We think the work well adapted to this important object; and should hope much from its being put into the hands of the young and thoughtful. It would be sure to be read for its intrinsic interest.

SACRED SYMBOLOGY, &c. By J. MILLS. London: R. Theobald.

We regard this volume as a valuable contribution to Biblical Science. The subject

on which it treats is one of great interest, but, confessedly, of no small difficulty. Ignorance of sound principles of interpretation of the symbolic language of Scripture has produced many errors in otherwise valuable writers, and given birth to many wild and untenable theories of prophetic truth. Mr. Mills has brought to his task a cultivated mind, a calm and matured judgment; and the result is, a volume which will supply every intelligent student with the most valuable hints for his investigation of these important portions of the Divine Word. We heartily commend it to the notice of our readers.

THE LAMP OF LOVE, FOR 1853. Edited by the Rev. C. H. BATEMAN. London: Ward and Co.

One of the most charming periodicals for young folks that has ever met our eye. Full of lessons of love and goodness too. Mr. Bateman was already well known as a friend of the young: we are sure this little work will make him an universal favourite.

THE HEAVENLY GOLD REGIONS: A SERMON. By the Rev. EDWARD WHITS. London: J. Paul.

A thoughtful and impressive discourse—with an originality that would be sure to interest both hearers and readers—on Rev. xxi. 21, "The street of the city was pure gold."

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD: A SERMON ON THE INTERMENT OF MRS. CANTLOW. By J. RICHARDSON.

Plain, simple, and scriptural. The great doctrine on which it treats is placed in a clear light, and its consolatory influences are unfolded. It reflects great credit upon the author, and will be read with pleasure by friends of the estimable person whose removal to her rest it commemorates.

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER II.

I suppose my young readers have come to the conclusion, from my last chapter, that Joseph was a very disagreeable boy. They are mistaken. No little boy could smile more pleasantly than he could, and

every one thought him very interesting; for Joseph was beautiful, he had large deep looking eyes, a high white forehead, with clustering curls and very soft pretty features. "Whose child is that?" people would ask as they met him in the street. When visitors came to the house they took great notice of the smiling boy, and thought

it a pity that Ada had not some of his beauty, but if they stayed a week or two they seemed to forget how plain she was, and to think Josey was fast losing his good looks. The fact is, people are never good looking unless they look good; and they who have a scowl of impatience or sullenness, constantly, or even occasionally, on their features, must look disagreeable. Supposing they have a smile for visitors, it is not appreciated on acquaintance. Thus it was with Joseph, he reserved his brightest smiles for strangers, while the dear friends who loved him best, suffered from his ill-nature. Nothing seemed to give him pleasure long at a time.

He and his sister slept each in their own little room at the head of the stairs. In the morning when the sun was shining brightly, and the happy birds were singing their songs of praise in the trees, close to the cottage, Mrs. Green would call from the foot of the stairs, "Josey, Ada, get up, darlings, it is a lovely morning."

"Yes, mamma," would come from Ada's room, but not a grunt from Josey's.

The little girl would rise, and throwing open her window, dress herself quickly; then kneeling down she would thank God for taking care of her through the night, and pray that she might learn to be good. As she passed her brother's room she would call him, "Josey dear, get up, it is a bright morning, and the breakfast is waiting."

"Well, well, I ain't deaf," Joseph would growl, and as he heard her last steps on the stairs he would begin to think about prayers. "What's the use of saying 'em, just to tire a fellow?" but he had been taught to pray, and so from habit he muttered them over.

"Don't see anything wonderful in the morning, I am sure," Joseph would say as he entered the breakfast room. "Another scalding day."

"Yes, and how fast 'twill ripen the strawberries, Josey," would chime in Ada in her sweet silver voice.

"I wish they were ripe now, that we might have something fit to eat," the cross boy would say; "bread and butter and milk, I don't like such things."

"Will you take a cup of chocolate, my son?" the mother would ask, and Ada would run for another cup.

"I hate chocolate."

"Try a bit of tongue, Bub, 'tis very

nice," Ada would say. Thus it was from morning till night, except at brief intervals when the young gentleman would conclude to play a while with his sister; such times would usually end as the scene did we opened with.

Mrs. Green was pained and perplexed at the unhappy disposition of her boy,—doubly so, now that her husband, on whose firmness she depended to assist her in guiding him aright, was prostrated with disease. Her presence was necessary in the sick-room, so that the children were left almost entirely to their own guidance. Poor woman, her task was a severe one; it was not difficult to decide from whom the peevish boy inherited his disposition, for now that sickness had bowed the strong man, his patient, uncomplaining wife, found it difficult to please him in any way; not that he was unkind, only nervous and irritable. Unlike his wife, he had nothing to support him under affliction but a cold Philosophy,—frail, and heartless enough, in the time of health and prosperity, but a very spider's web now that the evil day had come upon him. Behind was a life of fruitless toil, since it had failed to lay up treasure in heaven; the present was pain and regret, and the future was dark and untried. God pity thee, poor woman, and in mercy send thee godly sorrow to work life and health to thy soul!

Ellen May, whom we spoke of as a cripple in our last chapter, was not always a poor crippled invalid. Two years before she was as healthy, gay, and light-hearted as Adaline Green. Her parents doted on her and her good-natured brother, and being wealthy furnished everything to amuse and instruct them. They were lovely and intelligent, and their parents designed they should occupy high stations in the world of wealth and fashion. Alas, for human hopes! On the eighth birthday of little Ellen, a gay dashing cousin wished to take her out to ride. "See my beautiful gray, aunty, and my new tandem; Ellen and I will ride out to Oak Hill, and then I will return and dine with her." "But your horse, Augustine, is mettlesome, I am afraid to have you take her," said her mother. Ellen, however, added her entreaties to Augustine's, and the lively boy drove off with her, she laughing gaily, and kissing her little hand to her mother. An hour after she was borne into the house senseless and motionless, having been thrown from

the carriage while the horse was going at a furious rate. We need not describe the agony of the afflicted parents; suffice it to say, that every remedy that skill could prescribe, or gold procure, was tried to restore the poor child to health; as a last resort, country air was recommended, and that was why the family of the Mays were living in the village of G—.

The inhabitants of the village were not forward in making the acquaintance of their new neighbours; they had heard that they were rich, and feared they might be haughty and aristocratic, and so they left them to their own resources,—all but Mrs. Green. Prompted by real christian benevolence, no sooner did she hear from the children that the “new lady” had a little girl that had not walked for two years, than she called, introduced herself, and enquired after the invalid. Mrs. May received her with more than politeness, and begged that her children might sometimes come and see her sick daughter. And Ada and Joseph were often permitted to play with Mrs. May’s children.

One afternoon Ada, being quite alone, wandered out to look at her little bed of wild strawberries. She found it dotted all over with crimson fruit which had been slyly ripening in those “scalding days.” The glad child bounded home, and taking two little mugs, returned and filled them with the delicious fruit, and got back into the house just as her mother came out to see what had become of her.

“Oh, some strawberries for father,” said Mrs. Green, looking kindly at the smiling girl.

“Yes, these are for father,” said she, holding out one mug.

“And those are for the little gatherer,”

replied her mother. “Well, that is but fair.”

“For me?” said Ada in surprise; “no, indeed! not till there are enough for you and Jossey too; these are for poor Ellen, if you please, dear mother.”

“I do please, my generous child, and you shall take them over yourself, with some fresh cream.” Her mother set them into a basket with a pitcher of cream, and the little girl proceeded on her errand of love. She found Ellen quite alone, propped on her couch near the window, from which she was waving her pretty flag. There were traces of tears on her pale cheek.

“Oh, Ada, how glad I am to see you. I have been alone this hour, mother had the headache, and I begged her to lay down, saying, I would ring for Peggy, if I wanted anything, but I don’t like Peggy, so I waved the flag for Eddy, but he don’t see it; and oh, I am so tired, and my neck aches.”

Ada, though younger than Ellen, was strong, and easily lifted her further upon the pillows, so as to relieve her aching neck; she then put back the heavy masses of hair that clung around her hat, face, and neck, and fanned her till she smiled, and said, “she felt a great deal better.” Ada then brought forward her basket and exhibited its treasures; “They are for you, dear,” said she, “I meant that you should have the first that ripened.”

Ellen clapped her hands in ecstasies, “Just what I have wanted this long time; father promised to send me a box from the city as soon as he could find them.” Just then Mrs. May came in; she thanked Ada many times, and said she should remember her when she went to the city.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.—“Many fear death, much less than the operation of dying. People form the most singular conception of the last struggle, the separation of the soul from the body, and the like. But this is all void of foundation. No man ever certainly felt what death is; and as insensibly as we enter into life, equally insensibly do we leave it. The beginning and the end are here united. My proofs are as follow:—First, man can have no sensation of dying; for to die, means nothing more than to lose the vital power;

and it is the vital power by which the soul communicates sensation to the body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness, and we cannot lose life, without at the same time, or rather before, losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs. We are taught also by experience, that all those who ever passed through the first stage of death, and were again brought to life, unanimously asserted that they felt nothing of dying, but sunk at once into a state of

insensibility. Let us not be led into a mistake by the convulsive throbs, the rattling in the throat, and the apparent pangs of death, which are observed in many persons when in a dying state. These symptoms are painful only to the spectators, and not to the dying, who are not sensible of them. The case here is the same as if one, from the dreadful contortions of a person in an epileptic fit, should form a conclusion respecting his internal feelings. From what affects us so much, he suffers nothing." Perhaps this may help to comfort some, who "through the fear of death have been all their lifetime subject to bondage."

"HOLD ON, MOTHER."—Such was the exhortation of a sailor to his widowed mother. She had several children, for whom "she prayed day and night exceedingly." Manifestly in answer to her prayers, one after another was awakened by the Spirit of God, convinced of sin, and subdued into saving reconciliation through the medium of Christ crucified. One of

her sons followed the seas for eleven years. Much had she prayed for her "poor sailor boy," and many a letter had she written him, rich with maternal counsel and solicitude. When at home, she had taken unwearied pains, such as none but a pious mother would take, to draw him from all improper associations, and to interest him in whatsoever things are pure, and true, and lovely. At length she received letters from him, which breathed a new spirit, and spoke a new language. I listened to the voice of that mother, as, with "joy unspeakable," she read to me three of those letters, richly expressive of the views and feelings of a new-born soul. In them all he acknowledged his special indebtedness to her faithful warnings, and persevering prayers. In one he spoke of the condition and prospects of her children who still remained impenitent; and in order to encourage her to do for them as she had done for him, he says, "Hold on, Mother; your prayers may yet be answered in their conversion."

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The great fact of the month is undoubtedly the census report of the *Religious Statistics* of the country. For the first time we have a statement on authority, as nearly accurate as possible, of the amount of church and chapel accommodation, including the number both of buildings and the sittings contained in them; of the number of persons who attended each service on Sunday, 31st March, 1851; of the numbers of buildings, sittings, and attendants belonging to each sect; and a series of tables arranging the details in every serviceable form, to exhibit the religious condition of England and Wales, so far as relates to public worship, and the proportions of religious instruction and advantages contributed by each denomination. Our friends ought to know that all the information any of them will desire, they may find in a shilling edition, published by the authority of the Registrar General himself. We are confident that every intelligent reader will think it an extraordinarily cheap and instructive shilling's worth. He will find in it not only the religious statistics of every single town, and county exclusive of the towns, in England and Wales, but also an accurate and truly impartial account of the sentiments of each denomination, and of its retrogression or progress during the last half century. Its sincerely, and yet judicially fair, religious spirit, is not amongst its least commendations. It exhibits the Irrigation of the masses in the most convincing light, adverts to the probable causes of it in frank and faithful language, and indeed it will, we are persuaded, prove more arousing to good men than any number of sermons on the matter.

Our readers will perhaps ask first about Dissent generally, as compared with the Church of England, and then about their own denomination. The answer to the first question will be gratifying to those who have been at so much expense to propagate what they deem truth, and to uphold a pure worship. Protestant Dissenters, on this side the Tweed, fully equal the Church of England. At the most numerous attended services of each on the 31st March, 1851, the Protestant Dissenters' attendances were 3,110,782; the Church of England, 2,971,258. Again, in the number of places of worship, the Church is in a decided minority. The grand total of such buildings is 34,467, of which the Church provides only 13,854. The Roman Catholics, 570. Mormons, 222! Jews, &c., about 90. All the rest, except 11 foreign churches, are provided by Protestant Dissenters. In sittings, the Church has a majority—4,922,412 out of a total of 9,467,738. This is to be accounted for, we suppose, by the large amount of utterly useless room, particularly in the country, in old parish churches, since the attendants are on the whole more numerous amongst Dissenters. It corroborates this view, that, as is shewn in Table M, the Dissenters make much more use of their sittings than the Church does. The Church on the Sunday referred to, used only about 33 per cent. of her sittings. The Independent Methodists, 46 per cent. Wesleyan Reformers, 45 per cent. *Particular Baptists*, 42½ per cent. Independents, 38 per cent.

Perhaps this will suffice at present as shewing that Protestant Dissenters hold an equal place with the State-endowed Church, as religious instructors of the people.

They do so in England and Wales, where even this report represents State Church endowments as amounting to £5,000,000 per annum. They amount, in truth, to vastly more. But when Scotland with its Free Church, and Ireland with its Catholics, are taken into account, the VOLUNTARIES *will certainly be found on the most irrefragable statistical evidence, to be an IMMENSE MAJORITY.* The effect of the knowledge of this fact must be serious. It may not appear for some time, but it must ultimately. The Free-trade contest has imbued the minds of all our legislators who have minds, with the grand idea of *equal legislation* for all. As surely as the repeal of protective colonial duties, and of protective navigation laws, followed the repeal of the corn laws, so surely will the repeal of ecclesiastical monopoly laws follow in its time. That time is, under Providence, dependent on the faithfulness of Dissenters to their principles. They have now the whole of the argument from experience in their hands. They can point also to the immense increase of the Church itself by the voluntary principle. The facts are these: during the 30 years preceding 1831, the new churches erected amounted to 500, costing £6000 each, or £3,000,000 in all, of which £1,152,044 was contributed by the State, the rest by voluntary efforts. During the next 20 years, to 1851, not less than 2029 churches were built, at an average cost of £3000, but the cheapness and the number seems attributable to the cessation of State aid; for it amounted to only about half a million in the earlier part of the time, and the *voluntary* benefactions, to £5,575,616! The VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE is thus statistically proved to have been the right hand of Church extension, and the right and left hand, too, of Protestant Dissent, the Free Church, and of Roman Catholicism. Not till State grants were lopped off did the Church begin to shew decided vigour, and to emulate the zeal of the unwendowed sects. The inference is too plain to be evaded.

As to our own denomination, it stands *third* amongst the Protestant Dissenters. The Wesleyans (including all their secession communities) number 11,007 places of worship, 2,194,298 sittings. Independents, 3,244 chapels, 1,067,760 sittings; and the Baptists (including General Baptists, &c.) 2,789 chapels, with 752,343 sittings. The number of Particular Baptist chapels is 1,947, with 740,752 sittings; and, the New Connexion General Baptists have 182 chapels, 64,321 sittings. It is interesting to notice the rate per cent. of the increase of places of worship and sittings. Taking the five periods of ten years each since 1800, it stands thus, omitting fractions:—

1801 to—	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851
Wesleyans	80	85	68	69	40
Independents	25	29	35	30	25
Baptists	32	36	38	35	28
Church of England..	4	1	3	7	11
Population itself..	14	18	16	15	13

We might extract a great many particulars of much interest, but our limits this month will not allow us to do so. We trust that these few remarks and imperfect specimens of what may be found in it will lead to the purchase of the Report itself, by all who can afford a shilling. Every sect, every town, and every county, will find all particulars relating to itself, as well as to all denominations and the whole kingdom.

In the PUBLIC EVENTS of the month there has been little of novelty. At the time we go to press *Russia and Turkey* remain at war, and we professedly helping Turkey. The Turks have again signally defeated the Russians on the Danube, even storming their intrenchments, and driving them out with great loss. Our navy has entered the Black Sea, but is ordered to be very polite to Russia, and only to protect the Turkish coasts; and, we are sorry to say, our Ministers have joined the faithless despots of Austria and Prussia, compelling Turkey to offer peace, on condition of leaving things as they were before the war; that is, leaving Russia in possession of the mischievous treaties she has wrested from Turkey, the very basis of the present disputes, and not demanding the instant evacuation of the provinces seized by the Czar! We are ashamed of our Government thus far. We hope when Parliament meets the case will appear better than it now does. Meantime the circumstances are such, that every day a declaration of war on the part either of England or Russia is anxiously looked for.

Three distinguished men belonging to our Independent brethren have followed our own Dr. Cox since our last; first, Dr. Wardlaw, then Mr. Jay, and, afterwards, Dr. Collyer; all full of years, and in a good old age. All of them have been so long before the public, that their merits as preachers and authors, the two latter of sermons chiefly, are well known. The last two were preachers only, and in that capacity few have enjoyed more and better deserved popularity. Mr. Jay continued to preach as long as he was able to ascend the pulpit at all; and none who have ever heard him can forget the peculiar manner which enhanced the interest and fixed in the recollection the graphic or pithy sentences which he delighted to utter. Dr. Collyer was completely the court preacher, while Jay equally interested every hearer. Dr. Wardlaw was well known as a polemical writer as well as a preacher. His works are characterised by the perfection of *Scotch* divinity and logic; but, though beautifully clear and neat, they have always appeared to us wanting in the *higher* characteristics of thought, and there is scarcely any originality in them. He was a noble advocate, however, of every cause he fully believed in; and his consistent and self-denying opposition to national establishments will not be among the least of his merits with another generation.

CANNON STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.

The Annual Social Tea Meetings of the friends worshipping in Cannon Street

Chapel, Birmingham, took place on Monday and Tuesday Evenings, January 9th and 10th, under the presidency of their revered pastor, the Rev. T. Swan. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, from the fact that the Rev. T. Swan had just completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in connection with the place. As a memorial of this event, Mr. J. W. Showell, the senior deacon of the Baptist denomination in Birmingham, had prepared a manuscript history of the Cannon Street cause since its commencement in 1737, replete with valuable and elaborate details relating to the progress and present eminence of the church. From this interesting work we learn the following facts. The first body of Particular Baptists in Birmingham, numbering seventeen persons, assembled for worship in a house at the back of High Street. In the year 1738, they erected a chapel on the site of the present one in Cannon Street. The chapel was enlarged in 1780, and rebuilt in 1806, during the ministry of the Rev. T. Morgan. There have been nine pastors, including the Revs. S. Pearce, T. Morgan, I. Birt, and the present one, Thomas Swan. The number of members when Mr. Pearce was chosen minister was 242, and he added 335 new members. Mr. Morgan baptized, or received by testimony, 240 persons, and the accession during Mr. Birt's pastorate was 438. Mr. Swan entered upon his pastoral duties in January, 1829, and since that period he has received no less than 1140 members into church fellowship. Of these, 625 are now living, which, with 113 survivors of those who were admitted by previous ministers, forms a total of 738, the present number of members. It appears also that thirty-one young men from the church have been called to the work of the ministry, many of whom have distinguished themselves by pulpit eloquence and general acquisition. Another valuable feature in the history is the number of collections which have taken place in the chapel for the last twenty-five years, with the purposes to which the cash has been applied. One item alone shews that nearly £1,500 has been contributed at the monthly sacraments in aid of the poor, besides many hundreds of pounds to the sick society, the benevolent society, and kindred institutions for the relief of the destitute. Of course there have also been collections for the missionary societies, the Sabbath schools, and in aid of the funds for defraying the contingent expenses connected with public worship. In addition to the ordinary expenditure devolving upon the congregation, several thousand pounds have been subscribed towards the erection of other Baptist chapels in the town, as well as at Avechurch, King's Norton, and Shirley Street, near Birmingham. Mr. Showell presented the volume with suitable remarks to Mr. Swan. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. W. Stokes, secretary to the London Peace Association, the Rev. T. Hands, late missionary in the island of Jamaica (both

of whom are members of Cannon Street church), the deacons of the church, and other gentlemen.

EAGLE STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

On Tuesday, January 10th, about 150 of the members of the church and congregation worshipping in the above chapel took tea together, after which, the project for the rebuilding of their ancient sanctuary on a better site, so as to be seen from Holborn, was presented to the consideration of the friends. The meeting having been opened with praise and prayer, Richard Cartwright, Esq., was requested to preside. The chairman expressed his hearty approbation of the contemplated object, and called upon the Rev. Francis Wills, the pastor, to present to the meeting the statement which he had prepared. This statement entered fully into the particulars respecting the ancient edifice where they were now assembled; it having been erected nearly 120 years, and repeatedly altered and enlarged as the church increased; and during the whole of which period the church had only five pastors, three of whom had been called from their labours in the church in Eagle Street to their rest and reward in the church in heaven. In continuation, he stated the circumstances which had led to the present movement, and the united co-operation of the church and congregation in the proposed object; with an account of what the committee had already accomplished in the prospectus, which had been carefully prepared and highly recommended by many of the most honoured and influential ministers of the Baptist denomination in the metropolis. Collecting cards were then taken by many of the friends, which are to be returned by the end of March with the sums collected; subscriptions were also promised, amounting in the whole, at this first meeting, to about £400. Several addresses were delivered, and all the friends appeared to be highly gratified with the prospect of having a more eligible place of worship ere long, and they earnestly solicited all the friends of the Redeemer kindly and promptly to help them to accomplish this desirable object.

CHESTERTON, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The teachers of the Sunday school in this village, feeling the importance of enlisting in their work the sympathy and goodwill of the parents of their scholars, invited them, together with the old scholars, to a tea meeting in the school room adjoining the Baptist Chapel, on the 20th of January. Upwards of 200 (a number *very far* exceeding the expectation of the teachers) assembled on the occasion, including many who are never seen within the walls of the House of God, and amongst the old scholars some who seem, on leaving the school, to have abandoned all regard to anything like religion. Addresses, simple but earnest, and very appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by Messrs. Shippey, Mansfield, Burton, Vinter, and Warrington, and

were listened to with such earnest and marked attention by the class referred to, as to gladden the hearts of the teachers, and excite in them the hope that real good will result therefrom. The teachers of village Sunday schools, who so often lament the want of some means by which they can retain their hold upon those who leave their school on account of age, will find such services well adapted for that end. By it they are reminded of their connection with the Sunday school and of the truths there taught them; and by it, also, an opportunity is afforded of presenting the great and glorious truths of the gospel to a class who will not resort to the house of God for that purpose, presented, too, by those whom they must and do regard as their real friends.

TRINITY ROAD CHAPEL, HALIFAX.

On Lord's day, January the 1st, the Second Baptist church, Halifax, which has hitherto worshipped in the Horton Street rooms, took possession of the spacious school-room underneath the new place of worship in Trinity Road, when two sermons were preached by the pastor, the Rev. W. Walters, and collections made on behalf of the Sabbath school. On the following Tuesday evening, a public meeting was held in connection with the opening services. The pastor presided; and valuable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Dowson and Green, B.A., of Bradford; Stock, of Salendine Nook; Cecil (Independent), of Bramley Lane; and Howard (New Connexion Methodist), of Halifax. The friends rejoice in the increased accommodation afforded by this removal, as their former meeting place had become far too small. They now look forward with desire to the completion of their new chapel.

THONGS BRIDGE, HOLMFIRTH.

A new chapel, capable of seating about two hundred people, and placed by the liberality of its owner at the service of the Baptist denomination, was opened at this village on Wednesday, the 4th of January. Two sermons were preached; that in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Stock, of Salendine Nook, and that in the evening by the Rev. W. Walters, of Halifax. The Rev. T. Thomas, of Meltham, and the Rev. J. Barker, of Lockwood, conducted the devotional engagements. As Mr. Beaumont, the proprietor, has built the house as a thank-offering to God for success in business, and with the hope that it may be made a blessing to the neighbourhood, he has defrayed the entire cost of its erection. Are there not many christian merchants who might go and do likewise?

EDINBURGH.

Richard Burden Sanderson, Esq., formerly of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has cordially accepted a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of the church in Edinburgh, recently under the care of the late Rev. Christopher Anderson, and now meeting in the Theological Hall, Queen Street.

WELLS, SOMERSET.

The Rev. B. Davies, of Stepney (son of the Rev. D. Davies, of Haverford-west), having accepted the earnest and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church in this city to become their pastor, has commenced his labours with very encouraging prospects of usefulness.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

The Rev. W. K. Armstrong, B.A., late of Huddersfield, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church assembling in Wellbeck Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, and entered on his labours on the first Lord's day in December.

RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS.

Mr. Robert Tubbs, of Thrissell Street Chapel, Bristol, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Rickmansworth, and entered upon his stated labours the first Sabbath in January.

GREAT TORRINGTON.

At a social meeting, held January 2nd, 1854, in connection with the Baptist Chapel, Great Torrington, the Rev. David Thompson was presented with a Purse, containing twenty guineas, as a token of gratitude for ministerial and other services. Several brethren engaged in prayer, and addresses were delivered by the pastor, Messrs. C. Belman, J. Ward, C. Veysey, N. Chapple, and J. Beer. The meeting was impressive and interesting.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOLASTIC INSTITUTION FOR SONS OF MINISTERS.

The Second Report of this Institution has just come into our hands. We are glad to hear that the Committee have felt it right to increase the number of pupils to twenty-five, for whose education during the past year they have agreed that twenty-three guineas each shall be paid—part by the parents or friends of the children, and part out of the funds of the Society. The parents of the twenty-five scholars in the school belong to seven different religious denominations. The certificates of the Examiners at the Annual Examination were highly satisfactory, and the Examination papers, with a sight of which we have been favoured, were very thorough and searching. We have pleasure in commending the Institution again to the sympathy and support of our friends.

Obituary.

MR. WILLIAM BAILEY.

Died, on the 18th of January, after a short illness, sincerely and deservedly lamented by his sorrowing widow and surviving family, Mr. William Bailey, of 33, King Street, Covent Garden, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been a consistent and devout member of the Baptist church, in Eagle Street, London, forty-three years, and a faithful and honourable deacon of the same for thirty-two years; and was many years secretary of the Particular Baptist Fund. His end was peace.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

MARCH, 1854.

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

NO. I.—GOD OUR STRENGTH.

BY MRS. E. E. STOWE.

"O my strength! Haste thee to help me."—*Psalms* xxii. 19.

"God is the strength of my soul and my portion for ever."—*Psalms* lxxiii. 26.

Every human soul has some point on which it rests. As every arch has its key-stone, every lever its fulcrum; as every body has its centre of gravity, which must rest on something; so every soul must have a point, out of itself, of stability and repose.

We cannot always tell what it is. A man does not always know what it is himself. Men do not often ask themselves questions enough to know what the strength of their souls is. Like the vital force in the body, we know when it is present and when it is gone, but not where it is.

Here is a man full of activity and energy, joyous, vigorous, the life of his circle. Suddenly, as if struck by an evil eye, he seems to collapse and weaken,—he loses energy,—he does nothing, and is good for nothing. Nobody knows what has come over the man; but the strength of his soul is departed. What has been touched? *what* has gone from him? Oftentimes the world knows not; he perhaps tells no living creature; all we know is, that the man is lighted.

Nor, when the strength of a man's soul has died out, does he always die. There are many men, and women too, who outlive the strength of their souls. One may see in the western forests girdled trees around, in which never more vital sap shall ascend from a living root, yet still, for a while, shooting forth blossoms and leaves, from the mere habit of a past vitality; and so men, when the strength of their heart is dead, often live on from the mere mechanical habit of living.

Sometimes the strength of a man's soul lies where he does not look for it. He only discovers where it was by the blow which strikes it.

Here is a man of reading, a man of varied intellectual resources, a man of wide accomplishments, versed in art and skilled in learning. He shews himself friendly, and has scores of friends; he has a fair wife, whom he loves passing well. A beautiful daughter prattles and totters about his fireside—so tiny a creature, so fair and fanciful, with her soft curls, her gay ignorance, her sweet absurdities—the little thing seems made only as the luxury and ornament of existence—its toy and plaything, not its essential want. The roots of this aerial wind-flower seem too thread-like and fine to strike into the deeper and lower granite of man's soul. The man

plays with her daily when he closes his book, or comes in from his business, but he thinks of her as a passing perfume, a dew-drop, a bird-song on a glad morning—a merry song to beguile a passing hour. Alas! there comes a day when the merry voice is silent, and of all that life and beauty there remains only a poor, sorrowful wreck, white, calm and deadly chill. He rises up from his dead, to go forth, as aforetime. He tries all that had charmed before—what is the matter? Has he not all that he had? The strength of his soul has departed! Those thread-like fibres *were* wrapped about the deep granite of his soul; the foundations of his life have been riven in tearing them away.

Another man's strength lies in the companionship of some human heart. The mortal pilgrim goes on for years, with a deep desire unsatisfied, a craving unanswered; but in some fortunate hour, another soul is found to satisfy the craving and answer the demand. An eye beams on him as a star; another hand claps his; another heart gives back thought for thought, feeling for feeling—all that he had yearned for. Now the strength of his soul is in this other soul. But as an iceberg comes grinding between two ships sailing joyfully in company, so death rises up between these hearts, parting them for ever. The man awakes alone, and lo, the strength of his soul is departed! Nature is silent; for him the sun shines not, the birds sing not; the beauty and grandeur of nature exist only as light to the blind man and music to the deaf. The whole world of nature, art, poetry, music, painting, all are buried from him in that one grave.

The strength of an inferior soul is in his riches. The man loses a wife, and he is sorry; his child dies, and he is sorry; he loses his friend, and he is sorry; but still he bears up bravely, and life still has attractions; but a stroke sweeps away his riches, his life's of labour accumulation, and the man is crushed; he holds up his head no more; the strength of his soul has departed!

Ambition is the strength of another man's soul,—to gain some station of dazzling eminence,—to be above other men. The roots of his being all run into this idea; the man develops from it; it nourishes him for years. Wife, child, literature, wealth, art,—all these are well in their way; they are very good, nay, they are beautiful in his eyes, so beautiful, so good, that one might sometimes think that in them lay the vitality of his being. But these fade, these change, these die and pass from him, and though the man is troubled, it is but for a season. He is like a kingly pine; his smaller roots have been cut, but the deep root of all holds him upright. Now the axe is laid to that, and the sound of the fall is as the crashing of a mighty pine in the still forest.

Sometimes a man seems to be chased by sorrow, from refuge to refuge, from outwork to outwork, bravely fighting all the way, scornful to yield himself vanquished. At last, he entrenches himself in the very innermost citadel, and here makes a desperate stand. If this is taken, the strength of his soul is vanquished. Plutarch says, that in the plague of Athens, Pericles lost his son, his sister, his wife, and almost all his friends who were capable of assisting him in the business of state, but preserved an immovable tranquillity. He neither wept, nor performed any funeral rites, nor was he seen at the grave of any of his relations, until the death of Paralus, his last legitimate son. He attempted, even then, to keep up his firmness of behaviour and serenity of mien; but in putting the garland around the head of the deceased, his firmness forsook him, and he burst into tears and low lamentations.

How blessed, then, is he, the strength of whose soul is immortal, indestructible, perfect! How secure he, who feels that the deep roots of his

affection have laid hold of what can never perish and never change ! This man may have all manly longings and all womanly tendernesses ; he may desire a generous fame, a successful activity ; he may fold to his bosom a kindred heart ; he may join in the life-flowers that spring and blossom round his hearthstone ; but in none of these is his life hid. God is the strength of his heart ! Beyond all earthly love and beauty, beyond all fond desires, more than all that eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart of man conceived, he loves and adores his God. Unless God can change, unless God can die, the strength of his soul cannot be broken.

A poor, simple man once said, " I have lost my property ; it is all gone. I have lost all my relations ; my last son is dead. I have lost my hearing and my eyesight ; I am all alone, old and poor ; but it all makes no difference. Christ never grows old, Christ never is poor, Christ never dies, and Christ never will forsake me."

In like spirit said another, " What shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us ! "

The man whose strength is in God, is oftentimes a wonder to his associates. Once I looked across a landscape, in a season of great drought and all the elms looked sickly and yellow, as if verging to decay. But one elm was fresh and green, as if spring showers were hourly falling upon it. Coming nearer to observe, behold, a silent river flowed at the foot of the tree, and its roots stretched far out into its living waters. So is he, in the drought and death of this world, whose soul is rooted in God !

" Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord ; whose hope the Lord is ; for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, which spreadeth out his roots by the river ; he shall not see when heat cometh ; his leaf shall be green ; he shall not be careful in the year of drought."

GOD'S PITY FOR HIS CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.*

" Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust."—*Psalms* ciii. 13, 14.

The frame of man is very wonderful—we are fearfully and wonderfully made (*Paley*). It has taken many ages to explain, and that but imperfectly, the nature of this frame, simply so far as it is considered as a machine.

But *life* none can explain ; *you* do not know,—the *wisest* not any more.

The most wonderful circumstance is, that all this is but dust. Pride of strength. Pride of beauty. Expectation of long life.

We remember the account of the first creation of man. Material work. Dust still. *We* nearer dust.

Amazing power that could make simple dust into such a thing as this. Infinitely unlikely,—flower become a star. That could make of dust a proper companion for an immortal spirit,—senses for all its knowledge,—instrument,—habitation. God is able in everything to make something *meaner* into something greater. As earth into a living body,—soul into angel,—sinner into saint. Most gratifying that our Father can work astonishing miracles. We may by him rise from every mean to every great thing.

* The Rev. John Foster's own Notes of a Sermon.

Remarkable that thus the race of man began as low as possible. Lower than *earth*, God could not descend to find material (meanness of the elements). What dust may in his hands become!

Yet nothing must go beyond its place,—“dust to dust.” Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God,—that new body that *will* inherit, far different.

How quickly the body becomes mere dust. It seems very far from it in this state; but *dead*, far sooner sinks into dust than some things made of dust. Was looking at an old oak yesterday. We feel no respect for the dust of former generations,—mere earth. A man values his hand or his finger more than all the race of Adam that are dead. Is it not strange that a man should value his own dust so infinitely more than all dust beside?

But is it not strange that the immortal spirit should be made a servant, a slave to this piece of clay (monarch at the command of the meanest man in the nation)?

Is it not strange there should be so little feeling of dependence upon God, when every moment of this life, of this dust, is a kind of miracle? Men feel as if they could not die,—as if life were their own. Is it not strange that only part of these children (dust) fear God? Is it not strange when beings made of dust, instead of seeking his pity, provoke his anger and judgments (insects,—a fire,—volcano)?

“Pitieth them that fear him.”

Fear must be the first principle of religion in this, that there can be no true religion without solemn *contemplation* of God. But the first view, and many of the succeeding views of God, must excite fear.

How totally in his power! Come on us everywhere, at any hour, by thousands of means. No precautions,—whatever he will do, he can.

How impure in his sight, and compared with his nature! What awful judgments he has executed on former men of dust for their sins! He could scatter terrors and death over the universe in a moment.

Is it not most rational to think with awe of meeting him everywhere,—every day? Should not this be thought of, and if thought of, how? Is it not most rational that the fear of his displeasure should infinitely exceed every other fear? Is it not most rational to feel the deepest anxiety that when we see him at last, it may not be with terror? And will not a state of mind like this often feel pious distress; and the ills of mortality mingle with the pains of piety? Such persons feel they need the compassions of the Almighty power. They have it,—text.

The most inspiring of all feelings, and the noblest alleviation of fear, is the contemplation of God in a kind of relationship. If we were to go through the Bible, and collect all the kind and friendly comparisons in which God has presented himself, it would be a wonderful assemblage of consolations. The comparison of himself to a father seems the oftenest,—“Our Father,”—and is represented in all the possible kind views. He has taken the utmost care on this point, as if apprised that he must be an object of terror to weak mortals. Probably there are as many consolations held out to our weakness and sufferings, as terrors to our sins.

It is well known how a father pitieth his children. All of us who are grown up from infancy to maturity are proofs how much pity and care must sometimes have been exercised by parents, partly by fathers. Even the wicked and malicious often have felt this affection,—“Ye being evil,” &c. Observe, here, that God compares his goodness not to a good disposition in man that is man’s choice, or which he has learned, but to that which is implanted in his very constitution, as being far more sure.

God compares himself to a father; but if the parental compassion in

God be as much greater than in an earthly father, as God is greater than men, what a difference in the pity! Fathers pity their children, their weakness and helpless efforts, their pains and sorrows,—display their pity by their courage when their children are in danger,—do not own (overlook) their mistakes, their ignorance, their imperfect ideas,—easily forgive their faults. So God,—else, durst you think of him? name him? pray to him? hear of him? Knows he has made his children most helpless, dependent (as poor infants, or persons in the weakness of age). Knows what a legion of evils attack them. Knows how they pant for happiness, and how little they can command it. Therefore, he charges himself with the care of them every moment. Causes no sorrow but for our good; better here than earthly parents,—“He, for our profit,” &c. Gives them the most easy access to himself. How many times! Accepts their feeble service, and compassionates their defects and weaknesses. Cheers them with the hope, that when fully educated they shall obtain a noble being, and inherit all things. Shews them his greater Son.

But what a hopeless state of mind it is, when all this view of him produces carelessness and indifference to him, instead of affection!

“I’LL TELL FATHER.”

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Going down Oxford passage the other evening, I heard two boys talking very loud, and just as I came up to them, the one said to the other, “*I’ll tell father.*” The words not only fell upon my ear, but entered into my heart. I thought, Here is a lesson for me. A lesson for all the Lord’s people. This is just what we should do. The boy enjoyed a privilege,—he had a father. He knew that his father was interested in him and all his affairs,—that his father would interfere for him,—and that his father would settle all his concerns.

Beloved, we have a Father. God is our Father. He has adopted us into his family. He has regenerated us by his Spirit. He has made himself known unto us. He wishes us to call him father. He loves to be treated by us as a father. It is wondrous grace in God to condescend thus. But nothing can be plainer than that this fact is revealed in his holy word. He not only wears a father’s name, but he has a father’s heart. He loves every believer with a father’s love. He watches over every child with a father’s care. Yes, we have a Father, and he is always near us. His heart is ever disposed to do us good. He will not withdraw his eye from us. He bids us cast every care upon him, to expect every blessing from him, and to carry everything that troubles us to him.

We should then go and tell our father. Do our brethren manifest coldness, or do they act unkindly to us? Let us not resent it, or shew any bad feelings to them, but let us go and tell our father of them. Do sinners oppose, persecute, and slander us? Let us not render evil for evil, or endeavour to avenge ourselves, but let us go and tell our father. Does providence frown on us, perplex, and trouble us? Let us not fret, complain, or forebode, but go and tell father. Does Satan tempt, suggest evil thoughts, or endeavour to mislead us? Let us not parley with him, be alarmed at him, or yield to him, but go at once and tell father. Are we sick, or sad, or doubting our title to the promises and privileges of the gospel? Let us go at once and frankly tell our father. Are we smiled upon by providence, are friends kind, are our souls happy? Let us go and gratefully tell our father. Everything, whether painful or

pleasant, should lead us to God. And one reason why we are kept so short, feel so weak, and are allowed to be so tried, is in order that we may never want something to carry to our Father. He loves to see us come. He loves to listen to our broken prayers. He loves to sympathise with us. And one proof that his ways are not as our ways is, that he never chides us for coming too often, or refuses to listen to us. Happy child, that has such a father! And wise is that child who carries everything to his father. Who tells him all, keeping nothing from him. Our Father will listen to every child, at any moment, under any of his trying circumstances. He will interfere for us. When we carry our cares or our quarrels to him, he says, "Leave them with me. I will manage them. I will settle them." And he does adjust and arrange all the affairs of his people. He may take time. It does seem sometimes as if he had forgotten, but he has not. He is watching us. He is seeing if we can leave the matter to him. If we are satisfied that he should manage it without our meddling with it. He will see how much time we can give him. Whether we really wish him to undertake the whole affair, or wish ourselves to direct, while he only helps us out of the difficulty. He requires filial confidence, child-like simplicity. He loves to be trusted, and always rewards every child that patiently and confidently waits for him.

Brethren, the way to have peace of mind, is to act as the boy proposed to do; not quarrel or fight with your brother in the street, or sulk and be cold toward him at home; but go and tell father, and then leave the matter with him. Your father knows better how to manage your brother than you do, and he will not forget that you have laid his misconduct before him. He may not flog him before your face, or loudly reprove him in your hearing. He may take him quietly on one side, and whisper his reproofs into his ear. If he confesses and forsakes the wrong course, well; but if not, he may lay him on the sick bed, and say, "Lay there, and reflect." Or, he may bring him into trying circumstances by his providence, and ask, "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself?" Or, he may speak to him from the pulpit; or, by the reading of his word. However, you may very safely leave your brother's correction to your father, except God's word call upon you to interfere in it. This is the way to maintain our character, and prove ourselves to be "merciful, as our heavenly Father is merciful," and the sons of peace, even as our God is "the God of peace." This is the way to make a good impression on the world, and to rise in the church. For if we have much to do with our Father in secret, he will reward us openly. Thus we shall be ready for death, or the advent of Jesus, whichever may come first. If we refer everything to our Father, our consciences will be kept tender and clear, our hearts peaceful and patient, our walk honest and orderly, and our end will not be without honour.

Christian, run to thy Father from every foe, from every danger, from every factious brother. Tell thy Father everything that vexes, grieves, or troubles thee. Trust thy Father to manage all thy affairs, to vindicate thee if aspersed, to lift thee up if trodden under foot, and to "bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment," or just sentence, "as the noon-day." Honour thy Father, by consulting him on all matters, by confiding to him all thy secrets, and by making his written word thy daily rule on all points. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath," the wrath of God; "for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Under reproaches and persecutions, in temptations and trials, amidst troubles

and distresses, when alarmed and terrified, if perplexed and disappointed, dwell not on the circumstances, yield not to nature, listen not to Satan, follow not carnal custom, but go and "tell father." This is the easiest, the holiest, the most successful way, to overcome evil, to conquer Satan, to manage trouble, to succeed in your enterprise, to maintain your character, and to rise before all good and godly men. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Or, with childlike simplicity, filial confidence, and honest hearts, they go and "tell their Father."

Cheltenham.

SELF-CONVERSE AND DIVINE COMMUNION.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX.

"Who am I, O Lord God?"—2 Sam. vii. 18.

In the case of David, as set forth in this connection, we have a beautiful exhibition of the blending of self-converse and divine communion in a pardoned sinner's bosom. His circumstances when he uttered this exclamation, and his feelings when he thus spake, are well worthy our consideration. The first shews the wonders of divine providence, its minute care, mysterious operations, and marvellous over-rulings; and the second testifies to the riches of divine grace, and the value of God's inward teachings. Have we never "gone in and sat before the Lord," and after surveying our past history, listening to His voice who speaketh to us from heaven, and contemplated the glorious future outspread before us, exclaimed, "Who am I, O Lord God?" If this has been our happy case, it will do us good again to meditate upon those words, and we should earnestly seek a revival of those feelings of wonder and gratitude which it is so delightful to experience.

We may consider these words as an *enquiry*, an *exclamation*, and as expressive of *exultation*.

As the *enquiry of reason*, "Who am I?" Many who lay claim to be reasonable beings, scarcely ever ask questions about themselves, or of themselves. There are five questions which we should ask respecting ourselves. *What* am I? This refers to our *nature*, and applies to body and soul. And what is the reply? "Fearfully and wonderfully made." A portion of matter united to a deathless spark; an immortal spirit linked in a wonderful and mysterious way with a mortal body. This union may be severed in a moment, and at any moment, but it must be renewed again to last for ever. *Whence* came I? This question refers to our *origin*, and connects us with God, whose mighty hands moulded our frame, and whose breath kindled our spirits, and sustains them. *Who* am I? This query refers more particularly to state, character, and relationship, and of this we will speak presently. The fourth question is, *Where* am I? and refers to *position*. I am in a large and beautiful world, amidst millions of other beings like myself, and surrounded by immaterial beings, both evil and good. Nor should we fail to ask, *Why* am I? This refers to *design* and *end*. "I am; and can never cease to be. I am; God formed me, and calls me to glorify him; and if I do not honour him by loving and serving him, he will glorify himself by me and upon me, in my just condemnation."

All these questions refer to one point, and illustrate one great fact, the intense interest that twines around individuality, and consequently its var-

importance. When rightly considered, this becomes the engrossing fact. There is a vast moving world around me, countless beings are hurrying by, I am but *one* among the many; but to *me* come the awful words from heaven, "Every man shall bear *his own burden*!" "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose *his own soul*?" Such thoughts do not make us selfish. There is a great difference between being "*lovers of our own selves*," and lovers of our own *souls*. The sphere in which the former moves is the world with its lusts; and the sphere of the latter is God's truth with its rich blessings.

The question, "*Who am I?*" as already stated, refers particularly to state, character, and relationship. In this connection David refers to himself in relation to God and his grace. But let not all take it for granted that it is so with them. Let each one ask, To what head am I related? To what family do I belong? Am I united to Christ? and do I form part of the family of grace? Let me take the bible in my hand, search out the evidences there laid down, and compare myself with them. Let me do this with that earnestness which this subject and its vast importance demand.

Considering the text as an *exclamation*, it is evident David had answered the *enquiry* satisfactorily to himself. These few words shew us a heart overflowing with *gratitude*. He had ascertained *who* he was, and entered, in some goodly measure, into the happiness and dignity connected with his new relationship. If believers, like David, rightly understood their privileges, and really believed in the freeness and richness of God's grace, they would be overwhelmed with gratitude. Some one has said of David, that the "weighty clusters of mercy completely bent down this royal vine." He was *surprised* and *satisfied*; and so would all God's children be if they considered the *power* which had been put forth upon them, the *position* they occupy as regards relationship and communion, and the *promises* belonging to them as the children of the covenant. "A sense of mercy is a spring of holy gratitude." Let us study mercy much and often if we would feel truly grateful. But this exclamation includes *humility* as well as gratitude. "*Who am I?*" David was *something* among men; but he felt himself as *nothing* before God. And thus all feel who taste of mercy. "*Who am I?*" A being who lately came out of nothingness,—a new creature restored from worse than nothingness,—a rebel reconciled and adopted,—a weak worm who can stand no longer than I am upheld,—an instrument which God will use for his glory,—a mark for the arrows of hell, yet a subject of angelic care and guardianship: how affecting, how comforting, yet how humbling are these considerations.

Well may such rise with David and use the text as the language of *exultation*! Here hope comes in exulting, and in answer to the question, "*Who am I?*" exclaims, "An heir of all the promises." Then says the grateful, humble, wondering heart, let me hope for all those promises certain, and thus while I repose on God and rejoice in God, renew my zeal for God. Thus self-congratulation and self-renouncement go hand in hand. The happy believer looks up as he ascends, and then he does not grow giddy, and shall experience no fall. He holds fast to the ladder by which he mounts, and feels himself secure. Thus communing with God and his own heart, he is preserved from self-neglect, and self-deceit, and self-dependence. The presence of infinite excellency produces thoughts lowly and loving; and such communion trains him up for that world where humility and gratitude shall be perfect and perpetual.

HOPE IN EXTREMITIES.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"Who can tell?"—*Jonah* iii. 9.

It is rare to find an artist whose pencil will give as fair and equal prominence to the defects as to the beauties of his original; or a biographer whose pen will as faithfully record the failings as the virtues of his friend. "But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" they nothing extenuated, or set down aught in malice. Hence the Bible history is a faithful mirror, reflecting the character of its heroes with greater integrity than the daguerrotypes, even with the perfection of the Spirit of truth.

Hence the peevishness and disobedience of Jonah is neither concealed nor shaded, and we are told the whole sad truth about his attempt to "flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord," as if he could go where God was not. If he had read the 139th Psalm, he surely must have forgotten it; however, the rebellious prophet is at length brought to repentance, and goes to "Nineveh, that great city," to deliver his message. Whereupon the inhabitants, from the king to the slave, "fast and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least," saying, "*Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away his fierce anger, that we perish not?*" This is the language of hope. The death warrant is signed,—the storm is gathering and ready to burst, and yet they say, "Who can tell?" Hope is a wonderful thing; it paints its bow on the blackest cloud, shines like a star in the darkest night, and grows with perennial verdure in the dreariest desert. Where could these poor Ninevites see a ray of hope?—perhaps in the forty days' respite,—they might argue thus, "Surely if he had meant to destroy us, he would not have shewn us even this favour;" or they might have heard that the God of Israel was merciful and gracious; be it as it might, here was *hope in extremity*, and that is the sentiment we wish in this paper to illustrate. It is a sentiment which has been inscribed by the lone captive on his prison wall,—on the rent sail of the storm smitten mariner,—on the banner of the warrior,—on the staff of the way-worn pilgrim,—and on the pillow of the dying christian.

AWAKENED SINNER! here is an antidote against despair. "Who can tell" that you shall not find mercy? You may have gone down into the very depths of iniquity, as Jonah went down into the depths of the sea. But "O the depth" of the mercy that reached him there! hence he has left it on record for your encouragement, "I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever; yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God." Now go you and do as Jonah did; "Out of the belly of hell" he cried unto the Lord, with a "Who can tell?" and the Lord heard and answered him. He was not of course literally but figuratively in hell; "the pains of hell got hold upon him;" he was not in despair, but on its borders; and we have seen many distressed souls in that same condition, but we have never known one that "cried unto the Lord," but was brought out of it; for

"The powers of darkness ne'er shall boast
That e'er one praying soul was lost."

As long as God is a loving Father, Christ a compassionate Saviour, and the Holy Ghost a Comforter, every praying Jonah shall be brought safe to land.

TEMPTED BELIEVER! yours is a piteous case; but it is no new thing that has happened unto you. The most eminent saints have been the most fiercely assailed by the adversary. Who were more beloved than David and Job? yet who more tempted? Who more honoured than Peter and Paul? yet who more assaulted by the fiery darts of the wicked one? Above all, think of Him who was "altogether lovely," and yet how sorely was he tempted. You may, therefore, surely say, "*Who can tell?*" he may succour me when I am tempted;" and so he will: Satan may plunge you into the deep, but there are depths as well as heights in the love of Christ, and however low the tempter may depress you, Christ's love and power will go deeper to deliver you; for it was a true saying of Luther, "The devil may be magnipotent, but not omnipotent." And "who can tell" the joy and exultation of the millions of souls once in the horrible pit of temptation, but now on the heights of the heavenly Zion, adoring the grace that brought them safely through? "But surely," some tempted soul may say, "I have been so long in darkness, I shall never again see the light of his countenance." Why not? "Who can tell?" You, like Jonah, are not sunk too low for prayer; and the prayer of faith will take no longer to reach heaven from the depths of the sea than Elijah's did from the top of Carmel. Neither the length nor the depth of your spiritual distress should tempt you to despair; write the hopeful motto, "Who can tell?" on your dungeon door, and the great Deliverer will surely come and proclaim "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

YE POOR AND AFFLICTED SAINTS! we mean, poor in this world; we know many of you are in great straits in these trying times; you look around upon your large family and your small loaf; and, perhaps, you stagger at the promise, "Thy bread shall be given thee;" but that, and every other promise is, "Yea, and amen, in Christ Jesus." Then hope, and say, "Who can tell?" the God of Israel, who caused the widow's barrel of meal, and cruise of oil, to fail not,—who fed Elijah by the ravens,—and gave manna in the wilderness, can supply all my need. Art thou a "brother of low degree," as the apostle James designates the poor christian? yet remember thou art a brother, "an heir of God, and a joint heir of Jesus Christ." Remember also, the Lord himself was of "low degree" among men, and he must needs have special sympathy for those whose lot is cast in that same vale of poverty in which he himself dwelt for more than thirty years; and "who can tell" but the "low degree" you have in the school of this world, may be to prepare you for a high degree in the university of heaven?

GODLY WEEPING PARENTS! you may have at present to bewail the unregeneracy and waywardness of your children, who, in spite of all your tears, and prayers, and instructions, are far from God; open your bibles, and read the promises made to believing prayer, and do not account God's delays to be denials, but rather say, "Who can tell" but when I am in my grave, my prayers now filed in heaven, may be answered in the conversion of my children on earth? "I will, therefore, look once more towards his holy temple!" The writer of this, remembers one melting church-meeting at which, on receiving a member, her aged father, with the silvery locks of almost four score years, rose like a patriarch, leaning on his staff for very age, and with streaming eyes exclaimed, "*Dear friends, don't give up praying for your children. Forty years have I been wrestling with God for the conversion of this daughter, and being spared to this day I can say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'*"

PENITENT BACKSLIDER! are you so overwhelmed as to say with

Jeremiah, "My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord"? or with David, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" rather say, "Who can tell but he will yet turn away his anger and restore my soul?" Even the poor benighted heathen at Nineveh said, "Who can tell if God will turn away from his fierce anger that we perish not?" You have a far better foundation for your hope than they had. You have the promise that your injured, yet gracious Saviour will "heal your backslidings." And you have, moreover, the recorded examples of his restoring mercy to David, and Peter, and others. We would not have you abate one jot of your sorrow for the sin that lies upon your soul, or the shame you have brought on Jesus and his cause. It is true, like Jonah, you have found that "they that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy;" yet with him also you may say, "Salvation is of the Lord."

Oh, then, ye awakened sinners,—tempted believers,—afflicted saints,—weeping parents,—penitent backsliders,—one and all, look once more to the cross of Christ,—go once more to the throne of grace with a "Who can tell?" and ere long your sighs and groans will be exchanged for songs, that shall make the heavenly temple resound with everlasting praise!

Bury St. Edmunds.

THE CONSOLATION OF THE BEREAVED.

BY CAROLINE DENT.

Life's load is heavy, and we bow
Beneath the burden wearily;
But shall we faint in weakness now
That *one* is free?

Life's way is dark,—the clouds of woe
Veil the faint star-beam from our sight;
Yet press we onwards, for we know
One is in light!

Life's course is long,—our weary hearts
Pant for the goal with toil distressed;
Yet strength the blessed thought imparts,
One is at rest!

Life's pains are sharp,—the aching head
Seeks a short hour of rest in vain;
Yet on *one* brow repose is shed,
One has no pain!

Life's dreary waste is wild and rude,
And shelterless our footsteps roam;
Yet is our failing strength renewed,
One is at home!

Life's wants are fierce,—from burning thirst
No stream our spirits may restore;
One dwells where living fountains burst,
And thirsts no more!

Life's conflict thickens,—from the strife,
Wounded and torn, we seek release;
But the rude warfare still is rife,—
One is at peace!

Life's ills are piercing,—wild the woe
Fills the lone heart by grief oppress'd;
Yet midst our tears 'tis bliss to know
That *one* is blest!

From "Thoughts and Sketches in Verse."

Christian Heroes.

No. X.—EARLY WITNESSES.

We have sometimes thought that if it fell to our lot to direct the enquiries of a candid sceptic, the first thing we would do, after he had read the New Testament itself, should be to induce him to study the Early History of Christianity. For there he would find repeated on a larger scale, and in a more impressive style, than ever before, the grand old miracle of the bush burning, yet unconsumed; in other words, of a church against which was directed, for several centuries, all the fury of the most powerful empire of the world, yet retaining its existence, extending, strengthening itself, and even finding in the means which were used to crush it, and which must have crushed it had it been otherwise than divine, agencies to advance it still further on its way, and to prepare it for further opposition. We have already seen something of the opposition which was directed against it by those who lived in the days of its Founder and his immediate successors; and we have remarked the heroism which must have been needed and exercised by those who adhered to a system so novel and so despised, and which exposed its professors to so much bitter trial and cruel persecution.* Though we have now come down to a somewhat later period, the same opposition, only perhaps more general, continues to meet us; and while it is true that much in the records needs, as do all records containing martyrologies, to be read with some degree of suspicion, there is yet enough that is indubitable to convince us of the trials and sorrows associated with the profession of Christianity in those days, and especially of the nobleness and heroism of those to whom were then committed the "oracles of God."

About forty years had elapsed since the martyrdom of Paul, and several years probably since the death of the last of the apostles, when the well-known correspondence took place between Pliny at Bithynia and the emperor Trajan at Rome. Though that correspondence evinces a degree of moderation on the part of the emperor which did not characterise subse-

quent reigns, it clearly proves that the prejudice against Christianity which had led to the persecutions of Nero and Domitian still existed in all their force; and it was so far unfortunate for the Christians, that it *legalised* a persecution which had before been prompted rather by wild passion and priestly rage. Accordingly, we find that great numbers were doomed to martyrdom in all parts of the Roman empire; amongst others are handed down to us the names of Simeon, who was crucified at Jerusalem, and Ignatius, who was thrown to wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Rome; and the same persecution continued, sometimes indeed for a time moderated and repressed, until the days of the emperor Marcus Aurelius. At this time, notwithstanding the dangers which attended the profession of Christianity, it must have spread very widely, and have included a vast number amongst its disciples; so much that, for political and religious reasons alone, the emperor seems to have committed himself to a most determined effort to crush it.

It is scarcely possible for us to realise, in days like these, what was required in the man who was heroic enough to profess Christianity then. No worldly position, no amount of wealth or influence, was sufficient to shield him from the fury of the persecutor. Even the emperor's dearest friends, and those of his household, shared the same fate as the meanest in the crowd. They were dragged from their houses, hunted in their hiding-places, exposed to the most cruel and ingenious tortures,—all ages and both sexes were alike subjected to the fury of the people and of their rulers and priests. And yet it is marvellous to see with what calmness and composure they submitted to this literally "fiery trial." Each day left their number smaller than the previous one, but still the majority maintained unshaken their allegiance to truth and God. With few exceptions, they did not even seek to escape from their persecutors, but waited their coming with calmness, saying, "The will of the Lord be done." When brought before the tribunal

* "Those who were now arrested as Christians were, by the emperor's commands, executed in the most cruel manner. Some were crucified; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to be torn in pieces by dogs; others, again, had their garments smeared over with some combustible material, and were then set on fire to illuminate the public gardens at night."—*Newlander's Ch. Hist.*, sec. 1, cap. 1, § 4.

of the emperor or his officers, and offered life and liberty if they would recant, "Tempt me not; I am a Christian," was their reply. To quote from a document ascribed to the church at Smyrna, "The magnanimity of the Christians, their patience, their love to the Lord, called forth the admiration of all; though torn with whips till the frame and structure of their bodies were laid open even to their veins and arteries, they yet meekly endured; so that those who stood around pitied them and wept. But such was their fortitude, that none of them uttered a sigh or a groan. The fire of their savage tormentors was cold to them, for they kept steadily in view the eternal fire from which they were delivered; they thought, too, of the things reserved for those who endure, 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'"

Among those who suffered in these dark days was Polycarp, of Smyrna. Who has not heard of Polycarp? The disciple and friend of the apostle John, whom in spirit he seems much to have resembled; and supposed by many to have been he to whom the words were addressed which have cheered and encouraged so many sorrowing ones since his day, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The narrative of Polycarp's death is peculiarly affecting. On being brought before the proconsul, he was addressed, "Swear, and I will release thee; reproach Christ." Polycarp said; "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath done me no harm; how, then, can I reproach my King—my Saviour?" "I have wild beasts," said the proconsul. "Call them," said the martyr. "I will tame thy spirit with fire, unless thou repent." "The fire which thou threatenest burns for a moment, and is soon extinguished: hast thou never heard of a future judgment, and of eternal fire?" When placed at the stake, the executioners offered to bind him; "No," he said, "God, who has given me strength hitherto, will support me still." "I bless thee, O God, that this day and hour thou

hast counted me worthy to be one of thy martyrs," said he, and the fire was lighted. "Wherefore," he added, unmoved, "I praise thee for all things,—I bless thee, I glorify thee, by Jesus Christ, through whom be glory to thee both now and ever."

But Polycarp's is not the only name that these persecutions have left us. Justin, commonly called the Martyr, was tortured and then beheaded, but a short time before: Germanicus, a young christian of great magnanimity and heroism, was thrown to the lions just before the martyrdom of Polycarp: at Lyons and Vienne, Pothinus, a man of ninety years, infirm with old age and sickness, was cast into prison, where he died; Ponticus, a youth of fifteen, and Blandina, a girl of sixteen, after enduring almost unheard-of tortures, were cast to wild beasts—the latter is said to have been enclosed in a net, and thrown to a bull; Sanctus, a deacon of the church at Vienne, was tormented with red-hot plates, which so mutilated his body that it had lost all human shape before he died; and at Autun, near Lyons, a young christian, named Symphorian, was led to execution, his mother encouraging him with a heroism more than Spartan, and saying, "This day, my son, thou loosest not thy life, but exchange it for a better."

Many more illustrious names might be added to these.

"They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew,
No marble tells us whither."

But they are of those to whom "white robes" are given; and all tears are now wiped from their eyes. Let the world forget their names, and let all record of them be blotted from the page of history! Their deeds are enrolled in a more enduring volume than any that earth can furnish, and in higher worlds they talk of their heroism, even if we do not!

"Think'st thou that they remain unknown,
Whom thou know'st not?

By angel trump in heaven their praise is blown;
Divine their lot!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

Tales and Sketches.

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

A STAGE-COACH INCIDENT.

As the train stopped at one of the interior

towns of V—, at the station, an unusual number of passengers stopped to go in the coach, across the country to some adjoining

towns. Amidst the hurly of the throng, and trouble of luggage, an old man, of mild and pleasing countenance, dressed as a farmer, walked backwards and forwards, his hands crossed at his back. As the cry of "Want a cab? want a coach?" resounded with other like sounds, he continued his pace, threading his way in and out among the throng, apparently intent alone upon his thoughts.

As the sound, "Coach for P—— all ready," was heard, he made his way to the vehicle, and after looking to see if the luggage was all right, he took his seat in the coach, with his back to the horses. The occupants of the carriage, when he entered, were three ladies upon the back seat, one young gentleman of about thirty years old, and two boys of from five to eleven years old, on the seat with him. The ladies upon the back seat were two gentle looking girls and an old lady.

The coach was soon in motion, and the weather being rather chilly, the passengers appeared to find enough to do to keep themselves comfortable without talking. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, and the carriage moved at times very slowly; at other times the horses appeared to wake up, and the bells sounded merrily in the clear air. After travelling near five miles, the old lady, having been to appearance asleep, aroused up, and asked in rather a petulant tone, "Why they went so slow?" Her voice seemed to attract the attention of the old gentleman, and he glanced at her for a moment, and hastily drew his cap down over his eyes (for he wore a thick fur cap), and pulled his coat collar up over his ears and chin, with a peculiar look of drollery and amusement. Her question was answered, and one word leading to another, there soon was heard quite a cheerful run of conversation, with all, save the old man and the two boys. It seemed a pleasure to the old lady, to have some one to vent her unpleasant feelings upon; for she was cold and hungry, although comfortably clad. She was not in the habit of travelling alone, as she called it, and was apparently weary of all about her.

"Why *are* you travelling alone, madam?" enquired the young man.

"Because I *am* alone," she answered.

"Then you *live* alone, do you, when you are at home?"

The old lady looked at the young man, as

if such a question was rather a rude one, and hesitated to answer.

"Perhaps you do not understand the question," said one of the girls; "he asked if you live alone, as you say you *are* alone."

"I hear, I hear, I know what he said; I was wondering how he came to ask such a question, and concluded it was from something I had said or done wrong, and was thinking what it was. I am old, tired, and weary, and forgot myself, and was vexed because I was alone, and was tired; but I was wrong, children; I believe everything is for the best, though I have not shewn it."

"Then, after all," said the young man, "you believe it is for the best for you to be vexed and out of patience, do you?"

"I said no such thing, young man; I said I believed all things in Providence were for the best."

"But you said *everything*, so of course everything about the ride and your feelings is for the best."

"Perhaps you are right; because the present impatience will lead me to watch more carefully for the future."

Just at this moment the horses were startled at something at the side of the road, and, becoming ungovernable, the coach was upset, and the horses freeing themselves, left the passengers to get along the best they could. The driver was not materially injured, and was able to assist those inside. None were much hurt, save the young man, whose arm was badly broken in two places. As soon as they were all extricated from the coach, the young man being in great distress mockingly said, "Well, old lady, is *this* for the best? Here am I hundreds of miles from home, in this condition, and not a friend to call upon; strange doctrine, yours!"

"I think *myself* this is little too strong language, Mary, at this time, for how *can* it be for the best? I know it is a favourite theme with you, but I much doubt it," said the old man.

The old lady (whom we shall call Mrs. Chase) looked at the speaker with amazement. "Why, Mr. Chase, how came you here? *This*, certainly, is for the best."

"We are almost home," said Mr. Chase, "let us walk the short distance, and the driver and I can help the young man to walk to our home; and soon, I trust, we shall have sufficient aid to set his bones, and, may be, soon cure him."

They made what arrangement they could, and were soon on the way to the farmer's house. As they came near the house, there could be seen a house of two stories, painted red, with abundance of out-buildings, shewing a prosperous farmer. The house stood some distance from the road, and as they approached the gate which opened into the lane, leading to the house, they were met by two men, in coarse, homespun clothes, who hastily enquired what had happened.

"Do not ask any questions now, but just help us in with this young man who has fainted," said Mr. Chase. "Come, girls, boys, where are you? Mary, bring them all in, and then the men can take the cart and go for the coach, and luggage."

The company were soon in the house, in a room of comfort; a good fire blazed on the hearth, throwing a glow of cheerfulness across the ample room. After a little effort the young man was aroused, and a physician sent for in haste. It being towards night there was no alternative for the strangers but to stay where they were, and as a hearty welcome was offered they cheerfully accepted it.

A long hour passed before the doctor arrived; in that hour a hearty meal was hastily gathered by the old lady, who seemed to have forgotten her weary body in her anxiety for others. The doctor, who soon came,—examined the young man, and stated it to be his opinion that great care was necessary to save his life, and he feared that the arm would in future be useless.

"What! not use my arm again? It cannot be! You know not what you say. I am bound to a distant place on business which requires me to have the use of both arms," said the young man.

"I hope you will be able to use it again, but very much doubt it," answered the doctor.

"Well, old woman, what say you now," asked the young man. "Do you dare say *this* is for the best?"

"Yes, yes, I know *all* is for the best, and, whatever the event of this, it will be for good."

"What a preposterous idea! and how unkind and cruel to say so," responded the young man.

"Young man," answered Mr. Chase, "be careful of your words, for although I am not wholly a convert to my wife's views, I

respect them, because the prediction is often verified. More than this, be quiet, on that depends much; also learn wisdom from these little boys, they make no complaint."

"They are not hurt, why should they?" said the young man.

"They are from home, among strangers, and tired as we all are; but patience will work wonders, try it," said the doctor.

"Wife said, when she first saw me, at the upset, it was for the best to see me, and so it was, or how could you have been brought here? You were no doubt surprised at our riding in the same coach without her knowledge; I started a week since for a distance, to exchange the produce of the farm for necessaries, &c., and getting through my business sooner than I expected, I was returning, when I unexpectedly heard my wife's voice in the coach, and in sport kept silent, wondering what had enticed her from home."

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Chase; "yesterday your niece sent a man express for me to come to her house in C—, for her child was very ill. I left the men to take care at home, and went with him. The child died this morning, and I was coming back when the accident happened."

"Then Lizzie's child is dead—poor Lizzie!"

"Is *that* for the best?" said the young man.

"Nobody can doubt it," said Mrs. Chase, "and you will say the same before you die."

"Never, never, it is abominable."

A noise in the yard attracted their attention at this time, and soon the driver entered, to say he had another coach ready, and would take the two ladies and boys to their homes.

"Where is my luggage?" said Mr. Chase.

"It is all unloaded at the back door; and what shall I do with this young gentleman's?"

"Leave it, leave it here, I will see to it," said Mr. Chase; "why not all stay here to-night, it is getting dark?"

"I must have these boys home to-night, as they were placed in my care, and a mile further will reach the lady's home; they had better go."

"Well—well—but boys, are you willing to go?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I had rather go home," said one of the boys.

"Whose boys are these?"

"Mr. Cross's, of D——."

"O yes—and those ladies? Forgive an old man, but I like to know with whom I travel sometimes, and this accident has made this interview a striking one."

"Our names are Fairfield; we live in D——. I thank you for your kindness, Mrs. Chase, and hope we shall meet again," said Ellen, the oldest.

They turned, after shaking hands with the old folks, to bid the young man goodbye. "I hope you will soon be well and able to resume your journey," said Ellen.

"It will be all for the best if I don't, you know," said he, smilingly. "Here is my name, ladies," offering a card; "boys, goodbye, remember Mother Chase's maxim, *all for the best*."

Many weeks after the accident, Mr. Grove—the young man—was again seen leaving the house of Mr. Chase, accompanied by the old man to see him safely at the station, to return to his home. The prediction of the doctor was indeed true, for the arm was perfectly useless, and his usual robust health much changed. He had been nursed by Mrs. Chase with the tenderness of a mother; and the quiet of the family, consisting alone of Mr. Chase and his wife, with one man of all work, soothed his troubled mind, and helped to restore what little strength he had. He felt very grateful for the kindness shewn him, but the idea of such a calamity befalling him just as he was hastening to commence a business requiring all the energy of body and mind which he could command, being for the best, was ridiculous in the extreme, and to him it savoured of weakness. He lived in a small town in the west, and being the only son of parents just able to live comfortably, by much labour, he had been placed in a situation to gain a thorough knowledge of business, that he might support himself more easily than his parents before him.

His skill was great; and being of a quick and prompt turn of mind, he soon excelled, and was at the time of the accident on the way to a distant town, to take the management of a large concern. He was anxious to arrive in time, and the saying by the good Mrs. Chase, "that it was for the best," was very irritating to his feelings. He was now going back to his aged

father and mother a cripple, if life was even spared; and much as he loved the good woman who had so kindly nursed him, it was galling to his feelings, that any one who had any sympathy for him, could think it for the best for him to be troubled and ruined for life.

Two years have passed away since the accident spoken of, and in the city of O——, in a back street, in a house of humble exterior, are three ladies, who from appearance are about to walk, but are waiting for something.

"It is strange Tom does not come. It's past the time, and I am afraid we sha'n't get a seat," said Miss S.

"We called for you at your request, Mary, or we should have had father to escort us. I told him if sister and I went with you, old Tom could go to the chapel door with us, and he might be ready to receive us, as you did not like to go alone," said Ellen Fairfield.

"Thank you, cousin, for I do not often have the privilege of going out, and I cannot be thankful enough that uncle concluded to bring you girls here this season, I am so lonely since mother died," answered Mary. At this moment, an old servant called Tom entered in haste—"hoping he was not too late."

They were soon at the chapel door, and they were met by the father of the girls, who at once led them into the body of the house, where a seat appeared to be reserved for them.

The bustle of the entrance and continued stir of others dropping in was soon hushed, and the sudden rising of the speaker attracted the attention of all. He was a young man of pale, but intellectual cast of countenance, of medium height and size.

His text was Genesis i. 20: "*God meant it unto good.*" It was a discourse calculated to fix the attention with peculiar force. He portrayed in glowing colours the murmurings of the children of men, under the chastening hand of our heavenly Father, and his illustrations were drawn from life. There was something in the manner of the young man very peculiar, and many wondered at the strangeness of his gestures, though at other times they forgot it in the fascination of his words. As the discourse closed and he turned to leave the desk, it was noticed he had but one useful arm, the other hung at his side. At a glimpse of his

figure as he turned, Ellen Fairfield spoke hastily to her sister: "Kate, we have seen that man before; who can it be?"

"If he was anything else than a preacher of the gospel," said Kate, "I should say it was Mr. Grove, our stage-coach companion who was hurt, and stayed so long at Mr. Chase's."

"It is he, I am sure it is."

The congregation was soon dispersed, and Mr. Fairfield and the ladies were returning home. Ellen asked her father who the speaker was, recalling to his mind the incident in the stage-coach, two years before.

"I am told his name is Grove, a young and promising preacher. The minister of the chapel we have come from, has been a long time sick, and now Mr. Grove supplies his place. I will call upon him, girls, and be satisfied as to him being the Mr. Grove."

"But, father, what will he think if it is not he?" asked Kate.

"Why, that I am very polite; that is all."

The next morning he called to see the minister, and found him to be the very man who was so badly injured and disappointed of all his hopes. He called with Mr. Fairfield to see the young ladies, and after repeated invitations he concluded to travel north again, in company with the family of Mr. Fairfield. A journey of much pleasure was performed by the travellers, who were much pleased with each other; and many a laugh had the girls at the idea of meeting one of his stamp as a preacher of the gospel. He readily explained many things to them, which satisfied them, and left a good impression upon their minds. Ellen longed to ask him of many things, but his sober face made her shrink from the attempt. As they neared the town of P—, the young man could scarcely realize that two years had passed since he rode in a coach the same road, though for a different purpose.

"Let us call at Mr. Chase's, who you say is still alive and well, with his good lady; it will do my soul good to see her," said Mr. Grove.

"We will; driver," shouted Mr. Fairfield, "stop at Mr. Chase's, we will all get out there, and he can send us up this evening, and you take the luggage on to the house at home."

"Mr. Chase, who is coming here?" ex-

claimed Mrs. Chase, suddenly rising and dropping her knitting-work on the floor,—
"do look,—there is Mr. Fairfield and the girls come back from the city, and more too." While the good woman was talking, Mr. Chase had opened the door and welcomed back his old neighbours.

"Do you remember this gentleman, Mrs. Chase?" said Mr. Fairfield. She held out her hand with a confused look at first. "It is our Mr. Grove, bless his heart. Mr. Chase, do you see, it is *he*?" The tears fell from her eyes, and she could scarcely speak.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Chase, my kind nurse, it is I, and no mistake. I could not go bye you without calling, and wished just to thank you again for your past kindness, and to say it was *all* for the best indeed."

"Thank God to hear you say so; Mr. Chase, *he* believes it all now,—do tell us everything." He told them of his journey home, sad and desolate, of his father and mother dying and leaving him all alone, and the struggles of his heart, till all his mind was made to bend to the sovereign will of God. "I am now a preacher of the gospel, which I never should have been but for the accident, and shall soon, if God will, settle among you, and take Ellen here for a wife. Everything is for the best, yes, *everything*," at least it is for those who "love God, for those who are called according to his purpose."

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN AND HIS SICK MOTHER.

Little Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music. As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at the sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see, but, hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that

Madame M——, then a favourite cantatrice, would sing that night at the Temple. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and, then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with unwonted fire; and, running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said Madame M—— to her servant; "I am already worn out with company." It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile, "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to Madame M——, and bowing, said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would sing only my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." The beautiful woman rose from her seat—very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words! Wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown, with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you." Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds, and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his glance

riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his song? Breathless he waited; the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And, oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M——. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, Little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven." The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple, but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day!

Reader, say with us, all honour to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty unto the widow and the fatherless child!

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF DR. JUDSON.

We do not remember to have met with a more impressive incident than one recorded

in the life of Dr. Judson, just published. He had imbibed infidel sentiments during his college course, chiefly through association with a confirmed deist by the name of E—. After taking his degree, he made a journey into the State of New-York, spending some time in the city, where he became attached to a theatrical company; not intending to go upon the stage, but having the design of writing dramatical works, he wished to gather knowledge upon such matters, which he might turn to some account. We extract what follows from the biography.

"After seeing what he wished of New-York, he returned to Sheffield for his horse, intending to pursue his journey westward. His uncle, the Rev. Ephraim Judson, was absent, and a very pious young man occupied his place. His conversation was characterised by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart, and Judson went away deeply impressed. The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no such feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not of course be increased by the nearness of the object.

But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably

in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E—, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts would revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering on the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a "free-thinker," educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a young man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself on the dying-bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light which it poured into his chamber dispelled all his "superstitious illusions." As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and enquired for his fellow-lodger. "He is dead," was the reply. "Dead!" "Yes, he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would not probably survive the night!" "Do you know who he was?" "Oh, yes, it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E—." Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, dead! lost! lost! were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth."

Correspondence.

POLYBIUS AND BAPTIZO.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

Herewith I send you some illustrations of the use of *baptizo* from another heathen author, Polybius, prefixing a few brief notices of his life and times. In apology for their brevity, I may plead, besides the limits of your own space, the large degree

in which, if extended, they would embrace political transactions. Polybius was a man of probity and worth, and his life is not devoid of interest: but it is comparatively barren in the incidents which lend a charm to private biography.

The period when Polybius flourished coincided with that of the decay and dissolution of the Achaean league, during which

the flame of Grecian liberty, which had burned with such fitful splendour, and which now, throughout the nation, was well nigh extinct, was sending forth a few flickering rays, before expiring in its socket. The period thus indicated will fall pretty nearly about a century and a half before Christ. Polybius was a citizen of Megalopolis, in Arcadia, like the celebrated Philopœmen, of whom he was an ardent admirer, of which he was able to give a very gratifying proof in his later life. His father, whose name was Lycortas, appears to have been much respected by his fellow-citizens, having been appointed by them to more than one important embassy (See Lib. xxiii. c. 1; xxv. c. 7). In the very critical times in which he lived, and when his countrymen, with few exceptions, were becoming either violent partisans or violent enemies of Rome, his counsels were on the side of moderation, and displayed a prudence much to his credit. He wished his country generally to take independent action, yet without doing anything which could be offensive to the Romans. Unhappily, as is too often the case, the more vehement opinions prevailed, and eventually the nation was precipitated into a collision with the Romans, the disastrous issue of which is but too well known. It had rather promoted than the contrary this result, that, a few years previously, on the instigation of the so-called friends of Rome, some of the noblest Achæans had been sent into Italy, to be detained there as hostages for the nation. Polybius was one of these exiles, and the change which thus took place in his circumstances and prospects was the turning point in his whole career. It put him into a position to observe the workings of the Roman constitution, made him familiar with Roman usages and manners, gave him access to various public documents, and thus supplied him with both the means and motives for composing the history which he has left us. He had already, while in Greece, become known to the celebrated Paulus Æmilius, and his subsequent intimacy with one of his sons, the younger Scipio, probably conducted as much as anything else to the success of his after life. Their friendship was brought about, in the first instance, by their common love for the chase, but it was afterwards much confirmed and deepened by the common interest which they took in the pursuits of literature. Polybius had

lent Scipio some books, and the explanations which these required led to various conversations between them. So much was this intercourse valued, that on one occasion when the father of Scipio was about to take Polybius with him on a journey, the youthful pupil earnestly begged that his tutor might be allowed to remain. Such an application could have had no reply, and henceforth the tutor and pupil became almost inseparable: the respect and regard of the latter in no degree diminishing when he became, as afterwards he did, one of the most distinguished men in the state (See Lib. xxiii. 15).

The residence of Polybius with his fellow-hostages in Italy extended over seventeen years. Through the influence of Scipio, after many fruitless previous endeavours, Polybius at length obtained the senate's permission for such as survived to return to their country. This permission was, however, owing quite as much to a feeling of contempt on the part of the senators for the exiles as to a sense of justice, as was evident from the remark of Cato which decided it, "Are you not ashamed," he asked, "to be debating whether a few old men shall die in Greece or Italy?" Polybius, having gained thus much, would have gone on to press for the restoration of honour, but here he was promptly met and stopped by the significant enquiry of the same Cato, "Are you not afraid a second time to venture into the Cyclops' den?" On his return to Achæia, he most laudably employed the influence he had acquired in mitigating the misfortunes of his countrymen. He had the courage to resist a proposal which was made to throw down the statues of Philopœmen, and even went so far as to beg back from the Roman general some statues of that hero and Aratus, which had been already removed. Although allowed by the Roman commissioners to select for himself whatever he wished from the confiscated property, he would not avail himself of the liberty, and dissuaded others from doing the same (See Lib. xi. c. 8, 9). So much were his countrymen pleased with these proofs of his patriotism, that they erected a stone statue to himself. His public life did not cease with his restoration to his native land; but it is not necessary to pursue it further. That he was a man of observing and ingenious mind is evident not only from his historical narrative, but from a work which he composed on tactics,

and from the improvements which he introduced into fire signals (See Lib. ix. c. 20; x. c. 45). He had travelled in different parts of Italy, and in Egypt had at least visited the city of Alexandria (See Lib. xii. c. 2, 5; xxxiv. c. 14).

The history to which we have made allusion was composed originally in forty books, comprising the time from the invasion of Pyrrhus till the capture of Carthage, and from the flight of Cleomenes, the Spartan, till the dissensions which arose between the Romans and Achæans, and the battle which followed at the Isthmus (See Lib. iii. c. 82). But of these only the first five have come down to us entire. The special object of Polybius in this work was to explain the growth of the Roman supremacy and dominion. He undertakes to trace by what arts and virtues, whether military or political, the republic rose to such gigantic dimensions, and expresses his purpose and hope thus to make his work a storehouse of political wisdom. It is his constant iteration of this purpose, with the somewhat prosy reflections which, in fulfilment of it, he is everywhere inserting, which render his history, notwithstanding several prime merits, rather hard reading. The secret of historical instruction is to interweave the moral with the tale, or rather so to construct the tale that the moral shall rise out of it; but anything more astute and formal than this, whatever pretensions it may make to combine philosophy with history, is likely to fall of the ends of both. Polybius plumes himself much on the interdependence of the events in his narrative, and on his care to refer events back to their causes; but he might safely have left this superiority in this and other respects over ordinary narrators, especially over those of detached passages of history, to the reader's discovery.

Although the Greek diction of Polybius is not so largely that of the New Testament as the Greek of Josephus or Plutarch, it is yet enriched with many New Testament words but rarely met with in other authors. We may form some idea of the kind of service to be derived from it to New Testament interpretation from the following specimens of reference to it in Meyer, in his commentary recently published on the two Corinthians.

(1.) In 1 Cor. i. 10, a passage in Polybius determines that the phrase "speak the same

thing" may simply mean, be *united* or *harmonious*, for, speaking (Lib. ii. c. 62) in reference to nations, he says:—

"All speaking one and the same thing seems to reap the greatest prosperity."

(2.) Polybius is almost our only authority for the meaning of the word which in 1 Cor. xiii. 5, we render "vaunteth not itself." His history does not indeed contain this identical word, but he has two passages containing the shorter word, which is its root, and which is an adjective signifying "vainglorious," "boastful." (See Lib. xxxii. c. 6; Lib. xl. c. 6.)

(3.) We have good authority in Polybius for the use of "*lightness*" (See 2 Cor. i. 17) in the sense of *stickness* or *espice*. He says (Lib. vi. c. 56):—

"Every multitude is light."

(4.) The somewhat bold phrase, "having in a readiness" (2 Cor. x. 6), which is a too literal translation from the Greek, is vindicated, as to its classic purity, by the occurrence of almost precisely the like phrase in the second book of Polybius. (See Lib. ii. c. 34.)

(5.) Lastly, we gather from our author that in 2 Cor. xii. 15, first clause, the latter verb is rather feebly rendered "will be spent." Three passages in Polybius shew that either "*out*," or some other intensive particle, should have been added to the English verb. The idea is that of an "*exhaustion of resources*."

It now only remains to produce the extracts from our author which contain the word *baptizo*. These are five in number, and after our previous excerpts from other authors, none of them will present anything to call for critical comment.

I.

The first extract has reference to an attempt of Publius, the Roman general, to surprise the Carthaginian fleet when stationed at Drepana in Sicily, which attempt ended, however, in his own discomfiture. Speaking of the advantages which the Carthaginians possessed for a naval fight the historian says,—

"If any were hard pressed by the enemy, they withdrew safely back, on account of their fast-sailing, into the open sea, and then turning round and falling on those of their pursuers who were in advance they gave them frequent blows, and destroyed many of their vessels.—Lib. i. c. 81.

II.

Our next extract places us on the

very threshold of the engagement which took place between Hannibal and the Roman general, Tiberius, on the banks of the river Trebia. The historian is describing the somewhat unfavourable circumstances under which the Romans commenced the engagement. He says,—

"At first there was eagerness and zeal among the soldiers, but when the passage of the river Trebia came on, which had risen above its usual current on account of the rain which had fallen, the foot with difficulty crossed over, being baptized up to the chest."—*Lib. iii. c. 73.*

III.

The scene in our next extract is that of a party of horsemen in higher Asia, who had been sent to intercept a number of the enemy, who either had crossed, or were then crossing, a river. This purpose they failed to effect, from the swampy nature of the ground between; for, says Polybius,—

"When they approached Xenetas and his company, owing to their ignorance of the places, no need of enemies to defeat them; themselves baptized by themselves, and sinking in the swamps, they became of no use whatever, and many of them even lost their lives."—*Lib. v. c. 47.*

IV.

We have in the next extract but another account by a different hand of the mischief done to the ships of the Romans, when at anchor before Syracuse, (*viz.*, by the mechanical contrivances of Archimedes,) which we have already seen described by Plutarch. Polybius says,—

"Owing to these contrivances some of the vessels fell slantwise, some were even upset, but the greater number, their prow being thrown down from a height, were baptized and became full of sea and confusion."—*Lib. viii. c. 8.*

V.

Our last is another scene from a sea fight, *viz.*, that between the kings Attalus and Philip. Of the former the historian says,—

"Observing one of his own five-oared vessels wounded and baptized by a vessel of the enemy, he hastened to its assistance with two four-oars."—*Lib. xvi. c. 6.*

I am, dear Sirs,

Very truly yours,

J. T. GRAY.

Stepney College.

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER III.

"Why don't you have a servant?" said Joseph Green, as his mother sat down to the table, and pressed her hands to her throbbing temple.

She had been washing all the morning, and as Ada was stationed beside the sick-bed (her father was much worse), her son had sometimes been told to perform little labours suited to his years and strength. He had got off by being as little useful as possible, and now, as he saw how tired and feverish she looked, it must be confessed he felt he was not the boy he should be. But Joseph was not penitent enough to forget himself.

"I say, mother," continued he, "why don't you hire a girl to do the work? I don't like to pump water, and pick up chips, and all that."

Mrs. Green hesitated. "How can I tell the poor child that poverty is coming upon us like an armed man, and that—no, I cannot, and he would not comprehend it, but," said she, musing, "a slight explana-

tion might be of use to him, and, perhaps, assist me in the lessons of industry and economy I wish to teach him." So she told him they had no one to earn money for them since father was sick, and, therefore, they must learn to help themselves, and not expend money in hiring servants. As she said this, she glanced timidly at the door of her husband's room, to see that it was closed. Ada did not hear her mother's remarks, being still with her father; but when she spread the cloth for supper, Joseph said,—

"I suppose we shall have to live on crusts the rest of our days, for mother says we are poor, and have no one to work for us."

"Still, we need not live on crusts, Josey," said she, laughing, "for we will eat the crust with the soft, and then we shall always have soft to our crust."

(A good idea, don't you think so, little reader?)

After tea, Joseph went to see a water-wheel that one of the neighbour's boys had fixed in the brook. Mrs. Green went to her husband's room, and Adaline to her;

chamber to lay some wonderful plans for the future. What they were can be gleaned from her conversation to her doll.

"Now, Miss Doll, you must be put away upon the shelf of the closet, and learn to entertain yourself, for Ada can play baby-house no more. She is tall and strong, and her hands were made to work, doing whatever they can find to do, and not handling such as you. Here they go, the whole furniture, packed nicely away for some little girl that cannot do her part in this busy world. Adaline Green is now housemaid, or anything else she can learn to be, so that she is useful to mother and the rest of the family."

Children can do a great deal if they choose. One half of the time that they spend in useless play would earn their bread, so that they need not be such weary burdens to toll-worn parents. Besides, much of the labour of this busy world, when performed by little hands, "is almost as good as play." Ada found on trial that she had not overrated her capabilities; after a few weeks' practice, she was astonished to see, on looking back, how much she had learned.

"Look here, Josey," said she, one day when she had been very successful in her experiments, "see my bars of ironed clothes; mother used to think it wonderful if I smoothed the towels. I fancy she'll think I've improved now."

But Joseph had not improved; he had made no effort to be useful, even though he knew the sad reason that had first nerved his sister to diligence. Not even did he try to lighten her tasks; once or twice had she asked him to assist her in keeping the iron heated, but he had either refused or affected not to hear. Of course, he didn't feel pleasant and agreeable; children never do when they have done wrong. Besides, jealousy had crept into the heart of the poor boy, just as his mother had told him.

"I dare say," said he, mentally, "mother will think she has done wonders, and will kiss and praise her; nobody would praise me if I worked all day—I might as well not do anything," and Joseph felt a satisfaction in thinking he was ill-used.

Thus was the heart of that beautiful boy, which should have been the home of all gentle feelings and virtues, made the receptacle of dark wicked thoughts and passions. Why was it that two children so nearly connected and so intimate, were so unlike

each other? They were nurtured alike; their father, an exemplary moralist, had taught them what was proper to make them dignified and respectable in the opinion of the world. Their mother had given them higher and holier motives for right doing, daily praying that grace, mercy, and peace, might dwell with them for ever. What then made them to differ? Let me tell you. I have said that the children were each in the habit of praying; their mother taught them to pray. But while Joseph merely repeated the prayer which he had learned, Adaline prayed with her heart to God who heareth prayer. Think you that her sincere, humble, trusting petitions were rejected because they were simple and childlike? Ah, no!

"The weakest lamb within his fold
Shall be the Shepherd's care."

Adaline prayed for grace, and it was given her, every day, in proportion to her faith. She asked to be led aright, and the path of duty became plain and easy. It is true she had many hard lessons to learn of her own weakness, but these lessons once learned were a great help, they led her to trust more entirely in her Saviour, and prepared her for the trials that awaited her.

At length her quiet, cheerful demeanour, attracted the attention of her father.

"That is a very amiable child," said he one day to his wife, as she brought in a cup of gruel, and enquiring kindly after his health, returned to her labour.

"She is indeed," said she, "and the most industrious clever little girl I ever saw."

"I wish Joseph were like her," said the father; "she really makes those coarse features and that brown complexion quite pleasing. That boy, it seems to me, is getting more peevish and sullen every day. I wish his disposition were like hers. But," added he, with a sigh, "it requires considerable philosophy to get along cheerfully with the trials of this life."

"Mere philosophy, my dear husband," said Mrs. Green, "has no power to sustain the mind under affliction; nothing but religion

'Can lay the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And open in the breast a little heaven.'"

"How, then, do you account for Adaline's patience and gentleness?" said Mr. Green; "you don't imagine she is actuated by that mysterious influence you call religion?"

"Why not?" replied his wife with great solemnity; "*these things* have ever been hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. Oh, husband, could you have heard that child as I did last evening, praying in her chamber for her sick father, you would have believed in the power of divine grace."

Mr. Green looked up in surprise.

"Adaline pray; that little girl! why, wife, what kind of a prayer could she make?"

"One, I have no doubt," said she, "that was acceptable to God, since it was evidently dictated by his Spirit."

"And she prayed for me?" said the sick man, turning away his head and burying himself in the bed-clothes.

"Earnestly and fervently," said his wife; "the burden of her petition was that poor father might be brought to love the Saviour,

and from my inmost soul, dear husband, I responded 'Amen.'"

Mrs. Green laid down her sewing and left the room. Up to this time she had never made any personal remark to her husband on the subject of religion; she had let her calm, consistent life, speak of the doctrine she professed. Her patience and gentleness, too, when he had been peevish and fault-finding, had spoken volumes to the now thoughtful man.

"Well," said he, after having revolved the subject in his mind for some time, "I don't know but they are right. There should be something to which the soul could cling in its hour of trial. That child, praying for her father, a father she never heard pray in her life—how wonderful—I should like to hear what she would say about such things."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF MR. PEARCE.—It will be remembered, that at the period of the first French Revolution, party spirit ran very high in England, and the High Church party so strongly opposed the Dissenters, on account of their love of freedom, that to encourage the mob to burn down several of their meeting-houses. One of these was a Baptist chapel, in Gullisborough, about ten miles from Northampton, which was set fire to, and burnt to the ground, December 25th, 1792. Both the congregation and the government offered large rewards for the apprehension of the offenders, but without effect. The loss of their meeting-house was a sore affliction to the members of this poor church, one of whom, on going to her door, and seeing the chapel on fire, fell down, and instantly died. A new chapel was, however, built, and the seraphic Pearce, the energetic Fuller, and the mild and cautious Sutcliffe, preached on the happy occasion of its dedication. The morning sermon, by Mr. Pearce, was from the text, Psalm lxxvi. 10,—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." At the frugal repast at the close of the sermon, the persons assembled were privately expressing to each other their pleasure in listening to Mr. Pearce's discourse, when a gentleman rose at the table, and made a public request to him to preach again the next morning, at an early hour. With equal simplicity and zeal Pearce replied, "If you will find a congregation, I will find a sermon." The hour fixed on was five o'clock, in order to accommodate the country people. At the breakfast table, after this early and well attended service,

Mr. Fuller said, "Brother Pearce, I was gratified with your discourse this morning and hope it will do much good; but I know you will excuse my freedom if I say, that I thought you did not seem to close when you had really finished. I wondered that, contrary to what is usual with you, you seemed, as it were, to begin again at the end—how was it?" Pearce replied, "It was so; but I had my reason." "Well, then," said Fuller, in a jocular manner, which he could occasionally assume, "come, let us have it." Mr. Pearce paused, and a little hesitated; but on being once more entreated, said "Well, my brother, you shall have the secret, if it must be so. Just at the moment I was about to resume my seat thinking I had finished, the door opened and I saw a poor man enter, of the working class; and from the sweat on his brow, and the symptoms of his fatigue, I conjectured that he had walked some miles to this early service, but that he had been unable to reach the place till the close. A momentary thought glanced through my mind,—he may be a man who never heard the gospel or, it may be, he is one who regards it as a feast of fat things; in either case, the effort on his part demands one on mine. So with the hope of doing him good, I resolved at once to forget all else, and, in despite of criticism, and the apprehension of being thought tedious, to give him a quarter of an hour." The impression produced by this simple explanation, which unveiled so much love to souls, in connection with the self-sacrificing spirit of the true minister of Christ, may be better imagined than described.

AT EASE IN ZION.—How often have we seen persons in a very short time after their public profession of Christ lose all the zeal and love of which they gave evidence while enquirers, and settle down in a kind of ease and self-security. With them the vineyard of Christ is not a place for work, but for repose; they give no evidence of the spirit by which Paul was actuated, and which, in the glowing utterances of his heart, he expressed to the Philippians. They rather give evidence of the spirit of self-sufficiency and of consequent indolence, charged by our Lord upon the church at Laodicea. With them, being in the church, is something like what a state of retirement from the toils of public life is to the man of business, the merchant, and the statesman. In relation to things spiritual and eternal we look in vain for any indications of energetic thought and pursuit. *Nothing*, must be the answer returned to the enquiry, What do they *more* than others? It is true they attend the services of the sanctuary on the Lord's-day, contribute towards the support of the ministry, and maintain a respectable moral behaviour; but many who make no pretensions to personal religion do this. If all acted like them, the prayer-meeting would be unknown in our churches; the weekly gathering around the throne of grace is a work of faith in which they take no part; the poor and the afflicted are but rarely, if ever, cheered by their presence, and expressions of sympathy;—they have a name to live, but are fearfully dead to all those fine christian feelings which would make them social and useful. It being their determination to live at ease, they carefully shut out from their calculations, that in each of the millions perishing in sin, the spirit of a brother lies crushed beneath the power of the destroyer. They forget, though it is a truth proposed to us in a very emphatic way, that "he who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." Hence, no Sabbath school teacher, or collector for missions, is cheered by their smile, and strengthened by their earnest and practical exhortation to go forward. If there be no additions to the church with which they are connected, even this gives them but little concern. Any effort to extend the sphere of christian operation is sure to be met coldly, if not opposed, by those at ease in Zion. And the existence of such persons in our churches is one of the most serious obstacles to success with which we have to contend. Very frequently they are to be found amongst the more respectable of our members, as to station and influence in the world, and, therefore, their example is all the more potent for mischief. They look upon themselves as "pillars," but in reality they are more like great Upas trees, whose shadows are poisonous and fatal to spiritual life and activity; or, to use another figure, dead weights upon the struggling energies of the church.—*The Rev. E. Edwards, of Chard.*

THE SAINT OF CALVARY.—We know not by what name his eternal life is recorded in

the book of the Lamb, but we know by the promise of the dying Redeemer, that believing at the eleventh hour, he was numbered among the saints of God, and had his dwelling in Paradise. In the brief history of the Evangelist of his translation from death unto life, we have all the marks of a true conversion, and the memory of the thief on the cross is ever associated with the thought of a saved soul, and a house in glory. Convicted of sin in the hour of his agony, he acknowledged his sufferings to be all just, and reproving his companion in guilt for his bitter revilings, proclaimed as his opinion the greatness and purity of the Saviour's character, saying, "This man hath done nothing amiss." Then, beholding in Him the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, he at once appealed to Him for an interest in that salvation which he was now so richly sealing with his blood. The promise is given, and he who had grace to cast the whole hope of salvation on the crucified One, crying in agony and earnestness of spirit, "Lord, remember me," had faith to rest with undoubted trust in the promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." He knew in whom he had believed, and that He was able to accomplish all He had spoken; and he feared not, for Jesus had been revealed to him the hope of glory. Truly God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. Had the disciples known that one would go up with Christ from Calvary to heaven,—that the Saviour was about to take with him a companion to glory, they would have looked upon the beloved John with thoughts of farewell in their bosoms; but the poor thief on the cross was a mightier trophy of grace than he whose head had been pillowed upon the heart of Jesus. He who had shared in the suffering, should also share in the glory; the last called here, should be first with him there. The great sacrifice of atonement is impressed with the seal of salvation; God accepts the offering made for sin, and gives his token as a witness. If the thief had not been nailed to the cross, he would probably never have obtained salvation. Little did he think, as he ascended mount Calvary, that every step was leading him to Paradise; in the morning, perhaps, he was envying the released Barabbas; in the evening, singing with the redeemed in glory.

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR TO-MORROW."
—"If the most anxious and unhappy men of the world," says Dr. Chalmers, "were examined as to the ground of their inquietude, it would be found, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand, that the provision of this day was not the ground of it. They carry forward their imaginations to a distant futurity, and fill it up with the spectres of melancholy and despair. What a world of unhappiness would be saved, 'if the things' of the day, its duties, employments, and services, were to occupy all our hearts; and as to to-morrow, how delightful to think that we have the sure warrant of God for believing, that

by committing its issue in quietness to him, when the future day comes the provisions of that day will come along with it. What I would like to press upon all who are beset with anxieties about the future days they are likely to live in this world is, that *daily bread* is one of the objects it is agreeable to the will of God that we should ask, for it is the very petition which the Son of God taught his disciples. We have a full warrant, then, for believing that we shall get it, and according to the faith of our prayer, so will it be done unto us."

A CANDID CONFESSION.—In a beautiful little town in Western New York, a delightful revival of religion took place in the winter of 1849-50, when some scores of sinners were turned from darkness to light,—from the power of Satan to God. In the solemn daily services of worship, the Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist ministers were actively engaged, and it was agreed among them that during the time conversions were going on, little should be said of denominational peculiarities. After a season, as less of conversion was witnessed, it was felt to be of importance to collect the lambs into the fold of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. One of the Pædobaptist brethren proposed, that each of the ministers should preach on baptism and church fellowship, in the presence of his brethren. The plan was adopted, and the houses of worship were filled with attentive audiences, while the Congregational and Methodist brethren insisted on infant baptism as a scriptural rite and duty. It will be scarcely supposed that the audience or the interest would be less when the Baptist brother, with less of learning than his brethren, should have to meet and reply to the arguments and the learning which, for the

last two evenings, had been placed before many hundreds of the neighbourhood. No anxiety, however, was felt by those who knew our brother's extensive acquaintance with his bible, and with men. He entered on his duties with great composure and apparent ease, and occupied some forty minutes in a clear statement of scriptural truth on this subject. He then remarked, "I suppose that after the learned discourse to which we have listened on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, it will be expected that I should say something respecting infant baptism, a subject, I confess, somewhat out of the range of my studies. However," turning to his Methodist brother, who sat in the pulpit, and placing in his hands a New Testament, he added, "my brother understands it, and he will read some of the strongest passages on the subject, and I will offer some remarks on them." The Methodist brother seemed somewhat surprised, and at length said that such a mode of discussion was rather difficult, and that he was not prepared. "Oh, my brother," said the Baptist, "I do not want you to discuss the matter; only give us a few of the texts, the commands, or examples, on which you most generally depend." "Indeed," replied the worthy Methodist, "I cannot do that just now; for nothing strikes my mind as very pertinent." The Baptist then turned to his hearers and said, "It seems that our brother has nothing to say in defence of infant baptism, and knows no scripture to sustain it. I am sure I know of none; so that it appears there can be nothing said on the subject. We will therefore close the meeting." This was done, and by far the larger number of the converts were "baptized and added to the church."—*American Paper.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The New Reform Bill is the first great domestic fact. Our general opinion of it may be briefly expressed. First, it is an excellent measure for strengthening the old whig or conservative-whig party. Secondly, it leaves the working man but slightly better represented than before. Thirdly, it refuses the protection of the ballot to all. Yet, fourthly, there is too much worth having to permit us to refuse it. Our readers will therefore see that we cannot regard this bill as even an approach to finality. We would never refuse, indeed, the smallest concession from parties in power; but on the other hand, we would not represent an aggregation of expedients, ingeniously dove-tailed to maintain in power the parties who at present bandy the government of the country between them, as a patriotic and high principled one. Its best feature is, that it disfranchises 19 paltry boroughs, with less than 300 voters each, yet returning 29 members to Parliament; and takes one member each from 38 boroughs, with constituencies below 500,

which now return 2 members; making 66 vacant seats, to which the 4 seats now vacant being added, will make 66 in all. Of these, 46 are allotted in giving a third member to counties, and divisions of counties, containing a population of more than 100,000. The West-Riding of Yorkshire and South Lancashire are to be again subdivided. Nine are to be allotted in giving a third member to all the boroughs containing more than 100,000 inhabitants. Three to three new boroughs, containing above 20,000 inhabitants. One new metropolitan borough is to have 2, the Inns of Law, 2, London University, 1, and the Scotch Universities, 3. This absorbs the 66. Wherever a third member is assigned, the voter is to vote for two only. This is in order to give large minorities a representation. The probable result will be, that the 46 county minorities will return as many whigs; the 9 manufacturing minorities as many Tories.

As to the franchise, the old freemen are to die out, none being permitted to enrol after two years. The rate-paying clauses

are to be abolished,—one of the best concessions. The £10 householding suffrage is to be extended to the counties, including under that description all towns which are not represented,—an extension chiefly, we fear, of the numbers under landlord control. Several other franchises are to be common to boroughs and counties according to the residence of the voter. They are these. A salary, not wages,—a shabby distinction, we think,—of £100 p. r. annum. A deposit, of not less than three years' standing, of £50 in the savings' bank. An annual dividend of £10 from the funds, or Bank or India stock,—franchises, probably, chiefly for gentlemen's livery servants. And a payment of forty shillings to the income tax, or in assessed taxes. To which may be added, graduation in any of the Universities. What should be the main new franchise in boroughs is raised from a £5 rating, which Lord John proposed last session, to £6. He assigns as a reason that the £5 would meet with too much opposition. Even this concession is unnecessarily restricted by requiring a two-years-and-ten-months' residence before voting. Not many, we fear, of the industrious classes will gain a vote by this franchise, yet it is nearly their only one.

Such is the bill. We are thankful for extinct pocket boroughs, and for abolished rate-paying clauses. Every extension of the suffrage we also hail; but we think the scheme of representing minorities a miserable substitute for the ballot. Lord John knows that even a whig-liberal, not to say a real liberal, has no chance in the counties; he therefore proposes, instead of emancipating liberal county voters from landlord thralldom, to give the minority who are free a member also. Henceforward we shall have a new class of representatives, some 55 minority members, whose style and title will be the Honourable Member for the Minority of —, or the Minority Member for —. The bill will, if proceeded with and carried, furnish a somewhat advanced position for more solid acquisitions, and we should think it suicidal policy for liberals not to uphold it firmly. Its greatest defect, and the one most likely to enable the opposition to throw it out or spoil it, is that there is nothing like the ballot, or even household suffrage, to enlist popular enthusiasm.

Some other important measures are also introduced or promised. Above all, we are thankful for the entire abolition of compulsory removal of the poor from the Union in which they may happen to fall into want; a measure which is to be followed by the equalizing of the poor rates of Unions in the course of ten years. This will almost, if not entirely, put a stop to the cruel, heartless system of close parishes, by which labourers are compelled to walk often from four to seven miles and back to their work, are thus separated from their families, and unhealthily crowded in the open parishes. The Ecclesiastical Courts are to be deprived of the lucrative part of their practice,—

their matrimonial and testamentary jurisdiction; and something is to be done in Church-rates. Oxford and Cambridge are to be made a little more serviceable to Churchmen; though they are not yet to be thrown open to Dissenters. We certainly know few young Dissenters who have learned anything good in those seats of bigotry. Young men from our ranks learn chiefly to be ashamed of Dissent. A bill has been again introduced to relieve the Jews, and require but one simple, unobjectionable oath from members of Parliament. Government also promises relief to all who scruple taking oaths at all. One measure is partially before Parliament, and under consideration of the Government, which, though little noticed, is of vast importance to the working classes—the law of partnership. They cannot now, without the greatest hazard, establish a joint-stock company with their small savings. In our judgment, there is nothing which it is more their interest to obtain than the legalization of what is termed Limited Liability Partnerships. It is most unrighteous that they should be shut up to savings' banks and the like. The sums already wasted in the strike, but for our oppressive law of partnership, might have erected several factories, owned by working men, as well as carried on by them.

The *Liberation of Religion Society* has held a very efficient soirée in London, at which £500 was raised towards the £1000 which London is to subscribe of the £3000 wanted to prosecute the object with vigour. Mr. John Bright attended and spoke. We hear that C. J. Foster, LL.D., of the London University, has been appointed salaried Chairman of the Committee appointed for watching the Ecclesiastical proceedings of Parliament.

As to the War, all questions regarding it remain, at the time we write, very much in the same position as when our last number was issued. Negotiations have indeed ceased, and the representatives of the respective Governments have returned home; but no formal declaration of war has ensued,—both parties seem desirous of throwing the responsibility of that on the opposite party. Meantime, the long-looked for blue books have at last appeared, and discussions, founded on them, have taken place in both Houses of Parliament. Our impression, on the whole, is, that though the Government have been doubtless less decided than was desirable, and though a tone more firm and uncompromising might have prevented things getting to their present position,—still ministers have been led to act as they have by a most praiseworthy anxiety to avoid if possible the horrors of war. If war occur—and it seems now inevitable—the responsibility is all thrown on him whose lust of dominion has provoked it. Preparations are now being made with vigour; so that there can be little doubt of the result. One thing is sure, that no love for peace in the abstract—and no one loves it more than ourselves—ought to induce any one to withhold the heartiest

support from a Government which is about to prosecute one of the most righteous wars in modern history.

BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL.

On Tuesday, the 14th of February, the church at Bloomsbury Chapel assembled at its annual social gathering. The reports on the various branches of christian enterprise undertaken by the church, missionary, educational, visitatorial, and eleemosynary, were all practical in their character, and deeply instructive. The unavoidable references to the unexampled progress of the church, rendered devout gratitude the burthen of the evening. The occasion was made the more interesting by the presentation by an artist (a member of the church, and a portrait painter of much promise) to the church, of a portrait of their able, energetic, and great-hearted pastor. This was appropriately done on behalf of Mr. Dixie, the painter, by his brother artist, and brother in fellowship, Mr. Lance. The gift was acknowledged by Mr. Peto, and was succeeded by a hymn of praise, the poetry of which was also an offering by one of the members. Upwards of four hundred persons are here united in the service of the Lord; more than half of these were able to be present in the enjoyments of this evening of sanctified one-another-ship, and left with hearty thanks for the past, and high resolves for the future. The whole organization at Bloomsbury Chapel, including its beautiful building, was a problem propounded, but a very few years ago, by one man, great in faith as in works—S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P.; the problem so propounded, God has taken up and solved, to the admiration and thankfulness of all beholders.

ROCHDALE.

On Wednesday, January 18th, a new Baptist Chapel and School Room was opened in Drake Street, Rochdale. Sermons were preached by the Revs. W. Brock, of London, and H. S. Brown, of Liverpool. On the following Lord's-day, sermons were preached by the Revs. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, and E. C. Lewis, of Rochdale. All the services were well attended, the preaching very good. The collections amounted to about £120. This is a town missionary movement, and we hope the divine blessing will always rest upon it and similar undertakings. Should any generous souls be disposed to assist in removing the debt still remaining, their aid will be estimated at its full value, and thankfully accepted. The premises have been erected at a cost, inclusive of ground, of £2100.

DEVENPORT.

On Thursday, February 2nd, the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid, by Mr. Horton. The steward of the borough, Edward St. Aubyn, Esq., the mayor, John Clouter, Esq., together with a large number of ministers and friends were present on the occasion. Mr. Horton, having laid the stone, under the direction of the architect, Alfred Norman, Esq., delivered

a short and appropriate address, and asked the prayers of all christians present on the undertaking. The Rev. S. Nicholson, of Plymouth, then closed the service by prayer. In the evening, the friends held a Tea Meeting, at the Mechanics' Institute, when about six hundred persons were present. Mr. Horton occupied the chair; and various addresses were given by brethren Gostick, Jones, Hampson, Pyer, Slater, and Withington.

HEBDEN-BRIDGE.

On Saturday evening, February 11th, the members of the Baptist church meeting at Ebenezer chapel, Hebden-Bridge, and a few other friends, took tea together in the school-room, to commemorate the completion of the twentieth year of the pastorate of the Rev. John Crook, and to present to him a token of their esteem for his character, and gratitude for his pastoral labours among them. A purse containing sixty sovereigns was presented to him by Mr. Thomas Marsland, senior deacon, and the oldest member of the church; and highly appropriate and edifying addresses were given by the Revs. Peter Scott, of Brearley; T. Vasey, of Waingate; and Mr. John Spencer, of Halifax. At the time of Mr. Crook's settlement at Hebden-Bridge, the church consisted of one hundred and eight members; it numbers at present one hundred and forty-nine, of whom one hundred and fifteen have been baptized by him.

KENNINGHALL, NORFOLK.

The Rev. J. Upton, formerly of AcCRington College, and several years pastor of the Baptist church, Aylsham, Norfolk, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church here. He enters on his new sphere with encouraging prospects of success.

HEYWOOD.

The Rev. Francis Britcliffe, of Horton College, Bradford, has received and accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Heywood, to the pastorate. He entered upon his labour on January 29th.

CUPAR-FIFE.

The Rev. W. P. Grant, till recent minister of the Independent church, Crumnock, has, we understand, become the pastor of the Baptist church, Cupar-Fife. Mr. Grant was baptized a few weeks since in East Regent Street Chapel, Glasgow, by Mr. Allen, agent of the Scottish Anti-State-Church Association.

IRVINE.

The Rev. R. Johnstone, of Glasgow formerly of Beverley, has just entered upon the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place.

GREENOCK.

The Rev. J. Malcolm, of the Baptist Academy, Edinburgh, has entered upon the duties of a preacher of the gospel in this important town.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

APRIL, 1854.

JESUS RECEIVING SINNERS.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.

It was at the close of a Sabbath day, which had been to Jesus one of active usefulness, that a crowd of the lowest class of Jewish society, attracted by his kindness and earnestness, gathered around him. As was his custom, he addressed them with great tenderness. He had come to seek and save the *lost*. Near at hand were some of the proud and envious masters in Israel. Perhaps they had been watching him all day, and still remembered the miracle he had performed in the morning, and the way in which he had reproved their self-righteousness and pride. Supposing that now they had found some fresh plea for their malice, they construed his condescension and mercy into a grave offence, and, murmuring, said, "This man receiveth sinners."

The statement, dear reader, thus uttered by malignant lips, is one of the most precious in the Bible. Is it an awakened sinner, needing encouragement to come to Christ, that reads this paper? Do you want to find some cases in which the truth of this statement is verified? We shall make it our business, then, to present you with *two or three instances, illustrating the way in which Jesus received sinners when he was on earth; and two or three, illustrating the way in which he receives them, now he has ascended to heaven.* May the Holy Spirit bless you while you read them, and lead you to the Saviour!

During one of his early visits to Capernaum, Jesus saw a collector of taxes sitting at the place where he received tribute; and though he belonged to the despised class, he said to him, "Follow me." And the man rose up, and became his disciple. But the Saviour's grace ended not here. Matthew having prepared a feast, to which he invited his old associates—persons who were of his own rank and character—Jesus shared in the entertainment, and blessed the guests with his presence and love.

Six months after this, he was on another visit to the same town, and was reclining at dinner in the house of a Pharisee, when a woman of stained reputation came in, and, standing over him weeping, began to wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head. And then, in the fulness of her heart, she kissed them, and anointed them with ointment. The host's notions of propriety were all shocked; his prejudices were wounded; and, with some bitterness, he said within himself, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner." Well

did Jesus know who she was, and all about her. It was his very knowledge that permitted him to allow her conduct. So after reproving the Pharisee, he turned to the woman herself, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, and whose heart was almost rent asunder between sorrow, and love, and joy; and fixing on her his heavenly eye, said in tones peculiar to himself, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Early one morning he was in the temple at Jerusalem. The Scribes and Pharisees, intent on seeking some charge to prefer against him, brought before him a woman taken in adultery. Having accused her, and stated the Jewish law in reference to the crime, they asked him what opinion he entertained on the matter. He first treated them as if he heard them not. But when they pressed him for a reply, he silenced and dispersed them all, by requesting the man who was without sin among them to be first executioner of the sentence which the law pronounced. And when they had all departed, he turned to the woman, and said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

When Jesus hung on the cross, there were crucified with him two malefactors, who, for public violation of the laws of their country, were suffering death. One of these, awakened to a sense of his past guilt and the realities of a future world, sought an interest in his love. "Lord," said he, "remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "To-day," said the gracious Redeemer, "shalt thou be with me in paradise." Thus Jesus died as he had lived, illustrating the statement, "This man receiveth sinners."

But Jesus is no longer on earth. He is seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Is he, you ask, the same compassionate, merciful, tender Saviour that he was when below? We shall see.

Listening to the sermon of Peter on the day of Pentecost were many who had either directly or indirectly taken part in his death. Peter's sermon pricked them to the heart. In their distress they exclaimed, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And what answer must the apostles give them? Must they say, "Your crime is of such a dreadful character that we cannot promise you any forgiveness"? No. They are to give no such reply. The words of their Lord, "Beginning at Jerusalem," were fresh in their recollection. They knew the mercy of the Saviour. Hence Peter urged them to repent. And they that believed his message, found that he who had prayed for them on the cross, now saved them from his throne.

A little more than a year after this there was a young man on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus. He hated the Christians. He had already identified himself with the work of persecution. And now charged with high authority he was proceeding to Damascus to uproot the new faith, which flourished there. One eye looked on him in compassion. It might justly have flashed with wrath; and the voice that addressed him in tender expostulation, might in tones of thunder have pronounced his destruction. But the Lord had mercy on him. He was added as one more to the illustrious displays of divine grace. And thirty years after, with the whole road-scene before him, he penned this general conclusion for the hope of mankind to latest ages, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

At the time when these circumstances were occurring in the history of Paul, there was a city on the Gulf of Corinth, in the Adriatic Sea, which was distinguished for its commerce, its wealth, its luxury, its gaiety, and its licentiousness. To this city, about seventeen years after, Paul went to preach the gospel. For nearly two years he laboured hard; but he

laboured not in vain. Towards the gay, dissolute, idolatrous inhabitants of Corinth, the heart of Jesus yearned with compassion. He brought many of them to his feet. He pardoned their sins. He cleansed them from pollution. He put his own Spirit within them. So that Paul could afterwards address them in these words: "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. *And such were some of you:* but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

In the county of Bedford, there is a little, quiet village called Elstow. Here, about two hundred years ago, there was a youth so notorious for his immorality, that he was an object of pious horror. He violated the Sabbath,—he blasphemed the divine name,—and was considered by the lowest characters of the place as one of themselves. At length he became the subject of terrible convictions. His sins rose before him in awful magnitude. He was afraid every hour of dying and falling into hell. In the midst of his sinful courses, he seemed to see "the Lord Jesus looking down upon him, and threatening him with some grievous punishment for his ungodly practices." It was not in anger, but in sorrow and love, that Jesus looked on the poor wanderer. He drew him nigh to his cross. Like his own "Christian," he felt the burden of his guilt roll off there, and saw it entombed in the sepulchre. From that hour he found peace in believing. Dear friend, have you ever read "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved," or, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," or, "The Pilgrim's Progress"? Then you know how John Bunyan was a proof of that saying, "This man receiveth sinners."

About the middle of the last century, you might frequently have seen, among the many vessels that visited the African coast to carry on the slave trade, one whose captain was the son of a godly mother; but who, having been early deprived of her care, and having entered while a boy on a seafaring life, had contracted some of the worst habits of dissipation and crime. He was a dissolute, reckless sailor. Little did he think, as he swore at his crew,—or cruelly treated the poor slave he was conveying far from his father-land,—or stood on the quarter-deck listening to the night winds as they soughed through the rigging,—or looked up to the blue sky bright with glittering stars,—that above that sky was One who had watched every hour of his life; who once travailed in mighty throes for his redemption; and who in unfailling love was about to change the whole current of his affections and course of action, and make him not only a miracle of mercy himself, but also a preacher of that mercy to others. Yet so it was. The dissipated sailor,—the swearing captain,—the cruel slave-trader,—was converted to the faith, and became as a little child. For seven years as a Scripture reader in Liverpool,—for fifteen years as a faithful preacher at Olney,—for twenty-seven more as a rich expositor of divine truth in London,—John Newton honoured that Jesus whom before he had despised. Do you wonder that he sang,

"When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends?"

It is thus, my dear reader, that "this man receiveth sinners." Are you not encouraged to come to Jesus? He receives sinners still. Look around you, and see how many whom you know have been forgiven by him and blessed for ever. Ask your godly neighbour, who was once as

guilty as yourself, what has produced in him such a change. Ask him where he found pardon, and who gave him peace. Ask him who taught him to feel for the spiritual condition of others, and go about doing good. Ask him who has opened in his heart such a well-spring of joy, and made him buoyant with the hope of heaven. And he will lay his finger on the passage, "This man receiveth sinners."

Take, my friend, the encouragement which is given. Did you ever know a sinner whom Christ refused? In all the world was it ever heard that at the Cross a sinner perished? Among the strange things that will be told in hell, this will never fall from the lips of any lost soul, "I went to Jesus, and he would not save me; so I am lost." Come to Jesus, and you will not be sent away!

Perhaps some friendless wanderer on the world's highways, who has given up all for lost, is now reading this sentence. You say there is no hope for you.

"On the tomb of Hope interred,
Scowls the spectre of Despair."

Yes, there is hope. There is one home for thee yet. It is the bosom of Jesus. There is one heart that beats kindly towards thee yet. It is the heart of Jesus. There is one eye that with mild radiance ever follows thee. It is the eye of Jesus. There is one friend left still. That friend is Jesus. Turn thy steps towards him now.

"Child of sin and sorrow,"
Cease now thy tear,
Wait not for the morrow,
Banish thy fear;
Christ now receives,
Him who believes,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Be of good cheer."

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

Halifax.

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

No. II.—JONAH.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Who is the man with eyes to see, or a heart to feel, who can find in this story only the coarse, cheap stock for stale jokes?

Wisely read, is there not here something more than a vulgar marvel of a man and a fish? Is not here one of the sweetest manifestations in the Old Testament, full of pathos and poetry, and with a moral turned with inimitable sweetness?

A soft vail of twilight lies over the history. It is painted in dim, gray morning tints, that lay on the Hebrew mountains years ago when the world was young and simple-hearted. It has in it a mysterious quality, as if the morning-star of the earth were not yet set, and the dew of its first dusky hours were exhaled. All the geography of it lies in those purple shadows; its very names have a quality of enchantment and dreamy grandeur. Nineveh! that great city of three days' journey; Nineveh, whose gigantic remains, now disentombed, look down on us in mysterious grandeur out of galleries of modern art! And Tarshish, that "undiscovered country," that "El Dorado" of old, whence came gold, and gums, and spices! What a charm is there in these mystical old names; they breathe of "ointment of spikenard and calamus—all the chief spices of the merchants!" Then, too, what graphic, dramatic in-

terest inheres in the character of Jonah—the sensitive, the irritable, yet sincere! Not so much worse than other men, this Jonah; only the story tears away from him that convenient vail with which other men cover their sins, when they bring them up for judgment. We get the plain truth of Jonah—that is all.

Did ever mortal man dare to address Jehovah so before or since? Listen to him:

“I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying while I was yet in my country? therefore I fled to Tarshish, for I *knew* that thou wert a gracious God, merciful, slow to anger, of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil.”

“I *knew* that thou wert a gracious God,” he says, in his vexation, “merciful and slow to anger, and of great kindness!”

Poor Jonah! here he is convicted of being a false prophet. He fancies he hears the very children enquiring, “Well, what has become of your prophecy?” Did he want to come? Did not he *know* it would be so? Didn’t he fly to Tarshish to get away from this very thing? and now, when he has been solemnly making a fool of himself all through the streets, nothing is going to happen after all! He looks down at the great, wicked old city, sitting there like a queen, with its gigantic winged bulls, serenely looking down scorn upon him, and he is very angry! But is Jonah the last theologian who would have Church and State both perish rather than his *doctrine* proved false? Nay, too many modern theologians have improved on him, and invoked everlasting perdition to their aid, excommunicating one another with the heartiest fervour, and angry as James and John that the fire from heaven does not come down at their word! And some of our modern reformers, one would think, would be as glad as Jonah to see *their* Nineveh sink!—haven’t *they* predicted it? If they were only in God’s place a little time, what a time the world would have of it!

But the Lord appears no way disturbed by the upbraiding of his creature. There is none of the flurry of a despotic sovereign unused to plain words, but only a calm and smiling pity, as he tries to recall the angry prophet to himself with the question:

“Dost thou well to be angry?”

“Yes,” says Jonah, “I *do* well to be angry even unto death!”

He throws himself on the earth; he is desperate—what does he care?—the quicker he dies the better!

Silently now, as a dream, springs up a mystic shade; a fair, flowering tree, with coolness rustling in its leaves, overshadowing him as with a mother’s silent presence and love. In this tree may we not see even a deeper meaning; does it not shew how God ever speaks to our vexed, troubled, delirious souls by the sweet healthy growth and bloom of nature? This whole outer world, with its flowers and trees, its varied gracefulness—is it not the tree which God has made to come up over us, to deliver us from grief?

Jonah is glad of the gourd; despise him not! There is a little child in every healthy heart, if one only knew it, that is pleased with simple, natural things. Who has not felt comforted in moments of uttermost anguish by a gush of song, a lovely flower, a gleam of sunlight? Mungo Park, overcome with discouragement, at the very point to die, just throwing himself desolately down in a jungle of the Niger, says, that the sight of some beautiful moss brought to him such a sense of the provident care of God, that his whole heart was filled with new strength; “it delivered him from his grief.”

But, in the morning, behold the beautiful tree is withered, and the sun beats hot upon his head!

Fainting, he wishes to die, and says it is better to die than live.

Again the gentle reproving voice says:

"Doeſt thou well to be angry?"

"Yes," ſays the prophet, "I do well to be angry."

Then ſays the Lord: "Thou haſt had compaſſion on the gourd, which thou haſt not laboured for, neither made it grow; which came up in a night, and periſhed in a night; and ſhall not I ſpare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than ſix ſcore thouſand people that cannot diſcern between their right hand and their left?"

How tenderly is this reproof given! It is like Jeſus waſhing his diſciples' feet to ſhame their pride! The Creator, rudely queſtioned and upbraided by the work of his hands, defends himſelf with a ſimple and pathetic ſweetneſs!

And are there never times when, in the conflict between God's providence and our will, we feel chafed and impatient? All goes wrong with us, and we are ready to faint, and ſay, "It is better for me to die than to live;" then may we hear the ſame voice ſaying to us, "Doeſt thou well to be angry?" Then may we turn, overcome by the forbearing ſweetneſs of our God; let us caſt ourſelves at his feet, with the confeſſion, "So fooliſh was I, and ignorant."

Poor is he who does not know that one ſuch confiſing movement of the ſoul toward the All Lovely, is worth all the world ever promiſes; more than all it ever gives. Poor, indeed, is he who has not been moved from the depths of his ſoul with that ſorrow which a view of ſo generous a God muſt inſpire,—who has not felt it the trueſt honour, the only healing peace of a ſinful and erring creature, to fall ſilent and humble, yet loving and confiſing, at the feet of Perfection.

Moreover, in our dealings with our brother man, are there never times when he turns on us unreaſonable as Jonah, upbraiding with unreaſonable bitterneſs, and accuſing unjuſtly in his anger? How ſhall we meet him? Shall we give anger for anger? Shall we, when his heart is hot and vexed, ſet all his ſin in order before him, and make him feel his iniquity? Nay, let us firſt make ſome tree of loving kindneſs come up over him to deliver him from his grief. Let its leaves ruſtle with kind and ſoothing voices, fanning away the fever heat; and in ſome calmer hour he may ponder the gentle queſtion, "Doeſt thou well to be angry?"

THE FEAR OF THE GRAVE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

The fear of death is natural, but to fear the grave appears fanciful. Death is the enemy of nature. It is the firſt-born of ſin. "By one man ſin entered into the world, and death by ſin." Death ſevers all ties but one. The band that unites us to Jeſus defies the power of death. It is demanded by juſtice, and aſſented to by grace. We *muſt* die, except Jeſus ſhould come before death. The grave follows death. It receives the body which the ſoul has forſaken. The poles and canvaſs of the old tabernacle are laid up there. It is a merciful provision to conceal corruption, and prevent diſeaſe. "The grave is my houſe," ſaid Job. "Oh, that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave!" So he ſighed under his ſorrows. He did not fear the grave, though the lamp of the goſpel was not burning in it then as now. In the grave, the poor body will be free from all diſeaſes, aches, and pains. There will be no gout, rheumatism, fevers, or cholera there. There will be no weak nerves or relaxed muſcles there.

There will be no hunger or thirst there. "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master." It is a quiet resting-place for the poor body which has finished its work, suffered its Lord's will, and is not at present necessary for the soul's happiness or the Lord's service. "Jesus cometh to the grave." It was to the grave of Lazarus, in company with Martha, Mary, and his disciples. O Saviour, whenever we visit the grave of our friends, or, in thought, visit our own, come thou with us, dissipate the gloom, and surround us with thy glory!

Why should we fear the grave? Can it injure us? Will it rob us? Is it really an enemy to us? The effect that the cold clay or damp vault has upon our nerves is occasioned by the idea of life or feeling under the circumstances. The clay is not colder than the body which it covers, nor the vault more dreary than the corpse which it conceals. We choose our graves; we fancy the elevated spot from which the waters run, on which the sun brightly shines, where the green sward is kept smooth, where the flowers blossom, and the wind sighs through the trees. We direct the inscription to be placed at our head; it may refer to the sufferings endured, the station filled, the grace that saved, or, which is perhaps best, it may be a pointed appeal to the reader, hoping to benefit his soul. We exercise our thoughts on these subjects, we sigh, the nerves tremble, and an indefinable, but unpleasant sensation is experienced, and a fear of the grave is produced. But again we ask, Why should we fear the grave? What is there in it to fear? I know not that it should be the object of desire; I am sure that it should not be the object of fear. We should turn our thoughts from it, and leave it with the Lord. When, where, and by whom we shall be buried, or where our graves shall be, ought not to trouble us for one moment. There are matters of greater importance to engage our attention and occupy our thoughts. If the grave receive us, it cannot hold us, for Jesus is pledged to destroy every grave. His word is, "Oh, grave, I will be thy destruction." Therefore with the apostle we may demand, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

But being harassed with fears of the grave, how shall we conquer them? *Keep the conscience clear of the guilt of sin.* As soon as sin is committed, or discovered, lay the hand of faith on Jesus as the great sacrifice for sin, confess it before God, and ask for an immediate pardon for the sake of what Jesus suffered. Ask the Father to honour the blood and obedience of his own Son, by pardoning the sins you have just committed, and to remove the guilt that lies upon your conscience. Guilt is at the root of all slavish fear. You cannot look at death with peace, or into the grave without fear, if there is any guilt upon the conscience. And guilt is like some colours, the longer it lies the deeper it stains, and the more difficult it is to eradicate it. Therefore never allow guilt to lie upon your conscience, but as soon as ever you detect it fly to the precious blood of Christ at once, exercise faith in it while you confess your sins, and expect a free and hearty pardon on the ground of it. *Live in the daily realization of your union to Christ, if possible.* Never rest until you know that you are one with Christ; and having obtained the witness of the Spirit to this great fact, live daily realizing it. If you dwell in Christ, and Christ dwells in you; if you are a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones, what have you to fear from the grave? "If you live, you live in the Lord; or, if you die, you die in the Lord; living or dead, therefore, you are one with Christ." "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from

henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." They die under the Lord's blessing, they are buried under the Lord's blessing; what then is there to fear? Death or the grave cannot affect our union to Christ. The body is as much united to Christ when mouldering in the grave, as when animated by the immortal spirit, and employing its senses and powers in the Lord's service, or as it will be on the resurrection morning, when it rises the exact *facsimile* of his own. Glorious truth this! Unspeakable privilege to be one with Jesus,—one with him in health and sickness, in life and death, on earth and in the grave, in time and eternity! May I daily live realizing that I am one with Jesus, and I shall never fear either death or the grave. *Seek to have the fact deeply impressed upon the mind, that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.* This is your privilege as a believer in Jesus. The Holy Spirit takes possession of us as the property of Jesus. We become his constant residence, his settled dwelling-place, his consecrated temple. When he has once taken possession he never abandons it. The house may be pulled down, the materials may for a time be laid in the grave; but he claims every dust, and it shall be restored or rebuilt. The materials are the same, but, oh, the change that passes upon them! The temple is the same, but how wonderfully it will be improved! Let us for a moment or two listen to his inspired apostle on this subject. "Some will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So, also, is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." This change will be effected by the Holy Spirit when Jesus comes, as we read, "If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Now he stamps the likeness of Jesus on our souls, then he will stamp the likeness of Jesus on our bodies. Now we are made like Christ morally or spiritually, then we shall be made like Christ physically. Body and soul will be like Jesus, perfectly and eternally. If my body is the temple of the blessed Spirit, may I not leave it to him to take care of it? Or, if my body is the Spirit's temple, shall I fear its being laid in the grave, when he will keep possession of it, watch over, and raise it up again? Remember, also, that Jesus has said, "*I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. Oh, death, I will be thy plagues! oh, grave, I will be thy destruction! repentance shall be hid from mine eyes.*" He ransomed us once by his blood, he will ransom us by and bye by his power. Though the grave receive us, it will not be able long to hold us. We do but fall asleep, and the grave is the dark chamber where we quietly slumber "until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away." Do we fear our bed-room? Are we alarmed because the shutters are closed and it is dark? No. Why not? Just because we are used to it. Now we have no more cause to fear the grave than we have to fear our chamber. There we shall sleep soundly and sweetly, while the storms rattle over head, and death and destruction ride in triumph around. We shall not be disturbed by the sound of the trumpet or the alarm of war. There are no head-aches or heart-aches there. There are no deep sighs or heavy groans there. There are no briny tears or bitter sorrows there. There are no sleepless nights or longings

for the morning there. All is calm and quiet. All is rest and repose. All is safety and security. Well might the poor afflicted patriarch cry out, "Oh, that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldst appoint me a set time and remember me." Instead of fearing the grave, one rather wonders that many of the Lord's people do not long for it. As when one goes tired to rest after a long wearisome journey on a cold winter's evening, sleeps soundly all night, and awakes the next morning at broad daylight, with a feeling that the night has been exceedingly short; so will it be with us, when on the morning of the first resurrection we open our eyes, with a feeling that only a short time before, a very short time, we fell asleep in Jesus. *Once more, learn to look beyond the grave, to the soul's residence, or the Redeemer's glorious advent.* Absent from the body, we shall be present with the Lord. The moment the soul quits the body, "its thinkings and achings are o'er;" and the emancipated spirit, like the bird which has escaped from its narrow wiry prison, ascends to its Redeemer's throne, to enjoy freedom, perfect freedom, and everlasting joy. It is only the casket that is left behind; the jewel sparkles in the Saviour's diadem. It is only the tent that lies prostrate; the inhabitant has arrived at his journey's end, and has finished his pilgrimage through the desert. It is only the outer garment that is laid in that stone wardrobe; the wearer is safe and clothed upon with a covering which is from heaven. Let me think, then, of my happiness which I shall enjoy in my disembodied state. Let me even look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." With Christ! What will it be to be with Jesus? With Christ! Oh, delightful idea! To be with Christ, to be like Christ, to enjoy Christ, and eternally to honour Christ! "Oh, that will be heaven to me!" And suppose the body that has so long shared my sorrows and my joys, with which I have lived in such close and intimate fellowship, is left for a time in the cold, dark grave. It is not for long. Jesus will soon come and call for it; he will raise it, fashion it like unto his own glorious body, and then receive it unto himself. He is coming on purpose to raise the dead bodies of his saints, and to change the living ones. He will have us with him. Body and soul were alike purchased by his blood, and are both destined to share in his glory. He will soon come. The intermediate space between our death and the resurrection of the just is scarcely worth a thought. We shall be fully employed in heaven, as far as our spiritual and immaterial part is concerned; and our poor bodies will be safe and unconscious in the grave.

Blessed be God for his holy word! Blessed be the Lord Jesus for bringing life and immortality to light by the gospel! I will not look at the grave with the naked eye any more, I will look at it through the gospel. Precious gospel, which plants the flowers of Paradise around the graves of the saints, and pours the light of glory into the otherwise dark chamber of the tomb. The Sun of Righteousness was confined in it, and exhaled all its unwholesome damps. When he rose he left his shroud to cover us, and his napkin to wipe away the tears of our weeping friends. Shall I fear to lay where Jesus has lain before me? Shall I object to be wrapped up in the linen which covered his sacred flesh? He assures me I shall rise again. His own resurrection was the pledge of it. The morning cometh, in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice. Oh, what a morning will that be! How bright, how rosy, how balmy! To what a day will that introduce us! What light will shine on us; what breezes will fan us; what odours will perfume us; what sounds will ravish us; what sights will delight us; what sensations will thrill through-

us; what delightful enjoyments will be realized by us! "The sun shall be no more our light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto us; but Jehovah shall be our everlasting light, and our God our glory. Our sun shall no more go down, neither shall our moon withdraw itself; for Jehovah shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended." Must we pass through the valley of the shadow of death? Must our bodies be laid in the grave? It may be so. Thousands are there before us, and thousands will follow after us; but "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Let us, then, be willing to be conformed to Jesus in his humiliation, even to the laying of the body in the grave; and live in the sweet expectation of sharing with him in all his glory; for "when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory."

Cheltenham.

NO STANDING STILL.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—*Numb* x. 10.

This passage is a very solemn, but a very precious one, one which it would be well for the christian ever to keep before his eyes, and pray God to write upon the tables of his heart. It contains a truth which the best, and those who are least exposed to the temptations of life, are liable occasionally to overlook, while from the conduct of many who profess the name of Christ, it would appear to be entirely hidden from their view. How immersed in secular pursuits, how buried in the world, how absorbed in worldly speculation, and half blinded by love of money, are many who profess to be strangers and pilgrims below. And yet we are journeying on. This is true of them, it is true of us all, at all times, and under all circumstances; from the cradle to the tomb,—by night and by day,—sleeping and waking,—at home and abroad,—in sickness or health,—poverty or riches,—in the church or the world,—still we are all journeying on to a boundless, endless eternity.

"We are journeying." Then we need not be concerned to learn the manners nor the language of many with whom we may be brought in contact; for we shall speedily have to leave them, and it would be a loss of time, as well as of comfort, and we most of us like comfort.

"We are journeying." Then it will not be wise of us to overload ourselves with too much luggage; many a goodly vehicle has broken down on the road through this folly; we need not be concerned to build too many houses, because we can only live in one, and that, one day, we shall not require; and then as to our gold sacks, many have found them sadly oppressive, when they have come to a hill.

"We are journeying." Then we may expect a little rough usage; travellers do not always meet with the best or kindest fare; we may expect to be misunderstood by some, and to have a few hard blows from others; we may expect contrary winds and rough seas,—night as well as day,—storm as well as sunshine,—sickness as well as health,—sorrow as well as joy,—disappointment as well as satisfaction,—hills as well as valleys,—and all manner of strange varieties, in body, soul, and circumstances, in ourselves as well as others.

"We are journeying." Then let us keep our eye upon our map; let us talk to our guide; let us lean to his judgment; let us follow and not go before.

"We are journeying." Then let us think of the end; this is the chief thing with travellers. Are we in the valley? let us think of it; are we on the mountain top? let us think of it; in health or sickness, joy or sorrow, poverty or riches? let us think of it; and this may, yea, with the Lord's blessing, *will*, put sweets into our bitters,—joy into our sorrows,—strength into our weakness,—riches into our poverty,—light into our darkness,—let us then *think* of the end.

But "we are journeying" unto the place which the Lord said, "*I will give it you.*" Then we are not travelling on without an object; we are not at sea without a rudder or compass; we are not blind wanderers, orphans in God's universe. Happy the man that can say this! Reader, canst thou, or dost thou desire to do so? Happy the man who has this for a staff to lean upon, who is not left to *blunder* on through time without hope, or to dance through life without thought, to perish in eternity! Alas, poor worldling, what wilt thou do when the last sand in life's brittle hour glass has fallen, and time shall bid thee an eternal farewell? Canst thou adopt the language of the text, and say, "I am journeying unto the place which the Lord has said he will give it to me"? If thou canst not, and art not concerned to do so, thou art a poor man, whatever thou hast. Canst thou, believer? then thou needest not envy a prince; if thou hast this sweet assurance, the fruit of divine tuition, thou hast a pearl which all the wealth of India cannot buy. Better to have this gem set in thine heart by the finger of God, than a throne among princes. Art thou thus enriched? Oh, what dost thou not owe to thy Lord? travelling to a place which he has said he will give to thee? And art thou to have honour *there*? surely thou canst bear a little reproach *here*; a palace *there*? will not a cottage do *here*? riches *there*? wilt thou mind poverty *here*? immortal health *there*? wilt thou mind sickness *here*? rest *there*? wilt thou mind toil *here*? life *there*? then wilt thou fear death? Let us think, then, of the place; let us think of the end.

"Which the Lord said, '*I will give it you.*'" Then it is a matter of divine bestowment; then it is a place worthy of our attention, for the Lord does not speak about *trifles*; then we are indebted to the Lord for the information,—had he not have lifted the veil, what should we have known? had he not have spoken to us, what should we have *cared*? where should we have been? Journeying on, it is true, but to where? To where thou art journeying, reader, if unconcerned about thy soul, a despiser of Christ; to the regions of darkness, of misery, and despair; a place which, fearful as it is, God has spoken to us of, but from which, through the grace of God in Christ Jesus, may both reader and writer be eternally preserved. Oh, "Seek," then, "and ye shall find; knock, and the door of heaven's mercy shall be opened to you."

Hammersmith.

W. P. B.

PRAYER.

A FRAGMENT.

Can my mortal body live
Without the vital air?
Can my better part survive
Without the breath of prayer?

No, my soul,—thou know'st 'tis good
To seek thy Father's face,
Better than my daily food,
T' attend a throne of grace.

Dies.

S. S.

Christian Heroes.

No. 4.—EARLY WITNESSES.

(Continued.)

After the death of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, the Christians were allowed a period of comparative rest. Not that even then their position was essentially different from what it had been before: the names of many noble sufferers might be mentioned, to refute such an idea, if we were disposed to indulge it: but the *fury* of their oppressors, after having exhausted itself in the terrible persecutions of the preceding years, had now for a time abated; and the Christians might meet, and hold communion with each other, and with their Saviour, without being *assured* that their assemblies would be broken up, and themselves martyred, by a maddened mob or a cruel soldiery.

But it was not for long that even these modified advantages were permitted to these "followers of the Lamb." In the year 202, the emperor Severus issued an edict, which forbade, under severe penalties, conversion to Christianity. The effects of this edict may be learnt from the words of Tertullian, "Daily we are besieged; daily we are betrayed; we are oppressed in our meetings and our assemblies;" and from the stronger language of Clement of Alexandria, who wrote a year or two earlier, "Many martyrs are daily burned, crucified, or beheaded before our eyes."

The martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas may be mentioned, as belonging to this period of christian history. Perpetua was a woman of but two-and-twenty years, a mother, and with an infant still at her breast; and she had consequently to struggle, not only with the natural fear of suffering and death, but with the love which only a mother knows, and the anxieties which only a mother can appreciate. When about to be brought from prison to trial, she was visited by her aged father, who was a pagan. "My daughter," he said, "have pity on my grey hairs. Have pity on thy father, if thou thinkest I deserve to be called thy father; if with these hands I have brought thee up to this blooming age, if I have preferred thee to all thy brothers, do not bring shame and disgrace upon me among men." With these words he kissed her hands and threw himself at her feet. How hard must have been the struggle! How terrible the conflict be-

tween filial affection and duty to God! But the latter speedily prevailed. "My father's grey hairs," she says, simply but beautifully, "pained me, and I sought to strengthen him." When she was brought with the other prisoners to the trial, her father made a last effort to overcome her. Presenting to her her child—what an argument was that!—he said, "Have pity on thy father: have pity on thy child." The judge supported the father's prayers, and entreated her to sacrifice, but in vain. "I am a Christian," was her reply to all solicitations. Though tortured, she maintained the same confession: and she, with Felicitas, another young mother, was ordered to be thrown to wild beasts at a festival.

After the death of Severus, comparative quiet was restored to the Christians until the accession of Decius Trajan. The declared object of this emperor was entirely to suppress Christianity. In the year 250 he ordered search to be made everywhere for persons suspected of non-compliance with the national worship, and the Christians were to be required to conform to the religious ceremonies of the Roman state. "In case they refused, threats, and then, if necessary, the torture, were to be employed to compel submission. If they remained firm, it was resolved to inflict, particularly on the bishops, the punishment of death." And this order was soon found to be no mere threat. At first there was a disposition to try the effect of commands and threats alone; but when these were of no avail, more violent measures were speedily resorted to. Fire, torture, hunger, thirst, were all employed to a terrible extent in this persecution. Perhaps in no former persecution had the number been so great, of those who were induced to "for-sake their first love." But many there were who "endured" even "to the end." The names of Fabian, who was martyred at Rome; of Alexander, who was put to death at Jerusalem; even of the renowned Origen, who was imprisoned in a dungeon and ironed, and who was tortured and threatened to be burnt; all belong to this period.

We must not omit to mention here the name of the devoted Cyprian. Cyprian, though banished during the reign of Decius, was not martyred until the reign of his successor, Valerian. He was then recalled from his banishment to be put to

death. Calmly and untremblingly, full of Christian Heroism, he came on that last sad journey. When brought before the proconsul, he was asked, "Art thou Cyprian?" "I am." "Art thou he whom the Christians call their bishop?" "I am." "Our princes have commanded thee to worship the Gods." "That I will not do." "Thou wouldst judge better to consult thy safety, and not to despise the Gods." "My safety and my strength is Christ the Lord, whom I desire to serve ever." When he was sentenced to death, "God be praised," he said. He was then led into an adjoining plain where he took off his mantle, and fell on his knees, and worshipped. His head was then severed from his body with a sword. "Devout men carried him to his grave, and made great lamentation over him."

But it is needless to pursue this narrative of Heroes, all so much alike, further. The last persecution under Diocletian soon came. No cause of offence was still found against the Christians, except "concerning the law of the Lord their God." Still, again the prisons were filled with them; and again thousands of them were subjected to tortures, banishments, and death. But the God "whom they served continually," he at length "delivered them." Even when they walked through the fire, "there was one with them like to the Son of Man." Christianity, far from being destroyed by all these violences of its persecutors, "still grew mightily and prevailed." The purity of the churches had not, indeed, been in all cases preserved, and hereafter we shall see the contest taking place, not between Christianity and paganism, but between Christianity—true and false. But the spark of spiritual life was still burning; the truth of God was still active and powerful; and the result of the struggle of three centuries was, what it had always been and always will be in such cases, that "the foolishness of God was wiser than men, and the weakness of God stronger than men."

There have, indeed, been discussions, whether the Heroism of which we have spoken in these two chapters ought not rather to be called fanaticism. The cry which has assailed all who have ever lived, who lived and acted more nobly than their fellows, has been uttered loudly about these Early Martyrs and Witnesses of our Faith. No doubt there *was* fanaticism in

some who suffered and died during these persecutions, just as there have been fanatics in every good cause before or since. But he who sees *nothing* but fanaticism here, is one who can have no perception of moral character, and no realisation of spiritual greatness. Fanaticism, by its very nature, is a fleeting and unsustained thing. There *were* fanatics, who spoke loudly and boldly enough, but *they* "fell away." During three centuries the struggle continued. Again and again, after intervals of rest, it was revived. And though merely nominal Christians, who in the times of peace had joined themselves to the brethren, of course forsook them when the hour of trial came; and though many, even of the sincere, were well nigh overcome and beaten in the contest; still CHRISTIANITY went on with the conflict, the Lord strengthening his servants, and making them powerful in his cause. No! fanaticism was not the secret of the early Christian Heroism! "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple,"—that was the banner which rolled above them, and that was the solid foundation under their feet! "All honour," as Carlyle says, "to those whom God hath so honoured!"

"They have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine;

They are past and gone with a perished age,

They died, and 'made no sign.'

But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,

Done for the love divine—

These were their mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

"Oh, seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye shall not find their trace;

No graven stone is at their head,

No green grass hides their face;

But sad and unseen is their silent grave,—

It may be the sand or the deep sea-wave,

Or a lonely desert place;

For they needed no prayers, and no mourning-bell,
They were tombed in the true hearts that knew
them well.

"They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;

We shall know at last by a certain token

How they fought and fell in the fight.

Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,

Passionate cries unchronicled,

And silent strifes for the right,—

Angels shall count them, and Earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die!"

Tales and Sketches.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

"Thy will be done."

BY THE REV. S. MANNING, OF FROME.

The admiration of tourists down the Rhine is always excited by a little valley which *debouches* on the river just below Bingen. It lies embosomed among lofty hills, whose rugged, barren sides enhance its beauty by force of contrast. The hamlet, which lies about half-way up the glen, nestles peacefully among vineyards and orchards. A little white church peeps out among the trees; a few houses come straggling down toward the Rhine, as though timidly to peep at the passing to and fro of the great world from which they are shut out. Even now that the Rhine is like a crowded highway, and all the points of interest on the banks vulgarized by hordes of visitors who go because everybody else goes, this valley has not altogether lost its tranquil charm. One cannot help feeling, as one gazes upon it, that the cares and sorrows of life are shut out, that the curse has fallen more lightly here than elsewhere, and that in this "happy valley" the peace and innocence, as well as the beauty of Eden, must linger. Sixty years ago its quiet and tranquillity seemed inviolable. No one could have supposed that a tragedy so deep and real was being enacted there as that which I am about to relate.

Apart from the hamlet, and just behind the church, there stands (or rather stood, for it is in ruins now) a little cottage, which, though small and poor as those of the neighbouring peasantry, yet bore the unmistakable traces of the hand of taste. Creepers were trained in graceful festoons over the latticed windows, or fell in rich masses on either side of the narrow doorway. The garden had a few plots of fragrant flowers. Within doors, the rooms, though small and poor, contained one or two pieces of costly furniture, which seemed strangely out of keeping with the rest. The single sitting-room was empty. In one of the two bed-rooms were a dying boy and a weeping mother, whose tears dropped fast upon a miniature set with brilliants, which she clasped with convulsive energy. She was the widow of an officer in the Austrian army, who had died in the third year of their marriage, leaving her with an infant

son. Too proud to remain dependent upon the reluctant charity of distant relatives, the poor widow had retired to this secluded valley, where the small income which she still retained would suffice for their maintenance, and where she could devote herself without interruption to the education of her son. Who can tell the unutterable love which welled up in her heart as she smoothed the curly hair of her Rudolf, gazed into his deep loving eyes, or stooped to kiss his fair open brow? She found pleasure in practising self-denial for his sake. By exercising the most rigid economy she had been able to lay by a small sum every year towards his support when he should be of age to go to the University. The villagers, ignorant of the motives of her parsimony, ascribed it to avarice; and as her previous life unfitted her to mingle in their rude mirth, they thought her both proud and mean. She was thus not only excluded from the intercourse of the world, but solitary and companionless in the village. She did not feel her solitude, however, for Rudolf was her world; she cared for no society save his and that of her own sad thoughts.

As Rudolf approached the period of youth, and the fond mother was beginning to dread the time of separation, symptoms of the disease which had carried off his father began to appear. At length they became so decided that she could blind herself to them no longer. In an agony of grief and fear she despatched a messenger to the distant town to summon thence the best medical aid it could afford, though to do so she had to encroach upon the sacred hoard. To touch it for any other purpose than its intended one seemed like sacrilege, but it was unavoidable. On the arrival of the physician her worst fears were confirmed. The disease had made alarming progress. Generous diet and costly medicines were ordered. To procure these she had to encroach more and more upon the savings of former years. Still he sank. His cheek grew pallid, his skin seemed transparent, his eye beamed with an unnatural brightness. He seemed to grow more beautiful and more dear every day. She could not abandon hope, though to every eye save hers the case was evidently hopeless. She

mistook the hectic flush for the glow of health, and as she did so, "the widow's heart leaped for joy." But with the bleak winds of Autumn he began to sink rapidly, and the truth in all its stern, terrible reality burst upon her that her child was about to die.

She had risen from her seat by his bedside, and taken from a secret drawer a miniature of her husband, his gift on their wedding day. Through years of widowhood she had found daily solace in tracing the growing resemblance between its lineaments and those of her boy. Who can wonder that, as she now gazed upon it, tears should chase one another down her pale, withered cheeks at the remembrance of "joys departed, never to return"? In an agony of grief she fell on her knees, and almost upbraided God with cruelty in thus breaking away the last link which bound her to life. Whilst kneeling at the bedside she became unconscious, being probably overpowered by fatigue from her long watching; though the villagers, among whom the legend still lingers, maintain that it was a trance, and that what follows was not a dream, but a reality. Which of these was the truth she could never tell, but of this she was always sure, that in either case the Merciful One had adopted this mode of binding up her broken heart.

After an interval of unconsciousness, the length of which she had no means of judging, she heard behind her a voice, saying, in tones solemn, yet of indescribable sweetness, "Woman, thy prayers are heard by the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow."

She looked up, and met the earnest, pitying, yet somewhat reproachful, gaze of the angelic speaker. All that she could remember of his appearance was, that he was arrayed in an azure robe gemmed with stars, that a soft light invested his whole person, and that his countenance, like his voice, seemed to express gentleness, majesty, and pity. She gazed upon him in breathless awe, when he again broke the silence, saying, "Thy prayers shall be answered." She was about to spring from her knees in an ecstacy of delight, but he checked her, adding, "Choose not rashly."

As he did so, dim shapes began to pass before her eyes, which melted and changed into one another like those we see in dreams. One group, however, remained

long enough to enable her to see it distinctly. Rudolf,—her own Rudolf,—grown into a lusty youth, with several companions of his own age, all wearing the student's dress, and giving free vent to the blasphemous and licentious sentiments then almost universal in the German universities. She remonstrated with him, and he with his companions turned scoffingly away.

Other scenes crowded on too rapidly to admit of their being distinctly seen. At the next pause she saw the cottage stripped of almost every article of furniture, the garden was overrun with weeds, the creepers straggled over the windows, or fell neglected on the ground. All gave proof of extreme poverty. She sat alone weeping over the cherished miniature, when Rudolf rushed in and cried in a harsh voice, "Give me money." She replied by pointing to the bare walls, from which every available article had been sold to buy food. His eye fell on the miniature with its setting of brilliants. "Sell that," he cried, and sprang forward to seize it. She fell fainting upon the floor. When she recovered from the swoon, she was alone, and the miniature was gone.

Though conscious that the visions were still passing before her, she could not summon courage to look up for some minutes. When she did so she saw a wretched apartment, and had a vague sense of having followed her abandoned son to Baden, where he was a regular attendant at the gaming tables. She heard a confused noise on the stairs, as of the trampling of many feet and the whispering of many voices. With a presentiment of the terrible truth she sprang forward, and met, at the door of her garret, men bearing the body of Rudolf. He had quarrelled with one of his companions in crime, fought, and fallen, mortally wounded. With his dying breath he gasped out a prayer for forgiveness, and died on her breast.

"Woman," said the angel in tones from which all reproach had vanished and which now only expressed the tenderest pity, "Woman, ask what thou wilt, and it shall be done unto thee of our Father who is in heaven."

"Not as I will, oh, my Father, but as thou wilt. Thy will be done. I am foolish and ignorant, thou art kind and wise. Choose thou for me."

With a look of ineffable love the angel faded from her sight. Could it indeed be

so, or did the widow deceive herself, when in the departing angel she caught the lineaments of "the husband of her youth"?

She was aroused from her trance by a sharp cry. The sun had set, the twilight had deepened into night, the moon had risen, and its cold, slanting rays fell on the bed. "Kiss me, mother," said the dying boy; "I must leave you; but not for long; you will soon follow me, where I shall feel no more weakness, and you no more sorrow."

His voice failed, a smile of joy and wonder passed over his pallid features, as though he caught a glimpse of "the more excellent glory," and then all was over; the widow was childless and alone upon earth, yet was she "not alone, because the Father was with her."

She watched and prayed through the night. With the dawn she addressed herself to the task of preparing to bury her boy. She was sorrowful and sad, yet calm. She now knew that it was better that he should be taken to his Father's house. The neighbours, rude but not unkind, were touched with her sorrows, and came to render sympathy and aid. Her heart expanded towards them. She felt grateful for their unaffected grief, and instead of keeping aloof from them as she had been wont to do she now sought their friendship. Having no longer any motive to parsimony, she endeavoured to relieve the wants of her poorer neighbours as far as her scanty means would allow. Thoroughly humbled by her terrible sorrow, she entered the meanest hovels, and her visits were like those of a ministering angel. But the employment which seemed most congenial to her own feelings was that of consoling the bereaved. She could very seldom speak of the vision she had seen, but she would urge the lesson which she herself had learned from it, that our ignorance of the future should teach a cheerful acquiescence in the present, and that whenever man's will opposes God's will, it is not only right but expedient that ours should give way to his.

Though always calm, and sometimes cheerful, yet it was evident that secret grief preyed upon her spirit. How could it be otherwise? The same Scripture which exhorts us not to faint under chastisement, commands us not to despise it. Though stoicism be a heathen virtue, it is not a christian grace. If there be no deep

feeling, there can be no real resignation. The only perfect example of entire submission to his Father's will wept and grieved at the grave of his friend. It was with a bleeding heart that the lonely widow bowed to the will of God. All could see that she had not long to live. She grew happier as the time of her departure drew nearer. As she spoke of the approaching reunion and recognition at the right hand of God, her eye would beam and her voice tremble with emotion. She only survived her son about two years. A few minutes before her death, the bystanders noticed the same smile of wonder and joy on her countenance which she had seen on his. She clasped her hands as in prayer, and went home to the place prepared for her in her Father's house.

MATCHES!

"Blacking! blacking! matches!" cried a dirt-begrimed boy, popping his head in, as he opened the door of the reading-room of the Universe Hotel. A chorus of voices in wonderful unison exclaimed, "No, we don't want any." And Mr. Jerome Green, an easy, good-natured gentleman, in town for the holidays, who was resting in an arm-chair, making use, however, of only its two hinder legs, sung out with the rest, "No, I don't want any." The little fellow, who had an intelligent but melancholy face, was just going to withdraw himself from the gorgeously decorated room, when Mr. Green, happening to turn his face to the door, caught sight of a muddy little foot, quite blue with the pinching cold—that is to say, that part of it which was not black with incrustations—and recollecting that he had actually been annoyed during the past week by the want of a match in his bed-room, cried, "Halloo! I do want some matches, though, little shaver; how do you sell them?"

"Eighteen-pence a dozen," was the ready reply; "and they don't smell."

"Don't they?" said Mr. Green, and thought to himself, "that is more than I can say of you, my young friend;" but he kept the thought to himself.

All this time Mr. Green had held the bundle of boxes pensively in his hand, as if he thought to get at their intrinsic value by weighing them. "Eighteen-pence a dozen, and they don't smell," repeated the boy, blowing his chilled hands. Still Mr. Green did not speak, for his mind was far

away in some hypothetical match-factory, calculating the imaginary wages somebody must get for making matches to sell at eighteen-pence a dozen, and net small.

"Warranted to keep, and to burn freely," broke in the boy, who put his best feet forward, beginning to think his chance of a sale growing slim.

"But I do not want a dozen," our gentleman said, rousing himself; "I am sure half the quantity is enough to set me on fire a dozen times. Give me a couple of boxes—here is sixpence for you;" and tendering the boy a shilling, asked him for the change.

The boy's countenance, which had begun to brighten, fell again; he had no change; he had not sold anything that morning.

"Never mind," said easy Mr. Green, "you can bring it me to-morrow; you will find me here at about this hour. What is your name?"

The boy told him, Peter, departing joyfully, with professions of promptitude; and Mr. Green got up to saunter away, when his friend Smart, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, left off contemplating his boot-tips, and called after him: "I say, Jerry, what made you give that boy a shilling for two boxes? They are dear enough at sixpence."

"I gave him only sixpence," replied our easy friend; "he is to bring the change to-morrow."

"Surely you do not expect to see that boy again?"

"I positively do," was the quiet reply.

"I bet you a hat you don't."

"Done!" and "done!" followed in quick succession; and the friends parted.

We were standing that afternoon at the corner of X—street, staring across impassable Broadway, with a number of individuals, whose breasts were filled with the same wishes which agitated our own. We all wanted to cross Broadway, and accumulate as little mud, and break as few ribs, as possible. On the other side of the street stood our counterparts, lifting their umbrellas above their heads, and presenting a true picture of life; they would have given anything to stand where we stood, and we as eagerly desired to be where they were. All in vain. Carriages, omnibuses, cabs, coaches, all rolled by like the roaring and relentless waves of the sea. But there is a sudden lull, and everybody looks at his or her neighbour, as if to say, "Now then!" Everybody does it; everybody gets across.

Did we say everybody got safely across? We are safely ashore on the side walk, and look round. No; everybody has not got across safely. Looking only at the big ships, the omnibuses, a poor little match-boy has neglected to dodge the schooners and sloops of this perilous element, and has been run over by a butcher's cart, and his modest wares scattered all over the street. The driver swears awfully, and goes on; a crowd assembles; a compassionate working man lifts the poor boy up, and carries him to the next druggist's shop. (We, with some other gentlemen, would have been glad to do it, but could not on account of our clothes.) The door closes; the crowd flattens its noses against the window; we cannot get in to help; we have not the time to wait; so we wend our way down town, thinking, Poor little fellow!

The following morning found Mr. Green in the same place and position we have described in the beginning; but being intently engaged upon the paper, he did not observe a very small boy, a very speck of a boy, eyeing him wistfully, evidently trying to attract his attention, but in vain, for he was so small. At last, the miniature edition of humanity made such a discordant noise with the creaking door, that somebody ordered him, in a stern voice, to "be off," when Mr. Green, thinking vaguely he had seen him before, beckoned to the child,—for a child it was, such as ought to have been in a nursery, under the guardian care of a mother. What need to describe him? Was it not the reduced effigy of our friend Peter? The same blue toes, the same blue hands, and the same intelligent, honest eyes. But, alas! such woe looking out of a thin little face, on which tears had made channels in the incrustations. Mr. Green was making up his mind, to save further trouble, that the apparition before him must be the same Peter from whom he had bought the matches the day previous, who had shrunk and dwindled overnight—possibly from cold, probably from hunger—and who had now come back to bring the change. But this idea struck him as too absurd; for how could such a Tom Thumb sell anything, and where was his basket? While these reflections passed vaguely across the mirror of Mr. Green's mind, Peter, junior, had been diving diligently into the recesses of his garments, and finally, after sundry attempts, brought out of the side-pocket of his jacket, which was

on a level with his calf, three distinct copper coins, which he tendered to Mr. Green. "Is you the gemman what Peter owes sixpence to?"

"Yes, my lad; I am the man," was the reply.

"Peter hasn't got sixpence,—Peter's gone, and was rund over by a buss,—and lost his basket and his cap,—and broke his leg, and broke his arm; and Peter—is—so-o-o-o—ill—" (here the child broke out into an uncontrollable fit of crying); "and three—halfpence is all—he's got."

"Where do you live?" exclaimed Mr. Green, jumping up.

"Little Rum street," sobbed the child.

"Come along, then;" and not waiting to hear Mr. Smart's sneer of "a very likely story, my verdant friend," he was out of the room, had called a carriage, and was on his charitable mission with little Joe by the time Mr. Smart had finished his sentence.

The carriage stopped before one of those archways abounding in that part of the city, and always denoting filth, drunkenness, and abject poverty. The child led the way up the street, ascended a few broken steps, entered a doorless hall, passed through it to the yard, and descending into what appeared to be only a hole, but which had, on nearer inspection, some steps, opened the door of a low, dark cellar. When Mr. Green's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, which a tallow candle, stuck in a bottle, just made visible, he saw in a corner, stretched upon a straw mattress, his little acquaintance of yesterday; but, oh, how changed: the pinched face nearly livid, with here and there a bit of a lock of matted hair glued to it by the cold perspiration; the little body, with its bandaged limbs, motionless, and a low groan now and then all the evidence of life. The furniture of this abode of human beings consisted of a broken table and a three-legged stool. Upon the latter sat a poor woman rocking herself to and fro with the peculiar motion of grief. She was a neighbour, she said, poor enough herself, the Lord knew. The parents of the children had come out a year ago from the old country, poor decent people, with three little ones,—and fine children they were: the mother never got over the ship-fever contracted on the passage, and soon left them for a better place, taking the baby with her, which was a mercy; and after the father, a hard-work-

ing, steady man had been killed by a fall from a building, a neighbour proposed to take Peter, sending Joe to Randall's Island. But Peter had refused to leave little Joe, and scraping together a small sum by the sale of their few effects, had bought his humble wares, and manfully, with a big heart in his little body, through cold and heat, through hunger and thirst, pursued his calling, making just enough, with what help the poor neighbours could give, to keep body and soul together. He was a fine lad, indeed, a good lad, with sense above his years; and now it was all over. The doctor,—good, kind gentleman, he had stayed with him and sent medicine,—said he could not be moved to the hospital, where they ought to have taken him at first; and, indeed, there was no use in moving him, for he was sinking fast since morning. Mr. Green had listened in silent horror to so much misery quietly told; and whether it was from the damp cold or the foul stifling atmosphere, he felt too sick at heart to speak. Just then the boy opened his sunken eyes, and our friend bending over him, a flicker of recognition passed over his face.—"I—had—not—got—the—money. I—lost—it—all," he muttered painfully, pushing out each word with an effort.

"Never mind the money, my poor boy," struggled out Mr. Green, something hard and dry in his throat choking him. "You must get better. I will take care of you and of little Joe, and you shall be cold, and hungry, and naked no more; and you *shall* get better if care can do it." Alas, little Peter was beyond the neglect of the hardened and the care of the kind of this world. A smile stole softly over his features,—he seemed to comprehend. "Thank you—little Joe—thank you—I—had—not—got—the—" The smile faded, the eyes looked fixed and glassy; one deep sigh, followed by an unmistaken rigidity of features, told that the child's troubles were over. Mr. Green fairly burst into tears. He closed the eyes, and stood long and thoughtfully over the body, then leaving money and directions, he took little Joe's hand and left the place.

"What about the hat?" cried Mr. Smart, meeting our friend a few days afterwards at the Universe. "Guess you may give me an order on Genin; suppose you won't see your match-boy and your sixpence any more."

"No," replied Mr. Green gravely; "I shall not see the boy any more,—he lies under the snow in Greenwood. His body was wretched, miserable, and neglected enough here below; but," he added with emphasis, "his little soul is now before God. Good morning, Mr. Smart; I am leaving town."—*American Paper.*

THE BETTER LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked. Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island four dark-looking men in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles; but the boat was too small to take them over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not! It is better yonder: and you will all follow soon."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still

more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm trees, and regaled them upon the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits! "Oh, how groundless was our fear!" said the children; "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the men came to take us away to the better land."

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country, conveys to us a still higher meaning. There is provided for us a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth on which we dwell, is like an island. The land here is indeed a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of heaven. The passage thither over the stormy sea is—death; that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth. But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So fear not. Death is, for those who have loved God and have done his will, nothing else but a voyage to the better land."

"Expectant of eternal peace,
The Christian feels Death's terrors cease;
And led by God's paternal hand,
Mounts upwards to the better land."

Correspondence.

THE AFFLICTED FAMILY.

Mr. Editor,

As you are somewhat learned in, at least, the moral treatment of disease, and as some of your correspondents may be relations of Luke, the beloved physician; allow me to call your attention to a family, brought under my notice of late years, sadly afflicted with sundry diseases distinguished by a remarkable peculiarity. The noticeable feature to which I refer is the *periodic* nature of these complaints. They come on

at certain times; and the intervals and returns are such, I believe, as no medical work has pointed out. They are afflicted only, or chiefly, on the Christian Sabbath. I have heard of tertian complaints, and lunar complaints; but, to the best of my recollection, have never met with seventh-day diseases before.

The parentage of this family I have not been able to discover, as, being not yet hoary headed, I did not live early enough in the world's history to be contemporary

with them. There is, indeed, a dispute about it, some allotting them one origin, and some another. My own impression is that the family is very ancient, and that they are related on the mother's side to a family described by John in the apocalypse as "effeminate;" though I fancy the father came of a sturdier race. I have only one objection to this opinion. John says that the "effeminate" will be shut out of heaven; a conclusion to which I do not like to come respecting this family, as I would hope better things of them. Still I am free to confess that I stand in doubt of some of them.

The names of these parties I shall of course conceal, and their whereabouts is of no importance; it is to their maladies I wish to call attention.

The first is a daughter of pretty good general health, and rather firm constitution. This lady is afflicted with *hydrophobia* of a very peculiar kind. She has a great dread of water under certain circumstances. The very sight of it will sometimes effect a revolution in her feelings. But the most noticeable thing is, that this dread is periodic, and felt only under certain conditions of the atmosphere. These periods are measured by septenary intervals. It may be that one seven days, or two, or more, go to constitute the interval, but the disease has always a seventh-day return, and the day of its return is the Christian Sabbath. On recollection, I find I should have said, that there are two or three evenings in the week on which this morbid feeling sometimes comes on.

Now, Sir, I have read much of the mystery of the number seven, and I have read doctors' books till I was sure I had two or three of the diseases treated of, but I never met with hydrophobia thus symptomised. So sensitive does this lady become to the dreaded element, that as the Sabbath approaches, like the camel in the desert, she can snuff the water afar off. She has been known to feel the damp atmosphere ere Saturday midnight has well passed, and has prophesied long before daylight that there would be no going out that day. The first thing she does on the Sabbath morning is to open her curtains, and gaze on the heavens, and so well versed is she in the weather calculation of Carmel, that if there be a cloud as big as a man's hand, she well knows it will overspread the heavens. She must not therefore venture

abroad, lest, like Ahab, she should have to flee from the storm. And then, Sir, you'd marvel to see how soon this fit passes off. A snug Sabbath at home soothes her. Monday is sure to see her all right. If she has to return a few calls, or purchase some article of dress, or meet a few friends at an evening party, it is not the weather that will hinder her. It is right wonderful, Sir, to see what a change a day has brought about.

She has a brother similarly affected, and as they are twins, I may speak of them together. And here this remarkable property of the complaint becomes even more conspicuous. His calling takes him much abroad. He often breasts the storm, and exposes himself to the distillations of evening dew; but no sooner does the Sabbath commence, than he shrinks away from a shower with a sort of instinctive dread. Week-day rain does not hurt him. No man is more constantly in his business; and Betty has often said to him, as she hung up his wet coat,—“Why, master, you haven't missed the market once these many years, let it hail, rain, or shine.” But from this strange disease that affects him, no sooner does his minister see a cloud in the heavens on the Sabbath, than he knows that his pew will be empty.

Another of this family has a certain *hysterical* complaint, not easily characterised by any medical term in use; but belonging to the class of diseases called *chronic*. It is not so decidedly periodic as some of the others, but its power is considerably increased on the Sabbath. It produces great sluggishness and indecision. This lady is always too late on the Sabbath. Under the influence of this seventh-day disease she always wants “a little more sleep, a little more slumber,” that day than on any other. But it is especially with respect to the house of God that this affliction manifests itself. Just as, with solemn tones and impressive emphasis, the Book of God is being read, or as with devout hearts the assembly have turned to the divine mercy-seat, this good lady is seen wending her way towards her seat in the sanctuary, and which unfortunately is in near proximity to the pulpit. From her apparently abashed bearing a stranger would conclude that some mischance had befallen her that day; but those who are acquainted with her affliction know how to account for it. She is not quite pleased with herself, and at times

determines that she will mend her ways; but the painful disease has so fastened itself upon her, that her resolutions generally go for naught. Indeed, she has become celebrated, and is pointed out as a sort of time-mark, though, of course, she has not been permitted to know it. People have been heard to say, "Oh, we are late, for Miss — is just going." And if now and then, by the force of some powerful antidote, the disease has been checked for a Sabbath, and she has made her appearance in time, it has been matter of general remark; and, "Is Saul among the prophets?" has not been matter of greater wonderment, than is, "Miss — was in time to-day." And hitherto there has been found no cure. To meet the *late* propensity of this lady and a few others, the clock in the sanctuary was backed five minutes. It was expected that she would make her appearance before the singing was concluded, so that she might the less disturb the worshippers. But it is marvellous how sensitive this *chronic* disease has made her to chronometrical progress; she discovered the change in a twinkling, and soothingly said to herself,—"I need not hurry, they won't begin till five minutes over the time." Some while back, the time of service was changed so as to commence half-an-hour later, but the matter was not mended. It was not time she wanted, but a healthy state of the system.

I must not overlook some other members of this family who are heavily afflicted. One otherwise sturdy fellow has the king's evil, of the true Alexandrian type. He pants for power and homage. He aspires to a descent from that fraternity to whom Paul addressed a paragraph in his celebrated epistle to the Corinthians, where he says, "Ye have reigned as kings." He is the subject of a sort of hallucination, by which he imagines that the wisdom of the whole society with which he associates is concentrated in his brain. The evil virus of his complaint produces at times dizziness in the head, under the influence of which he fancies himself born to rule.

Another has had the jaundice ever since — was chosen to office, and A. and B. did not court his acquaintance. He was crossed in love; not lady love, but he thought the whole society doted on him, and finding it was not so, he took sick, and has carried the yellow hue ever since.

Another suffers from bile, which has

very much soured his temper. He is quite the churl of the family. He snaps the children, and is ready to quarrel with all that he meets. He is scarcely ever satisfied with the food set before him. The cook must generally be a foreign one, and quite a master in his profession, if he makes a meal. He generally comes from the table, where the Sabbath feast is laid out, grumbling. Many who know him turn away, saying, *Liver, liver*.

But we give these only a passing notice, because their complaints have not that remarkable peculiarity which attaches to the other cases. These are not Sabbath diseases, for, excepting that there is a little excitement given on that day, they are every day alike under the power of their respective complaints.

The last of this numerous family which I shall notice, is the subject of a Sunday lethargy. He is in the prime of life, and a fine vigorous fellow he is during six days of the week, but no sooner does the seventh-day come, then a complete change comes over him. The sluggish enemy sits like an incubus on his whole being. His eye, that was so full of fire, grows dull, and his countenance, that was lit with animation, becomes set. Some have even maintained that his face becomes elongated. He has lost that firm and ready step which marks him in health. In fact, he has a Sunday and a week-day gait. When he is in his business he is wide awake, but when this morbid feeling comes over him it begets such heaviness that as he sits under the Word on the Sabbath, you are trying to divine whether he is asleep or awake. Nor would you be able to decide, but that a desperate yawning fit reveals that old Somnus has not yet achieved the victory. High expectations were formed of him some years ago. Friends who knew his vigour, and observed his business tact, prophesied that he would be useful in his day and generation. They saw him by anticipation sharing his knowledge with the young, distributing the word of life, and upholding the herald of the cross; but this Sunday disease has spoiled all.

Now, Mr. Editor, I should feel greatly obliged if some of your scientific readers would help me to unravel these phenomena, and prescribe a cure. As I believe some of this family read your periodical, they may derive benefit from some friendly suggestions. I don't wish to turn your maga-

sine into a medical directory, but I think some efficacious prescriptions for these Sunday complaints would be quite in keeping with the character of your nice little work. My impression is, that the source of these strange symptoms is a heart com-

plaint. A powerful cardiac remedy might be of great use.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Very truly yours,

B— X—.

Ceciley.

Notices of Books.

A MARTYROLOGY OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST, COMMONLY CALLED BAPTISTS, DURING THE ERA OF THE REFORMATION. Edited by E. B. UNDERHILL. Vol. 2. Pp. 458. Hanserd Knollys Society.

For those who have received the first volume of Van Braght's work, nothing more is needed than the announcement that the second is now issued. Its details are of a similar character. Examinations by ignorant or malevolent ecclesiastics and officials, in which the readiness of the comparatively illiterate to give a reason of the hope that was in them, and the irresistible wisdom and power with which they spoke, are continually manifest;—confessions of faith, rather tedious now, except for the occasionally singular views they exhibit, especially on the mysterious subject of the incarnation, their error (if error it be, where we all are profoundly ignorant) being the very opposite of Edward Irving's, since their favourite maxim was, that our Lord did not take flesh of the Virgin Mary, but was only born of her;—cool, joyful, and courageous suffering for denying the State-Church faith, especially Infant Baptism and Transubstantiation (what a natural pair),—these things form again the staple of the book. It has one great merit, as compared with *some* preceding volumes,—the 458 pages are *all* occupied with the Martyrology itself. Should the Society again be revived, we trust it will keep as closely as possible to the example of the last volume in this respect.

If any of our readers have neither of these volumes, we cannot too strongly recommend them. They will have, in the most artless language, such a record of the sufferings of martyrs of their own, for Baptist opinions too, as not even the English Puritans, much less the Church of England, can shew; while, unlike the latter Church, Baptists have never martyred Christians who differed from them, and never imprisoned them to

sickness and death for searching the Scriptures or for Church-rates: their understanding of the Scriptures has always taught them that the powers of State-Churches were the powers of "wolves and Antichrist, and not of Christ's sheep," to use the language of these holy men.

JOSEPH AND JESUS; BEING AN ATTEMPT TO SHED NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT UPON OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By the REV. W. LINCOLN, Curate of Pudsey. Pp. 293. Leeds: J. Heaton and Son. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This elegant little volume contains many scenes from the life of Joseph, pictured out with much vividness and beauty; together with New Testament applications and evangelical lessons. On the whole, we have been greatly interested in it. The writer is evidently a devoted student of the word of God; many passages are so quoted by him as to come home to the reader with a meaning and power unfelt before. Now and then, indeed, we hesitate to receive his interpretation, or seriously question his statement of doctrine; but for the most part we heartily concur. Though evidently of the High Calvinist School, he is not one of those who "find more of Christ in Moses than in Matthew, and make the book of Genesis more evangelical than the epistle to the Romans." There is a great difference between *types* and *illustrations*: Mr. Lincoln, while making plentiful employment of the latter, has wisely forbore from straining after the former. As delivered to a congregation, these discourses must have been unusually interesting; and the reader cannot fail, whatever demurs his taste may now and then interpose, to find them impressive and useful.

THE CENTENARY: A HISTORY OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BRADFORD, FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT IN 1753. By HENRY DOWSON. Pp. 105. London: Ward & Co. A church which has survived through so

longer period as a hundred years, and which was honoured by the pastorate of a Crabtree and a Steadman, cannot be unworthy of a memorial now; and there is much in the history of the church at Bradford, especially from its connection with surrounding churches, to make such a memorial peculiarly impressive. We therefore thank Mr. Dawson for furnishing us with this little volume, evidently the result of considerable personal knowledge, and, at least, some amount of labour and enquiry. We shall not be expected to assent to every sentiment expressed and implied in it; but we can, on the whole, recommend it as adapted to its purpose, and likely to be interesting to those for whom it is especially meant.

HELPS FOR THE PULPIT; OR, ONE HUNDRED AND TWO SKETCHES AND SKELETONS OF SERMONS. By a MINISTER. Third Edition. Pp. 352. London: W. Tegg & Co.

HELPS FOR THE PULPIT; OR, ONE HUNDRED SKETCHES AND SKELETONS OF SERMONS. By a MINISTER. Second Series. Pp. 352. London: W. Tegg & Co.

These volumes belong to a class of literature which of late years has increased much. Conflicting opinions are held as to the utility of all such "Helps." Our own judgment is, that while a constant and indiscriminate use of them is grossly immoral and injurious, yet peculiar circumstances may ren-

der their consultation innocent and even beneficial. The volumes before us stand in the first rank of their order. Great wisdom is displayed in the choice and treatment of subjects. The fundamental doctrines of the gospel have prominent place; and all the preceptive, cautionary, and consolatory truths which arise out of them are clearly stated and enforced. The discourses are developed in all their parts, though not to the full: ample room is left for the insertion of suggested thoughts. They are judiciously illustrated by passages of scripture and extracts from our best authors. To those who at any time feel the need of such assistance, we cordially commend these "Helps."

PROTESTANT PERSECUTIONS IN SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY. RESULTS OF AN INVESTIGATION. WITH A SELECTION OF DOCUMENTS. By the REV. T. R. BROOKE, B.A., and the REV. E. STENZ, D.D. Pp. 16. London: Partridge & Oakey.

It will be abundantly evident from this little pamphlet of facts, that the spirit of the Catholics, who slaughtered the martyrs of the Lord commemorated in the volume by Van Braght noticed above, has found a room swept and garished for itself in the German Protestant Governments. Our readers will find particulars adverted to, page 110.

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Green had a brother, residing a long way off in the country. Hearing of his brother's long illness, he very kindly visited them, to see how they got on, and whether they (to use his own words) were not getting short of money. He found things even worse than he had feared.

"The cottage will have to be sold, I suppose," said Mrs. Green to her brother. "The shopkeeper who has sent in this long bill has been down twice to get it paid. I persuaded him to wait a few days till my husband got more comfortable; but I didn't know till last evening how dishonest he had been with me; many of the articles I never had, while others are much higher than the price he named when I purchased them. But it will have to be paid," added

she, with a sigh; "it is seldom the poor can get redress for wrongs inflicted by the rich."

"It won't be paid," said the brother, with warmth; "that is, no more of it than is honestly due. Here, sister, you mark every article you are sure of not receiving, and I will manage the rest."

The rough, but kind-hearted old man did manage, and skilfully too, for his brother's family. Before the day had closed, he had purchased the cottage, struck a fair and even balance with the dishonest shopkeeper, and left a good round purse in the hands of his sister.

"But the cottage, brother, what are you going to do with that?"

"You are to live in it," said he, "till you get rich enough to buy it back; I shan't charge you any rent, if you take good care of it,—but be sure you don't run into debt, or trade again with cheats. One thing

more we will settle to-night, as I wish to be off early to-morrow. This boy," (and the farmer's hard hand was laid on Joseph's clustering curls,) "I want to take with me; he is a fine looking fellow, but wants a master,—boys always do,—what say you. alater? let him go with me a year, and I'll make a man of him."

Mrs. Green gasped for breath; she could hardly believe she had heard aright. What, part with Josey, her beautiful boy!—separate two children! had it come to that? and when she was just rejoicing in her good fortune? Oh, what a sad heart throbbed in her bosom now.

"Well, well, you shall have time to think of it," said the brother, drawing his chair to the tea-table; "such things ought to be looked at calmly,—what say you, my boy?"

Joseph was in ecstasies; those delicious pears that uncle had brought were a specimen of what were growing on his trees; and, then, to think of riding two whole days, 'twas perfectly delightful. The little fellow felt some chokings about leaving home so long, but he consoled himself in thinking they would miss him as much as he should them. Before bed-time, spite of the pale looks of his mother, and the exceedingly flushed cheeks of Adaline, it was decided to let Joseph go with his uncle.

When Mrs. Green went to her children's chamber before retiring, as was her custom, she found her son fast asleep. There was a bright smile on his lip, and he murmured, "Now, let me drive, dear uncle; see how nicely I can make her go," and he grasped the blanket, and chiruped.

"He thinks he is on his journey," said his mother, as she stooped, and, putting back his clustering curls, kissed his fair forehead; "poor boy, hereafter who will watch over his slumbers?" and her eyes filled with tears.

"God will, dear mother," said a gentle voice at her side; the lady turned, and to her surprise saw little Adaline rising from her kneeling posture at the foot of the bed.

"And has my daughter been committing her brother to His care?"

Ada confessed that she had, while her swollen eyes and tearful face gave evidence how great had been the sacrifice. The mother took the child's hand and led her to her own room, where together they sought the blessing and guidance of heaven, protection for the little boy, health for the father, and grace for the whole world, and

their hearts were strengthened and comforted together.

Joseph's chamber was now deserted and desolate, except that Ada consecrated it by a daily prayer for her brother. We will follow the fortunes of the little boy, and see how he demeaned himself in his new home.

Much as he had anticipated from his long ride, he was glad on the second day to see his uncle's house rise up from the group of hills that surrounded it.

"There is our home, Joseph," said his uncle, "'tis an old one, but we'll make it do one year longer, and then see what we can do towards a new one. The boys are making bricks now to build a house. There is a brick-yard down in that field; I guess the kiln is about ready to burn."

Joseph didn't care a fig for the brick-yard or kiln, whether the house was new or old, so that it contained supper and a warm bed, for it was getting dark and chilly, and he was tired and hungry. He was glad when he entered the old kitchen to see a brightly blazing fire, and the table set for supper. His aunt, a very fat woman, was bustling about, placing lots of good things upon the long table. After a boisterous greeting, in which his eyes, hair, and complexion, were commented on, he sat down to note at leisure the preparation for supper. His cousin Sally, a bouncing girl of twenty, with cheeks that glowed like the great bed of coals on the hearth, was frying dumplings in the corner, while her mother kept calling her to have "an eye to the biscuit, an eye to the hash," &c., till Joseph wondered how many eyes she had. At length, supper was announced, and a chair placed for the little boy besides his rosy cousin.

"You must make yourself at home, and help yourself, child," said his aunt.

"What have you got to eat?" enquired the farmer; "I don't see anything fit for a hungry man."

Joseph wondered what a hungry man could want that was not there—warm cakes, toast, honey, hash, sauce, tarts, and dumplings, seemed an infinite variety to him; he was only puzzled to know where to begin, but Sally rose and quietly brought a huge platter of cold meat, garnished with all manner of vegetables, while her mother, observing Josey's embarrassment, heaped his plate with toast and honey. Two or three of Sally's hot cakes completed his

supper, and very soon the little boy was nodding in his chair. His aunt got him off to bed, telling him that Ben, one of the brickmakers, would sleep with him. Tired and sleepy as he was, he managed to keep his eyes open long enough to say his prayers, and then he thought of his mother and Adaline as he dropped off into the land of dreams. Poor fellow! his hearty meal was quite too much for his slender stomach; he dreamed that his uncle's brick-kiln was there, and they were preparing to burn it; he thought that his thick, hot breath, was the smoke thereof; and, as he looked in the glass, it was not Josey, but Sally, with her crimson cheek.

"Hilloa, boy!" shouted Ben the brick-layer, "what are you talking on at that rate about?"

"I am sick, Sir, very sick. Oh, my stomach and head!"

"Let me call the folks, and have some herb tea."

The sound of herb tea made the poor fellow quiver with nausea, so that he was glad to compromise.

"Oh, no," said he, "I shall soon get better if I have some cold water—will you please tell me where I can find some?"

The kind-hearted man bade him lay still, while he got up and groped his way down stairs. Joseph heard the old pump creaking, and thought how kind it was in him to get it cold and fresh. When he returned, the feverish boy grasped the tin can with both hands, and poured more than half the contents down his burning throat. Ben then directed him to hold his head out of the window, and let him pour the rest on it. He did so, though he couldn't get rid of the impression that it was Sally's head he was showering. It was salutary, however; the burning pain was relieved, while the water he drank threw him into a violent perspiration, and abated the fever.

For several days, Joseph was permitted to run at large and amuse himself, for he was still pale and languid. But when he began again to appreciate Sally's cookery, he found that his uncle kept no drones in his busy hive. On the bright frosty mornings, which he was accustomed to spend in bed, he was called out to drive the cows to pasture; and from that time, till the old kitchen was illumined by the evening fire, the little boy had full employment for hands and feet. Strangely, too, did the voices in and about that old farm-house sound to the sensitive boy, and sadly at variance with the remembered tones of his mother. Not that they were unkind, only in a hurry, all of them, constantly in a drive, they couldn't stop to mellow their voices and soften their words. Once or twice Joseph thought of his old tricks of indolence, but somehow there was something in the manner of his uncle, and in the keen black eye of his aunt, that deterred him from practising them. With Sally, he thought he might venture the experiment.

"What's your hurry?" said he, one day, when she had twice in a moment bade him bring in some fire-wood.

"Because I am," said she; "folks have to be in a hurry to get a living in this world."

"Well, I wouldn't run myself to death for a living, I know," said Josey, and he took off his cap, and very deliberately began picking the tassel.

He found it rather a hazardous experiment; the next moment he was sprawling on the floor, having been sent there by a push from the hard hand of his fair cousin. Poor Josey! slowly he gathered himself up, replaced his cap, and walked toward the wood-house, the hot tears coursing down his cheeks, while between his sobs he murmured, "Oh, mother, mother! Ada, Ada!"

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE ELDER IN TROUBLE.—An old christian woman was visiting her friends. *They* were content with that antiquated creed known in the apostles' day as "the faith which was once delivered to the saints." But it seemed that the visitor's attainments far outreached the things there intended, for these she called "the rudiments," and her wonderful experience, "perfection," which she explained to mean complete and

entire freedom from sin. Now it so happened that the head of the household was an old man, and an elder in his church. But his guest's experience seemed not only far beyond his, but also entirely contradictory to his understanding of that rule of faith, the Word. As might be expected of a simple Dutchman, he became quite puzzled. The ninth chapter of Daniel and the seventh of Romans,—the one containing

the prayer of a holy prophet, and the other the experience of a holy apostle,—came to mind. The purity of the old woman, “enjoying the blessing of perfection,” seemed to leave these holy men in such depths of impurity as to bewilder him. He was fast making up his mind to bring the matter before the dominie for explanation; for, thought he, if he be a teacher sent from God, he ought to know something about this matter. But “the meek will He guide in judgment;” and the old man was soon taught in a way the least expected. “You don’t mean that you are absolutely free from *all* sin?” suggested the elder, as though he might be mistaken in her meaning. “Oh, yes,” said the old woman; “I can truly say that for the past two weeks I have not known what sin is.” The elder was afraid she *did not know* the nature of sin; but as her words were intended to mean that she “*had* no sin,” he was sorely embarrassed; for, despite of himself, the words of John the apostle came into his mind: “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.” Nor was he less so, even after a most vigorous scratching over his right ear,—a habit of the old man, whenever perplexed. “Did you hear,” said the visitor, abruptly changing the subject, “did you hear about those two young Jews abroad, who have suddenly entered into a most enormous property? I saw it in the paper.” “No,” said the elder, mechanically; for the new doctrine “kept troubling him.” “Oh, it is wonderful how some folks do get rich, and others don’t!” exclaimed the good woman. But still the new doctrine was perplexing the elder. “Very wonderful!” continued the old lady. “And I’ve been thinking for the week past, if I had one tenth of what they’ve got, I should be *satisfied*.” “What!” exclaimed the elder. “How is this? You have lived in sinless perfection for two weeks past, and yet for half that time have been committing covetousness, the most deadly sin mentioned in the holy book. Well, this too is contrary to my understanding. But this I *do* know, ‘the heart is deceitful above all things.’”

And the elder shook his head, like one relieved of his embarrassment, at the same time very mildly adding, “Take heed that ye be not deceived.”—*Ch. Intelligence.*

“How much owest thou my Lord?”—Say, Christian! How much owest thou my Lord? Answer it if thou canst. Thy life is in his hand, and all that thou hast, and art, are but lent thee by Him. For, “what hast thou, that thou didst not receive?” Canst thou say that thy obligation to him is small, and easily cancelled? Canst thou pay thy debt aside from an entire consecration of all thou hast, and art, to Him? Thy time, thy talents, thy property were given—no, not given, but *lent* thee to glorify the Lord; and what wilt thou say when judgment is rendered against thee, if thou provest recreant to the high trust that is committed to thy keeping? Instead of considering the high claim that thy Lord has upon thee, and acting the part of a faithful steward, art thou not too much engrossed with the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, and saying to thy soul, in the language of the rich man in the parable, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;” not considering that the decree of the Almighty may have gone forth against thee, “This night thy soul shall be required of thee.” Hast thou redeemed all thy pledges to be faithful in the service of thy Lord, so that if he were to call thee to give an account of thy stewardship, thou couldst render it with joy? Hast thou neglected no opportunities for doing good? Hast thou won all the souls thou couldst as jewels for thy Master’s diadem? Has thy influence at all times, and in all places, been such that when thou standest at the bar of God, thy skirts will be free from the blood of souls? Happy will it be for thee, when thy earthly pilgrimage is over, if thou hast so improved the talents thy Lord has lent thee, that thou canst meet His approving smiles, and receive from him the plaudit of approval: “Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

It will be remembered by some of our readers that a deputation of English and foreign Protestants waited upon the Duke of Tuscany on behalf of the Madials, in October, 1852. This led to a meeting of the same class of persons at Homburg, in Germany, in August, 1853, to consider what steps could be taken for the promotion of religious liberty. Amongst others, one result was, that the Rev. T. R. Brooke, rector of Avening, and Dr. Steane, of Camberwell, went as a deputation to enquire into the alleged persecution of the Baptists in Switzerland and some German States.

They have published the authenticated facts, with the civil and other documents attesting them, in a small pamphlet, noticed page 107, and it is indeed a painful exposure of “*Protestant persecutions*.” The Grand Duke of Tuscany has certainly no reason to blush, if companions in prohibiting all religions but that of the State can save him that unpleasantness. Indeed, one of the most intelligent and kindly disposed of the government ministers was not only not offended when the resemblance of his conduct to the Duke’s was pointed out, but avowed the same principles, only observing that the Duke carried it a little

father, as he aimed to extinguish liberty of thought, while his own master only prevented them from spreading their views, or meeting for worship. Equipped with credentials from the foreign representatives of our Queen, which, in every instance but that of Hesse Cassel and its infamously notorious minister of state, Hassempflug, commanded respectful attention, and accompanied by our well known Brother Lehmann, of Berlin, as interpreter, they visited six German governments, and one in Switzerland. For details we must refer our readers to the tract itself. Suffice it to say, that in all the Baptists are proscribed by law, not allowed to meet for worship, or even to read a book together as friends, and frequently refused either civil or ecclesiastical marriage. If a teacher is discovered, he is imprisoned, and his goods sold, even to the last means of his livelihood, to pay the costs of his prosecution and of his support in prison. Sometimes they are conducted beyond the frontiers. They are commanded, at the penalty of fines and imprisonment, to bring their children to baptism, and sometimes the children are forcibly taken for that purpose. In some instances they contrive to elude the police, and worship by night in a retired house or a wood, commemorating the death of their Lord with the turf for their table. Uniformly the excellence of their social and civil conduct was cheerfully attested; regret expressed at their hardships; but the principle affirmed to be unimpeachable, that they might *think* and *believe* what they pleased, but must neither make converts, nor worship in accordance with their faith. If they wished to worship as Baptists, they were told they must *emigrate!* It was stated even by Lutheran officials, in whose personal piety the deputation could believe, that Baptists could not be suffered in the State! The old saying of the heathen Roman governors and people to christians of old, was literally repeated to Baptist christians by Lutheran christians, *Non licet eos esse*, "You are not allowed to exist."

In *Ecclesiastical matters at home*, warfare on the outposts of the secularities of the Establishment still continues. Church-rates are contested and frequently refused in many places; a most useful mode of enlightening the nation on the sinfulness of the State-Church principle. So useful, indeed, that while as a matter of principle we would earnestly insist on their abolition, we are by no means sure that a wise Providence is not hardening judiciously the hearts of clergymen, bishops, and legislators, that they may blindly and proudly refuse a concession, granting which would be greater gain to them than to us. *Ministers' money* in Ireland, a tax amounting to £15,000 a year, levied only on eight Catholic towns, for the support of the Protestant clergy of the absurdly wealthy church of Ireland, is still adhered to by our precious House of Commons; which despite the census, is determined to carry by force of votes several little church-and-bishop measures. The

tone of debate, however, on these subjects, is evidently improving. Nonconformist members have darted some rays of light upon the long darkness of the House of Commons; and if dissenting £10 householders will henceforth, at every election, think more of their sacred principles than of their shops, and demand their share at least of all liberal constituencies represented by two members, they will not lose their reward,—either in the approbation of the God of Truth, or in the visible furtherance of his cause on earth. Relief for those who scruple taking *Oaths*, is at length proposed in a government measure, not before it was needed; only a short time ago Mr. Alexander, a respectable citizen of Edinburgh, was imprisoned for *six weeks* with felons in the common gaol, by a Scottish sheriff, because he dared not disobey the literal interpretation of his Lord's command, "Swear not at all." This same Scotland was in a great fury with the Duke of Tuscany for violating the rights of conscience! Lord Palmerston was memorialized, and promised attention, but let a conscientious fellow-citizen lie in the gaol for the six weeks to which the *just* judge had sentenced him. In *Canada*, there appears some danger of the Clergy Reserves, that fruitful and odious bone of contention, being,—through the cunning of the Colonial government, the efforts of the High Church party at home, and the truckling of Roman Catholics in the colony,—divided amongst the sects mean enough to take portions of the spoil.

Oxford University is at length to be reformed! Lord John's bill is good so far as it goes. It abolishes irresponsible government, somewhat opens the college system, widens the range of studies, and does away with the gross perjury which abounded in taking impracticable oaths. *Dissenters are left out*. Lord John is quite willing to let them in; he will give his vote and interest for the abolition of *tests*; but Mr. Gladstone will not, and Lord John, always pliant of late years when liberal propositions are to be sacrificed, gives way. The Society for the Liberation of Religion is making great efforts to carry the abolition of the tests. One hundred members of Parliament waited on Lord John Russell with a memorial on the subject, and they have given notice of a clause in committee. As a point of *honour* and of *right* Dissenters ought to petition firmly for it; otherwise we have nothing to gain by sending our sons to such a sink of Popery and all iniquity. They would corrupt us more than we should reform them. It is also only as a point of honour that Churchmen can oppose, since at Cambridge, where Dissenters can receive the education, but not take degrees, almost every Dissenter who has studied there, has ended his course as a Churchman.

At the time we write *War* is not declared, but a powerful fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, has been sent to the Baltic. The circumstance of the month most interesting to us is, that the Earl of Shaftesbury, in a

speech in the House of Lords, shewed at great length, and by the citation of numerous indisputable facts, that so far from being a war for Mahommedanism against Christianity, it is a war for the defence of christian liberty against the Tuscan intolerance of Russia. Nicholas first put down the Bible-Society to which his predecessor Alexander subscribed largely, and now strictly prohibits the printing and circulating of the Bible in the Russian language; he has also suppressed every mission to the numerous heathen in his own dominions, forbidding them to be converted and baptized except by orthodox Greek priests;—some of these missions had been established twenty years, and were both active and successful. Turkey, on the other hand, permits the freest circulation of the Scriptures; there are forty depôts for the native colporteurs who distribute these, and two printing presses, one at Constantinople, the other at Bucharest, where they are printed in the Turkish and all other Oriental languages. Missionaries are free, and encouraged everywhere. There is no persecution by the general Government, but the contrary. Persecutions have been most frequent on the part of the Greek clergy themselves against their brethren who become Protestants; but the Sultan has placed all Protestants in his dominions under their own elected agent, delivering them wholly from the Greeks. The only properly *Turkish* persecutions are perpetrated by local Turkish authorities, very similar in character to parish squire persecution of Dissenters in England; but upon proof of delinquency these parties are removed. For the last fifteen years and more the Turkish Government has been acting upon the enlightened advice of Sir Stratford Canning, our ambassador, in regard to religious liberty. And the truth is, that the present war originated in great part from the determination of the Czar to put down religious liberty, Protestantism, and the Bible, in Turkey, as effectually as he has done it in Russia. He dreads the light so near him. May the God of Battles be with our brave soldiers and sailors in this war for civil and religious liberty, for justice, order, and national independence! Let all our churches invoke his blessing, that good may arise out of the tremendous evil of war! As we go to press, some hitherto withheld correspondence has placed the bad faith and duplicity of Nicholas in the most revolting light.

**SALENDINE NOOK, NEAR RUDDERSFIELD.—
TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. J. STOCK.**

The Rev. J. Stock, pastor of the Baptist church at Salendine Nook, having received an invitation to become the second classical tutor at Horton College, Bradford, and having decided to remain with the people of his charge, the church and congregation held a meeting on Wednesday evening, the 15th March, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial of their esteem and respect, and of their joy at the decision to which he had come, to continue with them. About 350 persons partook of tea in the vestry

adjoining the chapel, after which they adjourned to the latter place. W. Shaw, Esq., of Bottom Hall, senior deacon of the church, occupied the chair. Mr. John Haigh, of Quarumby, then read a very interesting statement of the history of the church and congregation during Mr. Stock's pastorate, which commenced on the 21st of May, 1848, and of their present condition. The chairman next presented the testimonial, which consisted of two handsome purses, one containing eighty sovereigns for Mr. Stock, and the other twenty sovereigns for Mrs. Stock. The purses were worked by two young ladies, members of the church. The formal ceremony of presentation having been gone through, Mr. Stock responded in a very impressive address, explanatory of the reasons which had induced him to decide to remain amongst them, and expressive of his ardent desires for their increased spiritual prosperity. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Revs. T. Thomas, of Meltham, H. W. Holmes, of Pole Moor, J. Barker, of Lockwood, J. Hanson, of Milnsbridge, and Mr. R. Hibbett, of Lindley.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

The intelligence of the wreck of the barque "Meridian," and of the totally destitute condition of the passengers, whose worldly property perished in that vessel, has induced their expectant friends to provide for immediate necessities, on their arrival here from the Mauritius. Among the sufferers by this calamity was the Rev. J. Voller, a minister selected and sent out from England, for the Baptist church in Bathurst-Street, accompanied by his wife and three children. There was a numerous attendance of the congregation yesterday evening, at this place of worship, and liberal contributions were made towards supplying the temporary and pressing wants of the expected minister on his landing: the amount collected exceeded £200. A committee was appointed for the management of the fund, and for a further collection from friends of the cause, who were unavoidably absent from the meeting, and who would be desirous of assisting on an occasion of such emergency. Similar efforts will doubtless be shortly made to relieve the other sufferers by this catastrophe. [The above is from "The Empire," an Australian paper. We have no doubt the announcement will gratify many friends.—Eds.]

BIRKENHEAD, CHESHIRE.

The church in this place have unanimously invited the Rev. W. H. Bonner, late of Keppel Street, London, to become their pastor. He has consented, and purposes to commence his labours there on the second Lord's day in this month.

BOLTON.

The Rev. J. J. Owen, of Sabden, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church meeting in Moor Lane Chapel, Bolton, and commenced his labours there, March 26th.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

MAY, 1854.

OUR PRAYERS AND GOD'S ANSWERS.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

" 'He hears not, though I pray !'
What ! because he answers, Nay ?
Is this refusal ? with his every No,
Does he not in his love bestow
Some greater good ? "

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—*Matt.* xviii. 19.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—*John* xv. 7.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."—*John* xvi. 23.

"And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."—*1 John* v. 14.

These blessed promises, given by the Lord to his children, have become in the lives of many christians a stone of stumbling, over which many have fallen, and upon which many have made shipwreck. In these words the Saviour has given the promise indefinitely, that every individual prayer which has been put up in faith shall have an answer. Happy indeed was I when first I understood this promise of the Holy Scriptures, and afterwards reviewed the innumerable instances in which God had redeemed his promise, in the history of a Gideon to an Elisha, and from Elisha to Aug. Herm. Francke. I saw, as it were, the heavens opened, and a ladder let down from heaven to earth, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. What Jacob saw only in a dream, I saw in reality. Do we require to exercise faith, I exclaimed, when he who made heaven and earth is pleased to approach so near, and visibly stretch, as it were, his hand from the clouds to interchange a greeting with us ? Only one half is faith,—the other half is sight ! I am aware that in those blissful hours of the first love, many a soul exults in a similar manner. But results are so different from their expectations. They pray,—they would rend the heavens with their prayers; but the heavens are shut, and their prayers fall back upon their hearts unanswered. This sounds awful. And may we not conclude, that there must be some indescribable power over man in the truths of Christianity, when thousands who have made these experiments continue still to pray and to believe ? But the child in Christ will by degrees attain to manhood. There are children's diseases of the awakened; and to these belongs that feverish

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

ardour with which they desire to obtain direct and extraordinary answers to prayer.

Eternal Wisdom! my heart has bled over my misconception of thy promises; but I never blamed Thee, but my own blindness; and, therefore, thou hast not withdrawn from me thy light, thou hast borne with my weakness, and hast trained me up to christian manhood. Yes, it is from the God of truth that these words have issued: "All that ye ask in faith believing, ye shall receive!" Only we must not forget that it was those same lips which uttered the words, "FATHER, NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE." And how can we avoid feeling that we shall be truly children, in the full meaning of the term, only when we can lay down all our own will in the presence of God, and can say out of deep sincerity of heart,—

"Father, whate'er thy wisdom may ordain,
My lips will echo but the heart's 'Amen.'"

All that the christian has to ask from his God is comprehended in a single petition: "THY KINGDOM COME!" Now, when we search the deep recesses of our hearts, and bring forth the innermost and most urgent of all our desires, is it this: May God reign over me! may there be no thought, no pulsation in my heart, which is not in subjection to Him? Is this, then, my daily enquiry? God reigns in me! Overwhelming thought! What is the heart of man, with all its antagonistic thoughts, wishes, feelings, but a kingdom in revolt against its King. Yet the time will come when he shall rule, and all that in me is shall serve Him in holy love. Is there a higher prayer for fallen man to offer? Not one!

If, then, this petition embody the proper aim of every pious heart, what can be the meaning of this or that particular prayer for this or that particular good, but simply that we ask for it because we regard it as the best means by which the Eternal King may attain to his rightful sovereignty over us. And if this be so, then when Eternal Wisdom, who alone knows what is the suitable means to this highest end, refuses to grant our prayer, this denial is just as much a blessing as if he had given a direct answer. The objects on which the inmost desires of the heart are centred may be quite as well effected by his refusing to give us the life of our dying friend, to remove the thorn from the flesh, to send the sunshine or the rain upon our fields, as if he had granted the petition. There is a passage in the life of that great prince amongst divines, the holy Augustine, which has often given me both light and consolation. He was desirous of leaving Carthage, where sin had deeply entangled him in her nets, and of going to the metropolis, Rome. His pious mother, however, feared that still worse snares might meet him in the temptations of the capital. With tears she withheld him, and would not let him go. He promised to remain. In the secrecy of night, however, the faithless son went on board the ship and set sail. But it was in the very place where the mother's love feared he should be lost that he was to find salvation. He was converted there. And in after years, while forming a retrospect of his life, and reflecting on the manner in which Eternal Love had led him to that place where he was only meaning to walk according to the vanity of his own heart, he thus expresses himself in his "Confessions:" "But thou, oh, my God, hearing in thy high and holy council what the object of my mother's wishes was, hast refused what she at that time asked, in order that thou mightest grant what she was always asking!"

Eternal Wisdom! when with thine illuminating influences thou hadst banished the darkness of my faith's childhood, how plainly have I seen

that those fierce flames of my heart had burned most impurely ! I wished that the heavens would rend above me, merely because I had not faith nor patience enough to recognise thy ruling hand in the ordinary course of earthly events ! It was concealed from me, that that faith which recognises thy unseen hand behind the natural order of things, and waits with patience till thine hour has come,

" When plainly to thy children dear
Thine unseen guidance shall appear,"

is a much more severe exercise than that which will not trust unless thy hand is every moment evidently stretched forth from heaven !

What a noble example in this respect is that of Paul ! At that period when Thou wast laying the foundation of thy church, he had seen thine arm manifestly stretched forth from heaven ; he had experienced that even the earth quakes at thy nod, and the chains fall off which hold thy servants captive. He had experienced the might of thy wondrous arm more than once, and yet he had never desired it of Thee. For two long years he bore his chains in the dungeons of Cæsarea, for two long years and more in confinement at Rome, and yet we read neither of the desire nor of the expectation of being led forth by thy miraculous interposition. He humbly left it to the Lord to allow him to depart, or to allow him to remain in the flesh ; just as he left it to the Lord whether he would fulfil his anxious desire, and be pleased to send him to the brethren at Rome, or not (Romans i. 13).

According, then, to the light given me in thy holy Word, I thus interpret thy gracious promises. Thy true disciples will never have any other object in their prayers but this, "*Thy kingdom come*;" and if they allow other desires to cling about their hearts, it will be only in so far as they may regard them as a *means* by which thy kingdom may come. The desire that lies deepest in the recesses of their soul is, that thou alone shouldst sway the sceptre,—thou to whom all sovereignty belongs. Yes, this is their prayer,—and no silent unuttered prayer,—but one which thou their gracious Lord art always fulfilling, whether thou seest fit in thy wisdom to refuse or to grant particular petitions. In our final home they will all be so. At present, we may perhaps ask for wings, and thou wisely givest us only a wagon. Another may ask for a wagon, and thou wilt give him nothing but the pilgrim's staff. What matter, if, nevertheless, we all arrive !

There may be, indeed, some souls specially dear to Thee, whom thou mayst honour by putting into their hearts and in their lips those particular prayers which thou hadst beforehand determined to grant them. But shall I conclude from this that thou must do the same to me ? "Secrets are for kings;" but I am no king in the kingdom of God, but a plebeian child. Upon the great highroad which leads to Zion there are particular footpaths, and this is one of them. I am for the present directed to go with the multitude. I see that my shoulders are not yet strong enough to bear honours which thou mightest bestow upon the dignitaries of thy kingdom without any danger. What a temptation it would be for any of us were we able to say, like Peter to the lame man, "Rise up and walk;" or, as Paul to the possessed, "Go out of him !" and yet to receive an answer on behalf of a similar case of distress is not less miraculous. I am still in the lowest class of thy school. O Lord, for me, who have not learned to believe aright many of the revealed wonders of thy grace, the performance of miracles is not suited. And should it come to pass that thou shouldst be pleased to distinguish even me thus, it must be only when I am able to pray wholly in *thy name*, and

that will not be till I have laid down all my own will as a sacrifice before thee. Meantime, I pray,—

“Let me in thy common dealings
Mark the wonders of thy grace;
And with lowly, reverend feelings,
Seek thy unseen paths to trace.

“In thy mighty hand confiding,
Though by darkest clouds concealed,
I will honour more thy guiding,
Than if thine arm were eye revealed.

“Therefore, to the Unseen cleaving,
I shall live the life of faith;
Soon shall sight supplant believing,
Glory, take the place of death.”

THE CHARACTER OF HEZEKIAH.

BY THE REV. S. LILLYCROP.

Scripture biography is the very essence of biography, for the sacred writers never aim at pleasing, but profiting their readers; they want not to gain a large sale of their works, but to do good to the souls of men: they give a faithful delineation of the character of the individuals whose lives they portray, and leave God to make use of the truth as it shall please his divine wisdom, either for the warning of the wicked, or the strengthening of the righteous. Thus we find it with Hezekiah, the king of Judah, who shone as a light in a dark place; and whose influence on his generation was as salt when it preserves from putrefaction. He stands in history like a promontory in the midst of two seas, for he was the good son of a bad father, and the godly father of a profligate son!

The sacred penman introduces him to us in 2 Kings xviii. 1, thus, “Now it came to pass in the third year of Hoshea son of Elah king of Israel, that Hezekiah the son of Ahaz king of Judah began to reign.” As he had been educated in a school of vice, we might have naturally expected a vicious youth to sway the sceptre of the house of David; “but God’s thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways his ways,” for

“When all is grim darkness around,
He sheds forth a beam of the morn:”

as when Elijah the Tishbite came from Gilead to Ahab, with a spark from the light of divine truth, which kindled for a season the flame of almighty wrath; to be succeeded in a short period on Mount Carmel by the brighter light of a spirited reformation. So Hezekiah, at the age of twenty-five, (when young men are generally occupied in pleasure and self-seeking,) undertook the great and noble work of reforming his kingdom, which had run wild under the misgovernment of his father and his idolatrous practices. “He removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves.” “The axe was laid at the root of the tree.” He was no compromiser, as Cranmer and his peers, but a thorough iconoclast, as Luther and Knox. Oh, what misery would have been saved to England, had our Reformers but gone thoroughly to work in these realms, instead of stopping half way! This young prince saw the evil of sin, and sought at once to root it up; and this is the only way to overcome the wicked one. “Put on the whole armour of God,” if you would fight the battles of the Lord. Give no quarter to the enemy, but lay all low that would oppose you in the contest with sin and Satan.

After such decision for God and zeal in his cause, one might have anticipated a peaceable and prosperous reign for the monarch of Jerusalem;

but it does not always follow that the most spiritually-minded believers have the least sorrow. On the contrary, Abraham, Job, and Daniel, were men of exemplary piety, and men of poignant sufferings; and such has been the case also in almost every age of the church, to go no further back for examples than the days of Rutherford and Bunyan. Where shall we find more vital godliness, and who suffered more for the love of God and truth? It was when Hezekiah had achieved great things among his people,—the temple was purged from idols,—the priests and Levites were offering sacrifices and singing the praises of Jehovah in the strains of the sweet singer of Israel,—that Sennacherib, with his invading army, surrounded the holy city and threatened her immediate overthrow, by the prowess of his Assyrian force! Oh, how mysterious are the dispensations of God! but one passage of holy writ makes “crooked things straight, and rough places smooth;” viz., “All things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose.” So this tried servant of Jehovah found it. For though he made a mistake in buying off their armies at the first onset, yet he soon learned by experience it is in vain to put confidence in man, especially such as are enemies of the living God, whose spleen is not so much against the servants as the Lord, who foolishly think by cutting off the branches they shall destroy the root. He carried his case the second time at once to the God of Abraham, as we are told in the emphatic words of the nineteenth chapter: “And when Hezekiah heard (the blasphemy of Rabshakeh) that he rent his clothes, and covered himself with sackcloth, and *went into the house of the Lord.*” And where could he go besides to pour out his soul, but into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth? the friend of his youth, the guide of his ways, and the God of Isaac and Jacob? No wonder Isaiah the prophet was soon commissioned to deliver an answer, saying, “Thus saith the Lord, Be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, for I will cause him to fall by the sword of his own hand.” Surely, “they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, for as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.”

But we are not always to expect the storm will cease the moment a rainbow appears in the horizon; the distant thunders may still roll on, the lightning may dart across the heavens, and the rattling hail may be yet visible in the distance, though gradually diminishing in force every moment, until all are hushed in the soft silence of the succeeding calm. So here we find it in the conduct of the Assyrian general; he is obliged to return from the holy city of Jerusalem, for God had provided some other work for him at Libnah, yet he cannot retire in the peace and quietude of a friendly ally, but in the rage and fury of a disappointed warrior; who if he cannot conquer will threaten, and if he cannot divide the spoil will show by his insulting messengers his envy at God's people, and what he would do if he could. However, it was a mercy for Hezekiah that he knew where to deposit the dreadful epistle, and whom to consult on its contents, as we are told by the writer of this interesting history. “And Hezekiah received the letter at the hand of the messengers and read it: and Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.” An example worthy of imitation by every pious soul when oppressed by a powerful foe, or assaulted by Satan the adversary, because it is applying for counsel and help to one who has all knowledge and power, and is more ready to hear than we are to pray, and is wont to give more than we can desire or deserve: and who hath said, “Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.” And who in proof of the verity of his word immediately directed Isaiah to tell the king that “That which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib king of Assyria

I have heard." Oh, why will the children of God waste both their time and breath in running hither and thither with their cares and sorrows, when they have such a friend close at hand, who stands pledged "to guide them by his counsel, and afterwards to receive them to glory"? for God not only cares for them as individuals, but in delivering them from their implacable foes, vindicates his own honour and cause in the world, and convinces his enemies that it is a vain thing to contend with Omnipotence, though they may have broken some of the potsherds of the earth to shivers. Hence that word of consolation to the faithful of the land: "Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, he shall not come into this city (Jerusalem), nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it: but by the way that he came shall he return, saith the Lord."

How favoured that prince and nation which the Lord Jehovah surrounds with a wall of fire and angels of strength! How sweetly must arise from the lips and the hearts of all the children of Zion, the melody and harmony of ten thousand grateful songs of praise to Him "who remembered them in their low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever!" Now we may naturally expect religion will flourish and the people prosper: cares and fears will vanish, and all will dwell in happiness and peace. No more sorrow, no more sighing; since God is for them, who can be against them? Those who calculate thus, can have had but small experience of the pilgrim's life, or the history of the church. "Behold, I leave in the midst of you a poor and an afflicted people, and they shall trust in the Lord," is a scripture to be pondered over every day. This was as applicable to Hezekiah the king of Israel as to Job the patient sufferer; for we are immediately taught by the inspired volume that no sooner was the invading army gone from his citidel, than a malignant disease seized his person; no sooner is he risen from his knees, where he had been supplicating help, than he is laid prostrate on a bed of suffering, which brought him near to the grave. Truly did Dr. Ryland say, "This world is a place of trial, not of rest." And if this fact were more deeply impressed upon our minds, we should not be so frequently overtaken unawares by this, that, or the other trying event; but we should be rather looking out for them, as Abram for visitors, when he sat in the tent door, in the heat of the day. Then we should be able to say with the poet,—

"O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign,
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make *thy* pleasure mine."

But Hezekiah appears to have been taken by surprise, when he was sick unto death, and the prophet Isaiah the son of Amoz came to him and said unto him, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." No doubt he reasoned thus with himself, Wherefore all these national deliverances in answer to prayer and faith in the mighty God of Jacob, if now, by a mere boil in the flesh, I am to sink into the grave? Why have I been delivered out of the paw of the lion and the bear, to fall a prey to a malignant disease, which will destroy my very vitals in the prime of my days? The sisters of Lazarus were astonished, when the benevolent Saviour tarried still at Jericho, when he whom their gracious Lord loved, lay dying at Bethany. But "God giveth not account of any of his matters," says Elihu to the afflicted Job; and it is well when we can "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord;" not in idleness and indifference, but in wrestling, spiritual, and faithful prayer. Such was Hezekiah's procedure. "He turned his face to the wall and prayed unto the Lord, saying, I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now

how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart." It is no small mercy, when we can appeal to God, as to the purity of our actions, and the sincerity of our love to him and his church. That we have not been actuated by any sinister motives in our zeal for religion, but simply have done all under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and from faith in and love to the crucified Jesus, "who loved us and gave himself for us." Prayers of faith travel swifter than telegraph messengers; they go up to the third heavens, and down again to the utmost regions of the earth, or even to the bottom of the sea (Jonah ii. 10), before the poor suppliant imagines they can have entered the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Thus the divinely inspired prophet is arrested by a divine mandate in the midst of the city, before he could reach his own residence, saying, "Turn again and tell Hezekiah the captain of my people (thus a type of Messiah), Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee; on the third day thou shalt go up to the house of the Lord, and I will add unto thy days fifteen years."

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song."

What encouragement is here to carry every pain, care, and sorrow to the Lord, and to expect that he will undertake our deliverance, either in this world, or in that where tears are wiped from all faces, and joy eternally flows!

Hezekiah has escaped many a shot from the enemy, who desired to have him that he might sift him as wheat. Truly it may be said, we are never out of danger till we have entered heaven. This the sequel of his history proves to a demonstration. He has been tried in his kingdom; he has been tried in his body; but a trial more dangerous than either awaits him. Berodach-Baladan, the king of Babylon, attempts a stratagem with the man, whom the prowess of his armies cannot conquer. In what part will he make the assault? In that which is soonest conquered, the pride of the heart; therefore, he sent an embassy with letters and a present to enquire for his health. No small condescension on the part of an emperor to a petty prince. Poor man, he is caught in the trap,—his heart is lifted up,—he shows them all his treasures, which, in fact, were not his, but God's, by an inalienable right,—and here he at once exposes the pride and haughtiness of his heart. It has been said with great propriety, "The first thing that overcame man (viz., pride, *Ye shall be as gods*), is the last thing he overcomes." And what saith the Lord God of his fathers, to this ungrateful act of a wayward child? Why, just that which he often says to many others under similar circumstances,—that "Riches make to themselves wings and flee away,"—and such should be the case with all the treasures he had so vauntingly exhibited to the ambassadors of the Assyrian monarch. And here again the child of God bows with filial submission to his heavenly Parent's decision: "Good is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken." "Thy will be done."

How happy must that man be who relies wholly upon the infinite goodness and mercy of God in Christ Jesus; who can trust his whole salvation, both temporal and spiritual, for time and eternity, unto him. And how wretched must that soul be who lives and dies estranged from God,—who, in fact, is without hope and without Christ in the world. Oh, let me have the faith, the confidence, and the dependence upon God, which Hezekiah possessed, and then, come sickness, temptation, bereavements, or death, all is well, I am safe, for God is my strength and my portion for ever.

Windsor.

* 2

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

No. III.—GOD OUR REST.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

There are times when the soul of every one is oppressed with the weariness of living. "What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?" Living, to most who live earnestly, is rowing a boat hard up-stream; it is full of excitement and stimulus to the vigorous arm and determined eye. There is joy in strife, and pride in overcoming. But still there are hours when the oar slackens and the arm is listless. One does not want for ever to contend with the mad race of waters, and longs to put out of the current into some quiet cove where sunbeams glitter in golden rings, and overhanging trees make green shadows and soft whisperings—one longs for a rest.

There are such internal sheltered nooks and shadowy dells, breezy and fragrant with restful images, in almost every soul; some place to retreat into for quiet thoughts. Is it not so, my friend? You are a mother, perhaps, with more than Martha's care, cumbered with much serving. The arranging and harmonising of a family, the meeting conflicting claims, the endless work of compromising and peace-making among young and vigorous wills, the guiding inexperienced servants, and entertaining guests, and withal, the heavy anxiety to train aright that which never dies; these of necessity oft bring weariness, and there are times when you are sick of life altogether. But perhaps sleeping in the cradle is a joyous, beautiful creature, over whom, as yet, sin or sorrow has no power, ever sweet and good, gay and loving, and when everything else is wearisome your thoughts repose there; your heart, like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, folds its wings and is at peace in that cradle.

Walter Scott has a beautiful passage in Kenilworth, where he describes the ambitious Leicester disgusted and weary with the game of ambition, turning palled and sick from all his schemes, and twining around his finger a fair tress of his young wife's golden hair, reproaching himself that he had so striven for things of no value, when in the love of one confiding heart he had something so much purer, and more beautiful.

So, too, the world of heart, of poetry, painting, music, open a rest to the man who has long striven with the actualities of life, and made abundantly good by his experience the truth, "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," and "that which is wanting cannot be numbered." Then is he tired of this unreasonable world, tired of men as they are, tired of hypocrisy, tired of pride, tired alike of conservatism and of reform, and it is a rest to go with Shakspeare into an ideal world of men and women, or with Mozart into a dream-land of sound, or with Rubens into the ideality of colour, or with the old Greeks into a labyrinth of beautiful forms, till his soul is rested.

In our prosaic work-a-day country, this rest can refresh but a few; but "as he who hath no oblation chooseth a tree," so even here, nature furnishes a ready and benignant provision. Sometimes one single flower, tended and watered from day to day, in the dwelling of sickness and poverty, is a rest from care, and bears healing under its leaves. Happy they who live in the country; there is rest for them in the springing of leaves, in the green, sharp blades of grass, in the glorious sweep of the elm, and the pointed fingers of the spruce, in the flush of the autumn maple, and in the glitter of winter snows.

Many a worn heart has been rested by these things, that never knew where rest came from.

But there come times when all these fail; the lock of hair,—the cradle,—hide them away; they speak only of death and despair; the dream-land of sound has tones in it that are heart-wringing; painting has lost its colour; and nature's bloom and beauty,—her serene ineffable sweetness and composure pain us like the indifference of a friend. Now for the soul's rest! Where is it? Has the Almighty Father sent us here so orphaned that when all else is gone we cannot find *all* in Him, and say, "Return unto thy REST, O my soul"?

But there is a meaning in that word, *Return*. We cannot return to a place we have never been to. This word, *Return*, speaks of old familiarity and long experience: the dove came back to the ark; she had not the ark to seek for the first time. It is this savour of familiarity and long-tried friendship, this constant allusion to an established intimacy between the poet and his heavenly Friend, that gives a charm to the Psalms. He is not seeking a rest unknown; he is returning to one well-known.

Among the green, breezy hollows of the pasture-land at Bethlehem, in early youth, this invisible One, all beauty, all loveliness, had unveiled himself before his soul. He had come to him, not as a fleeting, poetic vision, but as a sober certainty of waking bliss. He had become teacher, comforter, and guide. He had attracted to himself all the fibres of the poet's inner life, so that he could say, "All my springs are in Thee." Thenceforth life became glorified, and all its events, prosperous or adverse, full of divine significance, and bearing a healing power.

The Psalms are full of intimations of this interior friendship. They speak of wakeful hours, of communion in the night-season, when all else is hushed and still. They speak of a glad pulsation of love and joy each morning, such as brightens the infant's eyes, when he wakes, to find his mother's smile. "*When I awake I am still with Thee.*" They speak of wanderings and returnings, of offences forgiven, of instruction imparted, of doubts allayed, and enquiries answered.

In the Psalm, the poet is speaking as one who has left some warm and kindly home for some uncertain and perilous venture. He has been out into the battle and been wounded. He has been into the race and is weary with the noise, and blinded by the dust. He is heart-sick, weary, lonely, desolate; but still he knows where to go. He says, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

But woe for him who has learned no rest; he who, when the storm desolates and lightning scathes, knows no hiding-place from the tempest. On the wide, blasted heath of time he stands a homeless wanderer; no distant light gleams from the windows of a well-known home to guide him, no remembrance of a father's face allures him; desolate above all names of desolation he, who is written without God, and without hope in the world!

PERPLEXITY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"What shall I say?"—*Isaiah xxxviii. 15.*

Such an exclamation escaped from the lips of Joshua, and it was the language of bitter disappointment, for Israel fled before their enemies (Joshua vii. 11). The same words were uttered by our adorable Lord when his soul was overwhelmed with grief, in the prospect of his agonies and bloody sweat, his cross and sacrificial death: "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say?" (John xii. 17.) Here it is the language of one who was filled with perplexity by the dispensations of divine providence. His soul was oppressed, his spirit mourned, and he compared

his prayers to the chattering of a crane or a swallow. Beloved, such is the case with us sometimes; our circumstances are so painful, so different to what we anticipated, that in bewilderment we exclaim, "*What shall I say?*" Say? why,—

First, we must say that God's dealings are very mysterious. His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. His way is in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters, and his footsteps are not known. We looked for light, but behold darkness. We expected success, but we meet with failure. We anticipated prosperity, but we are plunged in adversity. Our purposes are broken off. Our plans are frustrated. Our skies are clothed with clouds. Truly with the church we must say, "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." —"*What shall I say?*" Say,—

Secondly, the words of Jesus are still true,—"*In the world ye shall have tribulation.*" He foresaw it. He appointed it. He foretold it. But we were very backward to believe it. However it may be with others, we did hope that it would be different with us; or, that past trials would suffice, and that we should be exempted in future. But, no, almost every day brings some new trial, some fresh trouble, some unexpected cross. O Saviour, thy words are indeed true! It is "*through much tribulation that we must enter into the kingdom of God.*" —"*What shall I say?*" Say,—

Thirdly, that some of God's promises require strong faith to believe them. He has assured us that he will rejoice over us to do us good; that he will hear our prayers, and listen to our cries; that all things shall work together for our good. But where are the answers to our prayers now? How can these losses, crosses, difficulties, dangers, and disappointments do us good? Where is his love, his zeal for my welfare, his tender mercy now? Is he still the same? Is he yet in one mind? Must I believe that this is the very best thing that could happen to me? Yes, his promises and his covenant relations require it. But, oh, how difficult! What strong faith it requires; and mine, oh, how weak! —"*What shall I say?*" Say,—

Fourthly, that God will do just as he pleases with his own children. He has the right, and he will exercise it. He will cross our wills, hedge up our paths, cut off our expectations, and give us wormwood and gall to drink. And why? Because he loves to pain us, or takes pleasure in our sighs and sorrows? No. Oh, no! But because he consults our welfare. Because he is wiser than we are. Why am I poor, and my brother rich? Why am I sick, and my sister healthy? Why are my efforts crossed, and my brother's crowned with success? Our Father refuses to answer such questions. He asks, May I not do as I will with my own? He bids, "Go thy way, thou shalt stand in thy lot in the end of the days." He kindly quiets us by the assurance, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Well did the Patriarch exclaim, "He giveth not account of any of his matters." Our Father wisely appoints the lot of every one of his children. He has mapped out the path in which they are to travel. He hath appointed their bounds, which they cannot pass. Then with Job we say, "He is in one mind, and who can turn him? What his soul desireth, even that he doeth. He fulfilleth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with him." This is often deeply trying; but "*what shall I say?*" Say,—

Fifthly, that the trial of faith is often very severe, exceedingly painful. Gold is the finest of metals, and is tried more than any other; but the trial of our faith is much more severe, thorough, and precious than gold. Never did the Holy Spirit work faith in a sinner's heart but the providence of God tried it. And when it is passing through the fire to be separated

from all carnal, sensual dross, how exceedingly small it sometimes appears; yea, sometimes when we seek it, it cannot be found. The fire causes the dross to rise to the top, and all we can see is fear, doubt, unbelief, self-pity, complaining, perplexity, envy, fretfulness, vexation, and pride. We look for our faith, which before the trial appeared so healthy and so strong, but where is it? Untried faith is uncertain faith at best. Providence prepares the furnace, lights the fire, lays on the fuel, and our poor faith must pass through the ordeal. How difficult to say sometimes, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." And to believe that this rough road is the right road, which leads to the city of habitations. But tried faith will be found unto honour, and glory, and praise at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Still, while the smoke of the furnace obscures our prospects, and the flames curl around our souls, we are often led to cry out, "*What shall I say?*" Say,—

Sixthly, that patience and perseverance are required under our trials. We may not murmur, we must not complain, but patiently follow wherever the Lord leads, and quietly bear whatever the Lord lays on. He will not lay on us more than we are able to bear; but with every temptation he will make a way for our escape, that we may be able to bear it. Patience must calm the spirit, quiet the heart, and close the mouth. Then shall we say with the Psalmist, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Had it been man, it might have been wrong; had it been chance, it might have been injurious; but it was Thou, and, therefore, it must be wise, holy, and kind. We are required quietly to persevere, to go on, though the way is rugged, though the thorns pierce our feet, though we cannot see one step before us. We must walk by faith, not by sight, believing that we are safe in the midst of danger, right though everything is perplexing, and that all will end well. Still, though we try to exercise patience, and slowly press forward in the trying path, we shall be prompted at times to exclaim, "*What shall I say?*" Say,—

Seventhly, that when Satan hinders, none but God can effectually help; therefore, we must look to him. Satan is our sworn foe, our fierce and watchful enemy. If he cannot drive us back, he will try to hinder us, and make our work and our way bitter to our souls. His opposition is no child's play. He is no feeble foe, or inexperienced opponent. He hindered Paul, and he has hindered us. He will always try to hinder us, either by lulling us asleep, attracting us from the right road, or blocking up our path with difficulties and temptations. With such a foe, so crafty, so cruel, so diligent, so determined, what can we do? Do? say with poor, tried, and troubled Micah, "Therefore will I look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me. Then he that is my enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover him that said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God? For now shall he be trodden down as the mire of the streets." O Satan, thou art a cursed and cruel foe; but thy day is coming, and soon shall I place my foot on thy accursed head; and in the faith of this I can now say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; for when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Still, Satanic influence, and Satanic hindrances, do often make us sigh out, "*What shall I say?*" Say? why I will say,—

Finally, that however rough the road, the end will more than make up for its toils and trials, for the end shall be blessed. Yes, my soul, "there is an end, and thy expectation shall not be cut off." "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." I may now be in darkness,—I may now be misrepresented,—I may now foolishly question even God's faithfulness; but "I will commit my way unto the Lord; I will trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass; for he shall bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness." I will say

then, that God is faithful, that his word is true, that his promises are sure, that his ways are right, and that his perfections shall be glorified, by and bye, by his dealings with me now. I will say, I have an advocate above, Jesus Christ the righteous one,—I have a staff on which I can lean, a hope that will not make me ashamed, a faith that will not fail, and a prospect, notwithstanding all, of an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for me. I will say, that in my best moments, I believe that I shall overcome, and be more than a conqueror over every foe, through him which hath loved me, and given himself for me!

Cheltenham.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"My times are in Thy hand."—*Psalms xxxi. 16.*

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Latent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

Christian Heroes.

No. 5.—EARLY REFORMERS.

It is a remarkable fact, that the history of Christianity has been all along a narrative of struggles and contests. No sooner had the persecutions of the first three centuries ceased, and Christianity got to be recognised and allowed by the temporal power that had previously opposed it, than it was obliged to enter upon a new field, not less trying and scarcely less important; and, as before it had had to contend for its *very existence* against those who were resolved to crush and destroy it altogether, it had now to struggle not less for its *purity*, against those who would insidiously have interfered with that.

During the previous years, indeed, much of the human element had become mingled with the divine in Christianity. Already, before the time of Constantine, priestly assumption had taken very much the place of primitive simplicity, and a leaven of worldliness had infused itself, in other matters, into the church; but those persecutions which had been its weakness had been also, on this account, its chief glory, and the very fires which had been lit to destroy it, had purified it of much of its encumbering dross. But a great change took place immediately when Christianity was established by the civil power. Before, it had been evident that the excellency of its power had been of God, and not of man. There must have been at least something of conviction and sincerity among *all* who were willing to espouse a despised and persecuted cause; and, as we have seen, the persecutions had developed in *many* a nobleness and heroism which the world has scarcely seen equalled before or since. But what was the result when Constantine, for his own purposes, established Christianity as the national religion? Then, instead of its teachers being called upon to show their attachment to it by self-denial and suffering, we see them exalted to worldly honours and dignities for its sake. All the wealth of the State was poured into the lap of the church, and all the honours which the world could give were wrapped around it; we find even that the arm which had before been outstretched to crush it, was now wielded to crush those who opposed it; and we thus find that

what was intended to be an unworldly and spiritual system, and what, when it lost its spirituality and unworldliness, might as well cease, was changed into a thing of pomp and parade, more worldly even than those whom it professed to reprove and to elevate. It is one of the saddest facts in the history of our religion, that its light became thus early obscured. Were the two things not called by the same name, we should scarcely connect the Christianity of this period with that of the first days of its glory. "How had the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed!" From the days of Constantine, the corruptions of the christian profession proceeded with rapid progress. Many evils, as we have said, existed before this period, which prepared the way for what was to follow; but when the influence of the secular power became an engine of the clergy, to be exercised in their kingdom, it need not be a matter of surprise that the progress became exceedingly rapid in converting the religion of Christ into a system of tyranny, idolatry, superstition, and hypocrisy, which arrived at its full height in the church and hierarchy of Rome.

But not to dwell upon a state of things so disastrous, and so different from that which the earlier history of the church would have led us to anticipate, the question arises, Was this degradation, then, *universal*? was Christianity *everywhere* a thus deformed and degraded thing?

We have stood sometimes on a mountain side when the heavens have been gathering in all their darkness and blackness. The heavy clouds have rolled slowly and indolently along, and the blue sky has been piece by piece obscured, until the entire heavens have seemed to be shrouded in gloom and horror. But we have never yet seen it so that in some one spot at least the rays of the sun might not be found by the attentive and longing watcher struggling through even that blackness. And so, although the spiritual heavens were thus darkened during the long centuries which succeeded the establishment of Christianity, *all* was not dark even then. On some mountain top, or in some secluded vale, away from the influences which were exerting themselves in the more populous and civilized districts, poor troubled Chris-

tianity never failed to find a refuge in some "true hearts that loved it well." And while those in the high places of the church were forgetting their work, and degrading themselves in the lap of worldliness, "after the way which some called heresy," there were always those who witnessed for God and his truth.

It would be wrong to suppose that even in those who were associated with the system as thus degraded, there were no elements of spiritual life left. Even in monkery, with all its superstitions and abuses, we find evidence that there were some, better-taught, who discovered in the old bibles which they read in secret, truths which affected their character, and raised them above the influences which were working around; and it is impossible to believe that there were not many, in the cells and hermitages to which superstition had consigned them, who, like the monk of whom D'Aubigné tells us, had learnt a "higher truth" than those around them knew. But it is not there that we must go to find the EARLY REFORMERS whom we would enshrine amongst the HEROES of our faith. Amongst the Novatians, Paulicians, and others of various names, few in number and despised, and who were regarded and treated as *Infidels*, we must pursue the Heroes who were God's witnesses in those dark days; or, even to come to a later period, among those Waldenses and Albigenes, who were regarded as the offscouring of the church, as they were the scorn of the world.

It is impossible for us here to record the inspiring narrative of these men "of whom the world was not worthy." We must refer those who would learn more of the former to the ordinary Church Histories,—those who would learn more of the latter to the able narrative of Mr. Jones. Down at the foot of the mountains in the South of France, separated by the Alps from that Italy which was the seat of the Papal power, was situated the

district in which the Waldenses witnessed for God and truth. They had wandered, many of them, through successive periods, away from the scenes of ecclesiastical corruption and tyranny; and, simple in their manners, and surrounded by the grandeur of nature, in spots which seemed from the first to be "designed as a cabinet, in which some inestimable jewel was to be hid," they lived their humble and unambitious lives, above and yet below the din and tumult of the restless and uneasy world. After a while, however, it began to be rumoured in the neighbouring states, that here were a people whose faith and practice differed from those of the Romish church. They paid no tithes, offered no mass, worshipped no saints, nor had recourse to any of the prescribed means for redeeming their souls from purgatory. They were Christians. They were Baptists. Immediately the Popedom awoke in all its fury. The scaffold was erected, and the fagot lighted. Hostile armies were poured down upon them. They were compelled to flee like innocent and defenceless sheep from these devouring wolves. The numbers who perished in the persecutions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries it is impossible to estimate. But the blood of the martyrs became again the seed of the church. "Bulgaria, Dalmatia, Hungary, and the neighbouring lands, learned the same faith from those who fled from such persecutions; and such was the influence of their teaching and example, that it is computed that at the close of the twelfth century there were not less than eighty thousand of this class of Christians in Bohemia and Passaw alone. From them, therefore, it was that Huss and Jerome of Prague received their hereditary faith; and to them, also, might Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and Knox point, as those from whom their spirit of protestantism, their faith, and their virtues, were derived as from a common ancestry."

Tales and Sketches.

THE ANGEL OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER.

BY MRS. AUSTIN PHELPS.

"There! a woman's work is never done," said Mrs. James. "I thought, for once, I

was through; but just look at that lamp, now! It will not burn, and I must go and spend half an hour over it."

"Don't you wish you had never been married?" said Mr. James, with a good-natured laugh.

"Yes," rose to her lips, but was checked by a glance at the group upon the floor, where her husband was stretched out, and two little urchins with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were climbing and tumbling over him, as if they found in this play the very essence of fun. She did say, "I should like the good without the evil, if I could have it."

"You have no evils to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it! What would you think if you could not get an uninterrupted half-hour to yourself from morning till night? I believe you would give up trying to do anything."

"There is no need of that; all you want is *system*. If you arranged your work systematically, you would find that you could command your time."

"Well," was the reply, "all I wish is, that you could just follow me round for one day, and see what I have to do. If you could reduce it all to system, I think you would show yourself a genius."

When the lamp was trimmed, the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had employed the "half-hour" in meditating on this subject. "My dear," said he, as she came in, "I have a plan to propose to you, and I wish you to promise me beforehand that you will accede to it. It is to be an experiment, I acknowledge; but I wish it to have a fair trial. Now, to please me, will you promise?"

Mrs. James hesitated. She felt almost sure that his plan would be quite impracticable—for what does a man know of a woman's work?—yet she promised.

"Now, I wish you," said he, "to set apart two hours of every day for your own private use. Make a point of going to your room and locking yourself in; and also make up your mind to let the work which is not done go undone, if it must. Spend this time on just those things which will be most profitable to yourself. I shall bind you to your promise for one month; then, if it has proved a total failure, we will devise something else."

"When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow."

The morrow came. Mrs. James had chosen the two hours before dinner as being, on the whole, the most convenient, and the least liable to interruption. They dined at one o'clock. She wished to finish her morning work, get dressed for the day, and enter her room at eleven.

Hearty as were her efforts to accomplish this, the hour of eleven found her with her work but half done; yet, true to her promise, she left all, retired to her room, and locked the door.

With some interest and hope, she immediately marked out a course of reading and study for these two precious hours; then, arranging her table, her books, pen and paper, she commenced a schedule of her work with much enthusiasm. Scarcely had she dipped her pen in ink, when she heard the trampling of little feet along the hall, and then a knocking at her door.

"Mamma! mamma! I cannot find my mittens; and Frank is going to slide without me."

"Go to Amy, my dear, mamma is busy."

"So Amy busy too; she say she can't leave baby."

The child began to cry, still standing close to the fastened door. Mrs. James knew the easiest, and, indeed, the only way of settling the trouble, was to go herself and hunt up the missing mittens. Then a parley must be held with Frank, to induce him to wait for his sister, and the child's tears must be dried, and little hearts must be all set right before the children went out to play; and so favourable an opportunity must not be suffered to slip without impressing on young minds the importance of having a "place for everything, and everything in its place." This took time; and when Mrs. James returned to her study, her watch told her that *half* her portion had gone. Quietly resuming her work, she was endeavouring to mend her broken train of thought, when heavier steps were heard in the hall, and the fastened door was once more besieged. Now Mr. James must be admitted. "Mary," said he, "cannot you come and sew a string on for me? I do believe there is not a shirt-bosom in my drawer in order, and I am in a great hurry. I ought to have been in town an hour ago."

The paper was thrown aside, the work-basket taken, and Mrs. James followed him. She soon sewed on the tape, but then a button needed fastening,—and, at last, a rip in his glove was to be mended. As Mrs. James stitched away on the glove, a smile lurked in the corners of her mouth, which her husband observed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked he.

"To think how famously your plan works."

"I declare," said he. "Is this your study

hour? I am sorry; but what can a man do? He cannot go down to town without a shirt-bosom!"

"Certainly not," said his wife, quietly.

When her liege lord was fairly equipped and off, Mrs. James returned to her room. A half-hour yet remained to her, and of this she determined to make the most. But scarcely had she resumed her pen, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned from walking out with the baby, and she entered the nursery with him, that she might get him to sleep. Now it happened that the only room in the house which Mrs. James could have to herself with a fire, was the one adjoining the nursery. She had become so accustomed to the ordinary noise of the children that it did not disturb her; but the very extraordinary noise which master Charley sometimes felt called upon to make, when he was fairly on his back in the cradle, did disturb the unity of her thoughts. The words which she was reading rose and fell with the screams and lulls of the child, and she felt obliged to close her book until the storm was over. When quiet was restored in the cradle, the children came in from sliding, crying with cold fingers; and just as she was going to them, the dinner-bell rang.

"How did your new plan work this morning?" enquired Mr. James.

"Famously!" was the reply. "I read about seventy pages of German, and as many more in French!"

"I am sure *I* did not hinder you long."

"No,—yours was only one of a dozen interruptions."

"Oh, well! you must not get discouraged. Nothing succeeds well the first time. Persist in your arrangement, and by-and-by the family will learn that if they want anything of you they must wait until after dinner."

"But what can a man do?" replied his wife. "He cannot go down to town without a shirt-bosom."

"I was in a bad case," replied Mr. James; "it may not happen again. I am anxious to have you try the month out faithfully, and then we will see what has come of it."

The second day of trial was a stormy one. As the morning was dark, Bridget over-slept, and consequently breakfast was too late by an hour. This lost hour Mrs. James could not recover. When the clock struck eleven, she seemed but to have

commenced her morning's work, so much remained to be done. With mind disturbed, and spirits depressed, she left her household matters "in the suds," as they were, and punctually retired to her study. She soon found, however, that she could not fix her attention upon any intellectual pursuit. Neglected duties haunted her, like ghosts around the guilty conscience. Perceiving that she was doing nothing with her books, and not wishing to lose the morning wholly, she commenced writing a letter. Bridget interrupted her before she had proceeded far on the first page.

"What, ma'am, shall we have for dinner? No marketing han't come."

"Have some steaks, then."

"We han't got none, ma'am."

"I will send out for some directly."

Now there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh she put down her letter, and went into the nursery.

"Amy, Mr. James has forgotten our marketing. I should like to have you run over to the butcher's and order some beef-steaks. I will stay with the baby."

Amy was not much pleased to be sent out on this errand. She remarked that "she must change her dress first."

"Be as quick as possible," said Mrs. James, "for I am particularly engaged at this hour."

Amy neither obeyed nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time without any very deliberate intention to do so. Mrs. James, hoping to get along with a sentence or two, took her German book into the nursery. But this arrangement was not to master Charley's mind. A fig did he care for German, but "the kitties" he must have, whether or no, and kitties he would find in that particular book, so he turned its leaves over in great haste. Half of the time on the second day of trial had gone when Amy returned, and Mrs. James, with a sigh, left her nursery. Before one o'clock she was twice called into the kitchen to superintend some important dinner arrangement; and thus it turned out that she did not finish one page of her letter.

On the third morning the sun shone, and Mrs. James rose early, made every provision which she deemed necessary for dinner and for the comfort of her family, and then, elated by her success, in good spirits and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock, and locked her

door. Her books were opened, and the challenge given to a hard German lesson. Scarcely had she made the first onset when the door-bell was heard to ring, and soon Bridget coming nearer and nearer,—then tapping at the door.

"Somebody wants to see you in the parlour, ma'am."

"Tell them I am engaged, Bridget."

"I told 'em you were at home, ma'am, and they sent up their names, but I han't got 'em, jist."

There was no help for it,—Mrs. James must go down to receive her callers. She had to smile when she felt little like it,—to be sociable when her thoughts were busy with her task. Her friends made a long call; they had nothing else to do with their time, and when they went others came. In very unsatisfactory chit-chat her morning slipped away.

On the next day Mr. James invited company to tea, and her morning was devoted to preparing for it; she did not enter her study. On the day following, a sick-head-ache confined her to her bed; and on Saturday the care of the baby devolved upon her, as Amy had extra work to do. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered for a month in her efforts to secure for herself this little fragment of her broken time, but with what success the first week's history can tell. With its close, closed the month of December.

On the last day of the old year she was so much occupied in her preparations for the morrow's festival that the last hour of the day was approaching before she made her good-night call in the nursery. She first went to the crib and looked at the baby. There he lay in his innocence and beauty, fast asleep. She softly stroked his golden hair,—she kissed gently his rosy cheek,—she pressed the little dimpled hand in hers,—and then, carefully drawing the coverlet over it, tucked it in, and, stealing yet another kiss, she left him to his peaceful dreams, and sat down on her daughter's bed. She, also, slept sweetly, with her dolly hugged to her bosom. At this her mother smiled; but soon grave thoughts entered her mind, and these deepened into sad ones. She thought of her disappointment and the failure of her plans. To her, not only the past month, but the whole past year seemed to have been one of fruitless effort,—all broken and disjointed; even

her hours of religious duty had been encroached upon and disturbed. She had accomplished nothing, that she could see, but to keep her house and family in order; and even this, to her saddened mind, seemed to have been but indifferently done. She was conscious of yearnings for a more earnest life than this. Unsatisfied longings for something which she had not attained often clouded what otherwise would have been a bright day to her; and yet the causes of these feelings seemed to lie in a dim and misty region, which her eye could not penetrate.

What, then, did she need? To see some *results* from her life's work! To know that a golden cord bound her life-threads together into *unity* of purpose,—notwithstanding they seemed so often single and broken!

She was quite sure that she felt no desire to shrink from duty, however humble, but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what *was* duty. Her employments, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous and useless. It seemed to her that there was some better way of living, which she, from deficiency in energy of character or of principle, had failed to discover. As she leaned over her child, her tears fell fast upon its young brow.

Most earnestly did she wish that she could shield that child from the disappointments, and mistakes, and self-reproach from which the mother was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it to her—all mended by her own experience. It would have been a comfort to have felt that in fighting the battle she had fought for both; yet she knew that so it could not be—that for ourselves must we all learn what are those things which "make for our peace."

The tears were in her eyes as she gave the good-night to her sleeping daughter; then, with soft steps, she entered an adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek, which nestled among the pillows. At length she sought her own rest.

Soon she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain. No trees were visible save those which skirted the distant horizon, and on their broad tops rested wreaths of golden clouds. Before her was a female who was journeying towards that region of light. Little children were about her, now in her arms, now running

by her side; and as they travelled she occupied herself in caring for them. She taught them how to place their little feet,—she gave them timely warnings of the pitfalls,—she gently lifted them over the stumbling-blocks. When they were weary, she soothed them by singing of that brighter land, which she kept ever in view, and towards which she seemed hastening with her little flock. But what was most remarkable was, that, all unknown to her, she was constantly watched by two angels, who reposed on two golden clouds which floated above her. Before each was a golden book, and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over her right shoulder,—another kept as strict a watch over her left. Not a deed, not a word, not a look, escaped their notice. When a good deed, word, look, went from her, the angel over the right shoulder with a glad smile wrote it down in his book: when an evil, however trivial, the angel over the left shoulder recorded it in his book; then with sorrowful eyes followed the pilgrim until he observed penitence for the wrong, upon which he dropped a tear on the record, and blotted it out; and both angels rejoiced.

To the looker-on it seemed that the traveller did nothing which was worthy of such careful record. Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her little children; but the angel over the *right shoulder*—wrote it down. Sometimes she did but patiently wait to lure back a little truant who had turned his face away from the distant light; but the angel over the *right shoulder*—wrote it down. Sometimes she did but soothe an angry feeling, or raise a drooping eye-lid, or kiss away a little grief; but the angel over the *right shoulder*—wrote it down.

Sometimes her eye was fixed so intently on that golden horizon, and she became so eager to make progress thither, that the little ones, missing her care, did languish or stray. Then it was that the angel over the *left shoulder* lifted his golden pen, and made the entry, and followed her with sorrowful eyes until he could blot it out. Sometimes she seemed to advance rapidly; but in her haste the little ones had fallen back, and it was the sorrowing angel who recorded her progress. Sometimes so intent was she to gird up her loins and have her lamp trimmed and burning, that the little children wandered away quite into forbidden paths, and it was the angel over the *left shoulder* who recorded her diligence.

Now the observer, as she looked, felt that it was a faithful and true record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. The strong clasps of gold on those golden books also impressed her with the conviction that, when they were closed, it would only be for a future opening.

Her sympathies were warmly enlisted for the gentle traveller, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps that she might overtake her. She wished to tell her of the angels keeping watch above her,—to entreat her to be faithful and patient to the end; for her life's work was all written down,—every item of it,—and the results would be known when those golden books should be unclasped. She wished to beg of her to think no duty trivial which must be done; for over her right shoulder, and over her left, were recording angels, who would surely take note of all!

Eager to warn the traveller of what she had seen, she touched her. The traveller turned, and she recognised, or seemed to recognise, *herself*! Startled and alarmed, she awoke in tears. The grey light of morning struggled through the half-opened shutter, the door was ajar and merry faces were peeping in.

"Wish you a happy new year, mamma."
"Wish you a *Happy New Year*." "A happy new ear."

She returned the merry greeting most heartily. It seemed to her as if she had entered upon a new existence. She had found her way through the thicket in which she had been entangled, and a light was now about her path. The Angel over the Right Shoulder whom she had seen in her dream would bind up in his golden book her life's work, if it were but well done. He required of her no great deeds, but faithfulness and patience to the end of the race which was set before her. Now she could see plainly enough, that though it was right and important for her to cultivate her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important to meet and perform faithfully all those little household cares and duties on which the comfort and virtue of her family depended; for into these things the angels carefully looked,—and these duties and cares acquired a dignity from the strokes of that golden pen,—they could not be neglected without danger.

Sad thoughts and sadder misgivings, undefined yearnings and ungratified longings, seemed to have taken their flight with the Old Year; and it was with fresh resolution

and cheerful hope, and a happy heart, she welcomed the *Glad* New Year. The Angel over the Right Shoulder would go with her, and, if she were found faithful, would strengthen and comfort her to its close.

THE WAY WITH SOME PEOPLE.

Mr. S—— once employed a shoemaker to run a few stitches in a boot, for which service he was asked half-a-crown. The demand was considered exorbitant, but Mr. S—— was not a man to have a quarrel with his neighbour on a trifling matter, so without a word of objection the demand was paid. "All will come round right in the end," he said to himself.

Next morning, Mr. S——, who was a farmer, was on his way to his field with horses and plough, when the shoemaker came out of his shop and accosted him.

"Good morning, Mr. S——. You're just the man I wanted to see. The fact is, I've hired the field yonder, and am going to sow it with wheat; but being no farmer myself, I wish you would stop and give me a little insight into the business."

Mr. S—— was about to excuse himself, for he felt particularly anxious to finish a piece of ploughing that day, which he could not do, if detained at all; when, remembering the boot-mending, thought he, "The affair is coming right soon. Here is an opportunity for illustrating the Golden Rule, and returning good for evil. I will render the assistance he needs, and when asked what's to pay, will answer, 'Nothing, Sir, nothing. I never make account of these little neighbourly kindnesses.' That will remind him of yesterday."

So Mr. S—— readily consented to do as requested, and going over to the field, commenced and finished sowing a bushel of grain; scarcely thinking, meantime, of how his team was standing idle in the cool of the day; but glorying in anticipation of the smart his neighbour would suffer from the living coals about to be heaped upon his head. The employer, who, seated on a pile of stones in the centre of the field, had watched the process in silence, now rose to his feet, and very deliberately advanced towards the obliging farmer.

"Now for my revenge," thought the latter, seeing him about to speak; but the other only carelessly remarked, "It isn't much to do a thing when one knows how."

Mr. S—— made no reply, but stood awaiting the question, "How much do you ask for your labour?" He waited in vain, however; the question was not asked. The other began to speak on different topics, and the farmer, unwilling to lose more time, turned and hurried away to where he had left his team.

He had gone some distance along the road, when a voice was heard calling,—

"Hallo, Mr. S——! Hold on there a minute."

Mr. S—— turned his head, and his neighbour, the shoemaker, beckoned him back.

"He's just thought of it," said Mr. S—— to himself, half impatient at being again stopped. "My triumph is likely to cost about as much as 'tis worth, but I'll have it, after all. Urge as he may, I won't take a halfpenny."

So saying, he secured his team to a post by the road-side, and ran back as far as the wall, against the opposite side of which the shoemaker was carelessly leaning.

"Why, how you puff, Mr. S——, there's no special haste called for. I merely thought to ask whether you don't imagine we shall have rain soon. You farmers pay more attention to these things than we mechanics do."

Mr. S—— coughed a full minute, and then answered that he really couldn't say, but it seemed pretty near *cool* enough for snow; and having given this opinion, he once more set his face farmward; musing, as he went, whether it might not have been well to have attached to the Golden Rule a modifying clause, suited to dealing with such people as his neighbour of the awl and last.

Mr. S—— loves to this day to tell the story and laugh over it; but he never fails to add, "Well, well, it ended just as it should; inasmuch as I was wickedly calculating on rejoicing over my neighbour's humiliation!"

A Page for Women.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

WHO WOULD BE PRAISED?

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."
—Prov. xxxi. 30.

The chapter in which this verse is found contains a description of a model woman, —one who may be regarded as a pattern to all her sex. Many after perusing it, may have laid down their bibles and thought, "Well, it is very pleasant to read of so lovely a character, but I doubt if such an one ever existed; were I to try with all my might I could never expect to arrive at such perfection." But the secret, I imagine, lies in the verse above quoted. Some may not comprehend how this can be, for I fancy I hear one say, "It is so pleasant to be beautiful, to be loved and admired, and to be in favour with all, that for all this to be styled 'deceitful and vain,' passes my understanding." Will you visit with me three scenes illustrative of the different parts of the text, and perhaps your opinions may undergo a little change?

We will imagine ourselves for a time in the splendid palace of the Tuilleries. We view the gardens surrounding it laid out with great taste and variety. Everything to delight the eye and gratify the senses is here displayed in lovely profusion. Flowers of all colours bloom in rich luxuriance: nature and art seem to have combined to form this lovely spot into a second Eden. This is all very charming, and would entice us to linger; but we must hasten into the palace. Here a scene of magnificence and splendour bursts upon the vision, as we survey suites of apartments, furnished with all the grandeur that wealth can procure. We press forward through lofty halls and gorgeous drawing-rooms, where our eyes are dazzled by the profusion of superb and glittering ornaments; and now we have reached a room smaller than the rest, characterised by a simple elegance of arrangement and decoration, which indicate that its owner possesses a mind more than ordinarily refined and cultivated. Our attention is immediately arrested by the graceful figure of a lady in deep mourning, seated on a couch, overwhelmed with bitter sorrow. What is the cause of her grief? Can she want for anything while surrounded

by all the comfort and ease that wealth can procure or nature desire? Does she mourn the loss of her children, or the estrangement of their affections from her? The appearance of that beautiful girl, bending over her with such deep solicitude, and of that noble young man, whose hand is clasped in hers, his countenance betraying the deepest feeling for her suffering, and his only anxiety being how to administer comfort to her bursting heart, may well contradict this idea. Yes, these her two only children, love her tenderly, and well does she merit their affections. What, then, can be the cause of this misery? Perhaps she mourns the death of the husband of her youth, and feels that his place in her heart can be filled by no other. Alas, it is not his death she laments with such uncontrollable grief, but what to her is far worse,—he is still living, but has deserted her. This is Josephine, but a few hours since the admired wife of Napoleon, Emperor of France. She had fondly imagined that nothing but death could separate her from him; he professed to love her so deeply, and his affection was returned seventy-fold from the depths of her warm and ardent soul. She did not remember that the favour of man is deceitful, nor was she ever instructed not to place her confidence in princes; therefore she was not prepared for the tidings that Napoleon was resolved to take another in her place, in order that his ambition might be satisfied by leaving an heir to his vast and newly acquired dominions.

We will pursue her history no farther, as all know how Napoleon's ambition received its reward; and how his cruelty to the faithful Josephine was returned into his own bosom with fearful vengeance by a retributive Providence.

Turn we now to another scene. Bidding adieu to France, we travel in imagination to Egypt; and instead of a magnificent palace like that we have just viewed, a solitary tomb arrests our attention. In our ideas, the tomb and the dead are inseparably connected; but now we have it presented before us inhabited for a time by a few living persons. They are evidently in a state of great alarm and agitation, for armed men are without, seeking to gain

admittance. Who would recognise in one of these miserable beings the once admired and beautiful Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt? But so it is. She had fled to this place to avoid being taken prisoner by the conquering Octavius. But she cannot long hide herself; even now the officers are at the gate of her strange fortress; they have soon accomplished their object, and she is reluctantly borne away to her own palace. She enters it, not as aforetime, its sole mistress, but as a prisoner, awaiting the further pleasure of her conqueror.

We may here stay awhile, and glance over her history, in order to see what relation it bears to the subject in hand.

Cleopatra has been celebrated as the most beautiful of women. But what has her beauty done for her? Has she spent a life of usefulness, being admired, not only for the elegance of her person, but also for the loveliness of her mind and character? Alas, history tells a very different tale: Nursed in the lap of luxury and pride, she was early taught to consider herself entitled to praise and flattery. Her beauty was extolled, her wit and fascination of manners raised her many admirers. Above all, Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony were most conspicuous. These, after having led a life of guilt and crime beyond description, departed from this life to render an account to their Creator and Judge. The wretched Cleopatra, deserted by all who once flattered and praised her, is left a prisoner in the hands of Octavius, who only waits her recovery to health in order to conduct her to Rome to grace his triumph. But now her guilt and crimes haunt her; she has no joy in her beauty,—this is in part faded,—and she is left a wretched prey to remorse. Behold her tearing her hair, and madly calling for some one to kill her, and thus terminate a life which has become an intolerable burden.

We will dwell no longer on this scene of horror, but just add that this desolate-hearted creature died at last by her own hand; thus she completed her life of wickedness by ushering herself before the bar of God as a self-murderess!

Oh, Beauty, how few who possess thee have grace to keep themselves from thy snares; how few have humility to ask that grace of God!

We now bid farewell to royalty, and seek among the humbler ranks of life to find one who shall serve as an illustration to the

latter part of the passage before us. A third, and, if possible, a more painful, and yet, strange to say, a much more pleasing sight, arises before us; for though it is distressing to witness the sufferings of a fellow-creature, yet if she suffer in the cause of God, it is pleasant to trace the end, and by faith perceive the crown of glory that awaits her in heaven.

Gloomy Smithfield, that sphere of the martyr's sufferings and triumphs, presents itself to our view. The frowning stake and piled-up faggots tell us that a fearful deed will soon be perpetrated. Man is about to sacrifice his fellow-creatures simply for differing from himself in religious sentiments. Thousands of spectators crowd the spot, eager to view the shocking spectacle. Each countenance is impressed with the feelings which pervade the heart. In one group there is deadly hatred; in others the look of savage delight; while in some few may be traced deep sympathy for the sufferer, and pity for the savage tormentor.

A thrill now passes through the crowd,—faces press eagerly forward to gaze upon the mournful procession as it approaches the spot. No sound is heard, but the voice of the hard-hearted judge, as he reads aloud the warrant for the dreadful procedure. He states that the name of the prisoner is Ann Askew; she has dared to pray to Jesus, to speak openly of his truth, to denounce "the mass" as a human invention, to renounce the Church of Rome as apostate, and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation. All means have been tried to bring her back to her former faith. She has endured the rack, and braved the most fearful tortures, with christian heroism; and still she adheres to her religion. Her cruel tormentors have condemned her to be burned alive, for a punishment, and as a warning to others.

Fear not, blessed martyr! men may kill the body, but after that, what more can they do? The soul must be happy, and live for ever, out of the reach of cruelty, blest with the smile of God!

The reading finished, the victim is taken and unresistingly bound to the stake. The fire is applied, the smoke curls aloft, the flames gradually ascend. How does the sufferer bear this terrible death? A woman's weakness will surely now betray itself. No! a holy calm pervades her mind, and lights up her face with almost angelic beauty. She has the peace of God; knows in whom she

has believed, and praises him that he gives her strength and fortitude to bear the dreadful agony, and to endure to the end. In the midst of prayer and praise her happy spirit wings its flight to rest. Now she is past all human suffering. The Lord whom she loved has taken her to himself.

Oh, blessed martyr, bright was thy life, and triumphant thy death; thou didst not enjoy the favour of man, which is so deceitful; though beauty crowned thy brow, to thee it was no deadly curse, for thou hadst the fear of God, and for this shalt thou be praised by thy fellow-christians on earth and this godly fear wrought in thee a meet-

ness for the mansions of bliss.

"Beauty is vain, it lasts but for a while,
Amidst the sunshine of the flatterer's smile;
Favour, deceitful as the winds that sweep
Along the surface of the watery deep;
But she who fears the Lord shall ever be
Firm as the rocks that rise above the sea:
Her praise shall be the burden of our song,
Her name shall ever hang upon our tongue;
Lightnings may flash, and thunders round her roll,
Darkness and death arise to affright her soul,
These cannot hurt her, God will be her guide,
To safely shield, when none can shield beside;
To take, when nature's final throbbings cease,
The unfettered spirit to the realms of peace."

Correspondence.

THE AFFLICTED FAMILY.

A CURE SUGGESTED.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

In your April number I find a letter from one of your able correspondents respecting an "afflicted family," for whom he is desirous of obtaining some medicinal relief.

Although I believe I am related to "Luke, the beloved physician," yet I have no pretensions to the science of medicine; nevertheless, I feel disposed to offer a few remarks upon the subject.

I shall not endeavour to trace the origin of this family, nor to find their whereabouts, as the condition in which we have them presented seems to be a dangerous one, and therefore calls loudly for a present and powerful antidote.

After a close examination of the symptoms of the first three patients, I am disposed to believe their disease to be the same, although the symptoms slightly differ. If I am not mistaken, their affliction is caused by a deeply-rooted spirit of slothfulness, or, in other words, idleness. Now, Sirs, my practice has not been very extensive in such complaints, still I have met with cases of the kind in some few of my journeyings, and I know of nothing more likely to restore the patients than a few doses of pills such as the following:—

"A man may go idle to hell, but he that would go to heaven must be busy."

"Such as stand idle, the enemy of souls will try to hire into his service,—he puts them on the pilfering trade."

"Idleness is an inlet to much sin; the standing water gathers filth, and the sitting bird is the fowler's mark."

These are from the surgery of Messrs. Henry and Watson, and are, I think, very likely to touch the seat of the disease; but should these fail to reach the part affected, you may safely administer the following from the stores of Solomon, Paul, & Co.:—

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

"Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud."

"Rise up, ye women, that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters, give heed unto my speech."

"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is."

"Be watchful, and strengthen the thing which remain that are ready to die."

If these few pills were taken in a draught of prayer to God for his blessing, I have but little doubt the effect would be found beneficial. The dose may be repeated as often as the symptoms appear, and may be increased or decreased to suit the various stages of the disease. Joseph Lancaster, the founder of the Lancasterian Schools, once asked, "Have all the children at all times something to do, and a motive for doing it?" Such an enquiry ought to be made by every one in the christian church. What am I doing for Christ, who has done so much for me? I believe, Sirs, that had there been as much apathy about Christ, as there is about many of those who bear his name, man would have been eternally lost.

"It is high time to awake out of sleep." The time has come when every one ought to be ready to push forward the truth as it is in Jesus,—when every breath of prayer that can be sent up to the mercy-seat should be employed,—when every blow that can be brought to tell upon the head of the "Man of Sin" should be struck,—that our dear Redeemer may have universal dominion. May God infuse his Spirit into our hearts, that we may be made to glorify his name!

We come now to another of this "afflicted family," who, it appears, is troubled with the "King's evil of the true Alexandrian type." If I mistake not, this gentleman has but one eye open, with which he sees great defects in all around, but is unconscious of wrong at home. I think the main effort should be directed to open the other eye, that as he views the mote of his brother he may also see his own beam. Physicians differ in their opinions and treatment, therefore, I may not be right in my view of the patient; but it will be apparent to all that this man's system is too high; nothing,

therefore, can be effectually done until a lowering takes place. In order, then, to lower the carnal system, the sword of the Spirit must be applied until a stream of penitential grief runs freely from the heart. Then, and not till then,—not till the man is convinced that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,"—not till he feels sure that God beholds the proud afar off, but gives his grace to the humble, and that the man that exalteth himself shall be abased,—can we entertain any hope of his recovery. I may just say, that his present state indicates spiritual pride, which is the companion of spiritual poverty.

The other two patients require little notice. The former may be left to cook a dish or two for himself, which will doubtless cure him; and the latter may take a dose with the first three patients.

Hoping they may soon recover,

I am, Sirs, yours very truly,

J. B.

Ragland, Monmouthshire.

Notices of Books.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS IN RELATION TO WAR. A PASTORAL LETTER. By B. EVANS, Scarborough. Pp. 20. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

When we say that we cordially recommend this "Pastoral Letter" to the sheep of other folds than that over which its much esteemed author is the shepherd, it will be no more than would be expected by all our readers; this is not, however, the language of mere christian courtesy; the few christians who, like the author, would rather repress than stimulate the warlike zeal of the nation, need to be especially listened to at the present moment. At the very best, war should be to christians but a *melancholy necessity*, and though it is difficult to separate energy and enthusiasm, we should watch that the enthusiasm should be for the sacred *object* only, and not for the truly distressing *means* by which alone it can be attained. Mr. Evans will not, of course, expect us to agree with his "conviction that a christian should *never* fight," and that, if possible, he should always prevent the nation to which he belongs

from fighting. If he were to *limit* the proposition by adding, "for merely personal reasons," or "for the advancement of his master's kingdom," we might be reluctant to impugn it; but when a christian fights to protect another, it is difficult to see in this aught but "loving our brethren and laying down our lives for them." We have always felt that the duty of protecting the rights and lives of others, at all sacrifices, is one of the most difficult things for a man of absolute peace principles to deny. If it be right to allow *ourselves* to be shot, rather than shoot the murderer, which we by no means admit, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that it is the will of God we should see our wife or child shot, rather than kill the man who stretched out his murderous hand against them. We should extend the principle to any case in which we saw another's life in danger from the hand of violence, and, of course, to the duty of society to protect the rights and property of its subjects by force, and even, if necessary, by the infliction of death. From this stage there appears to us but one

step to the duty of nations to protect any member of the family which is attacked by a stronger one. If national existence be a reality, and if some nations are weak compared with others, it would seem to follow that the other nations ought, like the individuals composing a society, to defend the injured one against the wanton aggressor. Territorial burglary, and murder by wholesale, are as much opposed to national existence, as common burglary, and individual murder, to the existence of society. Against the nations who live in amity with neighbour nations there is no law; but against the nations who rob and murder other nations the law remains in its full force,—*and must be put in force.* It may cost us great sacrifices of life, as well as of money, time, and comfort, to do it; so it does, in a less degree, to enforce the civil laws which uphold society; yet, however heavy the cost, it appears to us one of the primary necessities of human nature in its fallen state,—a necessity which revelation presupposes in all its teachings bearing on the subject. Force is, and as we believe will be, a necessity, till the universal reign of Love shall supersede it. Wherever love rules, force is even now unnecessary. To diffuse love in the heart, *force* is useless;—and hence the wickedness and folly of state-churches;—but against those who refuse obedience to the law of love, and yet more against those who will not obey the law of simple justice, force is as indispensable to the existence of society, while its members are imperfect and sinful creatures, as piles to a building when the foundation is bad. It is, however, impossible to explain so large a subject, and to answer all objections, in a brief notice of a tract. While we differ from the one important assertion we have now commented on, we can truly say, that there is not in the letter itself a consideration suggested, to which we do not earnestly invite the attention of all our christian readers. Very many will probably think that on the point adverted to we have the worst of the argument, and we own we shall not regret it much if they do. We may differ about the modes of arriving at the result. We are sure it is nowhere said; Blessed are the war-makers, while we know where it is written, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

TEMPERANCE MEMORIALS OF THE LATE
ROBERT KETTLE, ESQ., CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS ON THE
TEMPERANCE QUESTION. WITH A ME-
MOIR OF HIS LIFE. By the REV. WIL-
LIAM REID. Pp. 192. London: Houl-
ston and Stoneman.

Mr. Kettle was, perhaps, best known to our readers, and the christian public generally, as one of the adjudicators of the Working Men's Prize Essays on the Sabbath, which attracted so much attention two or three years ago. He was, however, also an eminent member of our own denomination in Edinburgh, an occasional preacher, a large-hearted philanthropist, a man of love and good works; and he well deserved such a memorial as his friend Mr. Reid has furnished in this volume. The memoir is interesting and instructive, full of proofs of goodness, and moral and christian worth; and the Temperance Memorials by Mr. Kettle, are earnest, pointed, generally forcible, though, as will be expected, scarcely free from those extravagances and exaggerations, which enthusiasts in all causes are occasionally guilty of. We should be glad to hear of the book being largely circulated and read: the christian influence of its contents would always be elevated; and it could not fail to bring impressively before religious people especially the claims of a movement which has been too much neglected by those to whom its advocates had a right to look for sanction and aid.

THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE. By
CAROLINE DENT. Pp. 262. London: A.
Hall and Co.

One of the critics in the Edinburgh Review once said, that "to publish verses is become a sort of evidence that a man wants sense, which is repelled not by writing good verses, but by writing excellent ones." If our high notions of poetical excellence enable us only to award the more moderate praise to these compositions, both our gallantry and our sense of justice would prevent us from supposing the alternative true; for this volume contains several productions that many a "man of sense" might well be proud of, and they all indicate a high tone of thinking and feeling, which will not fail to be appreciated by those especially "who rejoice to listen to the messages which the beautiful outward world brings to the spirit of man,—and those in whom the consciousness of mortality asks a persuasion of immortality to

sustain and console." One of the most touching productions in the volume we took the liberty of inserting in our March number: perhaps we may find room for others before long: meantime, we can sincerely commend the work, as a whole, as vastly superior to much that passes for poetry now-a-days, and we trust the authoress will have the reward she seeks,—the awakening "elevating and soothing thoughts" in the minds of her readers.

COMPLAINT AND CONSOLATION. TWO SERMONS ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM SAVORY, OF BRIGHTON. WITH THE ADDRESS DELIVERED AT HIS

FUNERAL. By JOHN COX. Pp. 48. London: Ward & Co.

"To encourage God's people to cry to their heavenly Father for 'Aelp,' and to hope in God through Christ, is the design of these pages: also to present to a bereaved church some memorial of an affectionate pastor, who has finished his course, and now rests from his labours. The departed was known to a large circle of christians, and very highly esteemed by them; this little memento of him to whom they have listened with pleasure, and with whom they have taken sweet counsel, is presented to them by one who enjoyed his friendship for many years."

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER V.

We will now leave the little boy to the discipline of his uncle's family; he had begun to think it wisest to submit to the powers that be, concluding that whether a "living" was worth so much scrambling for or not—it was "death" for him to stop, and so from sheer prudence he joined the race.

Cold winter had come to the little family at the cottage. The deep snow-drifts were piled around, while the windows were covered with a thick incrustation of curiously wrought devices, executed by the skilful hand of King Frost.

Adaline and her mother were within, still in watchful attendance upon the invalid husband and father. For Mr. Green was still an invalid,—the doctor had pronounced him convalescent, it is true, several weeks before, but still his cold withered limbs refused to sustain the weight of his body, emaciated and light though it had become, and there he sat bolstered in his arm-chair, wrapped in blankets and quilts, and before a nice warm fire. None of it, however, imparted a glow to his pale cheek, or illumined his sad countenance. The poor man was discouraged. He expected before this time to have been in his shop, and his irritable nature could ill brook such delay.

"You need not trouble yourself to wrap me so closely, Adaline," said the impatient

man; "I might as well die now, as live to be longer a burden."

"Die," echoed Ada; "oh, father," and she bent again over the cushions she was adjusting for his feet.

"Why not, girl," said her father bitterly; "here I have been sixteen long months confined to this little room. Your mother is wearing herself out in nursing me,—besides, we shall all be on the town at this rate. It were better that I should die, than live to be such a burden."

"It is a solemn thing to die, father," said Adaline, resuming her knitting.

"It is a solemn thing to live, I think, plagued as I have been."

"But," said the little girl, hesitating and colouring, "perhaps it is all for your good. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, you know."

"A strange kind of love, I should think," muttered the peevish man, "and such as I could well dispense with."

Adaline was grieved and shocked at the spirit her father manifested. She bent her head over her work to conceal the large drops that were gathering in her eyes, but something prompted her to speak yet again.

"But, father," said she, lifting her swimming eyes to his face, "if all these things should lead you to love the Lord Jesus Christ and be a christian and pray with us, what a blessing it would be,—it would be like what I was reading to mother yesterday when you were asleep."

"And what was that, Ada?" asked the father, in a much more pleasant tone.

"It was in Psalms, where David says, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now learn I to keep thy law.'"

"And so you think your father is a law-breaker, Adaline?" asked Mr. Green.

"We all are," said the little girl; "the Bible says we have all gone astray, there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

"Why, Ada," said her father, "you seem to have the Bible by heart; how came you to know so much Scripture?"

"Oh," said Ada, "we read the Bible at school, and I read to mother; besides, I get verses to repeat at the Sabbath school, and the teacher tells us the meaning."

"Well," replied the sick man, putting his hand upon the head of Ada, and smoothing her flaxen hair, "I think you are a good girl, but there's one thing I want you to tell me; if everybody has become wicked, all gone astray as you say, what's going to be done for them, and why am I worse off than others?"

The countenance of the little girl brightened at her father's queries,—dropping her knitting, she drew her stool so near, that she could lean her arm on his knees.

"Why, father," said she, "haven't you heard about the Saviour?"

"Perhaps I have," was the answer, "but you may tell me about him."

"Well, you see," said the young expounder, "that when the world had broken the law of God, and had all gone wrong, the Saviour came down here, and because he was the Son of God he knew no sin, and because he was man he knew all about the troubles that people have; he lived here many years, to show how people ought to live in this wicked world. In that he was our example; then it was that wicked men put him to death, and so he became our sacrifice. Now you see, father, that people can get right again, and be prepared to dwell with Jesus for ever."

"According to your argument, Ada," said the father, "they *have* all got right. I don't see that they have anything to do but to go on their way rejoicing."

"Oh, yes, father," responded the child, "they have now to *believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ,—they have to love him, and follow in his footsteps."

"Well, Adaline, don't people in general do those things?" asked Mr. Green; "I mean all but the very wicked; for instance, child, what is it I do so bad?"

This was rather a delicate question to a

child that had always been remarkable for filial piety. Slightly blushing, the little girl drooped her eyelids and continued silent. The father, willing to prolong a conversation that in spite of himself had become interesting to him, playfully remarked,—

"I think, Adaline, you must confess that I am a very good christian; I have ever been honest, industrious, and respectable, benevolent too, as our circumstances admit. I don't see pious people, even church members, do any more; what do you think?"

"That sounds like what the young man in the gospel said," was Adaline's reply, in a very low voice, "but the Saviour said, 'Yet one thing thou lackest.'"

"And what was that?"

"Take up thy cross and follow me."

There was a shade of impatience crossed the countenance of Mr. Green, for his daughter's remarks had found an echo in his own conscience. Speaking to that rather than the child, he answered rather pettishly,—

"Well, I know of no better religion than for one to do the best he can; I guess if we do that we shall come out well enough in the end."

For a moment Adaline lost all timidity in her faithfulness.

"Oh, father," said she, kneeling at his side and lifting her glistening eyes to his face, "the Saviour says, Him that confesseth me before men, will I confess before my Father; but he that denieth me before men, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels. That must be at the *last*, dear father, and, oh, isn't it a dreadful thing to be denied by the Saviour of the world?"

Just then Mrs. Green called Adaline out, and her father was glad to be left alone. This was the second time that the little girl, by her affectionate warnings, had aroused the slumbering conscience of the poor man. Born and educated by pious parents, constantly attending a ministry that shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, it was not strange that the faithful remarks of the child awakened disquieting memories. The pious, faithful wife saw with pain that her husband was struggling to regain the flimsy covering which had become too narrow for him to wrap himself in, and earnestly did she pray that she might see him adorned with the robe of righteousness. Mr. Green sat musing for some time after his daughter

departed. "That is a strange child," said he mentally, "something remarkable about her. I wonder where she gets such ideas."

Conscience answered, "They are not new; from a child *thou* wast taught the Holy Scriptures; thou shouldst have been wise unto salvation."

"But the age has improved," said the would-be philosopher, "such doctrines are unsuited to the new light that has dawned on our world. People have found a better way. They are far wiser."

Again conscience thundered forth its part in the controversy. "Where is the wisdom of the wise, since it hath failed to give a resting-place for the soul? Where is the 'way' that can be compared with the 'way' cast up in the wilderness for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in? Beware, oh man, that thy new doctrines do not become a snare to thy soul, and thy boasted light prove a phantom, that shall lure thee to the shades of endless night."

(To be continued.)

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

One of the most important events since our last is the *withdrawal of the Reform Bill* by its proposer, Lord John Russell. It was the greatest political sacrifice ever made by the noble lord, and all the attendant circumstances showed that he made it with the greatest pain. Our opinion is raised, not lowered, of his sincerity. We are sorry to believe that, as to all the feelings of a true-hearted English nobleman and liberal, with all his aristocratic leanings, he is decidedly the best man of the Cabinet; we are inclined to believe, too, that had he been Prime Minister, we should not have had Russia in the Turkish provinces, or should have had her out by this time; and have been spared the terrible massacre at Sinope, and the miserable inaction of our fleets in the Black Sea, while the Russian navy was carrying about its troops to places where they could do most injury. The war is the pretext,—the real reason is the coolness of professed liberal members and Government supporters; the contempt for the House of Commons consequent on the Committee disclosures of last year, must be increased by its shabby evasion of Reform through the excuse of a war. Another Bill, of great value to the poor, has also been withdrawn—the Bill to abolish the law of compulsory removal of paupers, and to establish Union rating. This was due to the mean jealousy of the Irish members, who would not allow English paupers to be delivered from the old law, till it had been provided that Irish paupers who might flock hither should enjoy a like privilege. We deeply regret their factious and ignoble policy; the more so, since every disposition was evinced to make the most kind and just arrangements on behalf of Irish paupers. A Government Bill for Scotch Education, which was introduced with some applause, is now so vehemently opposed by the Scotch church, that it has but little chance of success. Whatever the merits or demerits of Government National Education, it really does appear to be, practically, as our friend "The Nonconformist"

observes, the "*unmanageable question*." For the present, all classes of Educationists cannot err in endeavouring to arouse the working classes to prefer their children's education to a glass of beer or gin for themselves, and by erecting schools to test the adaptedness of their several plans to different districts. We have often wondered that the advocates of Secular Education have nowhere tried the asserted attractions of that plan for the working classes, especially in localities where other plans have failed: a few facts would tell more for them than columns of declamation.

Ecclesiastical matters since our last have presented little particularly note-worthy. Mr. Gladstone, through the liberal Solicitor-General, is trying to worm a bill through the house to give the Episcopal Church in the Colonies the liberties of voluntary churches, with the privileges of the English Establishment—and probably hopes to import Convocation from the Colonies. *Church-rate* battles are numerous, and generally are fought successfully. We strongly recommend Dissenters to fight earnestly this battle in every parish. It is so instructive to those who cannot comprehend abstract arguments. Ere this reaches the reader, a day of *National Prayer* will have been held, for the success of our arms against Russian aggression. Probably few will object to the Government requesting the prayers of christians; the form of "*command*" is, of course, objectionable. It may serve to lessen this objection, however, if we remember that it is but form; the Crown never invites; it always commands a subject, even to a dinner in the palace.

As to *Foreign Affairs*, we need not apprise our readers that war has been declared in due form, and that a fleet has sailed to the Baltic under the command of Admiral Napier. At the time we write, nothing has been done there, nor can be, on account of the ice. In the Black Sea, the supineness of our admirals, the liberty they have permitted to Russian ships of war, combined with the time unaccountably lost in for-

warding the embarked troops to the spot where they were needed, all tend to the gravest suspicions as to the inclinations and ability of our cabinet, and chiefly of its premier. The Russians have been suffered to cross the Danube, to carry about their troops by sea to places most important to keep them from, to strengthen the garrisons of towns which by this time ought to have been in our possession, indeed in every way to increase the loss of civilised life by which their barbarian inroads can be repelled. A little longer prosecution of similar pro-Russian tactics will inevitably arouse the people to demand an alteration in the cabinet. Even the most ardent friends of peace feel that the inexcusable hesitations of Lord Aberdeen and his Peelite colleagues have most disastrously emboldened the Emperor of Russia in his projects, and prodigiously increased the difficulties and the cost of the war on which we are entered. The German Powers are playing the part of despots, who lean on the Czar to uphold them against their own subjects. If they offend him, they must lose the fruits of their bloodshedding and perjury, and restore their subjects' liberty; if they remain neutral or aid him, they hazard a ruinous explosion at home. They are tormented between the choice of slavery to the Czar, or of having to rule a free people. The King of Prussia is, moreover, brother-in-law of the Czar, and one of the most vacillating of tyrants, by turns afraid of Nicholas and of his own people. With all Germany thus despot-ridden, Italy, and Hungary, and Poland in the same condition, and burning to liberate themselves from the most intolerable oppression, no one can pretend to foresee the revolutions and wars to which the madness of Russia may yet give rise; none can predict whether we are entered on a "short and sharp struggle," or one of many years' duration. But for the aristocratic aversion of our cabinets, one and all, to the peoples of Europe winning their liberties from their oppressors, as we did from the Stuarts, we believe that all Europe might now be united against the monster who disturbs it.

One thing we would fain hope, that our Government will not be betrayed, in any emergency, to join with France or Austria, or any other Power, to put down any movements for their own liberty which any of the oppressed peoples may make. It is thought by many that the war which is now begun may resolve itself into a struggle between the two principles of Despotism and Liberty. Our Governments, through their despot-serving practice of *secret diplomacy*, have uniformly, ever since 1815, been either abettors, or bland lookers on, while every popular revolution on the Continent has been crushed

by fraud, perjury, and military force; and have even violated the secrecy of our Post-office to aid Austria in her bloody rule over Italy. It is for the English people to say how much longer they will tolerate such double-faced dealing between them and their brother peoples on the Continent. *The Crown and its ministers are the people's servants*, and till we demand to know what our servants are doing, *abroad* as well as at home, we shall perpetuate the odious character we have already gained in many countries, of loving freedom for ourselves, but upholding tyrants for others. The occupation of Rome by the French, and the invasion of Hungary by the Russians, were both equally flagrant acts of territorial burglary with the Russian seizure of the Turkish provinces; our interests, however, were not so much in danger; yet had we interfered then, when all the peoples of Europe were comparatively in power, we should have saved the present costly war, and the precious cause of European liberty would have been saved also. It is but too true that our Imperial ally against Russia is a deeply perjured and bloody traitor to French liberty, and the determined foe of the two noblest European statesmen and patriots of the day, Kossuth and Mazzini,—men whose names, should Providence yet bless them with success, will consign to ignoble oblivion those of the vulgar common-place despots of Russia, France, Austria, and Prussia.*

WEEKLY TRACT SOCIETY.

The sixth annual meeting of the members and friends of the above Society was held on the evening of the 12th instast, James Kershaw, Esq., M.P., in the chair. The Report showed that the Society had put into gratuitous circulation about 550,000 tracts, and sold at cost price 160,000, making a clear total issued of 680,000 tracts during the year. The funds, and the operations of the Society, appeared to walk hand in hand. The Treasurer's Report showed a balance in hand of £45 8s. A resolution, adopting the report, was moved by B. Swallow, Esq., and seconded by the Rev. J. E. Ashby, B.A., F.R.A.S.; after which, sentiments embodying the nature, operations, and prospects of the Society were spoken to by the Rev. Thomas Archer, D.D., Rev. W. Leask, and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A vote of thanks to the Chairman was then moved by Mr. Churcher, and seconded by Dr. Oxley, which, having been acknowledged, the interesting proceedings terminated.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.

The Rev. J. Y. Aitchison has given intimation that he will resign his connexion with the First Baptist Church (Salem Chapel) in this place, at the end of June.

* Are there any of our friends with large wishes and hopes for the progress of freedom on the Continent, who have not hitherto been supporters of the "Society of the Friends of Italy"? We do not know much of the modes of the Society's operations, but its object is one with which we heartily sympathise. We would urge our friends to make enquiries as to the working of the Society, and to support it, as we think they will find it deserves. We believe the noble-minded Mazzini is its life and soul.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

JUNE, 1854.

A LOOK FROM CHRIST.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

"The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."—*Luke xxii. 61.*

And who can fully interpret that look? Painters have often attempted to portray it, but the pencil has fallen despairingly from their hands. The Saviour was now standing face to face with Caiaphas—infinite purity confronting sin, infinite truth confounding error. It was to him a solemn and a critical moment. Pleading for his life, all his thoughts, and sympathies, and moments, might be supposed to concentrate wholly upon himself. But no! he heard a voice behind him, the tones of which were familiar, though startling to his ear. It was a voice to which he had often listened, as the ear listens to soft sounds; but dear and familiar as it was, it uttered words of appalling import. It was the voice of a loved disciple, a sworn friend, who, but a few hours before, had vowed, with all the solemnity and emphasis of an oath, attachment and fidelity unto death. And what was its affirmation? "I know not the man!" His attention diverted from the trial, and his eye withdrawn from his accusers, the "Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." All thought and emotion seemed now to gather around one object,—the Christ-denying disciple. His own personal case, now fraught with the deepest interest and peril; the tremendous responsibility which he that moment sustained, standing on the eve of accomplishing the eternal purpose of his Father in the redemption of his church; the woe through which he was about to pass lowering and darkening around him; yet all seemed for the moment to tremble in the balance, before the case of a now fallen apostle. "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter." Peter met the glance. Not a word was uttered, not a syllable was breathed, not a finger was lifted by the Saviour; it was but a look; and yet it was *such* a look as pierced the heart of the sinning apostle. "Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

Let us attempt its interpretation. The eye of Jesus is still upon us; it has often reproved us in our waywardness and folly; it has often cheered us in our loneliness and sorrow; and it may often chide and gladden us again. What is its language?

It was a look of *injured love*. Christ loved Peter; he loved him with an everlasting love. When he allured him from his lowly calling, summoned him to be a disciple, and ordained him to be an apostle and "a fisher of men," he loved him. Yes, and he loved him, too, at that mo-

ment. He was about to die—to die for Peter. He knew how false and treacherous he would prove; how, at a most critical period of his life, and amidst circumstances the most painful, he would deny that he knew him, confirming the disavowment with an oath and a curse; yet he loved Peter, loved him with an affection that never faltered or cooled,—no, not even at the moment when the denial and the imprecation rose, *Send-like*, from his lips. What, then, was the language of that look which Christ now bent upon Peter? It seemed to say, “I am about to die for thee, Peter, and canst thou now deny me? What have I done, or what have I said, worthy of such requital!” And what, my reader, are all our backslidings, and falls, and unkind returns, but so many unjust injuries done to the deep, deathless love of Jesus? How do we forget, at the moment of excited feeling, that every step we take in departure from God, each temptation to which we yield assent, and each sin we voluntarily commit, is in the face of love inconceivably great and unutterably tender. Injured love! how reproving its glance! “I have died for thee,” Jesus says; “for thee I poured out my heart’s blood; and canst thou, in view of love like mine, thus grieve, and wound, and deny me?”

It was a look of *painful remembrance*. “And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter *remembered* the word of the Lord.” His Lord’s solemn prediction of his sin he seemed quite to have forgotten. But when that look met his eye, it summoned back to memory the faded recollections of the faithful and tender admonitions that had forewarned him of his fall. There is a tendency in our fallen minds to *forget* our sinful departures from God. David’s threefold backsliding seemed to have been lost in deep oblivion, until the Lord sent his prophet to recall it to his memory. Christ will bring our forgotten departures to view, not to upbraid or to condemn, but to humble us, and to bring us afresh to the blood of sprinkling. The heart-searching look from Christ turns over each leaf in the book of memory; and sins and follies, inconsistencies and departures, there inscribed, but long forgotten, are read and re-read, to the deep sin-loathing and self-abasement of our souls. Ah! let a look of forgiving love penetrate thy soul, illumining memory’s dark cell, and how many things, and circumstances, and steps in thy past life, wilt thou recollect to thy deepest humiliation before God. And oh! how much do we need thus to be reminded of our admonitions, our warnings, and our falls, that we may in all our future spirit and conduct “walk *humbly* with God.” The season of solitude and sorrow, suffering reader, is peculiarly favourable for this. It is a time of recollection. The past is recalled, the life is reviewed, principles, motives, and actions are examined, scrutinised, and weighed, and the result, if the process is fairly and honestly gone into, will be, “Lord! I do remember this day my sin and folly; pardon it, for thy name’s sake, and do thou remember it no more for ever!”

It was a look of *gentle reproof*. It seemed to convey that reproof in language like this:—“I am now bearing thy sin and curse; I am about to drink the cup of woe for thee; to take thee, a poor, lost, condemned sinner, into my very bleeding heart; and dost thou deny that thou didst ever know me? Canst thou inflict another and a deeper wound? Canst thou add another and a keener pang to those now falling, like a storm, upon me from my enemies, deriding, and scorning, and rejecting me?” Oh, what a reproof was that look! It was, indeed, tender; but its very tenderness made it all the more keen. Blessed Jesus! we love thee for all the reproofs of thine eye,—reproofs most deserved, most searching. We have met thy look in secret; in solitude and in sorrow it has spoken to us, revealing our sin and thy displeasure; and we bless thee for the look.

It was a look of *full forgiveness*. Who can doubt but that, at this moment, Jesus, by his blessed Spirit, did secretly write upon the heart of his backsliding disciple the free pardon of his sin? And such is ever the look of Christ to us. Be it a look expressive of wounded love; be it a look of mournful remembrance; or be it a look of searching reproof; it yet is always a look of most free and full *forgiveness*. "*I have pardoned*," is its language. And this is the meaning of Christ's look now penetrating the dark cloud of your heart's grief, suffering believer. It may revive the recollection of past offences; it may search, and rebuke, and alarm; yet beware of interpreting it all of displeasure; it is a look of loving forgiveness. The sharpest reproof the look of Christ ever conveyed to a believer spake of pardoned sin. It must be so, since the covenant of peace provides, and the atonement of Jesus secures, the entire cancelling of all his sin. Meet the eye of Jesus, then, with confidence and love. There may be self-reproach in your conscience; there is no harsh reproach in his look. The uplifted glance of your eye may be sin-repelling; the downward beaming of his is sin-forgiving. Oh! press to your heart the consolation and joy of this truth,—the glance of Jesus falling upon his accepted child ever speaks of pardoned sin. Chastened, sorrowful, and secluded you may be, yet your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake. Oh! I know not a truth more calculated to light up the gloom of a lone chamber, to lift up the drooping spirit of a heart-sick child of God, than the announcement that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all his transgressions and his sins, and stands to him in the relation of a reconciled Father. Suffering child of God! with this divine declaration would I come to you in your sorrow and seclusion:—"O Israel! thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins. *Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.*" Oh, that the Spirit, the Comforter, may sweeten your solitude and cheer your gloom, and give you this song to sing in the night season of your grief:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits; who *forgiveth all thine iniquities*, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." Forget not that the look of Christ is ever, to his saints, a look of pardoning love!

The posture of Jesus, when he looked upon his sinning disciple, was most expressive. "*The Lord turned.*" Here was the first step of recovery taken on the part of Christ. And what has all the restoring conduct of our Lord been towards us, but just this *turning* to us, when we had turned from him? We have wandered, he has gone after us; we have departed, he has pursued us; we have stumbled, he has upheld us; we have fallen, he has raised us up again; we have turned *from* him, he has turned *to* us. Oh, the wonderful love and long-suffering patience of Christ! And what is still his language, speaking to us in that look? "*Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.*" And what should be the response of our hearts? "Behold, *we come* unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God." Then "let us search and try our ways, and *turn AGAIN* unto the Lord." Yes, my reader, *again*. What! after all my backslidings and recoveries, my departures and returns, may I turn *again* to the Lord? Yes, with confidence we say it, "*Turn AGAIN* unto the Lord!" That look of love beaming from the eye of Jesus invites you, woos you to *return AGAIN*; yes, this *once more*, to the shelter of his pierced side, to the home of his wounded heart.

And, oh, how acute the sorrow awakened by a look from Christ. "*Peter went out and wept bitterly.*" How melting is the look of wounded love! A father's eye, beaming with tenderness upon a rebellious, wan-

dering child, inviting, welcoming his return,—what adamant can resist it? Peter's sorrow, too, was *solitary*. He *went out* from the high priest's hall, and sought some lone place to weep. Ah! the deepest, bitterest, truest grief for sin is felt and expressed beneath God's eye alone. When the wakeful pillow of midnight is moistened, when the heart unveils in secret to the eye of Jesus, when the chamber of privacy witnesses to the confidential confessions, and moanings, and pleadings of a wandering heart, there is then felt and expressed a sorrow for sin, so genuine, so delicate, and so touching, as cannot but draw down upon the soul a look from Christ, the most tender in its expression, and the most forgiving in its language.

And what, my reader, shall be the one practical lesson we draw from this subject? Even this—Let us always endeavour to realise the loving eye of Jesus resting upon us. In public and in private, in our temporal and spiritual callings, in prosperity and in adversity, in all places, and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, oh! let us live as beneath its focal power. When our Lord gave this look to Peter, his eyes were dim with grief; but now that he is in heaven, they are as “a flame of fire.” To his saints not a burning, withering, consuming flame, but a flame of inextinguishable love. Deem not yourself, then, secluded believer, a banished and an exiled one, lost to all sight. Other eyes may be withdrawn and closed, distance intercepting their view, or death darkening their vision; but the eye of Jesus, your Lord, rests upon you ever, in ineffable delight, and with unslumbering affection. “I will guide thee with mine eye,” is the gracious promise of your God. Be ever and intently gazing on that Eye, “looking unto Jesus.” He is the Fountain of Light; and in the light radiating from his eye, you shall, in the gloomiest hour of your life, see light upon your onward way. “By his light I walked through darkness.”

“Bend not thy light-desiring eyes below;
There thy own shadow waits upon thee ever;
But raise thy looks to Heaven,—and lo!
The shadeless sun rewards thy weak endeavour.
Who sees the dark, is dark; but turn towards the light,
And thou becomest like that which fills thy sight.”

“We all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.”

THE SOLDIERS' PAY; OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

“So they took the money, and did as they were taught.”—*Matt. xxviii. 15.*

This statement, so cutting in its simplicity, is made respecting soldiers; a class of persons to whom the world owes some of its highest temporal blessings, but many more of its worst and most permanent curses. The evil which they have done has generally been describable in these terms, “They took the money, and did as they were taught.” A well-disciplined army is a vast body, whose soul resides only in its officers. Its business is not to think; but to act, to destroy, and to obey. Like a great revolving saw, its work is to cut to pieces everything brought into contact with its terrible edge. If the soldiers all over the world were to begin to think and to feel, the earth would soon present a very different

scene. Then the despotic "destroyers of the earth" would find it impossible to lead myriads of marauders in uniform against the possessions of their neighbours, or to induce death-bearing legions to trample down at the word of command the lives and the liberties of prostrate nations. But they take the money, and do as they are taught.

The soldiers here spoken of—the Roman guard at the sepulchre of the Prince of Life—carried the habit of obedience to their superiors into the business of dealing with the resurrection of Christ. They were accustomed to be paid for watching and for fighting; now they are paid for lying, and they obey. This leads us to remark how grievously the bulk of the lower and less instructed classes of mankind, in all countries, are misled and misgoverned by their superiors. There are many noble exceptions of individual grandes and persons of honour devoting themselves to the advancement of the interests of the people: our own country offers some signal illustrations of the very highest working hard through life for the good of the very lowest: but, generally speaking, the lower ranks have been sacrificed in millions for the behoof of their "betters;" they have been led like flocks of sheep to the slaughter, by their "false prophets" and "kings," their deceivers and destroyers. Two strong sentiments in the bosom of mankind conspire to facilitate such a result—the confidence of the populace in the decisions of an intelligence which they suppose to be superior to their own, and loyalty to established authority. Wielding the influence derived from an appeal to these two sentiments, the ruling classes have commonly deceived the inferior in religion, and sacrificed them in politics. Interest and fear have rivetted the chains thus thrown around them; and mankind at large have yielded themselves servants to obey the "basest of men," under the supreme generalship of the god of this world, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience.

Out of the countless multitudes of our fellow-creatures, how few are the thinkers! How very few those who appear to comprehend that the head was as certainly made for thinking as the feet for walking; how very few those who seem to have the capacity or the desire of reflecting upon their conduct, or of acting counter to the behests of established authority when conscience dictates an opposite course. That is to say, most men are governed by the great thought-destroying spirit of evil, and not by the authority within, which is superior to all external authority of earthly governments, because it is the authority of God.

What a happy change there will be when the masses of mankind will be governed from within by invisible wisdom and goodness; when both the throne and the altar will become the sanctuary of the poor, the Supreme Power at once their instructor and their king,—one who will neither deceive nor degrade them, neither rob them of their liberties nor spoil them of their goods. Meanwhile, let us be thankful that the throne of the universe is occupied by one who was once a working man. "The carpenter" on earth has become our high-priest in the heavens; and He "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead," turns downward a compassionate eye on the millions for whose speedy deliverance he is now girding himself with zeal as a cloak.

To return, however, to the soldiers. They had never been set to keep such a watch before. Perhaps they had kept watch in former years among the forests and morasses of Britain, on the mountain sides of Spain, in the fortresses on the German or Numidian borders, or even amidst the splendid structures of Rome itself. But now they were placed at night as guards at the tomb of the Conqueror of Death; set to watch that no power broke in upon its repose. They *might* ward off the approach of any such force from without; but what could they do to prevent the

action of a power that should operate from within? As well might they have been set to watch that the sun should not rise on the morrow to spread his beams over the nations. It was a guard to repress the actions of the Divine Omnipotence! How much of human watchfulness and force have been thus wasted by the enemies of God. "The people shall weary themselves for very vanity."

1. Observe in these men the prodigious insensibility of ignorance. They had beheld an angel descend into the midst of them, in the darkness of night, "his countenance like lightning, and his raiment white as snow;" they had seen this dazzling apparition roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and in the quiet majesty of heavenly power "sit upon it;" they had seen the inhabitant of the tomb emerge in the twilight; a mighty impression had been made upon their coarse spirits as by the descent of a hundred thunderbolts at once; yet to their ignorant minds these isolated facts had no connection with any other facts, or system of religious ideas; hence no meaning, no hold on their understandings, affections, or consciences; and, therefore, they were capable, in spite of the effulgent vision, of coolly, for a money consideration, denying the heavenly messenger's descent, and propagating the idle tale of the robbery of the tomb by the disciples. See, then, how important it is to understand "doctrines," in order to understand "facts," which are the foundation of doctrines; for when men are ignorant of either the one or the other, they fall an easy prey to the powers of darkness, who are the fixed adversaries of both.

Yes! of what prodigious falsehood some men are capable, of what unspeakable meanness in relation to religion, from the prospect of the enjoyment of some paltry gain. Other classes besides soldiers might be described in these words, "So they took the money, and did as they were taught;" those, for example, of whom we read, that "with feigned words they shall make merchandise of you;" the men who, for manifest reasons of personal profit, persist in upholding ancient delusions and iniquities, in the face of the loudest remonstrance, and in spite of the most enormous guilt. Now, the lesson that we are to learn is, that man's welfare and his salvation to eternal life depend on personal thought and personal action. In religion the soul must act for itself, and when it does this with an honest desire to please and obey God, its course will run counter to that of the multitude and the established external authority. Obedience to the Eternal Authority will set the soul in antagonism to the whole world of thought and action around it. The mass of mankind live without thought; and thoughtlessness leads to perdition. Therefore, if any man will come after Christ, let him go forth bearing the cross, and wearing the crown of thorns. His path lies through Gethsemane to Calvary; but "if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

2. Observe from this passage how God permits the utmost power of lying to do its very worst against his truth,—to propagate the most direct contradictions, even as of eye witnesses, against the fundamental facts of the gospel,—to lay its heaviest black slab of falsehood over the grave of Truth, to prevent its resurrection—if it can! In vain. A lying tongue is but for a moment. Truth is immortal. Its language ever is, I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore! The Lord of truth is infinitely more than a match for a whole world of liars watching at his tomb. He will rise, as he said, and prove his resurrection by miracles of power and grace, which neither mercenaries can becloud by their mendacious assertions, nor Pharisaic rulers impudently ignore. Through all those clouds and mists of falsehood the Sun of Truth will shine so clearly before long, that a great company of the priests

themselves shall be obedient to the faith, and the word of the Lord everywhere prevail.

And thus it has always been and shall be. Falsehood has immense power and influence upon earth, but its reign is as uncertain as it is transitory. It is a mist at the mercy of every sunbeam. Truth is always gaining ground, establishing a wider dominion, and founding for itself a deeper authority over the world. True wisdom and goodness, if they are persecuted and neglected while living, are always canonised when they are dead; every true idea is always on the road to authority and power; and every saint of the Most High, who dies in obscurity and contempt, will return in angelic brightness, and in the flashing armour of immortality, to assert a dominion "under the whole heaven" for the religion of the skies.

3. Lastly, consider in this passage, "So they took the money, and did as they were taught," how every form of wickedness, which sacrifices truth to present gain, is short-sighted and infatuated, since the ultimate gain will be *infinitely* on the side of right. What is "large money" compared with a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"? What is a sack of gold beside everlasting life? Much more, what is there in "thirty pieces of silver" to make it worth while to encounter the damnation of hell? Ask the soldiers, ask Judas now, to announce to the creation the true result of that sum in profit and loss which they wrought out on earth, and are *proving*, with terrific certainty, in perdition. The last tormenting thought, which will urge the agony of lost men almost to madness, will be on the nothingness of the price for which they "sold themselves to sin," and parted with immortality.

"All things are yours," if ye are Christ's. To deny him, is to deny myself "enduring substance" and "true riches,"—and that, whether I deny him by open irreligion, or by secret disobedience. In giving to us Christ, the object of God is to endow the poorest and the vilest with exhaustless wealth. Oh, let us not deny his resurrection by obstinate unbelief and impenitence, or by a life of sense, which says to every beholder, "Christ is not risen." Every step in the path of faith, love, and self-denial, is a step towards a throne, compared with which all the united splendours of earthly monarchs would be but as darkness to noon-day.

The life of mankind, in all their generations, is this vast practical sum in profit and loss, which they have been working out from age to age, with eyes blinded to all true rules of calculation. They have gained the whole world, and generally lost their own souls. And what can the profit be, if the vital enjoying power is taken away? What signifies a glorious estate to the owner who lies dead in the centre? For him flowers bloom, harvests wave, rents fall due, in vain. Imagine a man to have gained the whole world, by conquest, purchase, or legacy, and even to have gained it also intellectually, by comprehending it, yet to find himself at last about to die. What would be his profit? Oh, we might say to him, as we surrounded his bed of death, How much better for you to have gained less, if thereby you could have gained something that would last for ever, even life everlasting for your own soul. But now, owner of all things! you must die, and then whose shall those things be which thou has provided? They will lapse to the Crown. The Supreme will enter upon his estate of the world again, and give it to whomsoever he will; while *you* must go forth, to perish as a worthless weed,—you, the possessor of the globe, to be burned up like chaff in the unquenchable fire,—to "die," where every wailing voice of the numberless victims of their own folly seems to re-echo Christ's question with a reply, as in tremendous

thunder from beneath, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

If, then, it would be foolish to lose eternal life for all the world, how much more foolish to lose it for the vile "morsel" of pleasure, however sweet, which a sinner can "roll under his tongue." May the God of our salvation teach us that "godliness" which will be everlasting "gain!"

London.

"THE DAY OF SALVATION."

2 Cor. vi. 2.

The generality of persons who have any knowledge of the sacred scriptures, admit that *the present* is the proper time for securing the salvation of the soul. Few or none suppose that this salvation is to be attained at all, if neglected during the period of the present life. No man has ever been able to answer the apostolic question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by those who heard him?" It is admitted that to neglect this salvation during life, is to lose the benefits of it during eternity. With no other ground of argument with these persons than this general admission, there is ample scope to hem them in to an immediate attention to this question of questions. If an individual acknowledges the belief that his eternal safety and well-being shall be determined by the action which he takes in the present life, he makes an admission which must lead all rational beings to expect of him that he will *forthwith* give whatever attention may be necessary to the securing of that eternal salvation. For a man to have the conviction that a whole eternity depends upon a step to be taken *now*, and nevertheless to defer or neglect the taking of that step, is to act the part of a fool and a suicide. If he really believes, or if he has but the suspicion that his eternal welfare depends upon the treatment which he in this life gives to the overtures of divine mercy, what excuse has he or can he have for neglecting these overtures for a single hour? Is he not aware that the present life at longest is but short, and at the best but uncertain? Does not his reason inform him that its duties and relationships merit but a subordinate consideration compared with the obligations which eternity flings around him? The life which he now lives, contrasted with the unending future which stretches out before him, baffling the utmost reach of all the thoughts, speculations, and imaginings by which he now and then essays to fathom its profounds, is but a passing cloud, a momentarily dissolving vapour, a flower which blooms at sunrise and is cut down by mid-day, a thing which perishes in the using: and shall this ephemeral existence so engross his attention that he so leaps the rapids of time as to find himself a castaway for ever in the eternal gulf beyond? No man in his senses can seriously and honestly advocate the precedence in importance of the passing over the eternal; and therefore we say, that a man who admits that his eternal welfare hangs upon a course of conduct to be taken *in the present life*, is bound by that very admission, as a rational and an accountable being, to enter upon that course *without a moment's delay*.

But while in the single admission that salvation is to be obtained—if obtained at all—in the present life, we have an invincible argument by which to urge the most immediate attention to the concerns of eternity;

yet this argument is vastly intensified when we adhere closely to the scripture doctrine on the subject. It is certainly the doctrine of scripture that the safety of the soul is determined during the present period of the sinner's existence; but the sacred writings are more specific than even this general statement. They not only specify the present life as the time of the sinner's deliverance, but they limit a certain day of that brief period,—they do not say *to-morrow* so much, but *to-day*, **THIS HOUR**, as it is written, “Behold, **NOW** is the accepted time; behold, **NOW** is the day of salvation.”

While multitudes admit the general statement on which we have been speaking, they altogether overlook this all-important limitation which the word of God throws around the day of grace. These multitudes act in regard to the question of their salvation as if the scriptures gave them a warrant to procrastinate to the last day of the extreme year of man's earthly sojourn. They act as if the whole of the three score years and ten, or the four score years, were guaranteed them, and as if up to the last hour of that latter period all the opportunities, means, agencies, faculties, and health, necessary to their conversion, were to be continued in their possession and at their service. Hence their indifference to the *calls of the gospel*; hence their continued neglect of its overtures of mercy; hence their ungenerous and oftentimes fatal procrastination under the sound of its appeals and warnings. They have no other intention than to give heed at some time ere it be too late. The thought of being too late,—of not securing salvation before entering the gloomy portals of death,—of being numbered among the lost, is to them of all thoughts the most fearful. Yet they procrastinate, under the general impression that it is time enough, since, as the poet says,—

“Life is the season God hath given,
To fly from hell and rise to heaven.”

Under this vague generality they lose sight of the express and glorious declaration of scripture, that *now* is the accepted time, that *now* is the day of salvation. That there is such a passage in the sacred scriptures, they may not be altogether forgetful; yet as to the delightful and all-important truth which it implies, they have no thought whatever. When they hear it quoted they regard its teaching as nothing more than a somewhat indefinite reference to the term of man's earthly sojourn. They do not see its saving import. They do not perceive that it bespeaks a God ready to pardon them, a saving work already wrought out for them, and a divine deliverance by God himself urgently pressed upon their immediate acceptance.

Let it, therefore, be carefully observed that the words of the apostle, “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation,” imply, first, *the present willingness of God to save the sinner*. They clearly indicate that God is now desirous for the salvation of the guilty. If Jehovah were not thus desirous, the apostle never could have taken it upon him to exclaim, “Behold, now is the day of salvation.” Paul was well aware that the salvation of man depends entirely on the grace of God. But for the willingness of God to save the sinner, his salvation were an absolute impossibility. It is against God that we have sinned, it is his law that we have broken, it is at his bar that we have to appear in judgment, and, therefore, it necessarily depends on the feelings of the divine Being toward us whether salvation is a possible thing in our case or not. If God be *unwilling* to save us, our salvation cannot be possible. When, then, the apostle says, “Behold, now is the day of salvation,” he expressly teaches the glorious doctrine, that God *now* feels graciously towards the sinner, and that it is the Divine pleasure that *now* the lost be

saved. The apostolic declaration emphatically demonstrates that the sinner does not require either to wait till God is willing to vouchsafe salvation, or to do anything whatever in the way of making him willing. Since God is the author of salvation, and it is affirmed that now is the day thereof, it of necessity follows that God is now willing to save, and if thus willing already, it is of course vain for the sinner either to wait or to work for the effecting of that willingness to save which at this moment characterises our God. Were it necessary further to prove the truth of this most cheering of all considerations to the sin-burdened soul, we might refer at length to the oath of Ezekiel xxxiii. 11: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live;" to the equally explicit language of 2 Peter iii. 9: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance;" or again to the words of Paul in 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4: "For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." If, then, unsaved reader, you have not considered this *present willingness* of your God to save you, consider it now.

But let it be remarked in the second place, that the declaration, "Behold, now is the day of salvation," implies that *the saving work is finished*. In order to the arrival of the day of salvation it was equally necessary that a Saviour be provided, and that he complete the undertaking which opened the gates of salvation to the guilty, as it was, that God should desire to save them. This gracious desire on the part of God was primarily imperative. Without it we never should have heard the joyful sound of salvation; but over and above this willingness, there remained to be effected that ever wonderful expedient which made it possible and righteous in God to forgive and accept the transgressor. That work is *done*. On Calvary's cross the divine Redeemer affirmed its completion in the ever memorable words, "*It is finished*." It is because this great undertaking is a perfected work that the apostle penned the gladdening announcement, "Now is the day of salvation." The reader will see this if he refer to the previous context as contained in chapter v. verses 18—21. There we are told that God having reconciled the apostles to himself by Jesus Christ, committed to them the ministry of reconciliation,—that this ministry bore reference to the fact that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,—that God was thus winning back the rebel race by not imputing to them their trespasses,—that he was not imputing to them their trespasses, having *already* made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him,—and that in this way the apostles were ambassadors for Christ, and as though God did beseech men, they in Christ's stead prayed them to be reconciled to God. Well, then, might the apostle say in another place, "Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down? or, Who shall descend into the deep to bring him up from the dead?" for the gospel which the apostles proclaimed was the fact that already was the Redeemer delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Remember, then, oh, reader, that you have neither to attempt a saving work yourself, nor to wait till God does it for you, for God in his love has anticipated you and your case in this, that in the person of his only begotten Son the saving work is already effected, and now it is yours to believe on Him whom God *hath sent*.

And let it be remembered in the third place, that the words of the apostle imply *that the entire agency essential to the sinner's salvation is*

already in operation. To say, Now is the day of salvation, is to repeat in other words the Saviour's doctrine, "All things are ready." Were anything wanting, deficient, or incomplete on God's part, such language could not be used. Few or none imagine that the subordinate means and instrumentalities of salvation are withheld. These are found in abundant and almost constant exercise all around. But unaccountably enough many a sinner imagines that the higher agency of the divine Spirit is withheld by God, and must be indefinitely waited for by the sinner. Were the Spirit withheld as is thus imagined, it would certainly be fatal to the salvation of the soul; but when this idea obtains possession of the mind it is forgotten that it is not the manner of God to leave his work unfinished. The agency of the divine Spirit in the matter of salvation, is as essentially necessary as the compassionate desire of the Father, or the atoning work of the Redeemer; and, therefore, if the willingness of God for our salvation, and the completion of the propitiatory work, be implied in the declaration, that now is the day of salvation, not less truly is the efficient and present agency of the Holy Spirit intimated in that glorious announcement. The Saviour pledged himself that his work should be followed up by that of the life-giving Spirit, and his promise has not failed. Now the reader is under the ministration of the Spirit of God. Many a time and oft has the gracious One spoken home to the heart of the yet undecided and unsaved soul. Unrecognised and unheeded, he has nevertheless plied the careless wanderer by providences, by conscience, and above all, by the word of salvation. Still the sinner says, "*Wait*," and still, as the Holy Ghost saith, "*To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.*" Remember, dear reader, that God has said, "*My Spirit shall not always strive with man;*" and let this warning urge you to an immediate response to the gracious Advocate's farewell call, "*The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"

In conclusion, then, dear reader, "We beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." The cry of the apostle is, "*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.*"

Edinburgh.

THOMAS HUGHES MILNER.

CHRISTIAN ANXIETY.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—*Matthew vi. 28.*

Why be anxious for the morrow,
Furrowing deep thy brow with care;
Why thus fill thy soul with sorrow,—
Sorrow more than thou canst bear?

Learn a lesson from the lillies,
From each flower the meadow yields,
Spreading beauty through the valleys,
Shedding fragrance through the fields.

Though with care they grow not hoary,
Passing life in peace and ease;
Solomon, in all his glory,
Was not clothed like one of these.

If, then, God thus care for flowers,
Fading in one summer's day,
Sending on them grateful showers,
Though they pass so soon away:

Oh, ye christians, weak and fearful!
Cares He not much more for you?
Need you, then, for aught be careful,
Knowing, well, that he is true?

Christian Heroes.

NO. 6.—REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

On one of the days towards the close of the year 1427, a singular scene was going on in the little town of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. The river Swift which runs by that town, thence into the Avon, the Severn, and the Bristol Channel, was made to convey away from the scenes of his former labours the ashes of one whose name had been on the lips of every man in England forty years before,—JOHN DE WYCLIFFE. There you might have seen bishops, chancellors, proctors, doctors, and a great crowd of the town's people of Lutterworth,—some of whom as children had known Wycliffe, and heard him preach in that very church which they were now desecrating,—assembled for the purpose of exhuming his body, burning it, and then casting its ashes thus away; and if, in ignorance of his character, you had asked who he was, and why they were thus strangely violating the sanctuary in which the dead rest, you would have been told, probably, in the elegant language which prevailed in the religious controversies of those days, that he was "a limb of the devil, an enemy of the church, a deceiver of the people, the idol of heretics, the mirror of hypocrites, an author of schisms, a sower of hatred, and an inventor of lies." If he *was* all this, he was little fitted to be embalmed with a select band of Christian Heroes: we call him, however, "the Morning Star of the Reformation;" a Light in a dark age.

Dark indeed was the age in England, when Wycliffe's voice was first raised, and his pen first wielded. Twice converted professedly to Christianity, and destined hereafter to be the medium through which the light was to be carried to all nations of the world, the spiritual darkness which then prevailed in it was only less than that in which the first missionaries had found it more than twelve centuries before. The black cloud of Popery, which overhung the adjacent continent, had long since spread over it from beyond the sea. Those mendicant friars, who at that time were the chief agents of the Papal system, had here their free course of oppression and robbery; scarcely ever before had the pope himself been more arrogant in

his demands, or more successful in his impostures; and only here and there was the voice of protest feebly heard, from amongst either princes, nobles, or people.

At this very time, however, was Wycliffe a student in the cloisters of Oxford. There he was, but a young man indeed, but mourning in secret over the prevailing darkness, and over the darkness in his own soul; and, as we are told, passing days and nights alone, "groaning, and sighing, and calling upon God to show him the path he ought to follow." From that solitude he speedily emerged, beginning boldly to utter the truths the germs of which he had already learnt from those Scriptures which he was making his secret study; and, ere long chosen, for his learning and attainments, to office in the university in which he had been a student, he availed himself of the opportunities which his position gave him, to lay open the doctrines which were gradually unfolding themselves to his mind.

At this time the demands of the popedom began to stir England to its centre. Not content with that spiritual authority which he had all along exercised with so little opposition, the pope now demanded to be recognised as political sovereign of Britain, and to have paid him, by Edward the Third, the hero of Cressy and Poitiers, the tribute which his predecessors had forced from the pusillanimous John. In the discussions which followed this insolent demand, Wycliffe earnestly took part. He had already made an onslaught on the impositions and extortions practised under the mask of Christianity by the pope's agents, the friars: and he now applied himself as vigorously to defend his king and country from the arrogance of the pope himself. It was in return for this and other services to the crown that he was rewarded with the rectory of Lutterworth; and here he began, with the boldness of a theologian, and the faithfulness of a christian pastor, to assert the truths which quiet study, and passing events, and above all the word of God, had taught him. Startling indeed must the truths he uttered have been in the ears of some of his auditors. "Christ is the sole mediator between God and man." "God only can forgive sin." "It is plain, therefore, to me, that the prelates, in grant-

ing indulgences, do blaspheme the wisdom of God." "The Bible is the only source of religion." "The Roman pontiff is a mere cut-purse." "The believer, in maintaining the law of Christ, should be prepared, as his soldier, to endure all things at the hands of the satraps of this world; declaring boldly to pope and cardinals, to bishops and prelates, how unjustly, according to the teaching of the gospel, they serve God, subjecting those committed to their care to great injury and peril."

But now came the times which were to test the heroism of the reformer. Twice was he summoned to London to appear before a convocation to answer the charge of heresy; and twice did he appear. His name was everywhere branded by the authorities as infamous, and the most shameless misrepresentations were made respecting his opinions and life. The anxieties and conflicts of this period were too much for his feeble frame. His strength was wasted. At one time, he lay on the very point of death. Tradition tells us that at this solemn hour he was approached by four doctors who sought to induce him to recant. The reformer listened to their appeals, and then, rising in his bed, fixed his eyes on them, and exclaimed, "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

And he did not die. The great idea had now seized him of translating the Holy Scriptures into the language of the common people, and of carrying those scriptures into the homes of the poor. To these great works, and to writing on the superstitions of the Papacy, the rest of his days was devoted. He was, indeed, unacquainted with the original languages of the Bible, and was compelled, therefore, to content himself with translating from the Latin vulgate: and of course he availed himself in his work, though to what extent we know not, of the assistance of his friends and fellow-workers. Between ten and fifteen years, however, his task occupied him. All that time, while working hard in public, and constantly occupied with the duties of his pastorate, his study window, often illumined far into the night, gave evidence to those around of the earnest purpose which engaged him. Year after year passed over, and he felt the feebleness of age overtaking him, but still he toiled on. At last the work was completed. Away went copies of the Bible, increasing constantly through

the labours of the copyists, to every part of the country. We can imagine the curious looks with which the strange volume was taken up here and there; but in many cases it was welcomed as the Word of God, which was able to save the soul. Of course, it was condemned by the clergy. Wherever Wycliffe went, he was now more violently attacked than ever. Once more he was summoned to appear before his judges; assembled this time, however, at Oxford. Boldly, therefore, he turned his face towards the city, which he had first gone to with the trembling excitement of a student and a boy. With solemn mien and lofty countenance, the now old man stood amidst the crowd which assembled on his arrival. "The truth shall prevail," said he. He was again condemned. How it came to pass that he was permitted to leave Oxford in safety has never been ascertained: but he once more retired to Lutterworth. At last, he was summoned to Rome. Increasing infirmities rendered it impossible for him to obey the summons. But he continued to preach and to labour, nor did he even yet fear what his enemies could do to him. A dungeon, or the fire, was what he looked for, and he was prepared for either should it come. But a quieter death awaited him. On the 29th or 29th of December, 1384, as he stood before the altar, in the midst of his flock, he was suddenly seized with the paralysis, which had before threatened him. "It was within that old church, which is still standing, that his last sickness came upon him. Through that low arched doorway, which still looks towards the spot on which the rectory house then stood, we see him borne;" and after an interval of two or three days and nights, while the last bells of the old year are ringing, the weary frame of John de Wycliffe sinks and is at rest.

"Of the Book that had been a sealed-up book,

He tore the clasps, that the nation

With eyes unbandaged might thereon look,

And learn to read salvation.

To the death 'twas his to persevere,

Though the tempest around him rattled;

And wherever Falsehood was lurking, there

His heroic spirit battled."

Amongst those who owed much to Wycliffe, and carried on his work, were JOHN HUSS, and JEROME OF PRAGUE. Huss appeared in Bohemia about the same time that Wycliffe died in England. At first he viewed the doctrines of Wycliffe with disapprobation; but his daily study of the Bible, and the flagrant abuses of the pope-

dom, soon opened his eyes. He early began to attack even the highest clergy on the scandal of their lives and the gross corruptions of their system; and the simplicity of his doctrine, and the eloquence of his style, attracted great numbers to hear him preach. Against him, therefore, as against all assertors of the truth in those times, the arm of persecution was raised. The anathemas of the Vatican were thundered forth against him. He was even summoned to appear at Rome, but refused to obey the summons. Before the Council held at Constance, for "the healing of divisions, and averting the dangers of Christendom," he, however, felt it his duty to appear. Not that he deceived himself as to the perils of his position, for he said in departing, in a letter to his friends, "Therefore, my beloved, if my death would contribute to God's glory, pray that it may come quickly, and that I may bear my calamities with constancy." But his trust was in God; and his spirit was expressed in the words, "I confide altogether in the all-powerful God, my Saviour; I trust that he will listen to your prayers, and that he will accord to me his Holy Spirit to fortify me in his truth, so that I may face with courage, temptations, prison, and, if necessary, a cruel death."

Soon after his arrival at Constance he was arrested and thrown into a noisome dungeon, to which he was speedily followed by Jerome, who had been his friend and pupil. It was at this time that the order was given that Wycliffe's remains should be disinterred and scattered. Great was the cruelty now shown both to Huss and

Jerome. For a whole year, the former remained in his dungeon, heavily ironed, and chained to a beam. At last, on the 7th of June, 1418, he was brought before the council. Recantation or death was the alternative offered him. But his firmness did not forsake him. "Even supposing," said a doctor to him, "that the council were to affirm that you had only one eye, when you have in reality two, it would be your duty to agree with it in the assertion." "As long as God shall preserve my reason," replied Huss, "I shall take care not to assert any such thing." On the sixth of July, his forty-second birth-day, he was condemned to death. On his way to execution, he was detained to witness the burning of his books in the churchyard, and smiled at the sight. When the pile in which he was bound was lighted, he began to sing a Bohemian hymn. The last words he was heard to utter, were, "Jesus, son of the living God, have mercy on me!"

It was not long before Jerome followed. When he was brought before the council, a paper crown was offered him in scorn; he placed it on his head, saying, "Jesus wore a crown of thorns for me: I willingly wear this for him." He, also, was burnt, crying, "Lord, into thy hands, I commit my spirit."

So suffered the early Reformers of the church, whose names we now mention with so much love and reverence. What crimes have been committed in the name of Christianity! How much of Heroism was needed by those who witnessed in those days for their Lord and his truth!

Tales and Sketches.

THE PASTOR'S CALL.

BY H. E. BRADBURY.

"Mr. Harlow has received a call."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, and everybody says he'll go."

"Everybody" meant a majority of the good people in the little village of M—.

Deacon Granger said he had plainly seen, for more than a year, a little restlessness on the part of Mr. Harlow. He had shown a willingness, yea, almost a desire, to exhibit his talents in large cities,—had accepted several invitations to lecture before literary societies. All this looked,

the deacon said, as if his pastor was seeking notoriety.

"Our village is too small for a man of his intellectual capacity," chimed in Squire Verney, the village lawyer; "Mr. Harlow ought to be settled in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, where his talents can be appreciated. If he has half the common sense which I think he possesses, he will accept the offer. Why, only think, fifteen hundred dollars per year! in a large, flourishing city, too, where he can labour for a new interest, and have the advantages of literary society, and the best schools for

his children; while we pay only six hundred dollars, and have no literary advantages; 'tis my opinion he will go;" and the lawyer drew his quill from its resting-place amongst the slightly grizzled locks above his right ear, and, with a very sage expression, resumed the filling of his brief.

Dr. Manson was sure he would go; fifteen hundred dollars were not offered a man every day; it did not grow on every bush; and a man of such extraordinary intellect as the Rev. Eugene Harlow possessed, would not cramp himself in a country village, forty miles from a railroad and the telegraph wires, when such a broad and desirable field of usefulness was open to him, right in the centre of all these modern improvements. Moreover, it was the Doctor's opinion that a young man with a family *ought* to accept a situation that paid well; and he sagely quoted from the wise man, "He that provideth not for his own household," &c.

Mrs. Storer said he would go. She thought the pastor's wife had never felt at home with them; and no wonder; she had been delicately reared, and fashionably educated; her friends all lived in the city, and, of course, her feelings would have some weight with the pastor.

Miss Darling was sure he would go. She said he had an exquisitely nice ear for music, and somebody told her father that Professor Frederick Heidlestein played the organ in High Street Church (where Mr. Harlow was solicited to go), and *that* alone would be sufficient to tempt her to leave our musty, old-fashioned village. She thought our singing was perfectly horrible; the tenor voice was sharp and wiry, the soprano weak, and the bass harsh and rough, while the organ was no better than an old spinning-wheel. She wondered Mr. Harlow should attempt to preach after such murderous attempts to praise God by the choir.

Mr. Bartlette thought he would go, and 'twould be no great loss either, he said. For his part, he wanted to hear good common-sense, practical sermons, and he did not know who could understand Mr. Harlow's lofty flights, and poetical quotations. The sermons were literary and beautiful, he doubted not, but they always reminded him of the exclamation of the prophet's servant when he lost the axe: "Alas! master, for it was borrowed." He did not approve of weaving in high-flown sentences

from Tom, Dick, and Harry, and calling it a sermon. It was all gas, and if city people fancied such trash, they were welcome to it; he would rather hear Elder Foster tell his experience.

Old brother Ellis seemed tolerably well resigned to the idea of his leaving. He had never been able to gather that satisfactory evidence of Mr. Harlow's piety which was desirable. He was sometimes afraid his pastor's heart was not in the work, because he went to parties, and in various ways mingled with the world's people; no good would ever come of it.

Mrs. Blake never did wish to be forward in expressing an opinion, but she thought there was no harm in saying a word in her own parlour (the members of the sewing circle being convened there). She said the prayer-meetings were growing dull and wearisome, and much as she admired Mr. Harlow's pulpit style, it was not quite the thing for social meetings,—it wanted point and spirit. In truth, her pastor was no revivalist, never encouraged the sisters to use their gifts, and she had no doubt the standard of piety would be raised if Elder Smithson could be obtained in his stead.

Mrs. Haines thought he would go. She lived next door to the pastor, and she said he had made no arrangements for winter, by banking his house, supplying his woodshed, &c. (It was now late in the fall.) He must be on the point of breaking up housekeeping, or he was unpardonably careless.

Nearly every member of the circle thought he would go; but one elderly lady, whose large grey eyes beamed with benevolence and kindly feeling,—Mrs. Clavers,—thought he would remain.

"And what in the world do you think will keep him here?" asked Mrs. Storer. "His salary is not half large enough for the times. Flour, meat, wood, and all kinds of clothing materials, are one-third higher than usual. Then he has so little encouragement here; nobody seems to appreciate him. Why, last Sabbath I had the curiosity to look around in sermon time, and I counted ten church-members asleep! Just look at our old barn of a house, and ask yourself how we can expect to keep a decent minister."

Mrs. Clavers was willing to admit the truth of all Mrs. Storer said, but still her opinion remained unchanged. Mr. Harlow would not accept the call. She knew it

was a tempting offer, but Mr. Harlow had received many such. The church in Blank-shire, a wealthy, fashionable people, had very urgently solicited him to leave two years ago, when the slavery question had so nearly divided our people; and only last winter the Trustees of ——— College invited him to accept a professorship. But he had steadfastly refused all offers of advancement; which plainly shewed to Mrs. Clavers's mind that her pastor was not ambitious in a worldly point of view, nor seeking notoriety. She said an earnest, sincere desire to do good, an ardent love for his great Master's work, would detain him in this country village.

And was Mrs. Clavers right? We will visit the pastor's study to see what we can gather there.

'Tis Saturday evening, and the all-engrossing question must be decided upon the morrow. The young pastor's face is pale and anxious, and he leans tenderly over the chair where his wife is sitting, gazing earnestly into her dark eyes, as though he would read in their clear depths the unexpressed thoughts of her soul.

"Then you will not help me to decide, Louise?"

"The question is between yourself and God, Eugene."

"But if I could be quite as useful in another field, and your happiness could be enhanced by the removal, ought I not to accept?"

"During the ten years it has pleased God to bless me with your love, Eugene, have I ever given you reason to suppose that my happiness could be augmented by removing from this village? Your country is my country, your God my God, and wherever our Master sees fit for us to serve Him, basking in the light of His smile, and blessed with the consciousness of your love, I am happy. No earthly honour could tempt me to leave."

"Bless you, my own true-hearted wife, for these words; they have given me new strength. I have hesitated in deciding to remain with this secluded band, because I feared you might have some secret longings for the city life and friends, which you resigned for me. Occasionally something has whispered to my soul that possibly I might be more useful in a large, flourishing city; but, Louise, I have sought most earnestly and prayerfully to know God's will in the decision of this question, and I have decided to remain.

"I did not mean our people should know we had been tempted again, but the Committee sent by the city people to press their claims, trumpeted their mission around the village, and it has been the common street-talk for a whole week. Not a member of the church has attempted to influence me in making a decision, and this shows the pure-minded, honourable feeling which is a characteristic of our people.

"Deacon Granger met me in the post-office yesterday, and as he pressed my hand in his rough, honest palm, he attempted to speak, but his voice was tremulous and husky, and when he turned from me I saw large drops falling from his eyes. The young converts whom it was my glorious privilege to baptize last summer, look at me so earnestly and anxiously, that it would be hard to resist their silent pleadings."

Sabbath morning came. What person, who was within the walls of that old village church in M——, will ever forget the almost breathless silence with which every heart listened for the words that fell from their young pastor's lips? We will listen too.

"Eight years ago you opened your arms to receive me, a boy sighing for the pleasures of his father's fireside, a student fresh from the Theological Seminary, a novice in the sacred office whose duties I proposed to discharge. I did not come to this quiet village to make it a post of observation for a more eligible situation, but I came to find a *home*—to break for you, humbly and prayerfully, the bread of life. You have borne and forgiven my youthful follies, strengthened my hands in many a trying hour, and now, when experience has qualified me to serve you more faithfully and acceptably, I cannot find it in my heart to sever the chords which have been gathering strength for so many years. I will still remain until a respectable minority of my parish desire me to go, or until Providence clearly points to another field of labour."

We cannot record here all the tender, glowing eloquence, of that simple speech; but many brave, manly hearts, that had strongly fortified themselves to hear him announce his intention of leaving, now found themselves unprepared for his remaining, and few, *very* few, were there who scorned to be found in a "melting mood."

A few crusty, soured hearts, that will need all of the light and love of the celestial world to melt their natural iciness, remained silent and aloof; but there are ice hearts in

every congregation—what a pity that there are!—*From an American Paper.*

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

A few months since, in a crowded railway carriage, where were gathered persons of every variety of age, rank, and condition in life, were two who might be easily distinguished from all others by the deep impress which disease, care, and solicitude, had left, both on the countenance and form. A mother and son: she a small, delicate woman, apparently ill fitted by nature for the endurance of heavy trials, and yet every look and tone betokening that she was not now making her first acquaintance with affliction; the son, a young man just arrived at mature years, with a form tall, and well proportioned, and a brow noble and expanded,—the natural protector of that delicate mother, for she was a widow, and he her eldest born. In addition to this, to him had her expiring husband especially committed the charge of his mother and younger brothers and sisters, and he, even in boyhood, had felt the responsibility of the charge, and with most exemplary filial and fraternal love, had all along denied himself many youthful pleasures for their sakes, saying to his young associates, "I cannot go on that excursion, my mother is a widow." But, alas! the order of nature is reversed. The feeble mother must become the protector and the supporter, and the charge of the earthly father must give place to His will "who seeth not as man seeth."

For several months Henry F—— had been wasting away with consumption, that insatiable disease which had taken his father, and subsequently a lovely sister, to the grave; and now it was evident, even to the strangers who surrounded him, that the fatal work was almost accomplished in his case. How emaciated that noble form, how weak and powerless that manly arm. How laboured that respiration, and how sunken that eye which turns so often with a look of mingled agony and love to that fond mother. He lays his head on her shoulder, and whispers, "If I were at home now, I should not rise from my bed." But the carriages keep on with ceaseless motion, and the company around continue their loud talk and boisterous laugh. At length Henry becomes so distressed that he can

proceed no farther, and his mother says to the guard, "We must be left at the next station." They were set out on a platform, and the station-master handed them their trunks. The noisy train with its gazing passengers moved away. Across a lawn, a short distance from them, they felt rejoiced to see a public house; but Henry was unable to walk there with merely the assistance of his mother, and as she saw two men standing by, she asked them if they would have the kindness to assist him in walking there. With utter indifference they turned and walked away. The agonized mother was then obliged to leave her son sitting on the platform alone, while she ran to the house for assistance. This was a dark period in Henry's earthly sojourn. Those moments while he waited alone, feeling almost ready to fall back and die, perhaps formed the acme of that period. Henry F—— was not passing thus rapidly into eternity without preparation for that event. Oh, no, he had early given his heart to God, and his christian character had been as consistent and faithful as his natural character was lovely and unblemished. He recognized the hand of his heavenly Father in the afflictions which attended him, but his spirits were sometimes depressed, and he was greatly perplexed by the providences of God. "I thought I had so much to do for you and the children," said he to his mother. "What will you do without me? I had just got ready to go into business for myself, and thought I was healthy and strong before this cough came on. It is very mysterious and unexpected for me to be taken away so early."

Mrs. F—— had travelled with her son from his native place, hoping much from a change of climate; at first he had improved, but a change came, and he had declined so rapidly that she had but a faint hope of his reaching home. During those few moments that the trembling invalid waited alone, he might have mentally exclaimed, "Why am I thus deserted? Two men enjoying the vigour of health refused to lend me a little of their strength! How gladly would I have aided them, or any fellow-being in distress, when I was favoured with health!" True, Henry, but this is one of the allotments of that state of being, where the most deserving often receive the least. Thou art not alone in thy desertion. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Lord.

Mrs. F—— found kind people and good accommodations at the public house, and the next morning Henry felt so far refreshed that he resumed his journey. And now the scene changes with regard to desolation and depression of spirits. Henry had passed his last desponding day. The providence of a tender Father was watching over him, and had ordered that in the carriage in which he now took a seat was a christian gentleman who exercised a large share of the spirit of his Master. He did not observe the distressed stranger with indifference, nor with *common*, but christian sympathy. He soon came near and accosted Mrs. F—— with the remark, "I perceive you are travelling with a sick friend." Having ascertained that it was a darling son over whom she was watching, he entered in the kindest manner into her feelings of care and anxiety, aiding and assisting her in a thousand little ways, and greatly alleviating her solicitude by leading her to feel that another besides herself was watching every movement, and anticipating every want, of the distressed invalid. By degrees he entered into conversation with Henry, and doubtless his pious heart glowed with gratitude and joy as the youthful stranger told him, as far as his strength would allow, of his early hope in Christ, and all the way which the Lord had led him, not omitting to speak of the dark cloud which had lately overshadowed his mind. At this point the stranger seemed particularly qualified to perform a heavenly mission. His mind was imbued with the rich truths of the gospel, his speech was fluent, and his manner affectionate. As Mrs. F—— afterwards remarked, "He said just the right things." The promises of Scripture were presented to the desponding mind, and dwelt on with delightful fervour. When speaking of reaching home, the stranger turned the conversation towards the heavenly home, and expatiated on its never-ending blessedness. The countenance of the invalid brightened, his drooping hope revived, his faith laid fresh hold on the precious Saviour. Feeble as he was, that day's journey was comparatively comfortable. So highly blessed were the words of this stranger, that from that day the spirit of the invalid rose above the clogs of earth, and plumed its wings for heaven. He died a few weeks after in the triumphs of faith. Although he never saw the earthly home for which he longed, the heavenly and eternal home he soon reached.

LONG GRACES AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

My good Aunt Jane resided in a house next to the parsonage. One morning, when there on a visit, one of the minister's little boys came running in, and said to my aunt: "Do, Aunt Janey, give me a piece of bread and butter, please." Aunt Jane replied, "Oh, your breakfast bell will ring immediately." "I know that, Aunt Janey," said the little child, "but I'm so hungry, and Pa says so long a grace." Aunt Jane went and gave him bread and butter.

On another occasion, being at the house of a minister of my acquaintance when he was salting down his winter's beef, one of his little boys climbed up by the hoops and looked into the barrel. Fearing lest he might fall in, his father lifted him down, when the child looked in his face and said: "Pa, I wish you would say grace on all the beef in the barrel." "Why, my child?" asked his father. "Because, then," replied the child, "I would not have to wait so long every time you say grace."

What a mistake in parents, having little children, to indulge in the habit of long graces or long family prayers! These, to be pleasant to the children, should be short and sweet. How often have I seen both the patience and appetites of the little ones rudely taxed by long graces, and all put soundly to sleep by long evening prayers. This is wrong, very wrong; religion should be made pleasant by its services, not a task and burden to their little minds.

Speaking of long graces puts me in mind of a most laughable circumstance which happened in Edinburgh. Four persons had been publicly set apart to missionary work in Tartary, in Lady Glenorchy's chapel, and were to sail the next week for St. Petersburg. A pious aged lady, who felt great interest in the work of missions, made a dinner for the missionaries, and bade many. When the party, which was exceedingly large, were all seated at the tables, the lady was seen standing at the head looking over her spectacles, in search of some one. Clergymen sat on each side of her, and others near by to her. But she looked over them all, to see who were at the other tables. At last one of the company asked her if she was looking for any one in particular. "I am," said she, "looking for the Rev. Dr. B——; for if I ask my good friend, the Rev. Dr. F——, to ask the blessing, the dinner will all be *spoiled*, and

I want the Rev. Dr. B—— to ask it." I need not add that the laughter was so great that the Doctor was scarcely heard. This little anecdote shows the impropriety of long graces in a new point of view,—“the dinner will be spoiled.”

Since I am on anecdotes, I would mention one more, to show how very soon children begin to take notice, form their own judgment, and think for themselves.

A minister, on a Sabbath evening, was admonishing his children against the sin of telling lies, when one of the little creatures

looked at him and said, “Pa, don’t you sometimes tell lies?” He replied, “I hope not, my dear; what makes you think I tell lies?” “Pa, you said in the pulpit to-day, ‘One word more and I am done,’ and then you said many more words; and again you said, ‘One word more and I am done,’ and you still said many more words; and you often said, ‘One word more and I am done,’ and every time said many more words. Pa, was not that telling lies?” I need not add that this little incident cured the minister of so bad a habit.

Correspondence.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO HELP ONE ANOTHER IN THE WAY OF TRADE.

[To the Editors of “The Church.”]

Dear Sirs,

Taking up an old number of the *Evangelical Magazine*, I found in it the following article, which is worthy of the attention of all members of christian churches, and I shall be much gratified if you think it suitable for insertion in your excellent periodical. The subject of the article is thought by many of but little importance, or perhaps by most christians it is not considered at all. As your valuable periodical is extensively read, I forward it, hoping that, if inserted, its perusal will lead to a consideration and adoption of the principle.

I am, dear Sirs, yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.]

This duty, though sufficiently enjoined in Scripture, is not, it is to be feared, duly considered and attended to as it ought to be by many, who not only bear the christian name, but really belong to our christian churches, where some pains are taken to ascertain the reality of their religion, and the certainty of their being partakers of the vital principle of godliness. That it is incumbent upon the members of christian churches to help one another as it respects bearing one another’s burdens, administering reproof or consolation as circumstances may require, sympathising with one another

under the trying and afflictive dispensations of Divine Providence, and in promoting and supporting those works of faith and labours of love in which the members of the household of faith are called to engage, is obvious from many plain and express admonitions. “Brethren,” says the apostle, “if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ” (Gal. vi. 1, 2). “Wherefore, comfort yourselves and edify one another; warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.” (1 Thess. v. 14, &c.) These are plain requirements, though not so much regarded as they ought to be; but the writer of this paper is desirous of appealing to the conscience, and laying it before the minds of his christian brethren, whether those of them who are engaged in trade ought not to help one another in the way of business, more commonly and conscientiously than, it is believed, is really found to be the case.

“Dare any of you,” says the apostle, “having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints?” (1 Cor. vi. 1–8.) And if such matters ought to be settled among and by professed christians themselves, surely they ought to maintain more frequent intercourse in the way of buying and selling among themselves than upon enquiry appears to be done. A christian tradesman and a private individual goes where he supposes he can make his purchases cheap-

est and best, unmindful of the character to whom he applies, and of whom he purchases; and this at first sight may appear to be correct and proper, and that every man is at liberty to go where he can do the best for his family. This may be worldly policy, but it is not scriptural reasoning; it is not acting in accordance with the statutes of Zion's King; it is not, as professing christians, doing to others as we would they should do unto us. Far from it. As professing christians we should wish our brethren to deal with us, and surely we ought to deal with them. Besides that, we are required to help one another in that volume which is given to be a light unto the feet and a lamp unto the path; we may expect fair and honest dealing among each other, which is not always the case among those who are strangers to true religion. We say not that all worldly men are rogues,—far from it; many are very honest and upright in their transactions, and their word *may* be trusted, but the members of christian churches, if they act in character, *must* prove that the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath taught them to live righteously, soberly, and godly, in this present evil world. If *principle* is to be found anywhere, surely it ought and may be expected among those professing godliness; and if it be not uniformly found, it is certainly to be looked for from such a quarter, rather than where there is no profession at all.

Farther, the members of our christian churches should help one another in the way here pointed out, because in so doing they may fairly reckon upon helping the cause of God, and the interests of religion in the world at large. Yes, in thus dealing with one another they have the firmest ground for hope that some portion of the profits will be employed for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, which they profess to love and desire to promote. In the other case, they know that a certain portion will be spent in a way which they themselves dare not expend it, namely, in gratifying the lust of the flesh, fashionable amusements, &c. Now, is it right for christians, men of God, men professing godliness, to lend themselves in this way to the support of those practices in others which

they dare not themselves adopt? Surely not! Oh, no! Christian men should make a point of dealing with christian men in preference to any other, whatever supposed or real advantages may be expected from such dealing in the one case, which may not extend to the same degree in the other.

There may be circumstances, it can easily be answered, which may enable one person to do business on a larger and better scale than another; but among professing christians some sacrifice should be cheerfully made, rather than worldlings should be preferred to those who it is well known are on the Lord's side, and desirous of aiding and supporting his cause. Too often do we hear it said, to our mortification and sorrow, "If the members of our church only laid out with us a part of what they lay out with those who make no profession of religion at all, and are seen in the circles of fashion and dissipation, we should be able to do more for the support and comfort of our minister, and those societies connected with our christian sanctuary; but we have less intercourse in the way of business with those who worship with us than our other neighbours who attend elsewhere, or go nowhere at all." Surely, brethren, these things ought not so to be. Consider what we say, and let a different line mark your future conduct.

There should be a decided preference given by christians themselves, we conceive, to the members of the household of faith on the ground of their *character and profession*, which exposes them to worldly losses and even to great opposition, as well as on the ground of the manner in which some portion of the profits are sure to be devoted. The Friends or Quakers, it is believed, act upon this principle, and hence it is they have so few poor members among them, and that those few are never found seeking aid from any other quarter. Why should it not be so among our dissenting churches? Let us, from principle, deal with, and employ one another, and a very different scene will be presented among the members of our respective communions: the hands of many will be strengthened; the hearts of many will be made glad; and the great cause of truth and righteousness will receive a vast increase of support.

Notices of Books.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES; THE MOSLEM AND HIS END; THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS HOPE. THREE LECTURES. By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: A. Hall and Co.

Dr. Cumming has omitted, in this duodecimo of one hundred and fifty pages, one of the most important of all the "Signs of the Times"—his own popularity. We never *heard* the doctor, but judging from the few pages of such of his productions as we have been able to read at all, we have wondered beyond measure that he should be listened to by the audience which report gives him. We do not advert to his getting the queen for his hearer by standing in a brother's shoes at Balmoral, when her majesty supposed the owner would wear his own; but we have been told that premiers and ex-premiers obtain the spiritual aliment desirable for statesmen from the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c., &c. Certainly, a minister of religion who can foretell the fate of nations for which or against which we are at war, and who can shuffle a pack of texts as a gipsy does a pack of cards, predicting the future with like confidence of manner, may have some attraction even for great minds; for it is a singular fact in the history of some of the most gifted, practical, and effective of conquerors and statesmen, that they have cherished more or less faith in divination, auguries, and astrology. Perhaps the overstrained mind needs some repose in looking into the future, which its own well-laid plans are unable to impart; or perhaps the very vastness of its powers enables it to perceive so much which baffles all calculation, that it throws itself for relief upon some mysterious guide to certainty.

Yet, supposing all this, it is singular that men of taste and culture can listen with pleasure to such a style of preaching as that which we meet with in Dr. Cumming's written productions. The illiterate blunders of a pious and earnest cobbler we can readily conceive that any good man would hear without pain or annoyance, and even derive much spiritual benefit from the man's superior piety; but how any one can derive profit from religious persiflage or bombast we own surpasses our comprehension. We opened this little volume (it reached us

just as we entered a railway carriage), and in the first few pages we were informed that "event thundered on event;" the statement of Scripture was not quite equal to the occasion, for the doctor makes "the windows of heaven *pour down*" such a crash as Moses at least spared the antediluvians. We find "specific periods," "deepening foretokens," and we know not how many ill-assorted marriages of nouns and adjectives, on almost every page. But when, endeavouring to forget the annoyances of language, we endeavoured to regard the sense only, we were quickly still more discomfited. Having arrived at page five, we found the doctor, as might have been expected, renewing the attempt of all prophetic fortune-tellers—that of turning twelve hundred and sixty days into as many years. Quoth our rabbi,—“We have *distinct* authority for this:” and we naturally began to think of some unequivocal sentence in Daniel or John which we had overlooked. No such thing. It is Numbers xiv. 34, and Ezek. iv. 6.—*i. e.*, the wandering of the Jews in the wilderness a year for each of the forty days during which the spies searched the land, and Ezekiel having on *one* occasion been directed to use a day symbolically for a year,—which is “*distinct* authority” for Daniel and John having done the same; and no other *proof* is attempted of that which is the basis of all the national fortune-telling in the whole book! Some tedious hours in the carriage disposed us to glance at a few more pages, and we can only say that the same kind of reckless assumptions are innumerable throughout. It is useless to sum up the views of such an author; for our conviction is that, like the predictions of the swarthy race, they may accidentally prove true, and so far as they rest on the ground taken by other mortals, most likely will do so; but as to his vaticinations of times and seasons, or the fates and dates of Turkey and Russia, we have about the same faith in them as we should have in prophecies founded on the marks of the hand.

ESSAY ON HUMAN HAPPINESS. By C. B. ADDERLEY, M.P. Second Edition. Pp. 96. London: Blackader & Co.

A more complete contrast, not only in subject, but also in style and conclusive

reasoning, with Dr. Cumming's book, noticed above, can hardly be imagined. This little volume is one of a series, entitled, "Great Truths for Thoughtful Hours," and it is every way worthy of its title. It is very gratifying to find a christian layman and gentleman, moving in Mr. Adderley's circle, both exposing the unnaturalness of the present entire exclusion of religious conversation of the more sacred and profound kind from polite conversation, and exemplifying the character of the discussions which he would like to form a part of our serious social intercourse. Having defined happiness as "a state of constant adaptation of right action to right intention," he shows his definition to be much more simple and correct than a reader might at first sight suppose; but from the second chapter onwards,—whether we think he has succeeded in the most difficult of all things, a definition neither too large nor too small,—the little volume is replete with the most condensed, devout, and soul-stirring thoughts. He shows that future happiness and misery are consequences, not awards,—that happiness is contrary to our natural inclinations, and incompatible with idleness, luxury, &c.,—that repose is its *final* consummation,—that the general intention of human life, in its fallen condition, is to recover lost perfection, and hence its chief test, *progressive conformity to God's will*. The discussion of the subsidiary tests to the chief one is very heart-searching. Not, however, to dilate further, we most earnestly recommend this little volume, to thoughtful and intelligent young men especially. We have not lately met with a religious or philosophical work more likely to give them a right and practical view of the ultimate

objects of life, and to stimulate such persons to pursue them.

THE EVANGELICAL SYSTEM CONSIDERED IN ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS. A BOOK FOR THE TIMES. By the REV. JOHN STOCK. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Pp. 216. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

We are glad to welcome so soon this second and more elegant edition of Mr. Stock's work. It contains an entirely new chapter on "The Powerful Presence of the Spirit the Grand Desideratum of the Church;" and many paragraphs have been added here and there, and others re-written, so as to make the work more complete than its predecessor. The welcome which the book has already received in so many quarters, renders it unnecessary for us to say much in its praise. The spirit of the book appears to us to be contained in the words, "A dry, barren orthodoxy is as great an evil as a licentious latitudinarianism." Against both these prevalent evils, therefore, it is meant to protest; and it is to us one of its chief excellences that it protests against *both* of them. Our own conviction is, that the outcry against the latter evil, which has prevailed so much of late, has directed attention away too much from the former, which needs quite as much at least to be guarded against. What is wanted is, that the churches should learn the relation between a *true* orthodoxy and the spiritual life: not the orthodoxy of a mere formal creed, but that of a constant and abiding sympathy with the truth as it is in Jesus. We believe that Mr. Stock's work is calculated to help the readers of it to this understanding: we, therefore, regard it as, more truly than many that bear the name, "A Book for the Times;" and we sincerely thank the author for it, and rejoice in its success.

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER VI.

There is no greater truth taught in the Scriptures than that illustrated by the parable of the talents. Nothing is more fatal to the powers of the mind than inactivity; the one talent would have been far more useful if put to usury, than the five had they been hidden in a napkin. Nor is it an excuse

for indolence to any one, that others are more capable of being useful. "She hath done what she could," was a commendation bestowed on an individual who ministered to the Saviour.

Thus, gentle reader, will it be with us, if we escape condemnation; because we have not only ceased to do evil, but learned to do well, and engaged all our ransomed powers in the service of God. So thought

Adeline, and though a child, she was becoming strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. "What wilt thou have me to do?" was the daily prayer of the little girl, and daily was she permitted to labour in the vineyard of the Lord. For the May family she had become deeply interested, and no wonder. Little Ellen had drooped more and more through the long, tedious winter, and now as the spring was unlocking its icy fetters, she was still more languid:

"See, dear sister," Edward would say, as he wheeled her couch to the window, "the snow has all gone, and the robins have come, Ellen; the flowers, too, will soon bloom, for summer is coming."

But the sufferer heeded it not; she would turn away with such a homesick look. Poor child, she was pining for a more summer land than ours. Adaline had told her of "green fields beyond the swelling flood." She had told her of the fruits and flowers of paradise. Of the home of the blest, where there would be no sickness or suffering, where a new glorious body would be given, in exchange for her crooked, deformed one, and she would dwell in the presence of her Saviour for ever. At first the little girl scarcely comprehended the lesson her young companion was endeavouring to teach her.

"Oh, Ada, dear," she would say, "tell me more about it, and all over again, what the Saviour said about little children, and how he used to pity the poor, and lame, and blind, and deaf. Oh, if I had known that great beautiful bible that father bought to lay on the centre-table was full of such stories, I guess I should have read it; did you know it, mother?"

The lady did not confess to her ignorance, but there was something in her manner as she listened to the reading and remarks of the young missionary, that showed that the truths of the bible were new to her. True, a gilded volume ornamented her city parlour. But it was only an item among the rich and splendid furniture there,—a "sealed book" it was, to the gay and fashionable mistress of that princely mansion. But now, in her humble, temporary home, with that sick child, she was glad of anything to amuse her. So said the lady to herself, as she sat hour after hour listening to Ellen's questions and Ada's answers. She usually held a book in her hand that she might not seem to be attending to them,

but not a single word of their remarks escaped her ear.

"Strange," thought she, "that I have never realised these things; they are true, and I have heard them in church many times, but somehow they didn't sound as they do now. It is true that I have never been happy, and I begin to think there is nothing in this world *can* yield happiness. In my youthful days I was courted, petted, and followed; still I was not happy; something whispered that I stood on slippery places. In my gayest moments there were misgivings that all was not right; and how have my idols been taken from me; an only brother, two sweet infants, and now my beautiful Ellen is talking of leaving me, and she tells of a glorious city with pearly gates and golden streets, where

'Change finds no pathway,
Memory no dark trace.'

Oh, I would gladly stay in this secluded village my life-time, to be blest with such visions as that child has; and then to think she should be taught such wonderful things by that little country girl; and how patient and resigned she has become!"

At length Ellen's father was summoned from the city; the hot summer days had come on, and Ellen seemed fast sinking to the grave. It was a lovely evening in June when he arrived, and his little daughter lay panting by the open window. Mr. May was shocked to see how ill she looked, and how much she had failed since he visited her.

"Ellen, dear," said he, "how sick you are,—look up, love,—father has brought you pretty presents, and here is a nice box of strawberries."

At the mention of strawberries Adaline sprang forward.

"Oh, Ellen," said she, "you said last night you could eat some, but mine were not ripe,—just taste one," and she laid one against her lips.

"No, no," said Ellen, "not here, dear Ada, not here," and there was a strange light gleamed in her eye.

"Merciful heavens!" said Mrs. May, "what is the matter, child?" And Adaline glided from the room. In a few moments she returned with her mother.

"Ellen is dying!" shrieked her mother.

Mr. May motioned Mrs. Green to the bedside, and turned away to the window. Little Edward rushed out of the house, but soon came creeping back again, drawn by the sound of his sister's voice.

"I go," said she, "to 'that beautiful land,'—'the river of life,'—'twelve manner of fruits,'—'and the leaves heal the nations.'"

Ada had read those sublime passages to her in the morning. The dying girl paused, and looking around, beckoned to her father. In a moment he was by her side.

"Father," said she, "why don't you read the bible? You must read it, and learn about Jesus; read it to mother and Edward. And now, dear father, I have one request. Don't carry me back to the city; lay me in some of these green fields, where it is cool."

"Don't, don't, Ellen, ask that," said the mother, sobbing; "we can't leave you here all alone!"

"But Ada is here, dear mother. And Jesus will watch over my grave. Oh, promise me *that*, mother!"

Mrs. May promised. The little girl then stretched out her arms and embraced them all.

"Now let me sleep," said she, and she sank away into peaceful slumbers.

She awoke no more.

At ten, Mrs. Green announced that the child had ceased to breathe. An hour after she lay in her snowy robes beside the wall, and Adaline and her mother returned home.

The next morning Mr. Green dressed himself neatly, and with his daughter walked over to the cottage of the Mays.

"It is my father, Sir," said Adaline, as the gentlemen bowed to each other.

"Good morning, Sir," said Mr. May, "I take it kind that you should call on me at this time."

"This is the first time I have walked out," was the answer, "or I should have called before. My little girl here was speaking of a request made by your departed child, and I called to see if I could render you any service. There is a lovely spot at the lower end of my field, shaded by tall elms. Adaline has begged that her friend might lie there."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. May, "you have done me a great favour, and this little girl has made me much her debtor. I will go this moment and look at the spot."

Mr. Green offered, though in a hesitating manner, to be his company.

"By no means," said he; "but—" and his eye rested on Adaline as she stood by her father.

"Let me go, Sir," said the little girl, starting forward and taking the offered hand of the gentleman. And together they left the house to seek the last resting-place of little Ellen.

The next Sabbath the lovely child was laid in the shadow of the elms, and the week following, Edward and Adaline planted flowers there. A marble slab was brought from the city, bearing the name and age of the sweet child, and her dying words, "Jesus will watch over my grave," were engraved thereon.

In a few weeks the family returned to the city, their hearts softened, and we trust made better by their affliction. They never forgot Adaline. A good library grew up from their annual presents, which was a source of great pleasure and profit to each member of the family.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Miscellaneous.

DEATH THE GATE OF GLORY.—Consider that dying is appointed as the way, and the only way, to glory; there is no way to enter the promised land, but by crossing the Jordan of death. And should not a stranger desire to be at home with his friends, though he hath a rough way and stormy sea to pass? Is there any home like heaven, where your incomparable friend Christ is? Oh, what a happiness is it to be with Christ, and to see him as he is. How happy do you think Peter, James, and John were, in being taken up to Mount Tabor, to be eye-witnesses of their Saviour's transfiguration? but, oh, believer, death procures a greater happiness to you.

It ushers you to Mount Zion, where you shall not only see your Saviour whiter than the snow, and brighter than the sun, but yourself transfigured with him, made like him, and eternally secure of his presence. The apostles saw but two prophets; but you shall see all the prophets, all the apostles, all the patriarchs, all the martyrs, all the holy persons you ever conversed with on earth, and, in fine, all the saints in heaven, each of them shining as the sun; and how sweet will their company be! Oh, how soon will the trifles of the world vanish, and all its pleasures be forgotten, when once the believer gets a view of that captivating glory above. When the shepherds

heard but some few notes of the angels' song who praised God at the nativity of our Saviour. they presently left their flocks, and ran to Bethlehem, to behold the child Jesus lying in a manger,—how much more cause hath a believer to leave the pleasures of the world, and run to behold an exalted Jesus sitting on the throne of his glory, with all his saints and angels singing praises around him! If Cato and Cleombrotus—two heathens—after reading Plato's book of the immortality of the soul, did voluntarily, the one fall on his sword, the other break his neck from a precipice, that they might sooner come, as they fancied, to partake of those joys, what a shame it is for christians who have a surer and clearer discovery of those things from God's own book, to be found unwilling to enter into those heavenly joys, when their Redeemer calls for them thither.—*Willison*.

"I CANNOT PRAY FOR FATHER ANY MORE!"—She knelt, at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest, "God bless dear mother and—" but the prayer was stilled, the little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child, "I cannot pray for father any more!" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after *mother's* name, for he had said that must come *first*; and, now, to say the family prayer, and leave her father out,—no wonder that the new thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive! I waited for

some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered too much almost for utterance, she said, "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him *all out*; let me say, 'Thank God that I *had* a dear father *once*!' so I can still go on, and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does; and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for mercies *past*, as well as to ask blessings for the future!

COUGHING IN PLACES OF WORSHIP.—"A simple incident which occurred during my first morning attendance at Dr. M'Crie's chapel, strongly impressed me with a sense of his sagacity. There was a great deal of coughing in the place, the effect of a recent change of weather; and the doctor, whose voice was not a strong one, and who seemed somewhat annoyed by the ruthless interruptions, stopping suddenly short in the middle of his argument, made a dead pause. When people are taken greatly by surprise, they cease to cough,—a circumstance on which he evidently calculated. Every eye was now turned towards him, and for a full minute so dead was the silence that one might have heard a pin drop. 'I see, my friends,' said the doctor, resuming his speech, with a suppressed smile, 'I see you can all be quiet enough when I am quiet.' There was not a little genuine strategy in the rebuke; and as cough lies a good deal more under the influence of the will than most coughers suppose, such was its effect, that during the rest of the day there was not a tithe of the previous coughing."—*Hugh Miller*.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

Except the *May Meetings*, of which we give an account elsewhere, there has been little to diversify the course of public affairs. The great matter on which universal attention is concentrated, presents, with one exception, but little variety. The Russians appear, at the time at which we write, to have the worst of it everywhere, and their difficulties to increase; but in war, though its movements are frequently lingering, we never know what a day may bring forth. The combinations and plans of the opposing parties, if conducted with ability, are frequently arranged for a result distant by many long weary months, and are of necessity kept as secret as possible. Hence, while we have but too much reason to fear the half-heartedness of our leading ministers, and of our court, so deeply wedded to German interests, we must yet patiently remember that could we trust their zeal against Russian despotism ever so thoroughly, their naval and military schemes must be veiled as carefully as they now are. The exceptional event to which we alluded,

is the bombardment and destruction of the military part of Odessa, an important town on the Black Sea, from which we have of late years derived large supplies of corn; the commercial part of the town was carefully spared. This is as it should be, and we are truly thankful to see the happy influence of Christianity upon war itself. The whole town was absolutely at the mercy of the bombarding steamers, but the Government buildings, ships, and the batteries, were alone attacked. There is one fact which strikes us as rather singular: it would seem to be the mission of our fleet to destroy every Russian fortress or battery which they could on the shores of the Black Sea, and to ruin, as far as lies in its power, the military strength of the Czar, especially so near the scene of his aggressions; yet Odessa was not attacked for this reason, but merely to punish the barbarian outrage of firing on a boat bearing a flag of truce. The Russian ports on the Circassian coast are nearly all abandoned, and in the hands of the brave mountaineers, who have so long resisted successfully the Czar

and slavery. The Russians were permitted to move across the Danube into a most unhealthy district near its mouth, where the brave desultory attacks of the Turks, and the still more fatal marshes, have awfully reduced their numbers. They have been obliged also to evacuate already a part of the principalities, and will we trust, when the English and French troops come up, be quickly driven from the whole. From the Baltic and Sir Charles Napier we are not to expect to hear much, till the ice is quite cleared away.

The ill advised *Preston strike* is at length concluded. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the operatives for their abstinence from every act of violence and intimidation. We mean intimidation of the grosser kind; for we fear it would be too much to expect from human nature, not to avail itself of the terrors of ridicule and contempt; no doubt, workmen, like other men in higher life, know how to intimidate by weapons which law cannot reach. Still, let it be proclaimed throughout all Europe and America too, that a whole army of Englishmen were unemployed and half-starved for nine or ten months, without disturbing the public peace! In what other country would this have been done? Their error was one of political economy, which Lords and Commons by no means adequately understand as yet; to this error they sacrificed three or four hundred thousand pounds of wages, besides wasting the capital of their employers, the very capital by which alone they can live! We trust that intelligent friends of the operative will endeavour to enlighten them on these points.

Any other matters we defer till our next, in order to make room for a more lengthened notice of the May Meetings.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

(By one who was there.)

The gatherings of the denomination once a year in the metropolises are on many accounts fraught with the deepest interest to the whole body. They not only bring many from distant parts of the empire, who meet many old and valued friends, but their fraternal intercourse is refreshing, their knowledge of the operations of the body is augmented, their interest in them deepened, and they return home to diffuse a better spirit into the churches. It is delightful to see the many greetings—the beaming countenances—as one after another enters the room where you are convened, and is recognised by some earlier visitor. Nor is the interest of the friends who remain at home less deep and earnest. The early reports which the “Nonconformist,” the “Patriot,” or the “Banner” supply, are read with eagerness, and question after question is repeated about them on our return. We like this feeling. We wish to cherish it, and pray that it may grow more and more. With this hope, we will try to gratify it by presenting to our readers a detailed account of our doings. Space will not allow long details. We can

only sketch, and that with great brevity. Nor will we disjoint our narrative. It will be more in harmony with our taste, and more agreeable to our friends, if we narrate everything of interest which day by day passed before us. By such a course they will have a correcter view of the whole, and form a better estimate of the tax upon the time and energy of those who really attend the annual meetings.

On Tuesday, April 30th. the *Strict Baptist brethren* held a meeting, chiefly, we believe, for conference, but not being a member of it, we did not attend. The same body held their annual meeting on the Wednesday evening, at Trinity Chapel, Borough. The object of this society, we gathered from the report, is twofold. It aims at training young men for the ministry, by placing them, two or three under the care of some competent minister in the country. Equally important is the other, viz., the diffusion of the gospel on the continent. Both are confessedly important; the latter, in our judgment, of the highest importance. The attendance was not large, though quite equal in proportion to the other meetings. The report was, upon the whole, of a very cheering character, though the circle of the Society's operation is yet very limited. The principal speakers were Messrs. Overbury, Stock, Lillycrop, and Evans. The last speaker excited warm sympathy by his statements about Belgium, and about the openings there for evangelical labour; and various friends engaged to give £5 per annum towards the support of a missionary there. He also stated that a city missionary was employed in Brussels, for whose support he had become responsible. We understand that the Society afterwards decided to occupy Brussels as a station, and have invited a minister of well-known standing and moral worth in the body to go and occupy it.

Thursday morning was fixed for the annual *Prayer Meeting for the Mission*. It was held in the library at the Mission House, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Watson, of Edinburgh. The large room was well filled early, and the mass of the assembly were ladies. The prayers presented were eminently devotional and appropriate; but everybody felt that the interest of the meeting would have been greatly augmented if five or six, instead of three, brethren had engaged in the same time. An useful practical address was afterwards delivered by Mr. Watson, which the senior Treasurer printed, and circulated freely at the great meeting in Exeter Hall. We must confess that one feature of this gathering surprised and grieved us. It was an assembly of the friends of the mission, convened to implore the Divine benediction on its operations, and yet it struck us, that many of the Committee themselves were absent from it. We only state the fact, and offer no comment upon it. Upon the whole, it was a good meeting.

The same evening, Mr. New preached to young men. Engagements of some stand-

ing prevented us hearing his sermon; and another meeting was being held at the same time. We understand the attendance was small, but the sermon quite equal to the well earned reputation of the preacher.

The meeting of the *Baptist Tract Society* was held the same evening in Eagle Street. It was the best attended we have ever seen. The report was good, and the circle of the Society's operations enlarging at home and abroad. Silently it is working its way. As heretofore, R. Lush, Esq., presided with his accustomed gracefulness and efficiency. Messrs Overbury, Webb, Stock, G. Pearce, Dowson, and Evans, proposed and sustained the resolutions. The last speaker placed before the Chairman specimens of the first translations of some of the Society's tracts into the French language.

The Union held its annual session at Moorgate Street, on Friday morning. Dr. Hoby delivered an opening address, not marked by anything very brilliant or profound, but distinguished by useful suggestions, and practical good sense. The most prominent events of the year, and their influence upon our religious state, were passed in review. The report was not very dissimilar to those of former years. The treasurer was not in debt, but the returns from the churches were by no means encouraging. The increase for the past year only gave one and a quarter per church,—the lowest rate for many years. Discussion on the cause of this was raised, and the opinion of many brethren was that emigration had largely contributed to this result. The state of the persecuted brethren on the continent, the universities, education, and various other matters, were discussed during the sitting. Dr. Acworth was requested to occupy the chair at the next meeting. The attendance was painfully small. Not more than twenty-five persons were assembled when the session opened, and fifty would be its maximum number during the whole sitting. It is to be deplored that the Union does not excite more attention, and more so that it is not made to tell with more power upon the general interests of the body.

In the evening, the annual sermon for the *Irish Society* was preached by Mr. Brown, of Liverpool, in Devonshire Square Chapel, from, "*Thy kingdom come.*" The sermon was an exposition of the great principles embodied in the prayer. Racy, bold, and thoroughly evangelical, we only regretted that so few assembled to hear the preacher.

Monday was introduced by a *Breakfast*, given by some of the metropolitan ministers to their country brethren in town. Its object was to promote a larger measure of fraternal intercourse; and it was assuredly marked by great harmony and love. Dr. Angus presided, and Messrs. Underhill, Noel, and other brethren, touched upon topics not only adapted to quicken piety, but to bind in closer sympathy those assembled, and to render the ministry more effective. Only one feeling pervaded the minds of the brethren, and we need not say, that it was one of satisfaction and delight.

At the close of this, the members of the *Irish Society* met to hear the report, appoint officers for the year, and other business connected with the Society. Its prospects were encouraging; its financial state healthy. The income for the past year was £2 569 11s. 4d., and its expenditure about £1,663. More vigorous efforts were urged upon the committee by the gentlemen who had visited Ireland, and Dublin was especially spoken of as a centre from which evangelical labour could be made with success.

From an important meeting of the country secretaries of the Mission, who had been invited by the general secretaries to confer with them upon the best means of rendering the auxiliaries more effective, we went to Finsbury Chapel, to the meeting of the *Home Mission*. W. Middlemore, Esq., of Birmingham, presided. The meeting was not large. The following statistics may interest our readers:—Stations, 235. Members, 4,474. Additions during the year, 452. Average weekly attendance, 17,535. Sunday Schools, 113. Teachers, 1,112. Scholars, 7,255. The income was, £4 376 11s. 3d.; and the expenditure about £4,814. Messrs. Aitcheson, Evans, M Laren, and Hinton, proposed and seconded the resolutions. The speaking was good and effective. The last two dealt mainly with the religious aspects of the census returns, and placed the moral condition of England in a telling manner before the audience.

Tuesday morning was the open meeting of the subscribers to the *Mission*. A considerable number of ministers and others assembled at eleven o'clock, though the number struck us as not equal to former years. Both treasurers were absent. The object of this meeting is simply to hear the minutes of the year read, to approve of the report, and to appoint officers. These were of the usual character. The financial condition of the Society indicated health and considerable vigour. Its income was, £24,759. 12s. 9d.; and the expenditure, £21,738. 4s. 10d. Notice had been given last year of a motion to be submitted for altering the constitution of the committee. From year to year this question has been agitated, and till the point is conceded, we have no doubt it will, and continue to be so. Many parts of the kingdom have no representatives at all. Many counties are not rich enough to supply a man for this position, whilst from others, two and three can be obtained without any difficulty. The mode proposed, that nine should go out every year, and not be eligible for re-election for three years, would secure, it was urged, an infusion of new blood into the committee, and would extend its influence. After a long debate the motion was negatived. Mr. Gotch, of Bristol, then gave notice of a similar one for the next year. Our own opinion is, that the committee would act the part of wisdom to cease opposition to this. It must be carried, or the Society will suffer.

Dr. Sreane had been announced to preach on Wednesday morning for the Mission, but the service was relinquished because it

was the fast day. The policy of this was very questionable. But we have only to state facts, not to discuss principles. In the evening, Bloomsbury Chapel was literally crammed. Long before the time crowds were gathered around the door, and no sooner were the doors open, than every place was occupied. We were amazed at the pastor rising and telling the people to take care of their money. The object of attraction was the designation of Messrs. Gregson, Anderson, and Martin, as missionaries to India. Messrs. Brown, Hinton, and Winter, engaged in the services. Though uncomfortably oppressive from the heat, and the crowded state of the chapel, yet the congregation remained evidently absorbed in the interest of the service. The School-Room beneath was also crowded, in which a Missionary Meeting was held.

Thursday morning opened rather unpropitiously, and the rain gave indications that the *Annual Meeting* would not be so well attended as usual. It was so. The platform was well filled, but the hall was not more than three parts full. We were glad to see the faces of many old friends upon the platform. Mr. Peto filled the chair well. His speech was brief, as the speeches of chairmen always should be. After the report, Messrs. Manning, of Frome, Taylor, of Birmingham, Hands, of Jamaica, B. Noel, and Sheridan Knowles, spoke. These speeches were of the average order. We were struck with that of Mr. Hands; again and again the manner, the tone, the manliness of the speaker, reminded us of the lamented Knibb. He presented us with a noble defence of Jamaica. We never heard Mr. Noel so ineffective. Evidently the audience were not very deeply interested; but, upon the whole, it was a good meeting.

In the evening, the *Bible Translation Society* held its annual meeting in Bloomsbury. Certainly second in importance to none. Yet the attendance was small, though probably not less than we have seen it on former occasions. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Haycroft, Newman, Watson, Wigner, Evans, and Blair.

With the *Metropolitan Chapel Building Society* the meetings closed on the Friday evening. The object of the Society is to erect chapels in suitable places in the metropolis and the suburbs. One chapel has been erected, and a site for another secured. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Stovel, Gilbert, Jervis, Dr. Burns, E. B. Underhill, Esq., &c.

In presenting this brief outline of facts, not of opinions, we may be permitted one general remark upon the meetings. We were painfully struck with the utter want of sympathy, or what shall we call it, of the London people with these gatherings. This is true, to a great extent, of ministers as well as people. The Union, the Prayer meeting, the open meeting of the various societies, were attended by few; whilst at Finsbury, we do not believe that the Irish Society, with the exception of the platform, had more than three hundred in

attendance, and the Home Mission not more. With the number of churches in the metropolis, this state of things ought not to be.

STEPNEY COLLEGE.

During the academical year, now closing, we understand that four students connected with the college at Stepney, have accepted invitations, and have entered or are entering on their work: Mr. Fishbourne at Thaxted, Mr. Crassweller, B.A., at Leominster, Mr. Stevenson, B.A., at Long-Sutton, and Mr. Anderson, who is going as a missionary to India. Two lay students, who of course meet their expenses, have graduated, and are now occupying honourable positions as tutors. Of the present students, *five*, including two lay students, go up for their degree in October, and *three* intend to matriculate in July. These are literary results. May we not urge our readers to pray the Lord of the harvest that he would qualify and send forth more labourers, and that his Spirit may more largely rest upon the brethren who are preparing for their work? It is when *God is with us*, we may hope to succeed.

HEYWOOD.

On Good Friday, April 14th, the ordination of the Rev. F. Britcliffe, late of Horton College, over the Baptist church and congregation, Rochdale Road, Heywood, took place. The Rev. H. Dunkley, M.A., of Salford, delivered the introductory discourse, on the Nature and Design of a Christian Church; the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., asked the usual questions; the Rev. G. Mitchell, of Bacup, offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. Dr. Acworth gave the charge to the minister; the Rev. W. F. Burchell, of Rochdale, preached the sermon to the church; and the Revs. J. Harrison, J. Godden, and S. S. Barton, conducted the devotional exercises. After the ordination services a social tea meeting was held in the large lecture hall of the Heywood Mechanics' Institution, when addresses were delivered by several ministers.

MILLS-HILL, CHADDERTON.

The Rev. Joseph Kightley, late of Horton college, Bradford, having accepted the invitation of the Baptist church, Chadderton, near Oldham, entered on his labours there on the third Sunday in April.

OLD KING STREET, BRISTOL.

The Rev. G. H. Davis having accepted the office of Travelling Secretary to the Protestant Alliance, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, meeting in Old King Street, Bristol.

SUTTON, YORKSHIRE.

The Rev. John Walcot, of Bramley, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church in Sutton to become their pastor, and will commence his labours there on the first Lord's day in July.

DERBY.

Dr. Perrey has given notice of his intention to resign the pastoral office in Derby.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JULY, 1854.

"AN OLD DISCIPLE."

BY THE REV. H. ANDERSON.

How appropriate an epitaph this for the aged christian, whose head has grown hoary in the way of righteousness! The old man may be a young disciple,—a very babe in Christ; but honoured and blest is he who in advanced years can say with good Obadiah, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth!"

How natural the wish to live to a good old age! Apart altogether from the instinctive love of life common to all, and the fear of death by which many are subject to bondage, there is an all but universal desire to reach "that mature season, in which, our passions supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis," we may enjoy a period of "autumnal felicity," ere we pass away from the present scene. But a calm consideration of the evils incident to advanced life, to that time when "the clouds return after the rain," is sufficient to convince us that some condition, mitigating its woes and securing its advantages, is required, to render length of days desirable. Such a condition the OLD DISCIPLE alone has found.

True, there is often that in the aspect of old age that commands respect. As a fine ruin to the eye of taste, so the silver locks shading, or almost ceasing to shade, the brow of age, should excite veneration. It is at once the dictate of nature and the law of God, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the old man." But, alas! the feebleness, decrepitude, and *stoop*, of old age, have often been the objects of heartless ridicule to beardless youth. "Go up, too, thou bald head!" is a taunt too oft renewed. Contempt, or at least neglect, by those who ought to know better, not unfrequently arises from infirmities too visible, and past services ill remembered. As it was a heavy curse on Eli's house that they should all "die in the flower of their age" (1 Sam. ii. 32, 33), and that there should not be "an old man in that house for ever," so it is felt to be a blessing that "there shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age" (Zech. viii. 4). Pleasant it is to see a few remnants of a former generation mingling with that which is rising into manhood in their innocent festivities, and tempering with the gravity and wisdom of age the boisterous hilarity of youth. But few of the very aged can themselves enjoy the scene which their presence graces and improves. They may be welcomed to court, like good Barzillai, but like him, must decline the honour: "I am this day fourscore years old; can I discern between good and bad? Can thy servant relish what I eat and drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men? Wherefore should thy servant be a

burden to my lord the king?" There was a time when the eye was gratified by ranging over the beauties of the earth and the glories of the sky, by all that was lovely in nature, and all that was curious in art; but *now* "those that look out of the windows are darkened." There was a time when the voice of melody charmed the ear and soothed the heart; but *now* "all the daughters of music are brought low." There was a time when the pleasures of the table were enjoyed, and the good things of life were relished; but *now* "the sound of the grinding is low;" desires fail, appetites and propensities cease; the blood cools, and creeps along; the spirits fall; and the buoyancy of youth is for ever fled. The flowers of spring will not bloom in autumn; the joys of youth will not flourish in the winter of age.

But is not the experience of the aged richer, and their judgment more mature, than that of their juniors? Is not respect demanded for their counsel, and yielded to their opinion? But, alas! with bodily vigour, oft mind and memory fail; a second childhood ensues, and veneration gives way to pity. "Afraid of that which is high, fears are in their way, and the grasshopper becomes a burden." Vivacity in conversation, and brilliancy of thought, are gone. The lofty spirit is brought down to childish complaints, and losses and misfortunes, under which it had once risen elastic, now fall on it with crushing weight. Thus the experience of age is often as profitless as it is painful.

But may not others do for the old man what he can no longer do for himself? Yes, if such were near and kind. But not the least of his ills is, that he has survived his friends. So many of the loving and loved ones have left. Change and distance have separated him from the "old familiar faces." Many have dropped around; he has wept at many a grave; and now feels cheerless and alone. Others, indeed, have risen; but all too busy to mind "the old man." He buried his parents,—that was natural. His brothers and sisters too,—they went in the ordinary course. His children,—perhaps his bitterest trials have sprung from them; and many a father since David's days has gone up into his chamber and wept, "Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

But are there not exceptional cases in which the calamities of age are greatly mitigated, and all its advantages secured? Are there not some, like Moses, whose eye remains undimmed, and their natural force unabated? or like Caleb, whose strength to go out and come in survives fourscore? or like Mordecai, retaining the honours they have won, accepted of the multitude of their brethren, seeking the welfare of their people, and speaking peace to all their seed? Yet even to such "the time is short." Their days are numbered, and the grave draws nigh. Infirmities come at last, and, as they thicken, tell of the narrowing circle within which life stands. The night of death is casting its shadows around them, and hiding in gloom the purposes of their heart, quenching those hopes which only time could realize, and sinking those spirits which youth alone could sustain. An eminent infidel historian, who mocks the christian's faith in a better world, and sneers at his hopes as "vain dreams of singing hallelujahs beyond the clouds," professes *his* hope in a green old age as the happiest period of his existence, but mournfully adds, "I must *reluctantly* confess that two causes, the *abbreviation of time*, and the *failure of hope*, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

And are prospects so cheerlessly bounded the best the world can afford to those who have grown grey in her service? Has she no stronger rod or staff to comfort her pilgrims as they tread the valley of the death-shade, and meet the last enemy? A better hope, established upon better promises, the OLD DISCIPLE alone can boast, and his *discipleship* securing

the Master's presence even to old age and hoary hairs, is the only condition which can render that stage of life desirable.

"AN OLD DISCIPLE."—No stone with this, or any other epitaph, is ever likely to mark the spot where now lies the dust of one who deserved it well. "She, never heard of half-a-mile from home," need not be named here; her record is above. A sojourner on earth during ninety-five years, by far the greater part of that time she had been a pilgrim to Mount Zion. Her circumstances were the humblest. Daily labour in the field, and domestic cares when the day's work was done, had been her lot through a long life, till the infirmities of age laid her aside from labour, and threw her on the parish allowance for support, and on the kindness of a few christian friends for some additional comforts. For twenty years she had been shut out by total deafness from all intercourse but by signs with those around her, and from the enjoyment of the means of grace, save those which her bible and hymn-book afforded. Here were extreme old age, helpless infirmity, abject poverty, severe privation; what then was there to render life desirable, or even tolerable, to such an one? Yet was she cheerful as the day, and happier than most of those who retain the comforts of which she was deprived. No complaint, not even the faintest murmur, escaped her lips, but oft that solitary and apparently cheerless cottage was filled with the sounds of gratitude and praise, and the listener might hear her repeating to herself, when she could no longer *sing*, the hymns that set forth the triumphs of redeeming love. While she could sit up, her open bible was almost always before her, her sight being good; and her pastor would occasionally endeavour to converse with her by pointing to a passage appropriate to her condition, to which she would instantly reply by turning to and pointing out another as appropriate to his. The strangers who sometimes visited her, or even friends when she failed to recognize them, she ever directed to the Saviour, and besought them not to despise the warning or advice of a poor old woman, for she knew and felt that all she said was true. Death had long lost all his terrors to her. Every indication of his approach put new gladness into her heart, and as the indication passed away she spoke in a subdued tone of resignation that the Master's time was not yet come. How clear and discriminating were that old disciple's views of divine truth! how simple her dependence on the Lord Jesus and his finished work! how warm her love to his person! how strong her desires to be with him! At length these desires were fulfilled. Quietly she passed away from these scenes of trial to the unclouded sunshine of the Saviour's presence.

What a trophy to divine grace is an OLD DISCIPLE! Drawn in early life from the course of this world, "preserved in Jesus Christ and called," not taken "out of the world, but kept from the evil that is in the world," "bringing forth fruit in old age," he shows "that the Lord is upright, and that there is no unrighteousness in him" (Ps. xcii). None more ready than he to confess that "few and evil have the days of his life been," yet from how much evil has he been kept, into which his graceless co-evals have fallen! Well for him that his has been the *narrow way*! Its strictness has been a wall on either side to preserve him from unnumbered ills into which those who feared the restraints of piety have wandered and perished. How rich his experience in the ways of God! His memory is loaded with proofs of those truths which young *faith* finds it so hard to receive. He *knows* now what he believed with but a fitful faith before. He is firm now where unstable once; and soft and cautious now, where rash and presuming before. If still apt to be timid in *expedients*, none so strong in *principles* as he. In times of fiery trial apostates were only found among the young or lately baptized; the old disciples, like Polycarp,

invariably stood fast. They spoke of God's *faithfulness* to them through long years, and this preserved their fidelity to him. That old tree that has seen so many saplings yield to the blast, has clasped the soil too deeply to bend before the storm. That lofty sea-beaten rock which has looked on a thousand tempests, still breaks the angry waves into empty foam. The veteran warrior stands unmoved in the battle, and fixing his eye on the position to be carried, allows the instruments of death to fall around him unheeded. The old disciple may have to say, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me;" but he can add, "Nevertheless the Lord stood with me and strengthened me, and will deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom." Ripe for glory, he is "now ready to be offered." He is a-weary with his long day's work, and now "desireth the shadow;" he has wellnigh finished his course, and now looks and longs for the promised rest. Though an old disciple he is a disciple still, and has lost nothing of his young desire to sit at Jesus' feet and learn his word, but he wishes to be nearer to him still, that he may "know even as he is known." He fears not to die. He dies daily. He has conversed so long with the eternal world that he has become familiar with it. He has waited for God's salvation like Jacob, and watched for his coming Lord more than they that watch for the morning, till impatient of delay his prayer has been, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

To be "AN OLD DISCIPLE," to win the "crown of glory," which is "found in the way of righteousness" alone, "the race set before us" must be entered *early*. We invite you to it, young readers. The word of God, indeed, makes no distinction in its announcement of the "common salvation." Its call is to sinners, weary, thirsty, poor, and wretched. One is their plague, sin; one the cure, the gospel; one the mode of application, by faith. By one strait gate must all, whether young or old, enter into life. "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." But the diversity of circumstances in which it finds us, the Word of God does not overlook, and has a word of warning and encouragement for each. It meets us as wanderers from God at the very threshold of life. "Come, ye children, hearken to me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord," "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." It puts an appropriate prayer into our mouth. "O satisfy us *early* with thy mercy." "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth." Nor are the aged forgotten. Many and precious are the promises that speak peace and afford strong consolation to the old disciple, to those who have feared the Lord *from their youth*. That his honours and joys may be yours, delay not your acceptance of the gospel invitation. True, you may never see old age, but this only increases the urgency of the case. Religion, which fits us for declining age, alone prepares us for an early tomb. The Lord cometh, but whether in the second watch or third watch, none can tell. Blessed is he whose loins are girt for the earliest; though he should have to watch till the latest, the reward will not be the less sweet that he has waited so long!

Bratton.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"The Spirit of Christ which was in thee."—1 Pet. i. 11.

The Spirit who was in the prophets, inspiring them to make divine communications to men, is said to be the Spirit of Christ. The same Spirit was in the apostles, and the writers of the New Testament. That

Spirit is now in every believer. He came at different times, in different forms, for different purposes; but it was always the same divine agent, the same loving testifier of Christ. To him we are indebted for all we know of Christ, for all we enjoy of Christ, and for all the resemblance we bear to Christ. One cannot but feel love to the Holy Spirit for his love to Jesus, and the honour that he puts upon our beloved Lord. O Spirit of Jesus, come now and assist me to write a few profitable lines upon this subject, and then bless them to the hearts of thy dear people!

The Holy Spirit *revealed* Christ. Every promise of Christ, every prediction of Christ, every type of Christ, in the Holy Scriptures, was given by the Holy Spirit. Even in the very early ages of the church he took of the things of Jesus and showed them to his people. The Spirit reveals Jesus still. No sinner ever saw his glory, grace, and beauty, but in the Holy Spirit's light. The first heart-affecting view of Jesus we ever had, and all the soul-ravishing manifestations of him since, are from this blessed Spirit of Christ. Still had he been to us a stone of stumbling and rock of offence, or like a root out of the dry ground, without form or comeliness, had it not been for the Holy Spirit. He opened the blind eyes of our understanding, he presented the sweet portrait of Christ in the mirror of the gospel, he threw divine light between the eye and the object, he pointed out his varied beauties and excellences, and so won our affections and ravished our hearts. Blessed Spirit, reveal Jesus to us yet more clearly, and let us often behold him as the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely One!

The Holy Spirit *qualified* Christ for his work. Hence it was predicted, "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord: and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears," &c. Therefore, we read that in the synagogue of Nazareth, when the book of the prophet Esaias was given him to read, he unrolled it and read, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord;" and then added, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Thus, the human nature of our Lord and Saviour was qualified for the work he came into the world to accomplish; and we read that "he was led by the Spirit," filled with the Spirit, and "through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God."

The Holy Spirit was *given to Christ*. This seems to have been one of the stipulations in the everlasting covenant, that Jesus was to come, to teach, work, suffer, die, rise, and return to his Father, and then receive the Holy Spirit as a reward for his work. The Spirit, therefore, was conferred on Jesus, promised by Jesus, and at length conferred by him on his apostles, and then upon his whole church. Jesus now possesses the Spirit in all his vast and glorious fulness; he sends the Spirit to quicken, call, and sanctify the purchase of his blood; to qualify, set apart, employ, and sanction, the instruments he uses for the accomplishment of his purposes. He is now the Spirit of Christ, acting as it were under Jesus for the fulfilment of the predictions and promises of the word, and for carrying on the Divine government in the church and in the world. O Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into thy church, in all the fulness of his gifts and graces, to rouse her up, to put life into her, and to crown her efforts with success! O Jesus, send thy Holy Spirit into *my heart*, to purify, adorn,

and fill it with holiness, that it may be a fit residence for the living God, and a means of blessing to all around me!

The Holy Spirit *glorifies* Christ. This is his special work. Whatever he does in the world, whatever he confers on the church, whatever he produces in the heart, this is his object,—to glorify Jesus. Low thoughts of Christ, mean views of Christ, or unworthy expressions concerning Christ, never come from the Holy Spirit, or meet with his sanction. But every bright view of his glory, every sweet discovery of his person, every act of adoration, every exercise of faith on his word and work, every heartfelt consecration of ourselves to his service and praise, is from the Holy Spirit. Just in proportion as we are under the work, teachings, and influence of the Holy Spirit, will be our sweet views of Christ, confidence in Christ, love to Christ, zeal for Christ, and desire to exalt him, extol him, and set him on high. The Spirit strips us, empties us, gives us vivid views of our own depravity, pollution, baseness, wretchedness, and misery, on purpose to glorify Christ: and, oh, how precious, how unspeakably precious, is Jesus to our souls, when under such views of ourselves he is revealed to us as our Saviour, Brother, Friend! No language can convey our feelings, or express our desires for his glory and honour. The more we are under the Spirit's teachings, the more shall we see of the dignity, majesty, glory, perfection, excellency, and suitability of our dear Redeemer. In every instance where the Spirit of Christ is, he leads the soul to crown him "Lord of all."

The Holy Spirit *endears* Christ. Our love to Christ is just in proportion to our sense of our need of him, our realization of interest in him, our feeling of obligation to him, and our intimate fellowship and communion with him. And these are just in proportion as we are under the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit. The faith which the Spirit produces always embraces Christ. Christ in his glorious person, finished work, sufficient sacrifice, powerful intercession, glorious offices, and gracious characters. And to those who believe he is precious. Precious, not only in their estimation, but in their experience. They *feel* him to be precious. His very name is as ointment poured forth. In proportion as they get near to him they are happy. In proportion to their resemblance to him they are satisfied. When they come up out of the horrible pit, and feel themselves extricated from the miry clay, and view Jesus as their Deliverer, as having delivered them by suffering, bleeding, dying, and rising for them, how precious, how unutterably precious, he is to them! And when they have been walking in darkness, questioning their state, drooping, doubting, desponding, and almost despairing, and they again read their interest in him, realise nearness to him, and are assured of his love to them, how dear, inexpressibly dear, he is to them then! But this experience flows from the work of the most gracious and condescending Spirit of Christ. Without his renewings there would be no revivings, restorations, or rejoicing in Jesus anew. Spirit of Christ, endear Jesus to me daily! I consent that the flesh shall be mortified, that the world shall be crucified unto me, if I may but feel and enjoy Jesus as precious to my heart!

Finally, the Holy Spirit *conforms* to Christ. This is the great end he has in view. The person of Christ is the model after which he works. We are to be like him. We are predestinated to be conformed to the image of God's only begotten Son. The gospel is the instrument by which he generally operates. In the gospel Jesus is unveiled, and stands forth as the glory of God. There the glory of God may be viewed without injury. He takes away the veil from our hearts, and as Paul writes, so we experience: "We all, in an unveiled face, beholding as in a glass the

glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Every real view of Christ is transforming. We see him now in grace, in his humiliated state, and are changed into his likeness. We shall soon see him in his glorified state, and be perfectly conformed to him. Hence John testifies, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, *for we shall see him as he is.*" Blessed Spirit, daily carry on thy sanctifying work in our hearts! To that end fix the eyes of our minds daily and steadily on the Lord Jesus; may he be always before us; and may we become gradually more and more like him! Oh, for conformity to Jesus! Oh, for this proof above all others, that the Spirit of Christ dwelleth in us!

Reader, those are solemn, heart-affecting words of the apostle, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. *Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.*" None of his! What! not belonging to Jesus! No, unless we have Christ's Spirit we are none of his people: and wherever the Spirit of Christ is, he reveals Christ to the understanding; enthrones Christ in the affections, gives Christ the control of the will, endears Christ to the heart, glorifies Christ in the soul, and conforms the person to the lovely likeness of Christ. What know you of these things? Is the Spirit of Christ within you? Do you know Christ? Love him, live upon him, walk in fellowship with him, and obey him? The Holy Spirit turns the eye from everything to Jesus; and just in proportion as we are under his influence and teaching, shall we turn away our eyes from our works, our wealth, our offices, and our corruptions, and fix them simply and steadily on Jesus. Reader, there is no religion without the Spirit of Christ, and we have not the Spirit of Christ unless we lie low in the dust before God, rest on the finished work of Christ for our acceptance with God, and desire and strive to be like Christ in this present evil world. The true standard of excellency is the example of Christ; and we have just as much religion as we have likeness to Christ, and no more. Spirit of Jesus, descend on the reader's heart; fill the soul with thy presence and power; and make these lines the means of endearing Jesus to his people, and of bringing rebellious sinners to his feet!

Cheltenham.

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS."

AN ORIGINAL OUTLINE OF A SERMON.

BY THE LATE REV. W. JAY.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."
—Rom. viii. 37.

War has existed amongst men ever since the fall. Ever since the murder of Abel, man has been an enemy to his brother. The evils, wretchedness, and horror of war, are enough to make any one say with Jeremiah, "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war" (Jer. iv. 19). But we may observe, that the destruction of war is divinely determined (Isa. ii. 4); that pacific principles begin to prevail—arbitration, by many, being preferred to bloodshed; and that we can always turn war to some moral and spiritual account.

In the verses which introduce the text, Paul, in the name of all

believers, asks a number of very impassioned questions. In the text he affirms a glorious conclusion.

I. The warfare implied. II. The victory magnified. III. The success accounted for.

I. The warfare implied.

Life is a warfare. We contend against doubts, fears, anxieties, crosses, and oppositions to our wishes, designs, and interests. Is there one here who has not said, "I loathe it; I would not live always"? Religion is a warfare; christians are soldiers. Some, admitting the propriety of this image as applied to the first christians, seem to think things are altered now. But when was the religion of Christ changed? When was the demand of self-denial, &c., (Matt. xvi. 24) relaxed?

The spiritual warfare begins with the spiritual life. Satan opposes the awakened and anxious enquirer, seeking to keep or bring back his subjects, to destroy, or at least distress, and injure them. The real christian only can know what this warfare is. It is often *unnoticed*. Many a battle is fought without the knowledge even of those who live under the same roof. Cowper brings out this thought in his epitaph on Mrs. Mary Higgins:—

"Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happiest they, who win the world to come;
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veil'd from human sight;
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine."

This warfare is *peculiar*. No *exemptions* are allowed; not for age, or childhood, or for females. The church is a camp; all are in arms. No *substitutes* can be provided. Flight is infamous! Abhor proposals of accommodation! No truce, relaxation, or pause! The contest continues winter and summer, night and day, in sickness and in health, in society and when alone; there must be no relaxation of either fighting or watching, until death proclaims the Christian's liberation and triumph. You may go asleep to hell; but you cannot go asleep to heaven. It is contention at every step.

What are the christian's *enemies*? We may illustrate this by the wars of the Romans. These were, (1) foreign; (2) civil; (3) servile. Their *foreign* wars may serve to illustrate our wars with the *powers of darkness* (Eph. vi. 12). Their *civil* wars were sometimes very fierce and deadly. So is it with our wars with the *world* (John xv. 18, 19). The world's example, influence, smiles, frowns, promises, errors, all oppose the christian. How often successfully (2 Tim. iv. 10). Their *servile* wars, or wars with their slaves, may illustrate our war with the *flesh*. Our senses, appetites, passions, were given to *serve*; owing to our depravity, they are often suffered to tyrannise over the mind. Hence Peter's injunction (1 Peter ii. 11); they war against the mind's purity, safety, liberty, dignity, peace. Paul brought his body into subjection (1 Cor. ix. 27).

Then it cannot be an *easy* thing to be a christian! He is engaged to meet these foes, and must conquer or perish. Eternal life depends on the struggle. If all is quiet within, suspect the reality of your religion.

II. The victory magnified.

If religion is anything, it is everything. If important at all, it is all important. The sacred writers speak of it in terms which enhance its dignity. If riches, *unsearchable* riches; if a way, it is the way of life; if joy, it is joy unspeakable; if a victory, it is more; we are *more than conquerors*. And christians are so for several reasons:—

(1.) Because they conquer themselves. Not so do others. When we

see Nelson unfaithful to the marriage contract, Sheridan the victim of intemperance, Bacon, that oracle of mental and moral wisdom, dealing in bribes, we are impelled to say, "Lord, what is man?" Conscience and reason call to him in vain; he listens to the voice of pride, revenge, ambition, sensuality. The christian conqueror plucks out the eye, denies himself, and mortifies the flesh, with its affections and lusts.

(2.) Because of the pre-eminence of their cause. How mean, cowardly, degrading, have some military successes been! When God shall make inquisition for blood, what will become of warriors? War is the temporary suspension of all the laws of morality. The Duke of Wellington has said, "Those who have nice consciences have no business in war." How reasonable, righteous, sublime, is the cause of the christian! Fear not to *enlist* here. The cause will bear examination. Benevolence to man, and God's glory, call on you to *proceed* fearlessly.

(3.) Because they are not *mere* conquerors, or bare overcomers. A victory can sometimes hardly be distinguished from a defeat. The christian's resources are not exhausted, expended, by conflict. His ammunition never fails. His Redeemer is mighty—able to save to the uttermost. He is redeemed by the blood of God; justified by an infinite righteousness. He has an *abundant entrance* into heaven.

(4.) Because they conquer without being at the expense of the war. If nations knew their own welfare, they would not engage in war without absolute necessity. In religion, all comes free to us. The knowledge, strength, weapons, supplies, which we need, and by which we conquer, are freely given.

(5.) Because they are assured of victory before the fight. Well-disciplined armies have been defeated. There are many contingencies in war. The christian may strike a blow with confidence (Micah vii. 8; Rom. viii. 38, 39).

(6.) Because they gain everything and lose nothing. If they could lose *in*, they would not lose *by*, the conflict (Mark x. 30). If a conqueror gained the world, would he be happy? Was Alexander? What does the christian conqueror gain? (Rev. ii. and iii.)

(7.) Because they conquer for ever and ever. Hannibal was conquered at last; Belisarius begged bread. Believers conquer for eternity. Permanency adds bliss to bliss. Everything here is liable to *reverses*. The christian's laurels bloom for ever; his inheritance is incorruptible; even his body will be raised immortal. All on earth is shadow, all beyond is substance. Though christians are poor, of them the world is not worthy. Though they are not now greeted with shouts, their day is coming! O what a reception will theirs be, when Christ shall say, "See the conquering hero comes! Here is one who honoured me in yonder world; him will I confess before the angels of God. Well done, good and faithful servant" (Matt. xxv. 21).

III. The success accounted for. "Through him that loved us."

Who is he? The apostle knew there would be no mistake as to who was intended. When we would describe one whom we highly esteem, we mention some attribute or action which redounds to his praise. By what achievement would Paul distinguish the person to whom he refers? We might have expected "through him who *led*" or "commanded us." And He is the *leader* of his people, but his *love* led him to undertake that office. Or "through Him who *made* us." This would be true; but Paul gives a higher, nobler, description. Salvation gives greater blessings than creation. He *spoke* to create; creation was at the expense of his breath: he *suffered* to redeem; he saved at the expense of his life. Is this representation of Christ (he "loved us") enough to distinguish him from every

other? Has no other being ever loved you? You have been loved by a brother, or by a mother,—but the heart of a mother is iron and ice compared with Christ's. You have had benefactors, and they treated you with much kindness,—but which of them sweat drops of blood for you? or had nails driven through his hands? or was crucified for you?

"See from his head, his hands, his feet," &c.

Was ever love so condescending, tender, free, as his? In man, love begins when there is some real or imagined *excellence* in its object. He loved us when unlovely; remembered us in our low estate; threw himself between us and the curse of the law; washed away our sins; is afflicted in all our afflictions; is touched with the feeling of our infirmities; is our advocate; and is making all things work together for our good. He will be with you in trouble, will receive you at death, that you may be for ever with the Lord.

"O for this love let rocks and hills," &c.

How happy is he who loves Christ! May He to whom we owe being and salvation, be more our theme (as ministers), and our meditation!

Let this subject *admonish* you to *beware of self-applause*. Your success is, in no measure or degree, from yourself. In that world of light, John saw the redeemed casting their crowns before the throne, as much as to say, "We are unworthy; we will not consent to wear these crowns, unless thy own hand puts them on our brow." Ah! the dear ones we once called our own, and who are now *there* in white robes;

"Once they were mourning," &c.

"I ask them whence their victory came," &c.

Let this subject also *direct* you to be strong in the grace of Christ.

And, lastly, let it *encourage* you. When you look at your *enemies*, there is enough to make a hero tremble; but when you look at him who loved you, enough to make a coward bold. It was said to be unworthy of a Roman to fear while Cæsar was alive; it is unworthy of a christian to fear while Christ is alive! Let there be no uncertainty as to your love to him. Love his word, house, ways, people, and cause; his word, and read it; his house, and fill it; his ways, and walk in them; his people, and make them your companions; his cause, and lay yourselves out to promote it. And may you be "able to comprehend," &c. (Eph. iii. 18, 19.)

HOME WORK.

BY MARGARET MARIA BREWSTER.

"Howbeit Jesus suffered him not; but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—*Mark* v. 19.

"And Moses verily was faithful in all his house."—*Heb.* iii. 5.

"Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee,
To some little world through weal and woe.

"If no dear eyes thy tender love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thy own,
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

"Daily struggling, though enclosed and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give,
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."

Harriet Winslow.

There is a safe and easily applied test by which to determine whether the christian in society is indeed working for God or for himself. If the

social work is not carried into the home, finding there a narrower, though not less difficult sphere, there ought to arise a suspicion, that excitement and love of popularity may have somewhat to do with our social zeal. That church which sent forth its whole strength in missions to far lands, and left at home thousands to starve and die, could not be in a healthy condition; and that soul is in much the same state, which expends its energies upon work without doors, and neglects the work within. If each individual christian performed faithfully his and her share in the *home mission*,—if each cultivated carefully the little garden within his own gates,—if each were a faithful steward in the household charge, there would, indeed, be fewer homes that are not homes,—there would be fewer flowerless and unwatered gardens,—there would be fewer of those arrears of which the Lord, when He comes, will take strict account.

There is one feeling and desire in the human heart which is universal—*all wish to be understood*. In ordinary acquaintanceship, how frequently the complaint meets the ear, “We cannot come on together, for he never *understands* me.” The constitution of the one mind is a mystery to the other,—the language of the one heart an unknown tongue to the other. It is strange that in the home, and by the household hearth, encircled by one family, where we might expect misapprehension to be unknown, it exists as frequently as in any other place; jars, coldnesses, constraints, and dissensions, all arise from it,—while even sisters, whose hearts God has created to throb in unison, are often obliged to seek elsewhere that appreciation and sympathy which they have not found in each other. Now, there is a serious home sin involved here. Whenever any one complains of not being understood, it will generally be found to arise from the want of trying to *understand*. If people would think less of themselves, and be less intensely sympathetic with the intricacies and sensitiveness of their own hearts, and pay more attention to the peculiarities of others, the evil would probably be greatly obviated. We are aware that many feel rather proud than otherwise of “not being understood,” even in their own homes, and consider it a proof of genius and highly-wrought sensibilities. We cannot help regarding it, however, as a mark of decided inferiority of mind. True genius is ever easily understood, and true genius ever easily understands. They who are really possessed of true genius, combined with deep and tender feeling, are in possession of treasures not to be locked up in inaccessible coffers, or brought out occasionally to be counted and admired, but to be used every day to gladden and benefit all around. Let them sympathise with others, and others will soon sympathise with them. Let them cast the light of their love upon home hearts, and it will soon so illumine their own, that all who ran may read the once mysterious characters.

In home work, home sunshine is a very important element. Many conscientious people strive to perform, and actually do perform, all their home duties faithfully and earnestly, and still there is felt to be somewhere a startling deficiency. They are not seen in their homes as their Saviour would have been, had he shared a home wherein to lay his head, diffusing light, and strength, and consolation. What is specially lacking there, is joyfulness blended with their work. They have not taken the joy of the Lord as their strength, and they have separated the two things which God hath joined together—duty and sunshine.

“A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
Which, being full of duties, is for this
Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes.”

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tenderesses, kindly looks, sweet laugh-

ter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light, which burns as safely in the day of the east wind as in the serenest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while,—let each cultivate the mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement,—and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constraint, unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primrose buds dispelling the gloom of the grey sea rocks.

The most obvious of all home sins is that of *temper*. Too often do christians, who are all sweetness and graciousness in society, appear (to use the simile of Rowland Hill) as if ingrafted upon crab-trees in their own homes. The most visible manifestations of this sin, in passionate outbreaks, violent words, and fits of sullenness, are so odious in themselves, and cause so much misery to their authors, as well as to their victims, that when a christian is liable to be possessed by this evil spirit, he is generally on his guard, and watches and mourns because of it. There are various lesser degrees, however, which are often perceptible in those who would be exceedingly, and, perchance, justly indignant were they to be designated as ill-tempered. The want of gentleness in tone and look,—the needless difficulty and objection thrown in the way of the eager and the energetic,—the undue regard to our own "dignity" (much abused word) when offended, forgetting that

"To err is human—to forgive divine,"—

the maintenance of our own opinions simply because they *are* our own, and the feeling of irritation at the opposition they encounter,—the assumption, however slight, of superiority and self-importance,—the undue attachment to our own methods and our own ways,—the painful allusion and ill-timed jest,—the jealousy of others, and the over-exaction of affection, attention, and sympathy, are all off-shoots of the crab-tree: and even as we find in nature the finest species of apples, if unpruned and uncultivated, returning to the native crab, so the heart, unkept and untended, will become, even when renewed, bitter in its fruits, and degenerate in its soil.

Great part of the home work, therefore, will consist in a constant watch and ward over this besetting sin, in its dwelling within the heart, as well as its outward avenues. It is not enough to repress the word, if the irritated feeling remains within; it is not enough to smooth the unloving look, if the heart itself be void of love; and this must be done not for our own comfort, because a happy home is desirable, or because it is pleasant to be loved and praised, but because it is part of the work by which God is to be glorified in us. This principle must be carried into every relation of life, and applied in every duty; without it there is danger, on the one hand, of the work being turned into self-idolatry, or idolatry of others as belonging to ourselves; and, on the other hand, of its being left undone.

The mother is too apt to joy in her little ones as "her own," forgetting that they are bought with a price, and are not hers, but God's. In the instruction she chooses for them,—in the amusements she permits them,—in their whole training, excellent as it may be, she is prone to work at her own hands, that she and they may be exalted, or, at the best, that they may be preserved from the dangers and difficulties of the way, and secure the salvation of their souls. Too often does she forget that the chiefest motives of her work must be to bring God glory, and so to teach her children, that they in their turn may glorify him, each spreading wider

the circles of influence produced by the work of all, but more especially by the work of a mother.

The mistress would succeed better in her responsible charge,—she would attain more easily to the happy medium between discouraging severity and culpable indulgence or indifference,—she would not so often fail in attaching to her the hearts of her household,—she would have her work better done, and her injunctions more faithfully obeyed, if she remembered that it is part of her appointed service to God, to teach those entrusted to her care to be active servants, useful members of society, and happy christians.

There would not so often be the coldness and reserve between sister and brother, sister and sister-in-law, and even between sister and sister, which too often mar the peace, or at least the rejoicing confidence of a family circle, were it borne in mind that not a jar, not a clouded brow, not a hasty word, but is dishonouring to his name, and grieving to his heart, who set the people of the earth in families. The solemn consideration of each having to perform to each the will of their mutual God, would soothe many an irritated spirit, and open the bolts and bars of many a closed heart.

If the wife, whose portion too often appears to be one of heart-weariness and disappointment, of hopeless exposure to selfish and unreasonable temper, would but set herself to her work, forgetting her own trials in the earnest desire to glorify God, by rectifying what is amiss in her conjugal relations, and by exerting the sweet influences of woman's affection, bearing and forbearing, overlooking what is faulty, and cherishing what is good, she would reap her reward in due time. The old simple story of a smile, may not be out of place here. A woman who lived very unhappily with her husband, came to a great divine to ask his counsel. "Always meet your husband with a smile," said the wise man. She followed his advice, and very soon returned to thank him for the blessing of a happy home. Whenever a home landscape is dreary, and its horizon clouded, we believe that it proceeds not so much from the storms of man's petulance and unreasonableness, as because woman has forgotten to draw a sunbeam from the Sun of Righteousness.

In home work it must ever be borne in mind, that it is but a home for a little while, and that the chief object of the home missionary is to lead those who now circle the board and the hearth to seek the things that are above, and to form a family and a home in heaven. Often the Lord calls one of a household, and when he has engaged that heart to follow him, he sends it home to tell what great things the Lord has done. Not always, however, is the report listened to. There may be long years of indifference, and diminished affection, and scorn, and even persecution, but let such a solitary one take courage. Let her pray unwearied the prayer of faith; and while never yielding one iota of principle, let her cultivate every iota of tenderness: let her preach silent sermons of example, and speak judicious words of precept. God will yet set her in a family of grace. The light will yet shine upon the hearts that have had light close to them though they acknowledge it not. The prayer for all those life-relations which our Lord himself sanctioned and enjoyed, will yet be answered far more abundantly than we can ask or think.*

* From "Work; or, Plenty to do, and how to do it."

Christian Heroes.

No. 7.—LUTHER.

It has been so common for writers on heroism to introduce into their works narratives of the life of Luther, and in so many other ways of late has the entire history of the Reformation been produced and reproduced, that it may seem almost superfluous to recount here what is already so familiar to all readers. It would, however, be impossible to produce a gallery of **CHRISTIAN HEROES**, with any claim to completeness in any respect, without including at least a reference to this great man; for with the exception of the apostle Paul himself, even if we are to except Paul, we know no name in Ecclesiastical History so worthy of deep reverence,—none that so deserves to be enshrined in our heart's gratitude and love; and we should long to have his tale told till every child in England and Christendom knew it, and till we were all of us imbued with the spirit which it was his to embody and to set forth.

The first glimpse that we have of this wonderful man, through the centuries which have passed away since he lived in our world, is as he stood a boy at his father's knee, listening to the remarks of the wise and good, whom old John Luther collected around him; and almost the next, is as a young man, a student at schools in Magdeburg and Eisenach, where he laboured hard at his books during the day, and at night, and in the hours which should have been given to recreation, sought, by singing in villages and from house to house, to procure the means wherewith to live. Thus early, then, was Martin taught something of the stern realities of life, and thus early did he begin the course of discipline which was to prepare him for the work which lay before him.

The part of his life, however, most interesting to us began when in his eighteenth year he was sent to the University of Erfurt. It was one of the most noted universities of that day, and had several men of learning and note among its professors. Here Luther laboured even harder than before, to obtain the knowledge which he so much valued, and here he had first implanted in him the germs and seedlings of that higher life he afterwards lived so nobly. Two

events occurred to him while here which gave the bent to his whole after course. One was the discovery, one day, on a dark shelf in the college library, of a Latin copy of the Holy Scriptures,—a book which he had hitherto known only through the garbled and imperfect versions read in the Romish service. The other was the fall of a thunderbolt at his feet as he was returning to Erfurt after a visit to his parents. This last event, following up, doubtless, the impression made by the old book over which he had been secretly poring, seems to have acted powerfully upon his youthful spirit. "Overwhelmed with anguish and the dread of death," as he himself tells us in one of his works, he vowed that he would give up the honours and pleasures which the world was then opening before him, and that henceforth he would devote himself to the service of his Creator. Immediately on his return to Erfurt, therefore, he invited his college friends to a festival, and during the evening astonished them by announcing to them the vow which he had taken. He was a hero even then. The world lay brightly and hopefully before him, and all its honours were within his grasp; but he had resolved to give up all,—even to call down upon himself the wrath of those whose hopes were so much fixed upon him; and that very night, while the darkness was in the sky, with only his Virgil and his Plautus under his arm, for as yet he had no Bible, he knocked at the gate of the convent, and was admitted.

We see him now, then, in the convent of St. Augustine, shut in at last, as he fancied in his ignorance, with God, and safe for ever. But his discipline was not yet over. Scarcely had he entered the monastery, than he was employed on the meanest and most degrading offices, and was even sent as a beggar to those houses where he had so recently been welcomed as an honoured guest; and it was only at the intercession of the university authorities that he was relieved from duties so irksome, but which he was too heroic to complain of, and was permitted to engage himself in the studies which were so much more congenial to his spirit. But now he gave himself up to all the practices of a rigidly ascetic life. Shut up in his solitary cell, he sought to

crucify his flesh by fastings and watchings, almost equal to a martyrdom, and which well nigh ended in one. Again, too, he had found a bible, and to that, and other works of philosophy and piety, he gave his days and his nights. Oh, what questions pressed upon him as he shut himself up in that dark convent! "I tormented myself," he said afterwards, "to death, in order that I might procure the peace of God to my troubled heart and agitated conscience; but being surrounded with horrible darkness, I groped for peace in vain." We have several glimpses of Luther at this time which show how much he suffered in his struggle for the light. But he continued his study of the bible. There he learnt much of the falsity of the prevailing faiths, and became wise in at least the elements of the christian plan of salvation. Soon he removed to Wittenberg, where, through the influence of his vicar-general, Staupitz, he had been appointed, by the Elector of Saxony, teacher of philosophy and preacher. Who would not like to have heard his first sermon? Day by day the light was now breaking upon him. Christ was revealing himself to him as the only Saviour of him, and of the world. It was only needful for his redemption from the slavery of the popedom that he should go to Rome. To Rome he was soon sent. What he saw there of hypocrisy, and degradation, and superstition, we know too well. Upon Pilate's stairs came to his sorrowful yet gladdened soul, the answer to Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Thrice, while creeping up that stone staircase on his knees as a penance, he thought he heard a voice as loud as thunder, "The just shall live by faith." There, in that very place, in that city of former light, of present darkness,—with the echo of those words still sounding in his ears,—LUTHER CONCEIVED THE REFORMATION!

It was about the year 1517, that John Tetzel was sent into Germany,—“in the way of trade,” as Carlyle has it,—to gain money for the popedom by the sale of indulgences. From town to town he went, followed by a grand retinue, offering to sell for a fixed sum of money, indulgence in sin, and even the salvation of the soul. With the words, “The just shall live by faith,” still in his ears, Luther roused himself to oppose this diabolical system. He would have remained quiet if he had dared, for who was he that he should ven-

ture to oppose the popedom? but he knew that the truth he had been taught was his, not to keep, but to spread and to perpetuate. He therefore wrote to other ecclesiastics; and even appealed to the pope on the subject. Notwithstanding all he had learnt, he still thought that the pope could not be a party to such an abuse as this. But all was in vain. The popedom would not stop so lucrative a business for poor monk Luther. He felt that the time for action was now come. Adopting, therefore, the practice in those times, and in that country, he announced himself ready to debate the whole subject even with Tetzel himself. The theses he announced spread from town to town, and formed the subject of discussion everywhere. Being beaten again and again in argument, his enemies resorted to abuse and calumny. Even the thunders of the Vatican were invoked against Luther. The storm began to gather heavily around him. Friend after friend approached, entreating him to withdraw from the unequal contest, but in vain. “Our Saviour Christ,” he said, “knows whether what I have advanced be of myself or agreeable to his will. To the threatenings with which I am assailed, I have but little to say, but that he who is poor has nothing to fear, because he has nothing to lose. He who is deprived of fame and rewards, loses what I neither possess nor desire. One unworthy thing remains,—my humble body, fatigued by cares and anxieties; so that whatsoever, by God’s permission, they may do by force or stratagem, they can only deprive me of a few hours of life.”

It appears that even until now Luther had continued to imagine that the pope would yet declare on his side. Now, however, he sorrowfully discovered how much he had been mistaken. He was summoned to Rome to answer for his heresy, and for what besides it is easy to guess. Fortunately, the intercession of the Elector Frederick, who had been all along his friend, was sufficient to change the place of examination to Augsburg. Even there he was far from safe, for it was rumoured that there he was to be seized and assassinated. Many of his friends entreated him not to leave home. Luther replied in the words of his Master, “Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father who is in heaven.”

Of course the Augsburg conference ended

in nothing. It was attempted at one time to intimidate Luther by threats, at another time to gain him by flattery, and at another to purchase him by bribes, but with such a man such means could be of no avail. "I am ready," he said modestly, "to listen with all obedience to the matters wherein I am accused, and should I be in error to submit to instruction according to the truth." When threatened by the cardinal, he replied, "Had I four hundred heads I would rather lose them all than retract the testimony I have borne for Christ." The result of the attempt to bribe him is best told in the nuncio's own words, "This German beast has no regard for gold."

The efforts to intimidate or to gain the reformer having thus failed, the pope's bull was now issued against him. He had appealed once more to his "most holy lord," the pope. The reply to that appeal was not long in arriving. It consisted of excommunications, interdicts, and curses, with an order to "seize the person of Luther, and bring him to Rome." The blow had now been struck. The Reformation seemed to be ruined. How could a poor solitary monk stand against that which had made monarchs many a time tremble? But he who had provoked the attack

was able to sustain it now that it had come. He raised his eyes solemnly to that Heaven, in the presence of which he had all along been acting. "I know not," says he, "what will be the result, nor do I care to know. Whenever the blow may reach me, I am without fear. Not a leaf falls from a tree without the will of our Father: how much less can we?" Luther's rejoinder was not delayed. He felt that he must show what was now his estimate of the power that was opposed to him and to the truth. "You have burnt my writings, and you would burn me if you could. I will burn your bull." It was on the 10th of December, 1520. An ever memorable day! In the presence of a great crowd of students and town's people, in the market place of Wittenburg, Luther burnt the bull. "Since thou hast grieved the Holy One of the Lord, may the eternal fire grieve and consume thee," he said, and flung it upon the glowing mass. The deed was now done. "Wittenburg looked on 'with shouting:' the whole world was looking on. The pope should not have awakened that shout. IT WAS THE SHOUT OF THE AWAKENING OF NATIONS."

(To be continued.)

Tales and Sketches.

THE ANGEL'S VOICE.

I.

The last notes of the anthem were still whispering amid the distant aisles, and the last footfall of the evening worshippers had ceased to echo through the venerable pile, when the stony eyes of the grim old carvings of the fretted roof looked down upon four silent men, who seemed so bound by some mighty spell that they could neither speak nor stir.

These four were famous amid their fellows for their power in song, and music knitted them into a brotherhood peculiarly its own. Their names were different, but in song their hearts were one; and Wilhelm Berlenz, Oskar Neubert, Carl Djeck, and Johann Meyer, were ever looked upon by their townsfellows as a family in themselves.

"Carl Djeck," whispered Wilhelm Berlenz, "there was a voice amid the choir which savoured not of earth. That stream of song never passed through human lip."

"Hush, Wilhelm! hush!" muttered Carl Djeck between his teeth, "'tis still vibrating upon my ear, 'tis still floating through my brain."

"I would 'twere mine," said Wilhelm Berlenz; "the golden chain which the townfolk gave would I freely give again to have it for a single year."

"The voice which thou wouldst have is neither to be bought nor sold!" and as these words were spoken, light brightened around Wilhelm Berlenz and his comrades, till, dazzled by its radiance, they laid their hands upon their eyes.

"Wilhelm Berlenz," continued the one that spake, "thou hast truly said, thou hast heard a voice which singeth in other choirs than those of earth; it would not be well for any to be intrusted with such a voice while they are in the flesh."

"I would give my life for it," answered Wilhelm Berlenz, "if only I might have it for a while."

"If it were given to thee," said the one that spake, "it would shake to pieces thy mortal frame, for it hath the energies of another life, and it would cast on thee terrible responsibilities which as a man thou couldst not fulfil."

"Nevertheless would I have it,—aye, even with them all."

"Thou canst have no gift, Wilhelm Berenz, nor can thy brethren here, without having to give account thereof. Then, why shouldst thou wish for this?"

"Ever would we sing psalms, and be heard in madrigals, and serenades, and other songs no more, if we could sing after the fashion which we have just now heard." And to these words of Carl DiJeck's, all gave assent as though they had been one.

"This voice thou canst not have," said the being to whom Carl DiJeck's speech had been addressed, "but thou canst have that of the next degree, if thou wilt take the responsibilities which it entails."

"We take it," said they all.

"Remember! all God's gifts are vouchsafed for his own honour, and must be spent for, and thus return to, Him."

"We remember," said they all.

"In three years ye must give account."

"We will give account." And then the brightness which was around the four young men faded away, and left them in the dim twilight in which they had been before, and solemnly, but withal gladly, they turned their steps toward their homes.

II.

When the twilight had long deepened into night, the four brethren in song met beneath the great oak tree to chant the Christmas carol through the streets of their quaint old town. With one consent they had discarded all such as they had used in former days, and chosen a rich grand psalm, for they knew that they had that within them for which the holiest words would be most fit. And when they made proof they felt that the angel's gift was theirs, for the power of song for which they longed so much thrilled along every nerve, and welled upward from their nature's lowest depths, and flowed forth in strains, the scores of which they had never seen, until they trembled within themselves and felt half terrified with the consciousness that they owned a power which was not of the earth. But although the four brethren trembled, they felt themselves upheld; fresh energies seemed ever to be supplied to be poured

forth anew in song. Throughout the town then did they chant their Christmas carol; and while they chanted some slept, yet the music fell upon their wearied brain, and they dreamed of heaven; and some opened their casements and looked out, and tried in vain to pierce the gloom, and, not seeing any human form, reported for many a long year after, that angels had once sung a Christmas carol through their town: four only in the old town knew who sang that night, and these four had each the angel's gift. Their carol being ended, the brethren in song went each one to his home to rest, and a long while tossed to and fro as they thought of the wondrous gift they had received; at length they slept, and each one saw himself alone on the spot where he had that day received his gift. The light was shining as it had done before; but now the being that spake could be seen, and each one saw that it was of another world, and that it was no marvel that it had sung so sweet a song. There was soft love in that being's eyes, and vast intellect enthroned upon its brow, and withal, holy determination in its solemn face, and in one hand it held a balance, and in the other a crown and sword.

"By this balance of the sanctuary thou shalt be weighed," said the angel; "it will turn with a hair."

"We shall all be judged," said each one solemnly in his dream.

"Thou shalt be judged for all things, and for that which thou hast received to-day. A special gift hath an especial trial which it must undergo."

"Thou hast something besides this balance," said each one in his dream; "thou hast a crown and sword."

"They are the issue of thy life, thou shalt find one or other at thy journey's end."

Thus were the four brethren warned, and each awoke with a solemn feeling upon his mind, which never wholly passed away, and which, for a season, kept their gift in exercise on holy things alone.

III.

Soon it was discovered by them all that they had now a strange fascination in their speech, and that not only when they sang, but also when they spake, their fellow-men were moved by them as they used not to be in former days. Few could resist the magic of their voice, and albeit when they sang that voice was sweetest, still in mere speech

It had a wondrous and mysterious power. This they each one knew, and with the knowledge came a tempting voice which said, "Turn to account these silver tongues, and with them gain high worldly ends." Had the four brethren remained together, mayhap they might have strengthened one another; for each knew the terms on which he held his wondrous faculty, but the tempter had scattered them asunder, and each now dwelt far separated from his fellow. Each one was with his tempter, and had no warning voice, save that which ever spake to him from within.

"Oskar Neubert," whispered a messenger of evil, "thou art fitted for a higher post than this poor station where thou scarce hast bread. Less able men have nobler standing. If I were thee, I would not tarry here."

"They all have friends," replied the young man, "and without friends but little can be done."

"Thou canst befriend thyself; true nobility will not owe to another, when it has aught to spend which it can call its own."

"I have no friend."

"Thou hast thy voice, which if thou wilt use as thou shouldst will carry thee to fame and power, and put thee in Jassann Offing's seat, where in thy soul thou knowest thou hast often longed to be."

"Why, then, has not my voice done this ere now?" for Oskar Neubert did not deny that to possess earthly power was his highest wish, and that Jassann Offing's post was that to which he had long aspired.

"Because thy voice is weak. It is by concentration that all great deeds are wrought. Thou spendest too much of its wondrous power in singing in the choir."

"I covenanted with myself," responded Oskar, "that if I could but have this voice, I would sing no other music but such as was designed for heavenly praise."

"Thou art not required to sing in round, or madrigal, or serenade. Thou hast only to abstain from psalmody, and, doubtless, with such a voice, the end desired shall be attained."

For some time after this Oskar Neubert still chanted with the choir; but day by day the thought of supplanting Jassann Offing grew more precious in his eyes, and he dropped off, until at length he altogether ceased. At this time the young man had some state papers to arrange, and was directed to attend with them in person be-

fore the king. "Now," whispered the Evil One, "use thy voice to some effect, for thou art upon the highroad to power; Jassann Offing's place is nothing compared to that to which thou canst attain." Oskar Neubert appeared before the king, and what marvel if the monarch was smitten with his speech, and took him into his favour, and learned to yield to his persuasions, and chose his counsel before that of others; for that which was so sweetly spoken could not be easily cast aside. Oskar Neubert became great, and the third year from that in which he had received the angel's gift found him high in worldly power.

Johann Meyer had long loved Hans Kleggen's daughter, but loved, alas! in vain. The lovely Josephine was proud, and Hans himself had too much thought for the honour of his old house to wed his daughter with one who could not tell piece for piece with him in silver and in gold. Hans Kleggen was a man who could fit fortunes together, but who cared not for fitting hearts; but Josephine had no love for Meyer, and so all was well. Johann Meyer was proud also, but not without too proud to love Hans Kleggen's daughter, even though no love was given to him in turn. So, walking by the river's bank one day, he felt something stirring within his soul, and some one said, "Thou mayest marry Hans Kleggen's daughter."

"It is impossible," said the young man; "I am too poor."

"Oh, thou hast a voice!"

"Yes! a voice to sing; but anthems won't win Hans Kleggen's daughter; they cannot of their very nature be addressed to her."

"But hast thou tried her with that anthem voice?"

"That voice is sacred," said Johann Meyer, "it is pledged for holy use."

"And yet it would win thee Josephine;" and then there was silence in Johann Meyer's heart.

Along the river's bank the young man walked, and much he thought of Josephine's dark eyes, and more of the words which he had just now heard, that Josephine could be won. "'Twere worth my while to try," said Meyer; and that night he ventured upon a song beneath the window of her room. It was a song in praise of love; and presently the latticed window opened, and the lovely Josephine asked who the singer was.

"Johann Meyer," said the young man; for he was bold in the consciousness of the power he held.

"Will Johann Meyer sing again?" asked Hans Kleggien's daughter.

"He will sing every night when love commands."

"Good!" said Josephine; "sing always."

And every night did Johann Meyer sing, until at length Hans Kleggien's daughter loved; and despite his pride and love of gold, the voice that won the daughter won the old man too, and Johann became his son. And so far as this world went Johann was a happy man, for Johann was bound to him by the harmonious spell of his sweet, soft voice, and day by day he repeated the incantation afresh over her heart.

Carl Djeck was fond of gold; and as he was one day counting over the rents of his small estate a voice whispered in his ear, "Thou canst improve thy wealth."

"Nay, nay," said Carl; "I have toiled hard, and except by great frugality, by saving from what I have, I cannot hope for more."

"Thou knowest Gaspar Pfug? Well, use thy voice on the old man as thou hast power to do, and he will leave thee all he has."

The thought struck Carl Djeck as being very good, and every morning and evening he sat by old Gaspar's bed; true, the more he used his voice on the old man the less he cared for singing in the choir, and more than once he found himself chanting irreverent words to the music which was still as lovely as before; but Gaspar Pfug was dying, and he had seen his will, and soon he went away, and left his money behind, and Carl Djeck took it all, and was the wonder of his neighbours for the good fortune which had fallen to his lot.

Wilhelm Berlenz alone of the four brethren in song had no earthly gain from his wondrous voice. Day by day the vision of the crown and of the sword dwelt with him, and as he rose each morning he saw them plainly in the twilight of the evening that was to come. At times the young man half wished that he had not received the gift, but seeing that he could not divest himself of it, he bestirred himself earnestly to think what was to be done. For many a day when the choir had gone Wilhelm Berlenz used to remain behind, asking counsel from heaven as to what he was to do with his surpassing voice.

"Spend, and be spent, in the service of the angel's King," was the reply vouchsafed at last.

"Spend, and be spent," said Wilhelm to himself; "what shall I do?" and as he thought, light flashed into his mind.

Wilhelm Berlenz was a physician, and day by day he stood beside the beds of the dying, the poverty-stricken, the outcasts, and the sad. The patients of the hospital loved to have him as their physician; for he soothed their pain with the gentleness of his words, and his voice poured energy into the spirits of the listless, and calm trust into the souls of the desponding, and peaceful hope into the hearts of the most wretched, for whom there seemed to be no comfort on the earth. Wilhelm was called the ghostly doctor, for men said he was a physician of the soul as well as of the frame, and that he had cordials for heart-wounds, such as none others possessed. Albrecht Thiede had made himself nearly mad with wine, but Wilhelm Berlenz won him from the deadly drink. Graff Steinberg's daughter had a broken heart, but Wilhelm Berlenz taught her to look above for peace, and the tints of life spread themselves over her face again. Theodore Shrappt denied that there was a God, or heaven, or hell; but Wilhelm Berlenz sent him from the hospital a believing man, and afterward saw him die in peace.

IV.

Thus time sped on, and the third year from that in which the angel's voice was given saw Oskar Neubert possessed of power, and Carl Djeck rich in gold, and Johann Meyer the husband of the one he loved, and Wilhelm Berlenz living for the good of the bodies and the souls of men. And at the appointed time light brightened once more around the four brethren in song. The crown and the sword again were seen, and she who held them first drew the sword, and marked Oskar Neubert upon the brow, and said, "Thou hast sold thy gift for power, thou art marked with that which will condemn." Then she marked Johann Meyer over the heart, and said, "Thou hast sold heaven's gift for human love, thou also art numbered unto wrath." Then she drew blood from Carl Djeck's hand, and said, "Thou hast misspent thy talent, thou also art cast away." To Wilhelm Berlenz alone, to whom earth had given nothing, did she extend the crown; and seven days after Wilhelm Berlenz died.

From the other three of the brethren passed away all the power of song: Wilhelm Berlenz alone was promoted to become perfect amid the choirs of the land where melody has her home. And often did the members of the earthly choir, now shorn of half its splendour, mourn over their loss; and when they grew grey with age tell their children's children as they sat upon their knees, that in their youth they had one amid their choir who sang with an angel's voice.*

THE DEFORMED ONE.

Mary G—— was always happy—at least she always seemed so—and everybody said, "It is strange she thinks no more of her misfortune; it is strange she can be blithe and gay when she is so different from other people. One would think she would feel so deeply her humiliation that she would scarcely wish to mingle in society, and would shrink from the gaze of strangers."

Yes, many thought she really ought to be sad, and exhibit a constant sense of suffering, in order to prove that affliction was "accomplishing its designed effect."

If she had made her calamities a subject of continual conversation, and talked of the "mysterious providences of God," and the necessity of being resigned to his will, giving her voice a monotonous tone, and schooling her face to sadness, there would have been few to doubt her piety and her resignation. This is the exemplification which some people wish to see, in order to believe that true religion exists in the soul, and that the heart is under the influence of grace.

But Mary G—— had a holier, a more exalted view of religion and of duty than this. She did not think it required of her to talk of her *feelings*, and expose the wounds of her lacerated heart to common observers. She did not think it necessary, because God had afflicted her, to sacrifice herself upon every profane altar, or that it was right to attempt to exact sympathy by making a parade of her sufferings.

He who could read her heart knew well the pangs which it experienced, and the woes which oppressed it. He knew that if she yielded to the dictates of an unsancti-

fied nature, she would screen herself from observation, and hide herself in obscurity. It would have been a comparatively pleasant life, and one that required little self-denial, to shut herself up and mourn, to wear a long face, and spend her time fasting. This was what, in an hour of weakness and temptation, she often resolved to do. It did seem impossible for her to go into the world and meet its rude, unfeeling gaze; it did seem impossible for her to attempt to do good by active exertion, for this was to take up the cross and carry it daily and hourly, and seemed at times an insupportable burden.

But grace had taken too deep a root in her heart, to permit her to settle down into a gloomy misanthrope. Tears she shed—bitter, burning tears, in solitude, and on her knees before God, and then she came forth smiling and happy—happy in the consciousness that she was doing right, and that God would give her strength, not only to endure but to act.

I have seen her tears, and heard her agonising prayers, and watched her patient suffering, and I knew that what others called indifference or stoicism, was the exercise of the highest christian principle; and what many deemed heartless gaiety or thoughtless levity, was the attempt to conceal or overcome the heaviness which brooded upon her spirits, and which, if indulged, would have turned her brain to madness.

How often have I thought of her martyr-life, of the solitude and desolation of her woman's heart, for her plain exterior and many infirmities precluded the possibility of her ever listening to the sweet whispers of love; the gentle offices in which she would have delighted, and the sympathies without which life's pilgrimage seemed a pathway through the burning sands of the desert, could never be hers. She must give, give, and receive not, yet her heart was ever full; her sorrows were many, yet she was ever ready to take upon her the burdens of others; to every story of suffering she listened, not patiently, not enduringly, but sympathisingly, and forgetting herself, or so entirely seeming to, that others thought little of woes, compared with which their own were insignificant; and while her own was breaking, she bound

* From "Excelsior," an admirable monthly publication, edited by Dr. James Hamilton, which we are happy to commend to our thoughtful and intelligent readers.

up the hearts of others, and poured into them the oil of healing, a kingly office which no earthly hand thought it necessary to perform for her.

And so she lived on; and when I knew her she had grown old in the midst of a misjudging world; her raven hair was threaded with silver, and her cheek was furrowed; yet never did I see her sad, with what the world calls sadness.

It was often remarked to her by the thoughtless, that she was indeed just the one to be the victim of such a sorrow, because she was less sensitive, and heeded so little the world's opinions; and she smilingly answered, "It is well;" but her words had a depth which the thoughtless knew not, and which they would not have been able to comprehend. But this was what she often said to me in the fulness of her heart: "Oh, how often it seems to me impossible for a single hour to endure the humiliation consequent upon such an affliction! how can one who possesses human feeling look on me and imagine me indifferent? Long, a long life I have lived; and there has, perhaps, never been a day that words like these, those thoughtless words, which, to a timid and shrinking spirit, are like spears and daggers, have not been uttered in my presence, and pierced my heart; and because I knew them to be thoughtless, and prompted in no unkindness—often, perhaps, spoken in very sympathy, I have never once permitted a shadow to cross my brow, that could betray the anguish under which I writhed. But I have often exclaimed with Job, 'Would that I could write a book,' to teach those who have never suffered, the true nature of sympathy; and tell them, too, the source whence strength is derived to enable one to seem indifferent to what is more terrible than death! I have been ill, and there came to me comforters who talked of the duty of being resigned, if God should see fit to take away my life; they knew not how easy it would have been to lay down such a life; how bright and glorious would have seemed to me a world where suffering could never enter. Neither did they realize how infinitely more merciful God had been in granting me grace to be *resigned to life*; in sustaining me through all this dark valley of humiliation, that I should not dishonour him by unchristian repining; that I should not sit down in not less unchristian inactivity, that I might escape the

thorny path which was before me, and refuse to drink the bitter cup which he had prepared for me. I cannot say I have never repined; that sinful thoughts, which made me tremble, have not taken possession of my mind; but there was a Fountain whose waters never failed; there was a Comforter who knew how to apply the balm in Gilead to every wound of mind, and heart, and soul; there was an Arm on which I could lean, and know that it would never weary; there was a Friend whose love no time nor adversity could ever change, and never for an instant have the clouds gathered to hide his face from me; there has never been a moment when I did not feel that he was near, that his rod and his staff were supporting me. But the censure of those who so little heed that command which Christ made so emphatic, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' has been the one great cross, the one great trial; but there is a day coming when hearts will be opened, and mystery will no longer brood upon the earth. God has enabled me to be resigned to life; death has never seemed other than a welcome messenger. That I have done all the good I could, I am very far from thinking or feeling; but in no way have I done more than by maintaining a cheerful spirit; and now that I am near the grave, and on the verge of eternity, I am not less confident that the resignation which is best pleasing to God—that indeed the only true resignation—is a cheerful acquiescence in all his mysterious dealings with us; that the trust alone is perfect which does not *say* only, but *acts*, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.' When he gives and when he takes away, we know the hand that does it; should we not then cheerfully resign what he sees fit to take from us? There is no virtue in merely submitting to what we cannot help. We do not call it obedience in a child to refuse to give up only what is taken by force, or to yield, and then sit down in sullen silence. We call him obedient when he pleasantly and promptly lays aside what is forbidden, and amuses himself with what is not. He may feel regret and sorrow, but his attempt to enjoy what is freely permitted, proves that he believes those who watch over him know best what is for his good."

I might write a volume of the lessons I learned from her who often tried to impress upon me this; but none seemed to me to

inculcate a more pure and lofty idea of christian principle, of the faith, and hope, and charity of christian experience, than the one I have here imperfectly repeated.

My friend has now gone where she can no longer teach by example; but I would that her influence might extend beyond the little sphere in which she walked, and if there are any whom God has given to drink of the same bitter waters of affliction, may they drink also abundantly at the same fountain of consolation, and let others remember that God sees the heart, and he alone is judge!

THE BARREN FIG-TREE REVIVED.

A pious minister, Mr. X——, was travelling, one Saturday afternoon, towards a large town, where there were many religious professors of different denominations. Thinking it probable that he might be requested to preach on the following day, he employed the solitude of his journey in meditating on a subject for a sermon. The text to which his thoughts were directed was the language of the dresser of the vineyard, in our Lord's beautiful parable of the barren fig-tree: "Lord, let it alone for this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then, after that, thou shalt cut it down."

At rather a late hour in the evening, he arrived at the town; and it was not known that he had arrived till he appeared on the Lord's day morning as a hearer in a place of worship, where he was well known and highly respected. The minister of the congregation, who was in the pulpit when Mr. X—— entered the place, conducted the service. Mr. X—— was struck with his text; it was the awful denunciation of the lord of the vineyard respecting the barren fig-tree in the above-mentioned parable. "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" The leading idea of his sermon, which he entered into with great seriousness, was, that when the patience of God towards sinners has long been abused and perverted, we are warranted to expect that it will be exchanged for merited displeasure and wrath, if not in this world, yet in the next. Having illustrated his subject in a very impressive and edifying manner, he drew this inference: That the Divine procedure with sinners should be

considered as a pattern for the imitation of Christian churches; and that, although it was their duty to exercise great forbearance towards sinners, and to adopt every mode of exhortation, admonition, and reproof; yet that, when they had withstood all, and appeared incorrigible, it became equally their duty, however painful the task, to cut them off as cumberers of the ground; at the same time recommending them to the mercy of the lord of the vineyard.

After the service, Mr. X—— was requested by his brother minister to preach in the afternoon, and readily consented. The morning sermon, though founded on the same parable, had not pre-occupied his ground; he did not, therefore, deem it necessary to alter his plan; but considering the coincidence as one of those unforeseen events which Providence often overrules for good, he preached, as he before intended, on the plea of the dresser of the vineyard. On the forbearance and long-suffering of God displayed towards sinners, through the intercession of the great Mediator, he expatiated with great affection. In the application of his sermon, he was led to hint at the long-extended forbearance which the disciples of Christ, in imitation of such an example, should exercise towards those who have offended; not knowing but that, by delaying the awful sentence of exclusion, they might be happily instrumental in leading them at length to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." If so, it would be well indeed; and if not, the excluding sentence would be more obviously and satisfactorily the requisition of duty.

The minister of the place thanked his brother for the sermon, acknowledged the truth and excellence of the doctrine contained in it, but expressed a fear that, undesignedly, it might be the occasion of some trouble to the church. He then proceeded to relate the circumstance which had directed him to his morning subject. A man who, for some years, had been an exemplary member of the church, had now for a considerable time been addicted to the sin of drunkenness, which had been followed by the breach of the Sabbath, the love of irreligious company, the neglect of domestic duties, and, as a result of the rest, an awful hardness of heart, which resisted every effort to produce salutary impressions. He had been admonished repeatedly by the minister, the deacons, and many of the members; and from the time

that his apostacy had been discovered, he had been suspended from the Lord's Supper; but all appearing to be in vain, the church had been summoned to meet that evening, for the awful purpose of totally "putting away from among themselves that wicked person." To prepare them for this painful, though necessary service, the morning sermon had been preached; and the good man expressed a fear that the kind, conciliating doctrine of the afternoon, though by no means in reality opposed to the other, might operate unseasonably on the minds of some of the members, to urge a further delay, which, in this case, was not likely to answer any valuable end. Mr. X—, with great sincerity, avowed his previous ignorance of these circumstances; stated the manner in which the subject of his discourse had occurred to him the preceding evening; and added, that he had been confirmed in his design to preach on it by the morning sermon, thinking the contrast between the two, while both were equally consistent with evangelical truth, might render each more beneficial. Had he previously known of the peculiar reason which influenced his friend's choice, he should have deemed it a call to turn his thoughts into some other channel; but as he did not know it, he could not but regard it as wisely ordered by Providence for some good end, which did not yet appear.

In the evening, when the church met, the pastor soon found that he had not mistaken the probable tendency of his friend's sermon; for when the sad evidences of the unhappy man's apostacy, and the methods which had been unsuccessfully tried with him to bring him to repentance, had been recapitulated, and the vote of exclusion was solemnly proposed, several of the members strongly urged the expediency of a little longer lenity, and mentioned the general impression produced by Mr. X—'s sermon in the afternoon; an impression the more to be regarded, as it could not be supposed that he knew anything previously of the affair before the church. After a long and interesting debate, some pleading the necessity of maintaining the purity of the church by an immediate excommunication, others urging, from the example in the parable, in favour of longer suspense, the latter arguments prevailed; and the sentence passed by the majority of the members was,

"Let him alone once more. If he bear fruit, well; if not, then, after that, let him be cut off." A deputation was also appointed to acquaint the man with this result, and to endeavour to impress his mind with a sense of his guilt on the one hand, and of the compassion of God and the Redeemer on the other.

The members who were commissioned on this important errand, found, when they visited the offender, what they little expected. They met with a cordial reception, which no others who had visited him from the church had done. On briefly relating their business, and declaring the continued forbearance of the church, he received the communication with tears; and called on them to join in adoring the wisdom and grace of that kind Shepherd, who has such various ways of bringing back his wandering sheep into the fold which they had deserted. He then informed them that his wife, a serious woman, who had maintained her steadfastness, on returning from public worship in the morning, had, contrary to her expectation, found him at home, a heavy rain having prevented him from joining a Sabbath-breaking party, to which he had engaged himself. In her way home, she had been informed by some friends that Mr. X— was to preach in the afternoon. The unhappy man having been very partial to his preaching in his former and better days, she persuaded him, as the day continued wet, and he could not go out on his pleasure, to accompany her to the meeting. Reluctantly he complied. The text, "Let it alone this year," &c., powerfully struck him. The display of divine compassion melted his stony heart, showed him the heinousness of his guilt, and led him to apply for pardoning and sanctifying grace to Him who is "exalted on high a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins."

In this frame of mind the messengers of the church found him. The lenity of christian friends, so like the compassion of a Saviour's heart, completely overcame him. The impression was deep, and it was lasting. He became once more a consistent professor of the gospel, walking more steadfastly and more humbly than ever with God; and continued to "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour."

Notices of Books.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL. By the REV. JOHN TODD. WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. T. BINNEY. Pp. 284. London: Knight and Son.

We presume that most of our young readers are already acquainted with this excellent work, which, after deduction is made on account of certain imperfections, well pointed out by Mr. Binney in his Preface, is just the thing for intelligent young men and students of all professions. The chief characteristics of this edition are, that it is cheap, well "got up," printed without abridgment or "revision" from the author's own copies, and contains one of Mr. Binney's racy, suggestive essays, for an Introductory Preface. We know scarcely any book which has been the means of doing more good than this. We ourselves recollect reading it and re-reading it long ago, and we have not forgotten the impulse which it gave to our intellectual activity, nor the economy of time and effort which its wise practical suggestions enabled us to exercise. If any of our young readers have not seen it, they may be assured that they cannot spend three shillings better than in buying this edition, nor three weeks better than in reading and studying it with care.

WORK; OR, PLENTY TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT. By MARGARET MARIA BREWSTER. Pp. 243. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

"Idleness has no place in the busy and beautiful creation of God: it enters not into his thoughts and ways: it is opposed to all that he has said, and all that he has done. Work,—various it is true in kind and degree,—is one of the laws of the universe." Thus begins one of the most beautiful, and at the same time useful and impressive, little books which we have read for a long time; full of tender thoughts, and animating motives, presented too in a simple yet captivating style. "Every-day Work," "Home Work," "Waiting Work," "Praying Work," "Sabbath Work," "Reward of Work," are amongst the somewhat quaint yet appropriate titles of the twenty-six chapters into which the work is divided. We have done our best to recommend the book to our readers, by making an extract from it on another page.

GLIMPSES OF JESUS. By W. P. BALFERN. Pp. 278. London: Ward & Co.

The writer of the papers included in this volume, informs us that most of them were written in ill health, and under the impression that he should soon die, and that they originated in a desire "to leave something behind him that would, with God's blessing, exalt CHRIST when he was gone." This desire is shown in every page. The writer finds in Jesus an embodiment and manifestation of all the great teachings of his gospel; and he brings out those teachings, in connexion with the Saviour's history, with much tenderness and considerable power. Those who love to "see Jesus," will find him here portrayed with a loving hand; those who are seeking "how they may find him," will not question this oracle in vain.

THE POWER OF THE CHURCH, AS PROMISED AND SECURED BY CHRIST, THE LIVING SAVIOUR. A Sermon, preached at Sheffield, before the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, June 6th, 1854. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A. Pp. 28. London: Benjamin L. Green.

The Yorkshire Association has done honour both to itself and to Mr. Green, by requesting the publication of this admirable Sermon. The passage upon which it is founded is John xiv. 12; and the topics presented are, first, the Promise itself; secondly, its Guarantee; and, thirdly, its Condition. All these topics are very impressively and appropriately presented. The course of thought is one which we should rejoice if this Sermon could bring before all the more thoughtful and intelligent members of our churches; we are sure it would be to their personal advantage, and to that of the cause of God in their respective neighbourhoods, and, consequently, throughout the world.

GLEANINGS FROM A PASTOR'S PORTFOLIO. By H. J. BETTS. Pp. 92. London: Bigg & Son.

We shall probably enrich our treasury, by some of these gleanings, some day. Certainly the Pastor's Portfolio must be a very valuable one, if these are a specimen of its average contents. We hope the sale of the present volume will induce him soon to open it to us again.

A Page for the Young.

ADALINE GREEN, THE PRAYING GIRL.

CHAPTER VII.

It was again autumn, a bright autumnal evening, and the round, clear harvest moon had risen, though as yet daylight had not faded from the western sky. There was unusual commotion at the cottage of Mr. Green, for Joseph was expected home that evening. His uncle had written that they should start the morning before. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and the round table was set out, and dressed with unusual care; the pretty china, that had not been used since uncle was there before, was brought out; and the water-pitcher and the silver spoons, which were the gift of Mrs. Green's mother on her marriage day, and were kept more for ornament than use. A nice supper, too, was prepared, which Mrs. Green found great trouble in keeping warm, as the travellers were much later than she had calculated.

Slowly jogging up and down the long hills (for the horse was tired, and had a humane driver), came the same old gentleman and little boy, that had left the family one year ago. Yes, it is the same beautiful boy, his eyes as bright, and his curls as clustering, as ever. How tall and straight he is, and how free and bounding is his step as he leaps from the carriage to walk up hill; surely his uncle's stringent regimen has operated wonderfully. He looks now as though he might do his part towards a "living" (as his cousin Sally would say). Yes, Joseph has found out "what little hands can do," and he is coming home, determined to act his part in this busy world. He has learned, too, the value of a mother's counsel, of a sister's love, and he means to be a good boy, and a comfort to them.

"It is a fact," said he mentally, "I was a cross, good-for-nothing, idle fellow then, and how patient and pleasant mother was with me. Pity she hadn't knocked me down a few times. It would have sharpened my ideas a little. Ada, too, how good she was to everybody; but then Ada prays, and it is easy for her to be good; of course I can't be like her, but I can be a brave, industrious boy, and I will."

"Hilloa, boy, are you dreaming?" said the uncle, as the cottage came in sight.

"Not dreaming, uncle, but thinking. But there is Ada at the gate, and mother at the door. Here we are—Mother, Ada, how are you?" And the impetuous boy leaped from the carriage to their arms.

There were exclamations, and shaking hands, and a few tears.

"How you have grown, Ada!" "And how big you are, Josey!" "And here is father walking round the room," "And, brother, how well you are looking," came from the happy group, and then they subsided into a calm, and very soon took their places at the tea-table.

After supper, Adaline removed the tea-things, and then sat down by her brother, where they conversed in an undertone till bed-time. Mrs. Green would at times join in their conversation, and then she would listen to their brother's history of his new house, and the progress of events in his town, or answer enquiries relative to their own affairs.

"I suppose you've found it hard getting on," said he, "and your doctor's bill must be considerable—we will see to that to-morrow."

"No, brother," said Mr. Green, "I can't permit you to do anything more for us; I am now able to work, and, with the blessing of God, can discharge all my debts. Thanks to my wife's economy, they are but few."

There was something in his father's manner that struck Joseph as singular. What was it made him so gentle, yet attentive to all around him? How had he pressed him to his bosom, and pronounced a deep, "God bless you," when he entered; and now, when he spoke of the blessing of God, it was solemn, and with reverence. Even his uncle paused and hemmed, as though it sounded strangely to him.

"Well, well," said the old man, "considering all things, I think you've got on very well. You look quite hearty now, and sister, I see, is handsome as ever. This girl here is one of a thousand, and as for the boy, I reckon he is none the worse for living a year with his uncle. What do you think, brother?"

Joseph's eyes were fixed on his father as he answered.

"I think with you, brother," said Mr. Green, "that considering all my unworthiness, God has been wonderfully good to me. I have spent many long years regardless of his commandments, unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, and unmindful of his goodness. Oh, it is of his mercies that I am not consumed!"

Mr. Green paused to regain his composure; the brother looked up in astonishment. Not so Mrs. Green or Adaline; each of them had discovered that he had believed with the heart unto righteousness, and they were daily expecting that confession of the mouth which is unto salvation.

After a while Mr. Green continued, "My past life has been one of entire neglect of the interests of the immortal soul; not only so, but I have wickedly sought excuses for my neglect. I have set human reason against the requirements of God, and darkened my own understanding by its sophistry; and yet the loving kindness and long-suffering of God has been extended to me. Oh, 'what shall I render to Him for all his mercies to me!'"

Mr. Green again paused, while Adaline leaned toward him and whispered,—

"What did the Psalmist say he would do, father?"

"Sure enough, my child," said the father, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Bring the Bible, Ada, and let us consecrate this evening by prayer to God."

Adaline wanted no second bidding; she placed the holy book upon the stand, and in a faltering voice her father read select portions. He then knelt down and offered his humble, grateful petitions to Heaven; thanked God for that goodness and mercy that had followed him all the days of his life, for that affliction that had given him opportunity for reflection, and for the dear child who had been the instrument of leading him to the Saviour, and then closed with an humble consecration of himself and his household to the service of his Maker.

From that time Mr. Green's family were of those who called on the name of the Lord. Adaline and her father soon united with the church to which the wife and mother belonged. But not long did the pious child labour in the vineyard of her Lord. Before her sixteenth birthday she was summoned to her reward. Her end was glorious. Ada reposes beside the remains of her little friend. Her parents, too, have gone to sleep with the righteous dead. Joseph long ago left for a foreign land, but not till he, too, had chosen "that good part which shall never be taken from him."

Little reader, would you be like Adaline Green? If so, learn to pray in childhood, in sincerity, and in faith, through Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

Miscellaneous.

CROOKED TRACKS.—A native christian woman told me that she was at one time about to engage in something which Dr. Judson considered not conducive to her spiritual good. He sent for her, and remonstrated, but she would not give up her darling project. "Look here!" said he, eagerly snatching a ruler from the table, and tracing not a very straight line on the floor. "*Here* is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure,—out of the path half of the time; but, then, you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads, and you have,—not so much as you might have done, mind, but still to a certain extent,—grown in grace; and, now, with all this growth upon your heart and head, in the maturity of your years, with ripened understanding and an every-day deepening sense of the goodness of God, here," bringing down the ruler with emphasis to indicate a certain position, "*here you stand*. You know

where this path leads. You know what is before you—some struggles, some sorrows, and finally eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left branches off another very pleasant road, and along the air floats, rather temptingly, a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in fifteen years,—fifteen long years,—altogether; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and think you will come back again; but you never will. Woman, think! Dare you deliberately leave this straight and narrow path drawn by the Saviour's finger, and go away for one moment into that of your enemy? Will you? *will you? will you?*" "I was sobbing so," said the woman, "that I could not speak a word; but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt down, and prayed that God would preserve me in my determination. I have made a great many crooked tracks since," she added, tearfully; "but, whenever I am

unusually tempted, I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed on the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible 'Will you?' coming from his lips as though it was the voice of God; and I pray just as Peter did, for I am frightened."—*Memoir of Dr. Judson.*

"None of His."—"If any man have not the spirit of Christ"—oh, what an if! How it tries the hopes of the christian? Am I meek as he was? when reviled, do I revile not again? when smitten on one cheek, do I turn the other also? do I pray for my enemies, "Father, forgive them"? do I go about doing good? is it my meat and drink to do the will of God? Such was the spirit of Christ, and if we have it not, we are—oh, what terrible words, brief, simple, but on that account most terrible—"none

of his!"—no place in his household,—no home in his heart,—an alien from Christ, a stranger to pardon, "having no hope, and without God in the world." Better sink into annihilation than live unreconciled, unrenewed, out of the covenant of grace, while death is so busy, and the grave yawns under every footstep. It is not enough to have a name on the church records,—a seat in the sanctuary,—a fair reputation among our fellow-christians. All these give no assurance of safety. Am I Christ's?—a branch of the vine, a lamb of the flock? Have I the certainty of a living union? The answer is easy. Seek it not from imagination, or memory, or the emotions, but in the Word of God. The spirit, the spirit of Christ,—this alone determines the great issue. He who has this, will know it, and will manifest it. Christian, irritable, selfish, uncharitable, whose are you? Can you be His?

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

"Heaven," says Robert Hall, "is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine." A few months since we announced to our readers the serious illness of *Mrs. Emily C. Judson*, the widow of the late Dr. Judson, and the writer of a number of tales and sketches—some of which have appeared in our periodical under the signature of *Fanny Forester*—most beautiful in composition, and full of tenderness and an elevated piety. We have now to announce that her illness has ended in death; she died in Hamilton, U.S., on the evening of Thursday, the first of June. Her illness had been long, and for months there seemed to be no hope of her recovery; but gradually and gently she sunk to rest, fully relying on that Saviour whom she had loved and served so well. To quote her own words, in her beautiful tribute to the memory of a departed sister, "It must be very sweet to 'sleep in Jesus,' after such a life of care and suffering as hers. It must be glorious to tread the courts of heaven, untrammelled by the sin-wrought manacles of pain and woe."

Our readers will have heard of the *Church Rate Victory* in the House of Commons on the introduction of Sir W. Clay's Bill for their total abolition. Notwithstanding the opposition of Lord John Russell and the Government, the first reading of the Bill was carried; and though on the proposal for its second reading on the 21st ult. it was rejected by a small majority of 27, it is gratifying to know that 192 members came forward boldly to vote for it, and that a measure was promised by the Government to be introduced next year. This vexed

question, it is evident, *must* be now settled. We have full confidence in the Nonconformist members of Parliament, who are now evidently a power in the House, that no measure will be carried on any such principles as have been suggested by some parties lately. Even if a measure be carried in accordance with full Nonconformist principles we shall not now be surprised.

Disenters have gained *another Victory*. On the 22nd ult., on the discussion of the Bill for the Reform of the Universities, a clause was proposed liberating candidates for matriculation in either university from the necessity of taking any oath involving a religious test,—any oath, indeed, except the oath of allegiance. This was carried on a division, notwithstanding the opposition of the Government, by a considerable majority!

The *War*, like a serpent, "drags its slow length along." Nothing of any great importance has occurred in the Baltic; and in the Danubian territories, so far, the Turks have been left by the English and French armies to get along as best they could. Really, there does seem to be great delay on some account or other. As we go to press, the rumours which have been afloat some time, seem to be confirmed, that the Turks have had an important victory in Silistria, and have compelled the Russians, who were besieging them, to retire with great loss. The saddest news of the month is the destruction by fire of the *Europa*, about two hundred miles from Plymouth. She was on her way to the East, with men and horses. Many lives and much property was lost.

A movement is going on in some parts of the country in favour of the *Closing of Public Houses on the Sunday*. We wish to commend this movement to the earnest support

of our readers. Not on religious or sabbatarian grounds, for we do not think it right to appeal either to the people or to Parliament on ground the taking of which implies the right of the civil power to legislate in matters of religion: but simply for social and moral reasons, and because the opening of these houses on the Sunday leads to a vast amount of immorality and crime. At Leeds, a petition to Parliament for this object was carried in a meeting of from fifteen to twenty thousand persons. A committee appointed by the House of Commons is, also, making inquiries and receiving evidence on the subject. We are satisfied that if the end of those who are promoting the movement be gained, a vast source of crime will be stopped, and the happiness of the community be greatly increased.

We must not omit to record the opening of the *Crystal Palace at Sydenham* on the 10th ult. It was opened by the Queen and Prince Albert, surrounded by crowds of nobles, commoners, and people. When fully completed it will be for grandeur unequalled in any country or age, and will furnish opportunity for rational amusement to the masses of our countrymen, such as they never had before. We trust that it will be so directed as to promote at the same time the interests of morality, and to advance the intelligence and elevation of the community in all respects.

WHITCHURCH, SALOP.

The Baptist Chapel, Whitchurch, Salop, was re-opened after extensive repairs and improvements, on Tuesday, the 23rd of May, when the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, preached two sermons; and a tea meeting was held, attended by about three hundred and fifty persons. On the following Sunday, sermons were preached by the Rev. S. Manning, of Frome, and the Rev. R. H. Hare (Wesleyan), of Whitchurch. The chapel and school-room in their improved state seemed to give general satisfaction to the large congregations present at these services; and the proceeds of the collections and tea meeting amounted to one hundred pounds.

INSKIP.

In consequence of the congregation at this place of worship having of late considerably increased, it has been partially closed for a few months whilst alterations have been making for increased accommodation, and other improvements, which being effected, it was re-opened on Thursday last, on which occasion Professor Griffiths, of Accrington, occupied the pulpit. The Rev. J. Compston, of Inskip, and the Rev. J. Crook, of Hebden Bridge, took part in the introductory services. The collections exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all the parties interested in the proceedings.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

On Thursday evening, June 8th, 1854, the public recognition of the Rev. G. Bailey (formerly of Haddenham, Isle of Ely, Cam-

bridgeshire) as pastor of the Old Baptist church, Rushden, Northamptonshire, took place, when an address to the pastor and people was delivered by the Rev. J. Peacock, of London (a former pastor of the church), from Galatians v. 13: "By love serve one another." The devotional services were conducted by the Revs. T. Roblison, of Little Stemington, Beds, Thos. Baker, B.A., of Bristol College, and J. Whitmore, the late pastor, now of Eynsford, Kent.

PRESTON.

A second Baptist church was formally organized in this town on Tuesday, the 16th May, the Rev. A. Bernie, in accordance with the unanimous wish of the church, being recognised as the pastor. The Rev. J. Dawson, of Liverpool, delivered an address on the nature and constitution of a christian church. The Rev. G. Mitchell, of Bacup, addressed the pastor and people on their respective duties, after which the ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered. The church numbers seventy-seven members, and has great hopes of prosperity.

BOTESDALE, SUFFOLK.

The congregations at this place having of late increased, it was felt necessary to have enlarged accommodation for them by the erection of a gallery in the place of worship. Services were held in connection with the opening of it on the 21st and 22nd of May, when sermons were preached by the Revs. D. Rees, of Braintree, C. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, and Isaac Lord, of Ipswich; and the brethren, J. P. Lewis, of Diss, J. Upton, of Renninghall, and W. Warren (Independent), also took part in the services.

NEW MILL, TRING, HERTS.

On Whit-Tuesday, June 6th, 1854, the Rev. J. S. Warren was publicly recognized as pastor over the Baptist church at New Mill, after having laboured acceptably nearly a year and a half among the people. The Revs. E. Davis, of High Wycombe, W. Payne, of Chesham, W. Payne, Senr., and J. T. Wigner, of Lynn Regis, took part in the service. In the evening the friends took tea together, and a meeting was afterwards held, which was addressed by the Revs. W. Payne, W. Wood, E. Davis, and J. T. Wigner.

RAMSGATE.

The public recognition of the Rev. B. C. Etheridge, late of Bolton, as pastor of the church meeting in Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, took place June 7th. The Revs. J. H. Hinton, F. Wills, W. Brock, and several other ministers and friends, took part in the proceedings.

Obituary.

MR. JOHN SCROXTON.

Died, at Bromsgrove, on Sabbath evening, May 21st, 1854, Mr. John Scroxtton, formerly, for upwards of forty years, the pastor of the Baptist church, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. "His end was peace."

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

AUGUST, 1854.

PETER AND JUDAS.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

"A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief."—*Prov. xxiv. 16.*

"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly."—*Luke xxii. 61, 62.*

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."—*Matt. xxvii. 3, 4.*

In the christian life, the sun is often enveloped in mourning, and its progress lies through storms and tempests; but we have in the Holy Scriptures the most striking exemplifications of the truth, that we may fall, but not to our utter confusion, if only we know how we can be raised up again, and that it is to the most feeble of his children ^{and} the faithful hand of the Lord is especially turned. How many who are deplorably fallen, have drawn from Peter's example strength to rise up again. What a mighty and gracious blessing has God imparted to us, in preserving for us this portion of Peter's history.

He who has a nature like Peter's—in the morning weak, in the evening bold, to-day flaming, to-morrow cold—may well despair, at first sight, of the possibility of God's forming a temple for his glory from such sorry materials. Yet it was to none but Peter that the Lord addressed these words: "Thou art Peter,† and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Wonderful, indeed. Nor would we wonder the less did we know what poor materials the Lord possessed in the hearts of the rest of his disciples. How feeble their capacity for acquiring knowledge, or of understanding the plainest words of our Lord; and in their hearts how much impurity had grace to struggle with,—the faithlessness of a Thomas, for instance, and the impure fire of a John. But there is one thing to be observed, they were children, and something can be made of children,—children can be trained. And hence, notwithstanding all their spiritual poverty, their Lord was so certain of the result, that he could rejoice and praise his Father in heaven, saying, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

I have often met with those who could not conceive how a man like Peter, after such words as these,—“Lord, whither shall we go? thou hast

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

† The name signifies a rock.

the words of eternal life,"—could deny his Master, and swear, "I know not the man." Ah,

"Wind and weather have over night
Touched many a flower with a withering blight!"

If once a man fall, of course the whole world will run him down. But how do we estimate a false word? If that wall be once thrown down which should stand for ever between the christian heart and falsehood,—if between truth on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, what are called necessary lies can be allowed to introduce themselves, and if these can glide over the lips almost as freely as words of truth, what reason have we to think that in the hour of danger and trial many of those who now boast with Peter, "Although all be offended, yet will I never be offended,"* would not have fallen as that disciple fell?

But if none of us would have fallen on that night as Peter fell, how many of us, do we suppose, would have been found standing by his side when he testified in the very face of the judges of the crucified Jesus, "We must obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him"?† How many would have continued at his side when he willingly received the stripes, and went forth from the council, "rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for his sake"?‡ When his Saviour was dying on the cross, he was amongst the cowards; but when he was to verify the Saviour's words,—“Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me AFTERWARDS,”—henceforth we find him, not among the cowards; henceforth we find him a witness of the sufferings of Christ; henceforth we find him following his Saviour indeed,—following him to the pillory and to shame, and at last entering upon a participation in his Saviour's cross. And how many of us who stand by and accuse him, would have followed? No, Peter, thou knewest what thou saidst when thou spakest to thy Saviour thus: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

In what more consolatory manner could this great truth have been presented to timid hearts, wavering still between heaven and earth,—our good Lord maketh his strength perfect in weakness? How often have I, when I felt my hands feeble and my knees weary, when I staggered hither and thither with uncertain steps, when I sighed, "Oh, shall the twilight never vanish, and I find entrance into the perfect light!"—how often have I, a fallen child, arisen by Peter's example!

Verily, it must have been long indeed before he was thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of the Saviour. Even after he had preached Christ, not only are we told that the *new* man Peter had to strive with the old, but that the old man was often victorious. When those zealous for the law came down from Jerusalem, he was afraid to eat any longer with his brethren contrary to the law. In this respect he feared man more than God; he acted contrary to his better knowledge, and for this he was reproved by his brother Paul. That the fear of man could conquer the better knowledge of an apostle, was shameful in the highest degree; but while it saddens us deeply to think of the greatness of human weakness, it leads us with still greater self-distrust to exclaim, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," and to renounce all confidence in one's own strength. At the same time we have in this no small testimony

* Matt. xxvi. 33.

† Acts iv. 19; v. 29—32.

‡ Acts v. 41.

to the fact, that much grace and not a little weakness may co-exist for a long time in the human heart; while this testimony is enhanced by the reflection, that it was this very Peter who laid at Pentecost the first foundations of the christian church, who took joyfully scourgings and revilings for the name of Jesus, and who ultimately followed his Lord even to the cross. Patience, therefore, thou weak heart of mine,—patience with thyself, seeing God has so much long-suffering with thee!

But how has this child, who has so often fallen, been always raised up again? He fell—but he never let go the hand which sustained him, and it was this hand which lifted him up again! The disciple spake no doubtful truth when he once said, “Whither shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life;” and again when he said, “Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;” and, therefore, no sooner did he fall than the tears of penitence sprung forth, and from these penitential tears, invigorated love. How beautifully is this depicted in the narrative of his denial. He was yet standing by the fire in the court of the high priest, when the doors of the inner apartment opened, and the Saviour stepped forth from the judicial examination. The cock crowed twice; “and the Lord turned to Peter, and Peter thought on the words of the Lord, which he said, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly.” These tears were certainly bitter, and burning as aqua fortis; but just for that very reason they burnt out the blood-spots of his denial. Oh, that Judas could have wept such tears! Perhaps it was at this very time that he went to the high priests, and said, “I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood;” even then, perhaps, there was time to seek the Saviour of sinners himself. Oh, Judas, why wentest thou to those cold-hearted hypocrites, who flung thee back thy money with a—“What is that to us? see thou to that?” Why didst thou not hasten to Him whose innocent blood thou hadst betrayed, and raise, even beneath the cross, thy hands in supplication? True, those arms, which were ever stretched forth to every seeking sinner, were now nailed upon the cross; but most assuredly those lips would not have said to thee, “See thou to that!” If he could no more stretch forth his arms to thee, would not his broken-hearted look at least have spoken forgiveness? But in that heart there was neither love nor faith! Severe, indeed, were the words pronounced over his betrayer by the meek and gentle Lamb of God: “The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed; it had been good for that man that he had not been born.”*

Have ye, who stumble at these words, ever cast a glance into the night of a human heart, in which the power to believe and to love has been lost? Have ye ever pierced into the black night of that heart in which avarice has torn up the roots of faith and love? A few lines is all that the Scripture gives to the detail of the black deed of treachery; but I think they are enough to account for that final fall on which there followed no recovery. “Judas was a thief, and had the bag, and† bore what was put therein.”‡ And when the love of the young disciple, forgetting self, brought a sacrifice far exceeding her means, the thief steps forward in the guise of a friend to the poor, and says, Why was this waste? “why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?”§ I think these few statements are sufficient to give us a glance into the night of Judas’s heart. If Judas was at any period a godly man, it must have been with only half his heart; exemplifying

* Matt. xxvi. 24.

† Or, perhaps, “took away from it what was given.”

‡ John xii. 6.

§ John xii. 5.

the proverb, "He who is only half God's, is wholly the devil's." The lust of money is, in truth, a worse vice than almost any other; its poison kills every living affection,—it withers the soul. What must have been the inward state of that man, who could be constantly at the feet of Jesus, and be at the same time a thief of the money destined for the poor; who, beneath the eye of Jesus, could pretend to love the poor, and think the while only of his own advantage? Could there have been any communion with God, or any sincerity in prayer? Impossible. He who could act the hypocrite before Jesus' eyes, must have been a very hypocrite in the sight of God. Had there been one spark of love in that heart, how could it have risen in treachery at that very time when he who came from God, and was to return to God, arose to wash the disciples' feet, and even knelt down before a Judas? But no call of love could wake an echo in that heart; it was dead—dead as the metal for which it had sold itself. It is written, "When he had taken the sop, he went out; *and it was night*;" and as it was without, so it was within, his soul. Having ceased to guide himself in his daily walk by the hand of God—he fell; the divine hand held him not, and, therefore, he could not raise himself again after his fall. It is written, indeed, that Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, *repented himself*. But, unlike the repentance of Peter, this was a repentance without tears. It was the repentance of fear, not of contrition; the repentance which dreads punishment, not the repentance which would willingly suffer every punishment, if it could but retrieve the deed.

Consequently, he feared to meet God's face. Here the eye of God looked at him through his conscience, and because he could escape from conscience, he thought he could escape the eye of God!

Oh, threefold woe of the guilty one, to whom there remains only remorse, a repentance without tears! A tearless repentance seizes hold of the flesh and bones of a man, and consumes him like fire, and when it is burned up—

SELF-MURDER, too often the last convulsive effort of a storm which has raged for years through the bodily frame! Where it reveals its own peculiar nature, suicide is but the topstone of a life-long slavery to sin, in which the sinner springs into its opened jaws, merely because, over mountains and valleys, weary and worn, he has been lashed on by sin to this brink, where the last deed of his life is the culminating point of his sin, and in which he dies. Can there be ought more horrible than self-murder?

My Father and my God, one thing would I entreat: if in my great weakness I fall, O give me true contrition in my heart, and let not my repentance be without tears! Lo, I can say with Peter, "If thou takest me not up, I know not where to go." I can say with Peter, "Lord, I know, though I should fall ten times a day, yet, nevertheless, I love thee." Fall, I may; but thy hand I never will let go. And if I leave it not, thou wilt not let me lie in the dust, but wilt lift me up again; and when thou shalt have humbled me by all my stumblings, so that I wholly renounce dependence on myself, and seek my strength, my consolation, all in thee, then the hour will come when I shall no more tread with uncertain steps, but shall walk for ever in uprightness of heart before thy face!

THE SAVIOUR'S REQUIREMENTS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."—*Luke ix. 23.*

Every christian professes to come after Christ. He forsakes all other guides, and renounces all other lords. He comes up to Christ; but he must not pass by, or strive to get before Christ. He looks to Christ to save him, to rule him, to be his Master and Lord. He comes to Christ, as lost, to be saved; as naked, to be clothed; as miserable, to be made happy; as ignorant, to be instructed; and as having nothing, that from Jesus he may receive all things. He is a sinner; Jesus is to be a Saviour. To save, not only by what he did without him, but by working in him, and requiring of him. He requires a full surrender, the subjection of the entire person, the consecration of the whole life. If he justify us, he will rule us. If he atone for our sins, he will have our services. If he give us grace, he will require obedience. "If any man will come after me." Lord, I will follow thee! "Will you, then, hear my requirements, If any man will come after me, let *him deny himself?*"

"Let him deny his own natural *will*," for it runs contrary to the will of God. The church is to be one body, ruled by one will, and that will the will of Christ. Every believer is to seek to know what is the will of Christ on every subject; and having ascertained it, to prefer it, bow to it, and endeavour to carry it out. Whatever is opposed to the will of Christ in the church is sin. My own will, and my own way, are to be given up, and exchanged for the will and way of Jesus. "Let a man deny his own natural *desires*." He will desire fame, honour, ease, wealth. Let all these be denied, and let him desire to be, and to do, just what Jesus requires. If duty lead him into obscurity, let him be willing to go there; if it lead him into disgrace, let him be willing to suffer it; if it bring pain, privation, and suffering, let him willingly endure them; if it make him poor, and keep him poor, let him be willing to be of "the poor of this world," whom God hath chosen. It is not what I desire that is to rule me, but what Christ requires of me; his will as revealed in his word is to be my rule, and his Spirit and providence are to be my guide. "Let a man deny his own natural love of *pleasure*." Carnal gratification is sure to be sinful either in its nature or effects, therefore it is not to be followed. Jesus pleased not himself. Paul pleased not himself. They sought not their own pleasure, or mere animal or intellectual gratification, but constantly aimed at something higher and holier. Jesus ever kept the end of his mission in view: "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Paul was guided by the admonition he delivered to the churches: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are God's." To obey Christ, and not to please or gratify ourselves, is our one business. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." The flesh is on the cross, not on the throne. But, alas, how many professors pamper the flesh, obey the flesh, and crucify the spirit. Here the flesh lusts to follow the fashions of the world, in "gold, pearls, and costly array;" there it affects a fine dwelling, expensive furniture, and high living; in lower circles the pipe, the intoxicating cup, the excursion train, &c.; and instead of its being crucified, it is consulted, caressed, and indulged. God's money is squandered, God's time is wasted, and God's precepts are disregarded.

"Let a man deny himself," said the Saviour. "Nay," say many professors, "there is no need for it. I can indulge my love of finery, I can gratify my natural appetite, I can walk according to the customs of the world, and yet go to heaven at last." "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul," said Peter. "Nay," say many, "I see no reason to eat as if we were strangers, or to conduct ourselves as if we were pilgrims; we had better do as the generality do, and all will be right at last." Self-denial is out of fashion; it is seldom preached by some, and quite as seldom practised by others.

"Let him take up his cross and follow me." The true christian is condemned by the world, he is looked upon as a poor, contemptible, wretched slave, who deserves crucifixion, because he testifies against it, and bears witness that the works thereof are evil. He is to realise this, and instead of being ashamed of it, he is to take up the cross, the instrument of torture, disgrace, and death, and bear it after Jesus. Loving Jesus more than father, mother, brother, sister, ease, pleasure, wealth, fame, fashion, finery, delicious food, liberty, man's sanction, yea, than his own life also, he is to act for Christ, in obedience to Christ, though so acting is considered as degrading and disgraceful, as carrying a cross to the place of execution. This was the spirit that actuated the apostles, the primitive christians, the martyrs and the host of sufferers for Christ in the days of old. "Let him follow me," says Jesus. That is, "Let him imitate me. Do as I have done. Copy my example. Tread in my steps." Oh, brethren, how different it is with us! How unlike the self-denying Jesus we are! How little do we feel or act as Paul did, who said, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that *by any means*, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away." And, again, speaking of himself and fellow-believers, "*We labour*, that whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him." A little self-denial practised by the church in general would soon pay all our chapel debts, fill our missionary treasury, bring every poor saint out of the union-houses, and supply the wants of the ministers of Christ and poor godly widows. There are ornaments enough worn by church members to do all this and more; and what is spent in tobacco, snuff, perfumes, wines, spirits, and luxuries for the table, unnecessary *for*, if not injurious *to*, health, would prevent the need of collections!

But are there no cautions necessary in the practice of self-denial? Yes, but few, very few, need them now-a-days. Take the following. *We are not to injure our health.* Health is a talent that is to be taken care of, and employed for Christ, and whatever would injure or destroy our health is to be avoided. *Whatever would unfit us for devotion* is not required. Close, constant, and intimate intercourse with God is necessary to maintain spiritual life in its vigour, and should, therefore, be sought in the closet, in the sanctuary, in the family, and by lifting up the heart while engaged in our daily avocations; while everything that hinders us, or unfits us for it, should be as carefully avoided. *Whatever renders us unnecessarily singular before men* is to be avoided. We are not to imitate the multitude who do evil; but we are not needlessly to disgust them. But neatness, plainness, and inexpensive habits, especially if what is thus saved is spent to make others comfortable, and to promote the cause of Christ, will never do so. No reasonable person will be disgusted with another for wearing an inexpensive garment, or living in a plainly furnished dwelling, in order to relieve the fatherless, supply the widow, and spread the truth of God. *Whatever would cherish pride and self-righteousness* is also to be avoided. Some may be proud of plainness,

others may make a righteousness of self-denial, and trust in it for acceptance before God; nothing can be more wrong. But because some abuse it, we are not to neglect it, seeing the Lord Jesus imperatively commands it. We should trust in nothing but the perfect work of Jesus for our acceptance before God; we should glory in nothing but the cross of Christ: yet while we do so, we should never forget that he "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Self-denial should be practised, *out of love to Christ*. The christian should say, "I love Jesus, because he first loved me; and because I love Jesus, I will not indulge the flesh, but endeavour to put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man, that so I may appear to be a new creation, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." Self-denial should be practised, *to please God*. "Because I believe it will please God, I will abstain from this, I will avoid that, I will walk circumspectly, I will avoid the very appearance of evil, I will endeavour to perfect holiness, to purify myself, even as he is pure. I will not seek my own happiness, much less the gratification of my animal nature, first or principally, but my object shall be to please God. A duty may be trying, or burdensome, or be by some considered disgraceful, but I will take up this cross, I will carry it, encouraged by the persuasion, it will please God." Self-denial should be practised, *to help God's cause*. God does not need our help, he can do without it. But he honours us by asking for it, by using it, by crowning it with his blessing. His truth was committed to the saints, that they may spread it over the face of the wide world, preserve it pure and unmixed, and defend it against every foe. It was to be copied and circulated. It was to be preached, regularly and universally. To do this, men, money, and influence would be necessary; and God requires us to furnish them. With a little self-denial we may do it; but for want of self-denial churches are in debt, missionaries are needed, and mission funds are low; and this is the case when professors are more numerous, more wealthy, and more noisy, than perhaps they ever were. We should practise self-denial, *to benefit God's poor saints*. The cause of the poor is the cause of God. He says, "Remember the poor. I look upon my poor people as parts of myself. I take what is done to them as done to myself." Yet they are sent to union-houses, left to be half starved in back garrets, or to pine under debts they could not avoid. What church would consent to send Christ to the union-house, if he were on earth? Yet he says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Who would consent to leave the Lord Jesus pining in some back garret, unvisited and unsupplied, sinking under age or disease? And yet he says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." We should practise self-denial, *to further our sanctification*. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." That is, your separation from the world, your consecration to his service, and your inward and outward conformity to the Lord Jesus. In proportion as we imbibe the spirit of Christ, walk by the word of Christ, and aim at the honour of Christ, our sanctification is promoted. Hear the apostle, "This I say then, *Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh*." When, therefore, we are studying the flesh, consulting with the flesh, or gratifying the flesh, we are not walking in the Spirit. "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." Let there be the outward as well as the inward. If we are Christ's, let us walk as Christ walked, live as Christ lived, nor rest satisfied until we can say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." "Let a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily." "Every day there

will be a cross to take up. Every day the flesh will be denied or gratified. Every day we shall give the emphatic *No* to its demands, entreaties, and desires; or we shall yield to its solicitations, requests, and cries. Beloved, which *shall* it be? Which *ought* it to be? Which shall we wish it had been, on the sick bed and the dying pillow? How will a thousand things that amuse, please, and charm us now, appear then? Wishes will be vain then; but now we may take heed to our ways, adorn our profession, and obey our Saviour, who has said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

I have done. I have performed an act of self-denial in writing these lines,—my flesh shrunk from it. I fancy the devil tried to dissuade me from it. Something within whispered, "Writing thus you will condemn yourself." Well, so let it be; let me be condemned, if the Lord's people can be benefited. I feel condemned, justly condemned. I deserve to be condemned. But will a sense of condemnation lead to humiliation, confession, and reformation? That is the point. Reader, what say *you*? Shall we carry the matter to a throne of grace, shall we humbly confess our sins, shall we seek grace to help us to practise self-denial in future? Oh, for that grace that will enable us, when tempted to indulge the flesh, neglect our duty, lose sight of Christ's honour, or seek to please ourselves instead of pleasing God, to stand like a rock, press on like the apostle, and exclaim with the Tirshatha, "So did not I, because of the fear of the Lord." And let us never forget the solemn words, "*If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live*" (Rom. viii. 13).

Cheltenham.

A PLEA FOR CHARITY.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"Charity never falleth."—1 Cor. xiii. 8.

Oh, thou deathless virtue, upon whose honoured brow the apostle has thus placed the crown of immortality! Eternal charity! thou art not to be frittered down to the doling-out of the fragments from the rich man's table to the necessities of a Lazarus! For "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing;" all the trumpeting of my almsgiving will be but "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." However, therefore, a Popish priesthood may take advantage of our translation of *ἀγάπη*, to give a seeming sanction to their doctrine of human merit and works of supererogation, the origin of the word, and this entire chapter, containing as it does such an inspired eulogy of this heavenly grace, demand of us that we render the word—LOVE.

It is not our design, in the present paper, to contemplate this transcendent virtue as a perfection of Deity, neither to dwell upon it in its diversified manifestations as a "fruit of the Spirit" in the hearts of believers; but briefly to urge its exemplification in the one aspect, of *putting a charitable construction upon the opinions, practices, and peculiarities of others*.

It is scarcely necessary for us as Baptists to premise, that we do not inculcate *indifference* with regard to the revealed will of our only lawgiver the "King in Zion;" we do not advocate among christians of various denominations an icy apathy which would freeze heterogeneous particles into an inanimate mass; but we desire a glowing *love* that shall fuse them into a vital union. Our plea is for "charity," and our protest is against a

bitter and censorious spirit among the disciples of our common Lord. An eminent living writer has truly said, "The form of the fold is not the source of the life, nor essential to the security of the sheep. Christ's sheep they may be, all belonging to the same flock, though they may be gathered into pens framed after somewhat a different fashion."

We, therefore, plead for charity as between the *Churchman* and the *Dissenter*. The charity which "hopeth all things," will surely allow us to admit that a Churchman, influenced by a different education and surrounded by other associations than ourselves, may not only conscientiously prefer an episcopal church, but may also be sincerely of opinion that "dissent is a great evil," that it would wonderfully promote the interests of true religion if all christians would conform to the ritual which he admires, and that it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that we should all be gathered into the one fold of the national hierarchy. The Dissenter, therefore, who cannot admit of the conscientiousness of his Episcopalian brother, is as pitiable for his weakness as he is censurable for his intolerance.

On the other hand, we denounce that Churchman as a bigot, and as exemplifying "all uncharitableness," who cannot allow that Dissenters are equally as conscientious in their nonconformity as he is in his conformity; and that such are, moreover, "brethren in the Lord;" albeit, they honestly declare their conviction, that national establishments of religion are not only not according to "the pattern shown in the Mount," but are more calculated to impede than promote the universal extension of the kingdom of Christ.

The Churchman may prefer a liturgy, but then he ought not to denounce extempore prayer as "*mere noise and Methodistical cant.*" At the same time, it is equally contrary to the charity that "hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil," for us to pronounce liturgical prayer as nothing better than *Pharisaical formality!* Candour, indeed, requires us to admit that there is some force in the reply of an observant Churchman, who alleges that we are not consistent in our objection to forms of prayer, inasmuch as we invariably use forms both of prayer and praise in our psalms and hymns; for it cannot be denied that the stereotyped language of our "service of song" is as familiar to us, as the liturgy is to them; and christian charity must allow there is point and pertinence in the expostulations of a pious Churchman,—

"Crito freely will rehearse
Forms of prayer and praise in verse;
Why should Crito then suppose
Forms are sinful when in prose?
Must my form be deemed a crime,
Merely for the want of rhyme?"

Let those, then, who can use a liturgy conscientiously and profitably do so, without a word or thought of uncharitableness from us. But if an attempt were made, as in former days, to *enforce* it upon us, we should, if worthy of our martyred ancestors, withstand it to the death!

Then as to the difference between *Baptists* and *Padobaptists*,—why should the former be contemptuously called "Dippers," and "Anabaptists;" or the latter, "Papists," and "Sprinklers"? Softer words and cooler arguments on both sides, would be more "honourable to our common Christianity," and more conducive to the establishment of the "truth as it is in Jesus."

So again as to the shades of *Doctrinal Truth* which prevail in the church of Christ, and unhappily our own denomination can claim no exemption from these diversities: one says, "I am of Gill," another, "I

am of Fuller," another, "I am of Hall," another, "I am of Kinghorn;" surely we may say to such, "Ye are yet carnal; for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions; are ye not carnal, and walk as men?"

Why should one class of our brethren be called *Antinomians*, merely because they give more prominence than others to the doctrines of divine sovereignty and unchangeable love? or another class be scouted as legalists and *Arminians*, because their theological predilections lead them rather to dwell on what they conceive are the obligations of sinners, and the duties of saints? In the apostolic churches differences arose about the observance of Jewish festivals, the eating of certain meats, and the observance of certain days; and it is worthy of notice, that the apostle did not undertake to settle those differences, but reminded the controversialists that "the kingdom of God was not in meat and in drink; but in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" thus teaching us that we are to cherish a certain delicacy of feeling respecting each others' conscientious differences. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and let all "follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

There is one more occasion we may notice for the exercise of charity, and that is, the *Diversified Habits and Constitutional Temperaments* of the members of the same christian community,—the idiosyncracies of individual believers. "For the body is not one member, but many." Some are distinguished by the clearness of their judgment, others by the warmth of their affections,—some for the serenity, others for the excitability, of their temper,—some for their love of solitude, others for their delight in publicity,—some are bold and forward, others are timid and retreating,—some have an eagle-eye to discover and expose all that seems to them erroneous or defective, while others may be thought too easy, if not too unconcerned, either as to the purity or the orthodoxy of the church. Now instead of these diversities being so many elements of strife, charity will so adjust them that they may work together "for the edifying of the body of Christ." For the eye must not say unto the head, "I have no need of thee;" nor again the hand to the feet, "I have no need of you." There must be no uncharitable judging, or dogmatic interference the one with the other, either in our christian efforts, or in our church meetings: "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves."

No one member ever possessed all the defects or all the excellencies of the christian character. Hence how often has it been said, "If this man's wisdom, and that man's zeal; if this one's quiescence, and the other's effervescence; if this brother's coolness, and another's rashness, could but be *blended*, what estimable characters they would form!" But it is not so; we have no moral chemistry by which we can effect the amalgamation; we must therefore take our brethren as we find them, and they also, be it remembered, must exercise the same charity of forbearance towards us. Very much of the peace and well-working of a church depends, under the Divine blessing, upon pastors and people seeking to know and understand each other, so as not to bring their "acute angles" into unhappy collision. But if instead of exercising this mutual charity, we are so impatient of each others' peculiarities as to seek by a Procrustean torture to coerce all to our own infallible standard, we shall rend the church, grieve the Spirit, and violate the royal law of LOVE.

In conclusion. While we would not relinquish the smallest particle of truth, let us cherish a conciliatory spirit towards all who "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Let us eschew all hard and irritating epithets,

not looking for perfection either from an Episcopal bench, a Wesleyan conference, a Congregational board, a Baptist union, or a Christian church; but, individually seeking to be imbued with the mind of Christ, may we be moulded more and more into that divine charity which "never faileth." "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Bury St. Edmunds.

GRACE ABOUNDING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF LUTHER.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—*Rom. v. 20.*

Almighty God! I call to thee,
By shame and anguish shaken;
Incline thy gracious ear to me,
And leave me not forsaken;
For who that feels the power within
Of past remorse and present sin,
Can stand, O Lord, before thee?

On thee alone my stay I place,
All human hope rejecting,
Relying on thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting;
I rest upon thy sacred word
That thou'lt repulse him not, O Lord,
Who to thy mercy fleeth.

And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow;
Forgetting not that thou of old
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold—
When weakest, thou most loving!

For though my sinfulness is great,
Redeeming grace is greater;
And though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
For he my King and Shepherd is,
And when most helpless, most I'm his,
My strength and my Redeemer!

CHRISTIAN SORROW.

"Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—*1 Thes. iv. 13.*

When comes the pale destroyer, Death,
Our happy hearts to shroud with gloom,
To still the pulse and stop the breath,
And bear a loved one to the tomb;

We mourning bide the stern behest,
And sadly forth our sorrows pour,
And shrine within the faithful breast
The form we see on earth no more.

But faith points smiling to the sky,
And speaks of Him who died to save;
She wipes the mourner's tearful eye,
And lights with joy the darksome grave.

Ye sorrowing ones, look upward then;
For brighter themes your griefs give o'er
The friend ye love ye'll meet again,
He is "not lost, but gone before."

Christian Heroes.

No. 9.—LUTHER.

(Continued.)

On the 6th of January, 1521, the estates of Germany were convened at Worms. Never, perhaps, was a diet more numerously attended, as certainly none was ever called under more exciting circumstances, than this. The whole nation was agitated by the discussion of the principles which Luther had spread. It was a new thing, too, in those days, for any man to defy the authority of the sovereign Pontiff, as Luther had done. And at this diet all the questions which the controversies of the day had raised, were to be discussed and settled. Luther was to be placed on his defence. The partisans of the Papacy, therefore, anticipated the diet with eager expectations of triumph; the followers of Luther, and those who sympathized with him, looked forward to it with something approaching to dismay.

If we could have passed along the roads which led to Worms, during the days preceding that appointed for the opening of the diet, a strange spectacle would have presented itself to us. There was Charles, the emperor, with his splendid retinue of civilians and ecclesiastics; there were electors, dukes, landgraves, margraves, courtiers, bishops, barons, all with their brilliant trains of retainers and attendants; and there was one man more important than all, LUTHER. He had set out almost alone, in ill health, amidst the earnest dissuasions of his friends, but retaining all his heroic calmness, and his resolution to fulfil, at whatever cost, the will of his God and Saviour. "There are so many cardinals and bishops at Worms," said one of his friends to him, "that they will burn you to ashes as they did John Huss." "Though they should make a fire reaching from Worms to Wittenberg, and rising to the sky, I would pass through it in the name of the Lord," was Luther's reply.

As he approached the city, both his friends and his foes were filled with amazement. The former trembled for the consequences; the latter were appalled at the daring

courage of the monk. The friend of his youth commissioned one of his servants to meet him near the city, and to request him not to enter Worms. "Go and tell your master," said Luther, "though there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on the roofs, I would enter it."* And he did enter it. Rome had fulminated her heaviest curses against him,—she had commanded all her subjects to withhold their countenance and to banish from every realm, the man who had not only disputed her authority, but had bid defiance to her gigantic power. Yet, here he was, in the presence of her mightiest adherents, willing to investigate her claims, and to expose her false pretensions!

Men have never witnessed, perhaps, so august an assembly as that before which Luther was now called to plead. The majesty of the greatest empire in the old and in the new world, was summoned by the chief of the Germanic nation. Upwards of two hundred of the highest personages in Church and State sat at the feet of the representative of the Cæsars, whilst a countless throng of learned doctors, civilians, and officers of the state, made up the gorgeous assemblage. As Luther entered the hall in which the diet was held, all eyes were fixed upon him. The silence was broken by an officer calling Luther by name, and proposing two questions to him. Pointing to a pile of books, he said, "Dost thou admit that these books were written by thee?" And, secondly, "Dost thou retract these works and their contents, or dost thou persist in the things thou hast advanced?" To the first question he replied without hesitation, after the titles of the books had been read. To the latter he asked for time to consider his reply. Why ask for time? Both parties were disappointed by the demand. The Romanists triumphed. "He will retract," they shouted, with exultation. "He was bold at a distance, but he quails before the majesty of the empire." But they had mistaken their man. His calmness, they had taken for cowardice; his unmoved purpose, for irresolution. Both found the next day that he had only

* On another occasion he made a similarly characteristic reply. They spoke about his not being at Leipzig, "as if Duke George," a great enemy of his, "had hindered him." "If I had had business at Leipzig," said he, "I would go, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running."

reserved his strength that he might inflict a mightier blow. The intervening time was passed in a widely different manner. By the Romanists in feasting at the imperial board, where high expectations were indulged; by Luther in social intercourse with a select few, and in agonising prayer to God.

At four o'clock the next day, Luther stood before the august tribunal. The chancellor renewed the questions of the previous day. Luther rose with calm dignity. The interests of unborn millions were suspended upon that moment. It was the crisis of the world's history. Breathless silence reigned in the assembly. The most varied emotions struggled in the minds of the multitude, as hope or fear gained the ascendancy. Luther spoke: first in German, then in Latin, he gave an elaborate reply. He vindicated his writings, but declared his willingness to retract everything which was erroneous, if he were convinced from God's word, that it was so. The diet was confounded. Its varied passions were tumultuously expressed. The building resounded with expressions of discontent, mingled here and there with those of applause. But the stern voice of the chancellor was heard above the tempest, and peace was soon restored. "We demand a more explicit answer," said he, gazing at Luther; "you are not here to cast doubts upon what has been decided by councils. You are called upon to give a clear and explicit answer. Will you or will you not retract?" "Since you demand an explicit answer, I will give it," said Luther; "I cannot submit my faith either to popes or councils. If I am not convinced by Holy Scripture, I can and will retract nothing." Then looking round upon the whole assembly, knowing that life and death were in the balance, with a spirit of sublime heroism, he said, "HERE I AM: I CAN NO OTHERWISE! GOD HELP ME! AMEN!"

The diet sat fixed in amazement at the reply of the Reformer. There he was alone, in the midst of powerful foes, braving all their fury by his noble conduct, though "he was not alone, because the Father was with him." No wonder that his words have been brought down to us, as words which still, three centuries after their utterance, thrill the souls of us and of all men. But such a reply must, of course, be followed by a conviction. His

condemnation was fixed. In a few days the whole power of Germany was to be invoked against him as a confirmed heretic. He, therefore, took the precaution to leave Worms. Calm and unmoved he left the city, where he had stood up so undauntedly for God and his truth. He must pass through a large forest on his way. He had penetrated the wild, and was approaching a ravine, when five horsemen, armed and masked, rushed upon the defenceless traveller. In a short time the Reformer was removed from his companions and placed upon a horse, and was compelled to plunge into the thickest of the forest with his attendants. The abduction of Luther convulsed Germany. The popular indignation was turned against Rome with tenfold fury. The friends of the Reformation believed him betrayed, and that he had been sacrificed to the implacable malice of the Papal Court. But Luther was safe. They were friendly hands which tore him from his companions. Upon the lofty summit of a mountain rose the strong fortrees of the Wartburg. Thither they bore the exhausted hero, and, entering its gloomy archway in the darkness of night, commanded him to throw off his priestly raiment, and then to invest himself in knightly attire. In this seclusion the Reformer continued for about ten months, hidden from his friends, and protected from the mad fury of his foes. The storm burst, but it fell harmlessly upon Luther. His noble conduct at Worms had, indeed, filled the Papacy with shame and rage. Its loudest thunders were heard; and Charles, too, goaded by the cardinal, and influenced by his own mortified ambition, hurled his fiercest anathemas at the devoted head of the monk. But in his mountain fastness Luther laughed at their rage.

The retirement of Luther, at this crisis, may appear a serious evil, but it was not. His seclusion was of immense advantage, not only to himself, but to the world also. Though retired he was not idle. Though snatched from the busy theatre where his life was endangered every moment, still his whole soul was actively employed in advancing the great cause for which he lived. From the sacred volume he breathed all his inspiration. It alone had nerved him for the conflict, cheered him in his moments of sadness, and thrown the gleam of hope and peace upon the darkness of the tomb. He determined to present it to his country.

In a solitary chamber of the Wartburg, he translated the New Testament into his native tongue, and speedily gave to his countrymen the word of God. He also gave himself to the composition of various commentaries and other treatises, in exposition or defence of his principles. And when he escaped from the Wartburg, and entered once more upon the stage of busy life, his *special* work had been well nigh done.

The individualism of Luther, after this, falls to some extent. His master mind may be seen everywhere in his own nation, but henceforth he takes only a part in consolidating the Reformation. We need not tell how he married after this,—how he entered on the lists in argument with our own king Henry the Eighth, “of sacred memory,” who had attacked him in a volume, and who won the title of Defender of the Faith by his intellectual gladiatorship,—nor how he restrained the violence of his followers, which only broke out after his death. In 1546, came his “time to die.” He had for years been yearning almost daily for his dissolution, and longed—no wonder—to be at rest. Trials and difficulties, too, had come upon him. Paltry disputes on matters of form and ceremony he was constantly called on to settle, though he would himself have treated all such questions, as he treated once a complaint

made to him that a follower of his would not preach without a cassock, saying, “Let him have a cassock to preach in: let him have three cassocks if he will.” His death at the last was sudden. He had been manifestly weaker for some time; but his departure was not immediately looked for. One night, however, unexpectedly, his friends were called from their beds to see him die. There lay the great man, gasping, and in the last agony. He was able to say little before he died,—how unnecessary when his life had said so much! But some few words were heard and recorded. “Oh, heavenly Father! eternal and merciful God! thou hast revealed to me thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ,—whom I have preached,—whom I have acknowledged,—whom I have loved,—and whom I honour as my dear Saviour and Redeemer,—now take my soul to thee.” “Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth; for thou, O God, hast loved me much.” Then the great heart ceased to beat, and the mighty voice was silent.

Luther was buried in front of his own pulpit at Wittenburg, where his grave may be still seen. Tread softly, reader, if thou passest by it in thy wanderings: it is the grave of one of the greatest of HEROES!*

Tales and Sketches.

AUNT MIRIAM ON CONSCIENCE.

A TALE FOR MOTHERS.

“What *is* conscience? I know how it is defined in the books; but I want a new definition for it,—one of yours, aunt Miriam.”

Now, my aunt Miriam was a sort of oracle with me. Her high culture, her quiet enthusiasm, and, most of all, her fervent piety, gave a charm and a certain gentle authority to everything she uttered. She had been in days past a most devoted mother, and the mystery that hung over the fate of her only child, gave to her character a silent intensity which, quickened sometimes into a kind of inspiration, set off, while it beautifully harmonized

with, her practical good sense. Whenever I became possessed of a knotty idea, it was always, as in the present instance, brought to her to disentangle.

“Why will not your old school definition suffice,” she asked, with her usual soft utterance; “that faculty by which we discern the moral quality of our actions?”

“But a heathen mother’s conscience approves that which mine condemns. Its decisions are not uniform.”

“No; the *correctness* of its decisions must always depend on the *purity* of our faith, and the *power* of its decisions on the *strength* of our faith.”

“Then you would call that an enligh-

* Those who would know something of Luther’s inner life, should read and study his “Table Talk.” Perhaps we may some time compile for our readers “A Day with Luther” from this volume. What would one not give to have spent a real day with Luther!

tened conscience, which is controlled by a faith in God and his truth."

"Undoubtedly, my dear; and that a perverted conscience which is directed by a false faith, as in the heathen, or by a mixed faith, as in the irreligious about us."

"But if conscience can mistake and mislead us, of what use is it? In what way am I the better off for it?"

"If rightly trained, it does not mistake; it is an unerring guide to the right. Hence I say you should begin early to cultivate Willie's conscience."

"But here," persisted I, somewhat perversely, "where every street has its church, and every house its bible, I really cannot see the need of paying so much attention to the consciences of children. They, of course, will not, like a heathen, mistake right for wrong, and wrong for right."

"Softly, my dear; there are degrees. The sun, if not eclipsed, may be clouded; and where there is not utter darkness, there may be only a fitful light."

"But why shouldn't my child learn these things as other children do? When he grows older, he must, of course, like the rest of us, learn his duty from the bible, and the preaching of God's word. And now if I send him to Sabbath-school, and supply him with good books, I do, at least, as much as most others do,—more than was done for me. None ever troubled themselves about my conscience, and yet I certainly know the difference between right and wrong, or, as you would say, my conscience is cultivated."

"A very little," returned my aunt Miriam, with a quiet positiveness which slightly ruffled my complacency.

"Well, auntie, I submit. But answer my question. Give me one sufficient reason why I should set to work to cultivate Willie's conscience, and I yield."

Aunt Miriam's soft grey eyes were closed, her knitting-work lay in her lap, and she murmured:

"A reason! Are you a christian mother? Then is it not enough that your heavenly Father has given your child such a faculty? Has God bestowed on him a priceless gift, and will you not teach him to take care of it? Has he endowed him with a sense so true and delicate that it will guide him through the most bewildering mazes of life, and will you not teach him to use it? Do you see him placed in a world where things are not what they seem; where howling

wildernesses put on the enchantment of fairy land; where pleasant plains are set with snares; where false adornings lure to ways of sorrow; where paths of peace are hid by intervening vapours; where a multitude are in pursuit of phantoms, and only a few solitary seekers grasp at realities? Do you know that he is endowed by his Maker with an inward vision, by which he can distinguish between the true and the false, and will you not seek to preserve that inward eye single within him? Oh, if you let that light which is in him become darkness, how awful in such a world will be that darkness!

"You rejoice in the development of his physical powers; you look with gladness on his growing strength, and free, graceful proportions. The faintest sign of illness excites your alarm, and calls forth your tenderest attention. You look well after his intellectual faculties. You would not willingly see him grow up ignorant and uncultivated. You say that God has given him these powers to promote his happiness, and that you owe it both to him, and to his heavenly Benefactor, to make the gift available to him. Will God hold you guiltless if you bestow so much care on these lesser gifts, and neglect the greater? Will you say, 'God has been good to my child; he has endowed him with many gifts for his usefulness and his happiness; let me see to it that they are improved'? and will you not also say, 'God has been *very* good to my child; he has bestowed on him one gift far transcending all others in value, one which can secure his tranquillity here, and an eternity of bliss hereafter; let me devote my best energies to this highest of gifts, to the care of this diamond among jewels'?"

Aunt Miriam paused. I looked up. Her serene face had grown radiant; her soft eyes beamed with an earnest light, and in reverent silence I waited again for the sweet charm of her low voice. But at that moment the clock struck nine, her hour for retiring. She quietly rose, took her lamp, and, with her usual kiss and good night, left me to think of what she had said.

And for days after, in my kitchen and in my parlour, sewing, reading, writing, walking, my head and heart were busy over aunt Miriam's words. Again and again was I tempted to say, "I am tormenting myself in vain, these fancies are but fears,

'Whispering harm, where harm is not;'" and yet I felt that she was right. But I

shrank from the responsibility. "I cannot," was the sigh of my inmost spirit. Thus I felt, as I stood one afternoon on my porch. The gay laugh of my little Willie fell almost sadly on my ear, and I found myself unconsciously repeating those words of Wordsworth:

—"A child, more than all other gifts,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude."

"Oh, yes!—inquietude," sighed I, as I looked at my boy, bounding in infant gleefulness a short distance off on the lawn. Near him walked my aunt Miriam. At the sight of her, my sunken spirits grew, all at once, buoyant with a new thought. Suddenly I saw a happy relief from my troubles. *I was insufficient; I had myself been trained only to folly, and how could I teach another.*

"I, though strong in love, was all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow."

for such responsibility; but my aunt Miriam, —her wisdom, and patience, and love, were all-sufficient. To her would I confide him; she should be the educator of his conscience; and for a time the load was lifted, and my heart was light again. Toward sunset I went in pursuit of my wanderers. Stepping lightly over the grass, unperceived I came upon them in an arbour at the foot of the lawn. I stood for a moment outside the trellis, charmed by the beauty of the picture within. The sinking sun, streaming through the dark green leaves,—for the foliage was just deepening into its summer hue,—filled the arbour with a rich, tender glow. My little boy, tired with play, had fallen asleep. His glossy curls lay in moist rings close to his head. The delicate veins of his temples were lost in the bright flush of his cheeks. His white breast rippled at every breathing, and his dimpled limbs were thrown over his aunt's lap with the negligent grace of infancy. *She sat in a reverie, looking towards the west. A spiritual beauty was in her face; and on her brow,—which was shaded by a crown of hair,—had settled at that moment, like a diadem, a golden band of sunshine. Her lips were parted, as if about to give utterance to the inspiration with which her whole presence glowed. My approach brought her back to the common light of life. Only the words, "Heaven lies very near us, Hattie," told where her thoughts had been.*

"Dear auntie, I have come to ask your help." I spoke rapidly, half conscious of the weakness of my request. "You re-

member what you said to me last Wednesday evening." She bowed in reply. "It has been on my heart ever since. I am not, God knows that I am not, equal to the duty. In everything else I can be to my child a true mother; but my own spirit has been too long steeped in folly for me to become to him a religious guide. *I know my incapacity.*"

"And in that knowledge lies your strength," returned she, tenderly.

I shook my head. "You forget my thoughtlessness. No, aunt Miriam, if ever Willie's conscience is properly trained, it must be by you. Will you not—oh, promise me that——"

"No, no," interrupted she, earnestly, the dreamy depths of her eyes growing deeper as she spoke; "*no one but yourself can do this work.* Do you remember, when God gave you your child, the new pulse that was stirred,—the new affection kindled? Do you remember how your heart almost ached with its new load of love?"

In meek silence I bowed assent.

"As you lay then in your weakness, the web of life was all unrolled before you; but your eyes were riveted only on one bright thread running through it, so fresh and so bright, that not till the first gush of emotion had passed, did you remember that it could be tarnished. The low wail of your little one fell on your ear, and instinctively you stretched out your arms to gather it to your sheltering bosom. That act revealed to your consciousness a new pride,—*the pride of protection.* Do you remember it? Till now you had leaned; but *now* who so strong to support as you? You fastened your gaze on its placid, unconscious face, and there was awakened within you a feeling akin to the divine; a feeling of love,—*love, absolute* in its power over its object. But, twin-born with that, do you remember how in your breast there sprang up another, the feeling of responsibility? The child was yours; your love would cherish it; your love guide it; your love shield it; your love mould it. But it was yours, also, *to account for.* The more intense your love, the lower sank your heart under this heavy burden. How unlike the divine, were now your feelings of weakness, and incapacity, and fear.

"God has intrusted to your care this fragment of his spiritual creation. It is an atom, perfect, complete in itself, because He made it. But, in giving it to you, He

has severed it from Himself; and now in a world where spirit is the servant of sense, must it feel its way back, or never reach again the source from which it sprang. What a responsibility, then, was imposed on you when such a gift was intrusted to your care. *A responsibility which cannot be transferred, because no one else can feel it as you do.* On you has God charged it; and, alas, for the forlorn child if you feel it not! The sweet care of this young body you may commit to another. Another may robe the round limbs, may lave the smooth cheek, may weigh the weary eyelid down with soft lullabies, may give the good-night kiss, may even tend the little couch where life and death are struggling for the victory. Does your wounded heart cry, 'No'? Do you shrink from committing to another the care of that which the tenderest solicitude cannot long withhold from the banquettings of worms; and can you trust to the devotion of another that young, radiant spirit, which is made to reap light and gather gladness on its homeward travellings, but which can be so easily dragged down, trailed in the dust, and spoiled? Oh, no; the wisdom of God guiding you, be you the instructor of your child's conscience, that conscience which worms cannot destroy, but which will be to him a life-joy or a death-torture for ever."

A slight shiver ran over me as my aunt Miriam uttered these last words. I attributed it to the gathering dampness of the sunset air, though the day had been unusually warm. But, taking my little boy, who had waked, and was tossing off the shawl that covered him, I folded him long and closely to my breast. Struggling to get free, he cried, "Oh, there is papa!" and in a moment, with hat and sack half fastened, he was bounding towards the garden gate. My aunt Miriam followed him. I walked slowly toward the house, and in my abstraction tore to pieces the bud of a magnificent tea-rose, which my husband had brought in to me at noon. It was the first half-opened blossom of a cherished plant; and when he fastened it on my bosom, he whispered playfully, "It will have a more beautiful opening under love's influence." Not till I had arrived at my door-step, did I awake to the heedless havoc I had made. "Oh, my Father!" I sighed, "shall this be the influence of my love on the bud which *thou* hast given? Is this significant of *his* unclosing?" Involun-

tarily I repeated aunt Miriam's last words,—"trailed in the dust, and spoiled." Turning, I picked up, one by one, each fragrant petal,—wrapped them, with the little stem now shorn of its glory, in a bit of paper,—carried them into the house,—and, with a thought of my husband, kissed them, and laid them away in my drawer. "There lie," murmured I, "and be to me a memorial and a monition for months to come."

The next day was oppressively warm. After dinner I went into the darkened library, and wearily threw myself on the sofa. My aunt Miriam sat in the rocking-chair, with her knitting-work in her hands. She stooped to pick up a grape-leaf which, the evening before, my husband had formed into a cup, and brought in filled with fresh raspberries. "That reminds me," said I, "that you were saying something of Willie's character last night as you entered the house."

"Yes, my dear," replied my aunt Miriam, in a voice whose low sweetness was in admirable keeping with the languid softness of the air, and the dim twilight of the room; "and there was suggested by what we were saying another reason why you should cultivate Willie's conscience, which I thought I would mention to you."

"Ah, I am sure that I am already sufficiently convinced. I need rather to know the way how, than the reasons why. But tell me what it is?"

"It is this, *that a good conscience lies at the basis of all good character.*"

"And yet there are some whose characters seem to have other foundations; as, for instance, miserly Dr. Get-all, who has become so suddenly celebrated for his benevolence; and the incorruptible Mr. Slide, who has been so unexpectedly charged with selling his principles for money. Both these men, one would suppose, must have been as much surprised as was the rest of the world, at the foreign acquisition so suddenly made to their characters."

"Not to their *characters*, my dear. A reputation may grow up in a day. Like Byron, one may wake up in the morning and find himself famous. But character, that which one really *is*, is the growth of years. It is not one act, nor two, but the habit acquired by frequent repetition which forms it."

"And conscience?"

"Conscience pronounces certain thoughts, feelings, acts, right; others it pronounces

wrong. If we follow its dictates in each particular instance, we find ourselves gradually possessed of settled habits,—physical, mental, and moral,—which, we say, constitute a good character. And so, on the other hand, if we act contrary to its dictates, we speedily find ourselves possessed of opposite habits, which we call a bad character."

"And yet there are some who pass well in the world, that seem to have found a shorter way to what you say must be obtained by so slow a process."

"It is true," replied aunt Miriam, "there are those who have the penetration to discover that virtue wins respect, and who consequently assume its counterfeit, and often obtain a good reputation. But their actions are a mask, concealing the true lineaments of the heart; and the same self-interest which put it on, will sometimes also take it off. It is impossible for one to act *uniformly* right, who does not act on principle."

"But may not one act uniformly right," asked I, "guided by a high self-interest, or by reason or judgment?"

"No," replied she emphatically, "because conscience is the only impelling power which can act independently of inward passion or outward circumstance. Good actions prompted by any other principle are but fortunate accidents. They do not necessarily belong to the character. Self-interest often becomes blind from looking too intently; Reason is proud and headstrong, often overleaping itself; Judgment is decomposed and modified by every circumstance that calls it into action; but Conscience, the meek servant of God, sits tranquil and assured, speaking ever in the same steady voice, till conformity becomes to us, not a habit merely, but a necessity, a part of our very nature, or, in other words, our character. And if, of all our faculties, conscience only can be trusted as a guide, shall we be so reckless of the well-being of our children as to appeal to every other, cultivate every other, and leave this alone? Do we expect to meet them at that great tribunal where, the conscience bearing witness, judgment will be pronounced on their characters, on what they are, and shall we not faithfully cultivate in them 'a conscience void of offence,' without which a good character cannot be attained?"

My aunt Miriam's words sunk into my heart, but her voice soothed me—

"like the murmuring

Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

Gradually a delicious languor stole over my frame. My thoughts grew dreamy. My senses were all absorbed in the scene before me.

I found myself in a narrow road, with Willie by my side. In company with me, a train of mothers were travelling slowly along, each with her little ones gathered closely around her. I trembled; for the way seemed long and full of dangers. I looked forward, where it passed over rugged steeps, and through unshaded meadows. I saw deep pitfalls stretched across it, screened with waving flowers. Here it wound along abrupt precipices, and there by the side of dark, still waters. As we journeyed on, a murmuring sound fell on my ears, like the soft harmony of winds. By degrees, I distinguished the mothers' low-voiced teachings. One, as she culled the fragrant flowers, exposed the dangers underneath; another, dipping the clear, cool water, pointed out the perils of the slippery banks; and all alike, with murmured words, gazed ever and anon towards heaven. I looked, and, for an instant, within a cloud, beheld a form more glorious than I can describe, and at his feet a cross. He was their guide; that cross their light in darkness, their shadow in the fervent heat. For days we journeyed on. Just before we walked an orphan group. I watched, and wondered at their safety among the hidden snares, till I saw the path of light that streamed before their steps. Then I knew they went not unattended, and remembered that He within the cloud,—their mothers' trust,—had said of such, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." But now my Willie faltered, weary with his walk. His eye grew dreamy, and his smile faint. With troubled heart, I bore him in my arms; and then I heard a voice, "Suffer little children to come unto me." But before I understood the summons, with mingled agony and rapture, I gazed on his radiant form, borne upward from my arms, till, through the parted clouds, he was lost to my view. Then, in my anguish, I threw myself on the ground, and with stifled sobs awoke.

My eyes opened on the serene, pleasant face of my aunt Miriam. My hot brow was fanned by the breeze which came in through the casement loaded with the fragrance of the garden, and on my ear fell the merry

voice of my child, as it echoed through the hall.

"Oh, it was all a dream!" I exclaimed.

"What, my dear?" enquired my aunt Miriam, kindly. "You have slept but a few minutes."

I related minutely my strange fancies.

"Nor was it," said she, tearfully, when I had finished, "all a fancy. Could you have followed that devoted band to their happy reunion above, then would you have heard from each the 'answer of a good conscience toward God,' and from their Judge and Saviour, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

THE LONE SPARROW.

A poor waiting-maid called on her pastor one very rainy night, at the hour which he had appointed for religious conversation. She was a member of the church, and there was nothing in her religious state which called for particular direction. But she had thought that no one would call on the minister in such a night, and therefore she ventured into his study. The pastor listened awhile to her conversation, hoping to discover her errand. At length he saw the object of her call.

She had joined the church some six months before. On her examination by the brethren, she showed extraordinary ignorance, and, at the same time, extraordinary simplicity and strength of faith. She was proof against all hard questions, because she believed as a child. Her answer to enquiries which might have troubled others was this: "Jesus says, 'Come unto me;' and *I do come to him!*" It was not without some misgiving and solicitude that she was received to the church. But a few months showed that her love for instruction was intense, and that she was rapidly maturing in christian experience.

At length she went to live at another place. Here her religious privileges were very much diminished. She could not attend the Sabbath-school as she had done before. She was often prevented from going to chapel on the Sabbath; and the evening services were nearly abandoned by her. But she felt the change most painfully. Her sole recreation and luxury had been when she could enter the sanctuary, or take a retired seat in the prayer-meeting. Now she felt deserted. Although her wages

were more than before, she resolved to relinquish her place, that she might regain her religious privileges.

As she sat with her minister, pouring out her troubles, "*The Lone Sparrow*" seemed almost to break from his lips. She exemplified the prophet's complaint, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert. I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top." "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." That poor woman, whose whole living for the year would be spent in a week by many families of the church to which she belonged, had resolved to make sacrifices for the sake of religion! She was going into a new and untried sphere of labour, where her wages would be less, that she might not be debarred from the Sabbath and the sanctuary! May she have her reward in riches that fade not away, in bread that satisfies, and in water from the river of God!

Refined christian, living at ease, with a prominent pew in the sanctuary, you were not seen in your place last Sabbath afternoon! True, indeed, some rain or rain-droppings fell at the hour of service, and to have gone to chapel would have been a trifling act of self-denial. But did you know that God was in his holy temple to meet you? The minister was there, with a sermon prepared with special reference to your profit. Many were there whose faces were doubly pleasant and encouraging to their pastor, because he thought they had come from principle or desire, and not from custom or the want of other occupation. The Lone Sparrow, too, was there, in a remote seat in the gallery. And how she listened to the truth! It was to her soul meat indeed!

Shame on thee, indolent christian! Thou wilt not have, for naught, the privilege for which she has paid so dearly. Never speak of sacrifices, nor grudge to give at the call of duty, till thou hast emulated the Lone Sparrow; till some act of thine is worthy to be compared with the truly noble and christian conduct of that obscure church-member, who thought she might intrude into her pastor's study on a rainy night, when no one else would go! "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR BROTHER?

"He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias; which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus."

"Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses, in the law and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth."

So it ever has been: so it is now. The poor blind sinner is led to Jesus: the eyes of his understanding are enlightened with the light of life; and straightway, with gratitude and joy, he cries:

"Oh, that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

The sinner, discovering the plague of his heart, is induced to try the balm in Gilead, and the physician there; and as spiritual health begins to rejoice his soul, he exclaims to his dying brother:

"There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!"

Some time since, a man and his wife, being tenderly admonished by a christian friend, were persuaded to visit the long neglected house of prayer. The spirit of Christ opened their eyes, and they were led to see their need of mercy, and sought and found a God ready to forgive. With thankfulness and love, in conjunction with the friend before alluded to, these new converts sought to bring other careless ones to the sanctuary; and the Lord has been pleased graciously to own and bless these

efforts; and two other couples have united themselves with the people of God.

That was a blessed Sabbath, when this christian friend, with these six souls, sat at the table of the Lord, to commemorate his dying love. Oh, who can tell the far reaching results of this simple christian effort? This friend did no more than every disciple can do. Who cannot say to his brother, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel?"

"Would you win a soul to God?

Tell him of the Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt."

These converts are heads of families: all of them have little children to train up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." There are now three more family altars in the world; the world is richer, brighter, and purer for these; and when we can estimate the usefulness of a Doddridge, we may learn how to value pious parental example and instruction.

Dear reader! fellow-christian! follower of Jesus! where is thy brother? Are you earnestly, and prayerfully, and wisely seeking to win his soul? or are you sleeping over his immortal interests?

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the night,

When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something,—do it soon,—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive, were no longer blest."

Correspondence.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO HELP ONE ANOTHER IN THE WAY OF TRADE.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

I delayed forwarding a few observations on the paper in your number for June, on "The duty of christians to help one another," in the hope that what I felt might be expressed by others.

I think your correspondent is not justified in saying that "the subject is thought by

many of but little importance, or perhaps by most christians is not considered at all." I believe there is a general desire on the part of christians to deal with those of their own communion, and in other cases with christians belonging to other communions, where they can be supplied with as good an article and at as low a price as they can purchase of others; but I submit a tradesman has no right to expect persons to purchase of him at a disadvantage, either in article or in price. If this were conceded, it would go far to destroy the in-

ducement, on the part of traders, to improve their mode of doing business, the progress in which is important to society at large.

I think it was the excellent John Newton who once said that a religious shoemaker ought to be the best shoemaker in the parish, and I do not know why a religious grocer or draper should not be the best grocer or draper, and he probably will be if he finds that he must not depend for custom on motives of friendship. To the majority of the heads of families, the provident and frugal laying out of their money is necessary to their comfort, and to their having anything left to aid in supporting the cause of Christ; but I feel the importance of this especially as it affects our ministers; there are many who are ready to say to those to whom they can say it in confidence, "I could make my £100 a year go further by £10, if I could lay out my money where I pleased. I need not go threadbare, nor my sons either, if I could have that £10 to spend." We know that in many cases one of the deacons is a grocer, and another a draper, and that there are some ministers who cannot relieve themselves from a running account against their

salaries, and see very little actual money. Now probably not even your correspondent would sanction this; but it is all part of the same system; and if the discussion in your pages should lead our friends who are in trade to take measures for supplying the best article at the same price as others do, it will be productive of great benefit ultimately to themselves as well as their friends, and will prevent a great many heart-burnings.

I am old enough to remember the Rev. Thomas Towle, an Independent minister in London, some fifty years ago. He was a very cheerful man, and sometimes rather facetious. A friend, dining with him one day, desired the servant to give him table beer. Mr. Towle interposed, begging him to take porter, for that he could not get good table beer. The friend replied, "Oh, Sir, permit me to recommend you to deal with Mr. So-and-so, he is a gracious good man." "Oh, my dear Sir," said Mr. Towle, "my present brewer is a gracious good man, but I want a gracious good brewer."

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

London.

W. B. G.

A Page for the Young.

A MEMORIAL OF A CHILD.

BY THE REV. JAMES MURSELL.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, even as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Thus does Eliphaz the Temanite describe the death of an aged servant of God. And among the figures which sparkle like thick-set gems upon the page of Scripture, there is, perhaps, none more luminously illustrative, or more largely suggestive than this. The scene it depicts might arrest the gaze of angels! The threescore years and ten which have passed over the head of that venerable saint, sprinkling his locks with frost, and writing their traces in furrows on his brow, have served, by the varied experience they have brought, sanctified to that high end by the Spirit of all grace, to develop the stature, and mature the strength, of the inner man. And at length, when his discipline is complete, like a shock ripe for the harvest, he

bows before the sickle of the great Reaper, and is gathered home.

But rich as such a scene assuredly is in interest and instruction, there is a sight to our thinking more impressive still, and yielding a yet brighter evidence of the power and value of religion—the death of a *christian child*. To the old man the life of earth is a memory—a retrospect of spent joy, quenched light, and vanished beauty. To the only joy which remains to stir his hope, death must introduce him. It is far otherwise with the child. His life lies all before him; and hope, as yet unchilled by the sadness of remembered disappointment, draws out that life to almost indefinite duration, and invests it with a bright and mystic charm. The cup of joy in his hand is scarcely tasted. The light of his day is the light of dawn, every ray prophetic of brighter hours to come. He has thus more of life to part with in dying than the old man, and the victory of faith over death

is, in his case, so much the more marked and splendid. Here, indeed, "death is swallowed up of victory." To present to your readers, for their study and profit, a few brief notices of one such scene, occurring within the circle of the writer's own observation, is the purpose of the following lines.

Mary Anne Page was born in Leicester, February 16, 1840. From her infancy she was weakly, and the accidental dropping of a stone upon her foot when she was about seven years old induced a lameness, which, by depriving her of the power of taking exercise to any sufficient extent, served to perpetuate and increase her debility. She was thus, in great measure, denied participation in those active enjoyments which usually engage the thoughts and energies of children. But she was not without compensation. Her mind had much of that precocity, which is found, with a proverbial and by no means unaccountable frequency, in association with bodily weakness. And that weakness itself, by driving her to other sources of amusement, especially to books, had the effect, in its turn, of quickening and developing her natural intelligence. With her, reading was no mere pastime. The pleasure she derived from it was no negative or listless feeling—it was lively and deep. Yet it was, at the same time, of a very different kind from that which is with too many the sole result of reading—an excitement which fades with the closing of the volume, leaving on the mind no trace of its presence save the enervation and confusion it has wrought. She read to higher and more permanent purpose than this. Books were for her a mine in which she sought for gems which memory might treasure,—a garden from which she plucked, not only flowers that should wither, but fruit that should remain. Hence, as might be inferred, her choice of books, from an early age, was not that which we are accustomed to find made by a child. The instructive were, for the most part, preferred to the merely amusing, while such as were trifling and unprofitable she regarded with indifference and dislike. Even in reading the lighter style of books, her spirit and aim were more lofty than is generally found associated with the perusal of such works. Tales were valued, not alone or chiefly for the amusement they brought, but for the instruction they conveyed. Those designed and adapted to impress the lessons

of truth held a higher place in her esteem than those which found their only purpose in the entertainment of the passing hour. It was her characteristic remark, when disappointed by finding less of these solid qualities than she had hoped for in the volume she was reading, "This is a very childish book, but I'll try and learn something from it." Books which, to most of her age, would appear dry and repulsive—those, for example, intended to enforce the claims of religion—she ranked amongst her chief favourites. The intelligence which characterised her love of reading was evinced by her fondness for reading aloud to her companions. To the listless reader this is too great and too consecutive an effort—he chooses rather to yawn over his book alone. The person who resorts to books for excitement merely, prefers to "devour" his precious volume undisturbed by the presence of a companion, and unhindered by the slow drudgery of pronouncing every word he reads. But the true and intelligent lover of reading finds his own pleasure in, and appreciation of, his book enhanced, as well by the closer attention necessarily involved in reading aloud, as by the sharing of his enjoyment with others. It was thus with this little girl. Where her diffidence permitted her to feel sufficiently at ease, she loved to read to her friends, that so they might participate in the pleasure and profit she herself received.

But though thus finding her highest and most keenly relished enjoyment in pursuits to which most of her age are little prone, it must not be imagined that she felt no sympathy with the mirth, and no interest in the amusements, of childhood. She was no young ascetic, standing disdainfully aloof from the innocent gaieties of early life. It is true that continued ill-health had wrought its natural effect upon her spirits, tinging them with a sobriety not common to her years. It is true, also, that her tastes would never permit her to make these lighter pursuits the main occupation of her life. Yet her disposition was as far removed from moping melancholy on the one hand, as from idle and vapid frivolity on the other. While her strength was sufficient, she was ready to mingle with sprightliness in the more active sports of her companions; and, when weakness forbade this, those quieter amusements which that weakness allowed, were shared and enjoyed with real zest and

appreciation. These recreations, however, held their appropriate place in her esteem. They were not with her, as they are with too many even of her seniors, the chief objects of life and thought. They were made secondary and subservient to higher and more profitable pursuits. She showed, in her character and deportment, that it is possible, even in childhood, for cheerfulness to be the companion of sobriety, and for a lively and gladsome interest in the lighter pleasures of youth to be found in association with a constant and hearty regard to loftier and more serious claims. Those, indeed, who take other views of life—with whom joy means frivolity, and seriousness is the synonyme of sorrow—will, probably, deem that such a life as hers must be most melancholy. Such persons may congratulate themselves that they have never tasted sadness,—we pity them, for they know not the meaning of joy.

Music was a recreation of which she was devotedly fond; and no one could listen to her playing without perceiving indications of a true native genius for the art. There was, indeed, no brilliant mechanical display, whose only effect is to show the efficacy of practice to enable the fingers to execute with precision evolutions whose rapidity the eye can scarcely follow; but there was that which no practice can give, and no art can simulate—the power of expressing feeling with delicacy and intensity, by the strains she played. Indeed, this seemed to be her chosen medium for the expression of emotions for which she had no words; and he must have been most dull of ear and heart who could listen to the deep pathos with which she would play the simplest melody, and be conscious of no thrill of responsive feeling.

Her love of nature was so intense as to amount almost to a passion. Nor was it the vague, indiscriminating feeling usual with children. It was not only the broader and more obvious features of grandeur and magnificence which called forth her wonder and delight; her eye was quick to detect those minuter and more hidden beauties which crowd about the path of every day's travel, but which coyly veil themselves from all but those who are earnest in the search for them, and delicate of sight to appreciate them when found. Not only the sea, the sky, the mountain, but the flower, the shell, the insect, had for her a deep and enchain- ing charm; and often when too weak or

weary to walk, she would surround herself with such treasures, gathered in her rambles, to be gazed at again and again with untiring admiration, and almost affection, when feebleness forbade her to quit her couch. One who was with her, when about eleven years old, in the midst of the beauties of the Isle of Wight, tells of the profound emotions of awe and rapture which that scenery stirred in her young heart. Walking one day in Shanklin Chine, she said, "This place makes me wish to be still. I cannot think how people can just walk *through* such a place, as if they were on a turnpike road; one would think they had no souls!"

But warm and true as was her love of Nature, she never suffered the effect to take the place in her esteem which belonged to the Cause,—the machine, exquisitely perfect, yet unintelligent, to usurp the adoration due to the all-wise and omnipotent Designer. There are in this, as there were in former days, "fools" who say there is no God,—men who, in the name of philosophy, would dethrone the Monarch of the universe, and then call upon us to admire the absurdities of order without government, laws without a lawgiver, works without a creator,—who would banish from the great temple of creation every ray of the glory of Jehovah, and then solemnly summon us to burn incense before a darkened and dishonoured shrine! Not thus, in her safer simplicity, thought this child: "I wonder," were her words while at the Isle of Wight, "how any one can be *here* and not love to think of God!" With a truer vision than that of these self-styled seers, she beheld in every mountain and in every flower, in the rolling ocean and in the twinkling dew-drop, the traces of His power and skill who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." When will the wise learn wisdom, and the philosopher prove his claim to the title he assumes, by becoming "as a little child"?

Indeed, from very early life the thought of God was to her a habitual and a practical one. "I never," declares her mother, "remember the time when she had not a great love and reverence for all that was sacred, and a fear of offending God." Her conscience was quick and tender. When about six years old she had been sent on an errand. On her way she lost a half-penny from the money entrusted to her, and, to avoid the displeasure of her parents, repre-

sented the price of the article she had been commissioned to purchase as greater by that sum than it really was. The thought of the sin she had committed, she subsequently declared, haunted and distressed her for many days and nights afterwards; and the circumstance was one on which, to the close of her life, she looked back with real pain. The incident is trifling, but it is characteristic. Comparatively few, it is to be feared, of that age, would have felt, in the uttering of such an untruth, more than a momentary pang of shame. They would have measured the magnitude of the fault by the smallness of the sum which constituted the difference between her statement and the truth. And to not many, even of those older than she was, would such a "sin of their youth" be still a subject of distressful thought, though years had passed since the time of its commission.

She "was glad when it was said unto her, Let us go into the house of the Lord." And this "gladness" was not a fitful feeling, roused by novelty and sustained by mere curiosity or custom, but a warm and steady attachment to the ordinances of God's house, having its root in principle, and nourished by her appreciation of the great ends which those ordinances are designed to subserve. Even when her lameness rendered walking a most difficult and painful effort, she allowed no obstacle not absolutely insurmountable to detain her from the services of the sanctuary. And when there she was no listless or indiscriminating hearer. Her quick discernment, and high estimation of the more sterling qualities of preaching,—clearness in expounding, and earnestness in recommending, the "glorious gospel of the blessed God,"—might shame many listeners of riper years. When these were absent, no profundity of thought, no grace of eloquence, could compensate her for their loss; while, if they were present, their value in her eyes was not diminished by the homeliness of the garb in which they might appear. During the sojourn in the Isle of Wight to which reference has been more than once made, she had heard a sermon from an evidently devoted, but plain and unlettered preacher of the truth. The text was 1 Kings xviii. 43. On leaving the chapel she expressed with warmth to the friend who had accompanied her, the great enjoyment she had felt in the service. "It was a great effort to come, but I am so glad I

did! I often find, when I have had a struggle over anything of this kind and have overcome, that I have had my reward. So you see God does not treat us as we should those who were unwilling to obey and please us." "I love," she continued after a pause, "to hear these men preach and pray; they seem to wish to do good, not to make a show. You see he had not learned grammar; and yet he could pray, and preach about prayer; and how earnestly he seemed to wish us all to come boldly to Christ."

Indeed, an utter hatred of all hypocrisy and display was one of the most strongly-marked features of her character. She was a close and keen observer of actions. Profession was nothing to her unless its sincerity were attested by deeds. The affection, or the religion, which is loudly declared with the lip, but without witness in the life, she reckoned valueless. Even counsel, good in itself, seemed to have no weight with her, if it came from one whose conduct she had reason to suspect was inconsistent with his advice. "What is the use," she would say, "of people talking when they do not practise? *it does me no good.*"

This feeling, as it appeared at least to the writer, was in her case exemplified somewhat excessively. There was danger of its becoming an unamiable trait (almost the only one) in her disposition. It was the result of a jealous conscientiousness and transparent sincerity, which rendered anything like untruthfulness and inconsistency almost incomprehensible by her; but it needed watching, lest it should degenerate into the exhibition of a spirit foreign from the love which "thinketh no evil." A longer experience, had she been spared for it, of the difficulties and temptations of the christian's course, would, doubtless, have gone far to rectify this tendency; and, while it served to foster rather than to impair her own tenderness of conscience, would have modified the somewhat undue sternness of her judgment of others.

Nothing would be further from the truth, however, than the inference which might, not unnaturally, be drawn from the remarks just made, that this unsparing dislike of inconsistency in others was associated with lofty thoughts of herself before God. Often, indeed, these two manifestations of character are found together. Very frequently the whine, "How bad the world is!" is but another and more decent style of uttering the self-plaudit, "How good I am!" But

with the subject of this sketch it assuredly was otherwise. A deep consciousness of sinfulness kept her humble before Him

who "is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

(To be continued.)

Kettering.

Miscellaneous.

SPREAD THE GLAD TIDINGS.—"At the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbours were blockaded. Communications coastwise between our ports were cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were mouldering in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labour were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could be much longer protracted. It happened that on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agonies of war were over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city, and in this sense, the city was *evangelised*. All this, you see, was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to

our world a treaty of peace; when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, while no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?"—*Dr. Wayland.*

ABSENT FROM THE PRAYER-MEETING.—The prayer-meeting absentee,—how stands the account with him? We mean the absentee whose habit it is not to attend the social-meeting, and that, too, for no good reason. Perhaps he is at the shop or warehouse, or on a friendly visit to a neighbour's family, or at some pleasure gathering, when the hour for the meeting arrives. Suppose he could be persuaded to seek the mind of God at the throne of grace concerning his conduct, in what language can he present his request? Can he find words suited to his case? Yes, he may; for even sin does not lack in phraseology. "Lord, my heart does not incline me to go to the place of prayer. I pray thee have me excused. Bless me in neglecting this means of grace. Go with me to the shop and pleasure circle. They keep my heart from folly, and my lips from speaking guile." Words are not wanting to express his real desires to God; but then they falter on his tongue. His heart chills, and his soul shudders, and his conscience upbraids, as he thinks to utter them; nay, for the world he would not lift his eyes heavenward with such a petition in his heart. His neglect, in the view of prayer, has not a redeeming quality. If his soul were ever goaded by remorse for his sins, such a prayer would increase it a thousand fold. Is his course just and christian? If so, he can pray that God may bless him in it. He can commend it to his notice in solemn supplication, morning and evening, and at all times in the day, sure that divine favour will be added. But if he be not acting the christian part, it is presumption to seek God's blessing; God will hold him in derision as he presents such a request. How, then, does he feel? Has he ever been to the Hearer of prayer with his conduct? Dare he go and tell his Master that he does not intend to share the responsibility of church action, and ask him to bless him in his resolves? If not, how can he continue in such neglect without experiencing pungent remorse? What opiate can he apply to his conscience, to silence its upbraidings?

GOD'S TENDERNESS.—How soothing in the hour of sorrow, or bereavement, or death, to have the countenance and sympathy of a tender earthly friend! My soul! there is one nearer, dearer, tenderer still—

the friend that never fails—a tender God. By how many endearing epithets does Jesus exhibit the tenderness of his affection to his people! Does a shepherd watch tenderly over his flock? “The Lord is my shepherd!” Does a father exercise the fondest solicitude towards his children? “I will be a father unto you!” Does a mother’s love exceed all earthly types of affectionate tenderness? “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you!” Is the apple of the eye the most susceptible part of the most delicate bodily organ? “He keeps them as the apple of the eye!” “He will not break the bruised

reed!” “When the shepherd and bishop of souls” finds a sinner like a lost sheep stumbling on the dark mountains, how tenderly he deals with him! There is no look of wrath, no word of upbraiding; in silent love “He lays him on his shoulders rejoicing!” When Peter falls, he does not unnecessarily wound him. He might have repeated often and again the piercing look which brought the flood of penitential sorrow. But he gave that look only once; and if he reminds him again of his threefold denial, it is by thrice repeating the gentlest of questions, “Lovest thou me?”

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The *War* has changed its features but little. Blockade of sea-ports, and English and French troops and munitions of war accumulating in Turkey but not moving to the scene of action, are the summary of what has occurred on our part since we last wrote. The news of the brave and splendid repulse of the Russians from Silistria by the Turks is confirmed, the former having been driven across the Danube with fearful loss, and with the death of several of their generals. One of the most interesting facts in connection with the war, is the embarkation of a considerable number of French troops in English ships of war and transports for the Baltic. Happy will it be for the cause of civilization, and we trust of religion too, if the union into which England and France have been forced by the ambition of Russia, and which on the part of the soldiers, sailors, and people, has been so hearty, should prove a lasting one. Mutual good understanding, and appreciation of each other, instead of jealousy and antagonism, will make us invaluable neighbours to each other. Well for us, socially, if they unteach us the aristocratic feeling, which curses our social intercourse from the artificer to the throne; and well for them if we impart to them a little of our love of political freedom, and of our capacity for it. Melancholy, after all, are the unvarnished facts of the war. The waste already of ten or fifteen millions of money, which might have employed our operatives at home, and the partial check to trade, are but the least evils. It is horrid to think of a brutal tyrant, who fancies himself a demigod, ordering his literal slaves to murder, blow up, and kill all the Turks they can, to increase the extent of his barbarous dominion, and of Turks being compelled to mangle and slay in self-defence the superstitious, ignorant savages who do the bidding of the Czar. Thousands and tens of thousands of God’s intelligent creatures, beings to save whom Jesus died, are dying the most miserable of all deaths, to subserve a voracious and insatiate tyranny. Such are the facts permitted on God’s earth. Facts due to a man who is the head of the religion and worship

of Jesus Christ in Russia! Should any of our readers wish for solid, yet most interesting information about Russia, and to know from an impartial, or rather friendly writer, what a blight Russian dominion would be to all civilization and intelligent worship of God, we refer them to a small book, written by a Catholic however, “*De Custine’s Russia*” (Longmans). They will understand then the curse of an imperial, a military pope, and will see the necessity of the present war.

It is gratifying to see that the movement against the abuse of *Public Houses* is gaining strength daily. Public meetings have been successfully held to petition for closing them entirely on the Lord’s-day. In this we entirely concur. While the legislature compels men to abstain from work on that day, while it closes shops which sell innocuous articles, it is bound, by every consideration of humanity and policy, to shut, what may be properly termed, the gates of hell, to an idle population. The greatest of modern preachers, of our denomination too, styled ardent spirits, “Liquor fire and distilled damnation;” and this witness is true. We earnestly solicit our sober working friends to petition Parliament, that the new Scotch law of closing all public houses on the Sunday may be extended to England. A petition of workmen’s wives would be a desirable one also; what sufferers are they by the opening of gin shops to their unemployed husbands! A Parliamentary Committee has just reported in favour of closing more hours on the Lord’s-day; and it is remarkable, that several publicans gave evidence in favour of closing them entirely! It is also a favourable sign, that one of the best articles in the lately published number of the *Edinburgh Review*,—the quarterly organ of the old whigs,—is in favour of the Maine Liquor Law! It owns that the only weighty argument against it is, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not afford to sacrifice fifteen millions of revenue;—this would, however, be made up by domestic brewing, by the use of other exciseable articles, and by the vast diminution of crime, which would be sure to result.

Wonderful to tell, the Lords have actually liberalized the *Oxford University Bill*. They passed, without objection, the clauses admitting Dissenters without Church of England oaths, and permitting them to take degrees; and repealed some clauses conservative of abuses, which the opposition had carried in the House of Commons. It remains to be seen what use Dissenters will make of their new rights. We fear they will only facilitate the passage of wealthy Dissenters' sons into the Church. Unhappily piety and deadness to the world do not increase ordinarily with wealth; Dissenters feel this as much as others. The wealthy among them are tempted to seek "genteel" associations for their children, and their children are thus thrown into a religious circle, if religious it can be called, which sneers at Dissent, though grossly ignorant of it, and which, most conveniently for flesh and blood, draws no line between the Church and the world. We feel pretty confident that our English Universities are to Dissenters a by-path meadow, if they do not rather lie in the broad way itself. The facts which prove this have come very close and painfully to the writer's personal experience. Still, doubtless, the passing of the Bill is an advance in the direction of true religious equality, and in this view all earnest Nonconformists and liberals ought to hail it as a "sign of the times."

We are truly thankful to a kind Providence that while we write the fields are, in the literal sense, "whitening to harvest," with every indication of at least adequate, probably, if the mercies of the weather be continued, excellent crops. A good harvest with free trade would, more than anything else, lighten the penalties of war on our home population. Of the spiritual harvest we know not what to say. The conviction is, we think, pervading all classes that real religion is not carried as it ought to be to the indifferent and the unwilling. One clergyman has actually become a street preacher; preached only, we presume,—not used the prayer-book on unconsecrated ground. May his example be followed extensively, and may the competent among Dissenters revive their old practice. A few hearty, original, homely speaking, but judicious and pious men, might wonderfully change, in a single summer, the character of some of our worst localities. But the three division sermons, with all the five points duly stated from the Fall to Glory, are waste words to the human heart. Jesus of Nazareth, as he was, as he is,—Jesus himself, not metaphysical and logical abstractions,—is the power to touch the hearts of the prodigals in all ages. If the Gospel regain and signalize its efficacy again in England, it will not be by attempting to revive the dead theology of the middle ages, or even of the Reformation, but by bringing home to men's bosoms the *personal* claims of a living and loving Saviour. But *that* will demand of our preachers more time in the closet, even if they spend less in the study.

WALTHAMSTOW, ESSEX.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 21st, the foundation stone of a new chapel, for the use of the church and congregation at present assembling at Wood Street in this village, was laid by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire, in the presence of five hundred spectators. The Revs. S. S. England, J. de Kewer Williams, and W. H. Hooper, and Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, took parts in the service. The friends then adjourned to a spacious tent, where tea was provided for upwards of three hundred persons; after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire. From a statement then read, it appeared that the estimated cost of the building was between £700 and £800, towards which the friends immediately connected with the cause had given or collected £360. During the evening amounts were received or promised which raised this sum to £380. The Revs. J. Woodard, R. Wallace, S. S. England, W. Barnett, S. Murch, W. N. Vines, S. Brawn, and W. H. Hooper (the pastor), respectively addressed the meeting. The friends are much encouraged by the fraternal spirit shown by the pastors and members of surrounding congregations; and, aided by their continued manifestation of practical sympathy, hope within a short time to witness the completion of the chapel.

HOLLAND FEN, LINCOLNSHIRE.

A neat little Baptist chapel has recently been erected in this extensive and important agricultural district. The gentleman of whom the ground was purchased, has most generously returned the whole of the purchase money, thus reducing the present remaining debt to £30. On the Monday after the first anniversary, which was held on Sunday, June 24th, when Mr. Twelvetees, of Boston, preached two sermons on its behalf, a large public tea meeting was held, when the Revs. D. Jones and J. Ruff, Mr. Twelvetees, and other friends, addressed the audience. An aged friend (84 years of age), through whose exertions most of the funds for the above chapel have been collected, declared at this meeting his determination to re-commence his efforts, and endeavour to get the remaining debt cleared off within twelve months, that he may close his eyes in peace. [Six postage stamps from each of our readers, enclosed in an envelope, and addressed to this poor and venerated octogenarian, Mr. Joseph Wells, Holland Fen, Boston, would save him walking many hundreds of miles to and fro over a fen country, and a considerable amount of bodily fatigue, in prosecution of his object.]

COLNE.

In the spring of last year, the teachers and friends of the Baptist Sunday School in this town, determined on erecting a suitable building in which to carry on their labours, and opened a subscription for that purpose. The ladies of the church and congregation, anxious to aid the good work, resolved to hold a bazaar, which was

opened on the 2nd of May, 1854, in a room in the Cloth-hall. All expectations were surpassed in the quantity and quality of the various articles, while the proceeds have satisfied the most sanguine, £100 being the nett gain. The committee wish to acknowledge the kindness of many distant friends, who aided them both by gifts and purchases, as also the active christian sympathy of friends of every denomination in the town. In connexion with the bazaar, an application for assistance was made to Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., M.P. for Derby. He most generously presented seventy Bibles and twenty Testaments, to be used in the new school room.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The Rev. J. Peacock, senior pastor of the Baptist church, Spencer Place, Goswell Road, London, having completed the fiftieth year of his ministerial labours, a public service was held on Thursday, June 8th, 1854, in the Old Baptist Meeting, Rushden, Northamptonshire, the scene of his old pastoral labours. A large congregation was assembled on the occasion. The venerated minister, who was in excellent health, delivered a very suitable and characteristic address from Joshua xxiii. 14. The devotional services were conducted by the Revs. Thomas Williams, of Sharnbrook, Beds; J. Rowe, of Stevenon, Beds; J. Dixon, of Rischy, Beds; and W. Kitchen, of Ringstead, Northamptonshire. After which, about two hundred and fifty members and friends partook of tea.

STRATFORD, ESSEX.

The foundation stone of the new Baptist chapel, Stratford Grove, designed by A. Trimen, Esq., architect, Adelphi, was laid on Thursday, the 6th July, by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire. The Rev. Dr. Angus gave the address, and the Rev. S. Davis, of Bow Road, offered prayer. In the evening a public meeting was held at Rokeby House, at which Mr. Alderman Wire presided, and the Revs. G. W. Fishbourne (pastor), T. E. Stallybrass, B.A., W. Deering, S. Murch, J. Hooper, and J. Woodward, took part in the proceedings. On Mr. Alderman Wire retiring from the meeting, the chair was taken by Ebenezer Clarke, Esq. An additional sum of between fifty and sixty pounds was promised towards the new chapel, including donations from S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., and Mr. Alderman Wire.

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, TENBEC

On Thursday, June 8th, the foundation stone of a new chapel was laid at Tenbury. Mrs. Heritage, wife of the Rev. A. W. Heritage, pastor of the new chapel, performed the ceremony. Several addresses were delivered, and subsequently the Rev. J. Jones, of Lays Hill, preached an excellent sermon. The new chapel is to be forty-six feet by thirty-two feet in size.

TOTTLEBANK, LANCASHIRE.

On Tuesday evening, June 27th, the congregation of the Baptist chapel, Tottlebank, presented their pastor, the Rev.

Thomas Taylor, who has been their minister for fourteen years, with a purse of gold containing £26 9s., as a token of their esteem and respect. Mr. Taylor returned thanks in an appropriate speech.

NEW BRENTFORD.

The Rev. J. W. Lance has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Houghton Regis, Dunstable, having accepted the unanimous and earnest invitation of the church at New Brentford, where he commenced his labours on Sunday, July 9th.

PRESTON.

The Rev. Reginald Bugby, of Winchester, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church and congregation worshipping in Leeming-street Chapel, Preston, and entered on his labours the first Sabbath in July.

SALISBURY.

The Rev. Thomas Hands, late missionary to Jamaica, has accepted the invitation of the church in Brown-street, Salisbury, to the pastorate, and commenced his labours there on the 18th of June.

TRING, HERTS.

Mr. Woods has expressed his intention to resign his pastoral connection with the church at Akeman Street in this town.

Obituary.

THE REV J. T. GRAY, PH.D.

Died, on the 13th of July, aged 45 years, at his mother's residence, 1, Stuart Villa, Sydenham Road, Bristol, the Rev. J. T. Gray, Ph.D., late Classical Tutor of Stepney College, London.

The malady that has thus, in the full vigour of life, and course of honourable and useful labour, removed our beloved and respected friend, was insidious in its form, and slow in its operation, making its first appearance in the rupture of a blood-vessel, in June, 1852.

Having been advised to avail himself of change of air, and total cessation from study, he spent a short time in the neighbourhood of Bristol, in Cornwall, and at Sidmouth; during which time fear and hope alternately prevailed.

At length, by medical suggestion, he undertook a voyage to America, in the month of July, 1853, returning in October of the same year, when he immediately resumed his duties at Stepney College. Alas! it was for a short period. It soon appeared that the disease, though for a while checked, was not removed. He, however, had the satisfaction of continuing his engagements in the college until near the close of the session just past, when, unable to attend the examination of the students, he hastened home, within a month of his lamented decease.

Although, through extreme weakness, and, perhaps, constitutional reserve, his communications were few, it was evident that a settled peace pervaded his mind. He fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

THE NEW SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

"Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid."—*John xix. 41.*

Joseph of Arimathea occupies no very prominent place in the stirring foreground of the gospel history. Neither his form nor countenance come forth into distinct view, on a line with apostles and evangelists; but a mild and holy radiance covers his memory, as he stands retired in the shadows far behind. His name has passed down through the ages, gathering a quiet affectionate reverence peculiar to itself,—the name of a man none of whose words are expressly recorded, but who did well and bravely at the right time. The fabulous fond superstitions of Glastonbury Abbey indicate the place of veneration which he held in the world's heart, even from the earliest centuries of the gospel. Around his head shines the bright halo of a prophetic mention eight hundred years before Christ. He occupies a line in the noted chapter in which Isaiah foretold the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow: "He was with the rich man in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth." He was one of the principal Jewish nobility of the day; uniting a character of religious and political dignity as a member of the supreme council of the nation; and adding to the eminence of his rank and station the power arising from the possession of vast wealth,—wealth so great as to give him his qualification on the page of prophecy. But he was no vulgar capitalist,—no millionaire without a soul. He was a mild, good man, and he has gone to heaven.

After the lapse of so many ages, devout fancy still delights to sweep away the coarse masses of ecclesiastical architecture which extend over his property,—and, far from the chant of monks and pilgrims, to walk alone in his garden as it appeared when he, and his family, and his "gardener," were the sole frequenters. It lay on the Mediterranean side of the city, on the slope of Acra, just outside the walls, to the north-west. Josephus tells us that Jerusalem was thickly environed with such groves and gardens. It was, no doubt, a shady, retired spot, planted with flowering shrubs, and umbrageous trees,—the fig, the sycamore, and the acacia. The rich man's metropolitan abode was probably among those of the other nobility, on the heights of Zion, grouped around the magnificent palace and gardens of Herod and Mariamne: but *here*, when weary of the business of the state and of the vanities of life, he used to walk, and meditate, and pray. The end of the garden was the rock on which the city was built, rising up nearly perpendicularly; and here

Joseph had excavated his princely tomb. Here, in the shady recess, adorned, perhaps, on the exterior with sculpture after the prevailing fashion, he intended, when the affairs of life were over, to lie down in death until the judgment-day. As we look at him sitting under the shadow of his favourite tree, reading in dim wonder the book of the prophet Isaiah, or one of the dark commentaries of the scribes, let us make these observations upon him:—

1. The most elevated rank and fortune, although generally a hindrance, is not an absolute preventive of real piety. This man lived among the gay fascinations of the highest station and beauty; his coffers were full of gold; he was a member of the sanhedrim; his hands were full of business; but he seems to have kept, in the midst of all life's noises, a quiet place in his own heart for meditation on religion; and, more than that, to have been, according to his light, a good man,—one who would not for any earthly consideration join hands for a work of wickedness; one, moreover, more rare,—a man who stood so strong on his own moral understanding, that he could dare to stand alone, to brave the murmurs and the ridicule of the infuriated hierarchy; the advocate of reason and righteousness amidst a multitude of madmen and murderers. And never is true piety more beautiful and princely than when it is exhibited in such exalted men. It is glorious in a leprous beggar, in a weeping penitent, in a sighing publican, in a dying robber; but it often escapes the eyes of mankind when so attired in a dark disguise. When it shines in a king, a nobleman, a statesman, a judge, all men can recognize and “bless the useful light.” The radiance of Joseph's goodness extends from Migdol to Syene, over all the land of Egypt. The wisdom of Daniel illuminates and refreshes one hundred and twenty-seven provinces of the Persian empire. The mighty statesman who lives on pulse, prays three times a day, and sees the visions of God for fifty years, vindicates the majesty of the true religion over the breadth of a continent, against all the powers of darkness and misrule. While we are thankful that the divine grace can reach and raise the vilest of men, let us not forget to magnify the heavenly love which occasionally adorns the magnates of the earth with the crimson robe of a higher nobility, and glorifies their worldly splendour with the crown of life.

2. The common defect of pious persons in such stations of honour is timidity in the confession of their faith. Just in proportion to the cultivation of the mind is the tendency to conceal the most sacred feelings of the soul, and also the sensitiveness of the spirit to the shafts of refined ridicule directed against spiritual religion. There is abroad in the highest circles of every refined society a lofty intolerance felt against all who in any measure dissent from established ideas and institutions, especially towards such as contend for a purer standard of morality. Such a spirit reigned in its utmost force in the Jewish sanhedrim—the quintessence of intolerant fanaticism. At first this was all too much for Joseph and for his brother Nicodemus. They were both righteous and just men, who “also waited for the kingdom of God;” both were convinced that under the humble guise of the Nazarene carpenter, the Galilean peasant, shone the concealed dignity of Messiah; and yet they cowered for a time before the savage aristocracy, and still more savage populace. “Among the chief rulers some believed on him, but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue.”

3. However, honesty and goodness, when they are genuine, are always on the road of improvement. They grow bolder and better. Nicodemus at the first came to Jesus by night; but soon he will bring an enormous load of the most precious spices for his burial. Joseph, too, the crisis

having come, goes boldly to Pilate, and asks "for the body of Jesus." He came, therefore, to the cross, in the face of gazing multitudes, and took it away, and laid it in his own new tomb, close at hand to Calvary. Thus goodness ventures out of its early twilight into the sunshine. The stronger the believer becomes in knowledge and faith, the less does he care what the fine people, or elegant triflers, or blind bigots, will say of him. The more clearly with anointed eyes he discerns the "things eternal" which loom out in the distance beyond this world of shadows,—so bright, so vast, so awful,—the less is he concerned to consult the opinion of the ignorant, gross, and giddy throng, on the proper method of spending life, or to seek for their approbation in the course which he takes. But, oh, how much of heavenly strength and victorious conviction does it require to enable him to reach the highest degrees of that manliness which is the perfection of godliness, the valiancy for truth which nerves him to stand during life a martyr burning at the stake of public odium for fidelity to truth, and then, if necessary, "to die for the name of the Lord Jesus." Happy they of whom Christ can say even, "Thou hast a little strength, and hast not denied my name."

4. Let us look in at the gate of Joseph's garden again, and say as we see him sitting in the shade near to where angels were so soon to sit, that he was a wise man. At the end of his garden was his sepulchre. He kept his end in view even in his recreations. It seems as if he desired for the constant companion of his solitude, in that shade so cool beneath the burning sunbeams, the Angel of death.

"In the air appeared a form half seen,
Below with shadows dimly garmented,
And indistinct and dreadful was his mien;
Yet when he gazed intentlier he could trace
Divinest beauty in that awful face."

This union of the garden and the tomb is very characteristic of the cheerful, solemn spirit of antiquity. They loved to associate the cheerful images of life with the darkness of death, and the solemnities of the invisible with the brilliant pictures of the present scene. What a world of interesting reflection comes to us now from the sepulchres of Egypt, of Etruria, of Idumea, of Nineveh, of Asia Minor, of Rome, and of Palestine. What a clinging to the sunlight and the recollections of life is manifested throughout all that subterranean necropolis of mankind. They loved the world they knew, for all was dark beyond. But in Joseph's tomb there burned a light unknown to Etrurian lucumos, or Egyptian kings,—“the lamp” of revelation. We can imagine him often, after pacing up and down this garden at eventide, standing at the mouth of his cave, gazing through the dark entrance, and penetrating in thought those far darker regions of the under-world whither his soul should go, and returning cheered by the blessed promises with lighter steps to the Home on Zion, without feeling that there was a great or painful contrast between the two. I have a pleasant garden here, sweet shades, and odorous gales, but through yonder dark door I shall pass into a diviner paradise and see more fragrant flowers. “They that be wise,” saith the prophet, “shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”

Like Joseph, let us learn to keep our end in view, even in our recreations! A life devoted to noisy amusement is an insult to God, and a violation of the great law under which humanity was created. Man was made for serious work. His moral and religious nature argues a spiritual design in his life as absolutely intended by his Maker. His chief end is to glorify God, to glorify him by the investigation and discovery of his

wondrous works, by the publication of his perfections, and obedience to his law. Until, then, the religious purpose of the mind is fixed, all outward pleasures are temptations. It is even a sin to listen to the nightingale, if the ear that listens have not first received the words of God. But when the soul has first turned toward God, and thus with him become an inhabitant of eternity, then it may be trusted with all external various delights. The sincere servant of God is the true possessor of heaven and earth. He no longer steals his happiness as if it were a forbidden thing, nor lives by snatching at a fearful joy, but opening his heart to all the blessed influences of earth and sky, he drinks in pleasure from "the river of God, which is full of water," that flashing stream of DEITY, which rolls in eternal grandeur and beauty through the universe.

And for this "blessed man" religion ceases to be a gloomy subject, like a dark tall cypress planted in the midst of jessamines and roses. It then assumes the aspect rather of a lofty elm that casts a sober but a pleasant shade over the world, and furnishes support to all the vines of earthly happiness which cluster in endless festoons around it. The Bible offers no religion for those who are unwilling to acknowledge God's supremacy, and to make life eternal the end of living here. It contains no catalogue of permitted and forbidden joys, but one all-comprehending, all-directing precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thine heart, and with all thy understanding,"—the true source of all real and permanent happiness. To lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, it simply says that this world on which they depend is destined to a speedy conflagration, themselves along with it,—and then whose shall those things be which they have provided? In the gardens of earthly amusement and recreation let us remember our tomb: for our breath is in our nostrils, and the Judge Eternal standeth before the door.

5. Once again: How little knowest thou, oh, Joseph, of the wonders of which that tomb of thine is destined to be the scene! Among the millions of sepulchres erected or hewn out on earth, that one of thine is the chief, the one tomb towards which all nations and ages shall hereafter look without a tear. How little thought the workmen who excavated the rock, how little thought the pious owner, as he superintended the work, that that was to be the place where He was to lie, and whence He was to arise, who should thereby "abolish death, and bring life and immortality to light;" He who should be for all the earth "The Resurrection," having "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." How little Joseph knew that he was constantly pacing up and down the tract of ground where all the prophecies should receive their accomplishment, all the types their completion, all the aspirations of saints and angels their overflowing fulfilment in His victory over the grave; that long before the rich man entered upon the possession of it, this garden had been appropriated, by the supreme Owner of all territories, as the scene where "justification of life" should dawn upon them that "sat in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace;" that here, from this spot, should be the starting-place for that glorious journey which redeemed man shall take through eternity and infinity; that here God should be manifested in the flesh as the almighty Conqueror of death, "the First and the Last, and the Living One, who was dead, and is alive again, alive for evermore," alive to bestow righteousness on the vilest, and glory, honour, and immortality on the most degraded, of the sons of men.

Has the "power of that Resurrection" operated upon us, carrying us along with it to heaven in spirit? Do we possess Christ's resurrection

life, saying with Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"? or is our earthly existence a living burial in flesh and sense, aimless, hopeless, godless? If it be so, let us go to the Holy Sepulchre and give our God no rest until we have found Him who left an eternal blessing for his disciples there!

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."—*Isaiah xxxviii. 14.*

If grace will not make us pray, trouble shall; and our troubles are often sent from God to lead us to God. Hezekiah was a good man and a great man; high in station and useful in his day, but deeply tried. If he had not been tried he had never been so useful. But for his affliction, he had not prayed as he did; if he had not so prayed, he had not been so remarkably delivered; if he had not been so delivered, he had not composed this writing; and if he had not written his experience, we should not have been benefited by him as we have been. We now see that believers are pretty much the same, whether they live in a palace or a cottage, sway a sceptre or work at a trade. Hezekiah, under the moonlight of the law, was very much like some of us who are under the sunlight of the gospel. We can claim relationship to him, and enjoy fellowship with him. We will now,—

First, consider his *complaint*. "O Lord, I am oppressed." He complains to the Lord; this was right; had he complained of the Lord, it would have been wrong. We should carry all our complaints to our Father, not to men; and let us never complain of that to others which we cannot, or do not, spread before the Lord in prayer. "*I am oppressed.*" And who has not been? What christian is not? Some are oppressed by their *fellow-men*. The magistrate, the master, the menial, have all been oppressors in their turn. Sin produces selfishness, and selfishness is always cruel. Many of the brethren of Jesus are under the iron hand of oppression in America, as slaves; and in other places, as servants. They must submit, for they cannot remove. They are under the yoke, and they cannot break loose. Oppression in temporal things is bad, very bad; but there is an oppression that is worse than that. *Satan* is a great oppressor. By his vile suggestions, base insinuations, alarming misrepresentations, and cruel buffetings, he burdens, distresses, and bows down the soul. Oh, how he oppresses the poor, the weak, the wavering, and weary ones of the Lord's family! Hence the Lord has said, when his patience can bear no more, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him at liberty from him that puffeth at him." *Slavish fears* often oppress us. Unfounded fears of the wrath or displeasure of God, of being overcome by our numerous and determined foes, or of falling away from our profession of Jesus our beloved Lord. But *unbelief* is the chief cause of all our oppression. Had we faith in God's love, in Christ's work, in our covenant union to Jesus; did we believe the promises and doctrines of the gospel with reference to ourselves, we should be light, lively, cheerful, and vigorous. But an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God, brings us into bondage, darkness, doubt, and gloom. Then we feel oppressed. We cannot breathe freely. Prayer is irksome. The bible is dry. The means of grace have little life or power in them.

We are "shut up and cannot come forth." There is a weight upon the spirits, a burden upon the heart, a gloom over the mind, and we can neither fly nor run in God's ways.

But the margin reads, "*O Lord, I am in distress.*" And this is often the case with us. It is a part of the heart's bitterness, of which no one knows but the Lord. It arises sometimes from *outward trouble*,—the many, the successive troubles, some of us have to pass through deeply distress us. They are compared to fire and water, those opposite elements. But, blessed be the Lord, he has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Still they often distress us, especially when, like Peter, we take our eye off Jesus, and look at the rolling waves, or listen to the howling winds. A long succession of temporal trials, disappointments, vexations, and troubles, will make us cry, "*O Lord, I am in distress.*" So, also, will a *sense of guilt* upon the conscience; for guilt always awakens fears, straitens the spirit, palsies the mind, bewilders the judgment, obscures the prospects, and dejects the soul. Oh, the distress which guilt produces if it is permitted to remain on the conscience, instead of being taken to the open fountain, the precious blood of Jesus, at once! *Unfitness for duty*, and a fear of failure in our attempts to honour our Lord and Master, at times distress us. There is the duty before us, there is the precept requiring it of us, there is the desire in the heart to perform it; but, oh, how unfit to engage in it we feel! To will is present with us, but how to perform that which is good we find not. In a word, sometimes the state of the world so affects us, at others the condition of the church so afflicts us, at others the trials of the domestic circle so oppress us, at others the temptations of Satan so harass us, and more frequently, perhaps, the inward conflict so exercises us, that we cry out in bitterness of soul, "*O Lord, I am in distress!*" Every christian of any standing in the church will be able to set his seal to this, for, more or less, we all know it to be true. All do not suffer alike, but all suffer. Some of us seem to have a double portion, but, no doubt, all is necessary, and by and bye we shall say, "He led us forth by the right way, that we might go to a city of habitation." But,—

Secondly, let us join in his prayer, "*O Lord, undertake for me.*" What a mercy to have a friend in need,—a friend in trouble,—a friend that is accessible, sympathising, and able to help us. Such is our God. We may go to him, we may lay our case before him, we may hopefully plead with him to undertake for us. Such a prayer indicates self-knowledge and self-renunciation. It is as if we said, "*O Lord, I am so weak, so foolish, so fearful, so sinful, that I never can conquer my foes, master my difficulties, endure my trials, or patiently carry my cross of myself; therefore, in thy great mercy, in thy tender love, according to thy most blessed word, undertake for me.*" There are many things we want the Lord to undertake to do for us, and, blessed be his holy name, he has promised to do so. We want him to undertake to *teach* us, that we may know his name, his truth, and his holy will;—to *deliver* us from sin, Satan, self, and all the difficulties and dangers we meet with in our pilgrimage;—to *lead* us in the right way, the way in which we shall honour his name, serve our generation, and acquire a good report;—to *strengthen* us in all our tribulations, for all our duties, that we may conquer all our foes;—to *comfort* us under all our sorrows, griefs, and woes;—and to *work* in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure, to perform in us all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power. Oh,

that God would undertake to make us all he requires us to be, and to supply us with all we may need, both for body and soul, for time and eternity! Undertake to be a Father unto us, caring for us, protecting us, and daily communing with us. Undertake to be our Surety, discharging every debt, meeting every obligation, and delivering us from all legal responsibility. Undertake to be our Captain, equipping us for the fight, leading us against the foe, and giving us complete victory over every opponent. Undertake to be our Advocate, pleading for us in every court, and pleading in us against every adverse power. Well, Jesus is pledged to *be* all, and to *do* all this, for every one that believes on his name, walks with him in fellowship, and labours in his cause. But our faith is so weak, our fears are so strong, our foes are so vigilant, and our hearts are so misgiving, that we doubt, disbelieve, and often fret. Let us, therefore, daily, yea, many times in the day, repair to the throne of grace, and in the prospect of all that tries our faith, alarms our minds, awakens our fears, or disturbs our peace, cry, "O Lord, undertake for me! Undertake for me in prosperity, to save me from its snares; in adversity, to preserve me from its temptations; in health, to make me useful; in sickness, to make me patient; in life, to make me holy; and in death, to enable me to bear a testimony to thy faithfulness, veracity, and love!"

Reader, God does undertake for sinners,—for sinners who believe in Jesus. He undertakes for all who honestly and heartily put themselves and their cause into his hands. Has he undertaken for you? Have you requested him? Have you been driven by trouble, or drawn by love, to plead with him to do so? All real christians are brought to this. They all feel too weak, too foolish, too fearful, to accomplish the journey, run the race, conquer the foe, and arrive safe in heaven, of themselves; therefore they are all brought to cry right heartily and right earnestly, "O Lord, undertake for me!"

Tried christian, this subject will just suit you; may the Lord make it a blessing to you! You often feel oppressed. You are bowed down greatly. You are in a great strait. You scarcely know what to do, where to go, or to whom to look. You are encompassed with trouble. The waters come in unto you, even unto your soul. Go at such times to Jesus. Go as Hezekiah did. Go often until you obtain present relief, and the assurance of complete deliverance. Plead, plead as for your life, that the Lord would undertake for you. Undertake to *be all* to you that you need, even a Saviour, Friend, Husband, Deliverer, and Place of Defence, to protect you. Undertake to *do all* for you that is necessary, even to supply, direct, support, solace, and perfectly deliver you. Undertake to *work all* in you that is required, washing you, sanctifying you, and conforming you to his own beautiful image, that you may have to say with the church, "Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us." Undertake to *make* you just what you should be, and having done this, to *keep* you so. Give no place to the foe that threatens, give no place to the fears that frighten, give no place to the unbelief that disheartens, but cry day and night to God, "Undertake for me." Believer, Jesus did undertake for thee in the everlasting covenant; he is under engagements now; his promises are his bonds, he never forgets them, nor can he be false to them; therefore, take courage, look to him, trust in him, converse with him, expect from him, and set thy heart upon glorifying him. Take his yoke upon you daily, undertake to do his will, to seek his honour, to promote his cause, to extend his kingdom, and he will undertake for you, to keep you as the apple of his eye, to feed you with the hidden manna, to strengthen you with strength in your soul, to

make his way plain before your face,—in a word, to guide you with his counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory. Does not your heart say,—

“Then take me, Lord, such as I am,
And make me just what I should be;
I'll take to myself all the shame, -
And give all the glory to thee”?

“WE ALSO BELIEVE, AND THEREFORE SPEAK.”

There is something in true heroism that commands our homage. Before all real greatness the nobler part of our nature is constrained to reverence. By the pattern of past well-doing, we are roused from our slothfulness to emulation, and the footpath trodden out of the hard rock points to us the way ourselves must tread.

There are few things nobler than the firm adherence to a good cause, when it is unpopular and feeble; the determined defence of the truth, when men are trying to put it down and destroy it. And therefore, to my thinking, there are to be discovered few nobler men than the Galilean Fishermen, and the Tent-maker of Tarsus, whose words and deeds are written in the Word of God.

I love to think of these men,—and see the might there was in their strong thinking,—their profound and earnest conviction,—their warm love to the truth,—their firm and undaunted struggles in its defence;—to see how the power that was in them could uplift them above the weaknesses that often characterize humanity, and make them to be, in very deed, partakers of a diviner, even of the Divine, nature.

There was Saul of Tarsus. Bound from very childhood in all the trammels of educational prejudice,—taught to believe that certain doctrines and notions were right, because his fathers had believed them, and himself believing them, because he was so taught,—the cold region of Gamaliel's heartless legality and Pharisaism did not freeze up the hot blood in him; so that the warmth of his nature, cast into the mould of his Pharisaic prejudice, made him that worst of mortal abominations, a *religious bigot*. What notions of the all-loving Father the young persecutor must have had! There was surely need for the Only-begotten to reveal the true features of that unseen countenance, “full of grace and truth!” “Killing men and women” was “doing God service”—so the delusion ran! But Truth came down to that heart, and he believed it,—not because some human teacher told him that he ought, but because it was God's truth, and he dare not refuse to receive it!

And from that hour watch him! Go with him through the marvellous chapters of his strange eventful history, and see how that strong heart-conviction moulds and makes him a new man altogether! There is nought of miserable half-hearted wavering there,—nought of false-hearted cowardice, not daring to be true to truth, there,—no halting between two opinions,—nothing of that sort. All is earnest. The man has in him *that* which must come out, whether men like or hate it. It will not stop to confer with their likings and prejudices. “While he muses the fire burns, and he must speak with his tongue.”

See him at *Damascus*! Travelling there with murderous commissions from the High Priest, that “if he found any of ‘the way,’ whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem,” (Acts ix. 2) to be bound for death,—“breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord” (Acts ix. 1),—and then,

arriving there, with a glorious change, "straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God." (Acts ix. 20.)

See him at *Jerusalem*, where, brought in by Barnabas, "he spoke boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians, but they went about to slay him." (Acts ix. 27—29.)

See him at *Antioch*, where Barnabas accompanied him, when he had found him. "And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves *with* the church" (margin reads, "*in* the church"), "and taught much people. And the disciples were called *christians* first in Antioch." (Acts xi. 25, 26.)

See him preaching the Word of God in *Salamis*, and then passing on to the isle of *Paphos*, where Paul, by divine aid, wrought the miracle of striking the sorcerer, Elymas, "blind, not seeing the sun for a season." "Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord." (Acts xii. 11, 12.)

Then at *Antioch*, in *Pisidia*, entering the synagogue, and preaching manfully and earnestly to the Hebrews, who asked him to preach again on the next Sabbath; and then "came almost the whole city together, to hear the word of God." (Acts xiii. 44.) And then, "when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming. And Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. . . . And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord;" and many believed. (Acts xiii. 45, 46, 48.)

Listen to him on Mars' Hill, at *Athens*, where with few and condensed, but classical and eloquent, words, he unfolded the truths of God, and revealed to them their "Unknown God"!

Mark him amidst the idolators of *Ephesus* crying against him, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and yet his proclaimed truth conquered the men who used curious arts, when "they brought their books together, and burned them before all: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." (Acts xix. 19, 20.)

Mark him at *Cesarea*, before Agrippa, and appealing to Cæsar. "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" "I know whom I have believed!" "We also believe, and therefore speak!"

Paul's life and death are the lessons of the words, and a practical sermon on them. They prove to every man that will give them thoughtful and prayerful heed, that *earnest conviction* should always go before *speaking*, and strong and true speaking should follow *earnest conviction*. Let all christians, then, speak tenderly, constantly, manfully, and dependently on God's teaching and helping. Speak because you believe; coin your hearts into words; and consecrate all your energies to Him who bought and redeemed you with the unmeasurable price of His precious blood. "Were there not ten cleansed? where are the nine?" "Let him that heareth say, Come!" And when we can say, "*We believe*," never forget that "therefore we should *speak*."

Do those who read these words, *believe* in Christ? If they do not, oh, let them haste to Him who died for us, and who will not cast out the worst and vilest sinner that comes to Him. If you believe, can you be silent? I write not to ministers, but to all christians—men, women, and children. Can you, if you believe the dear Redeemer died for *you* and

all the world, and that if they will come unto Him they will find salvation, *can* you be silent? Oh, remember, you are to be "lights of life" in this dark world. Let your spirit, redeemed by almighty Love, be eloquent in speaking to all the lowly and the sinful; and believe that it is the duty which God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit command and approve, that if "*you believe*," then also must you "*speak*" of Him who died for sinners, and with prayer and faith labour to bring the outcast and the unbelieving home!

CHRISTIANS AWAY FROM HOME.

The summer and the autumn are the seasons of the year when christians, as well as others, are much away from home. Their old habits and associations are broken up. They worship in strange places. They are far away from the usual weekly meetings for praise and prayer. They are far away from many of those influences that restrain and sanctify the heart.

These summer journeys greatly affect our churches. Little interest in religion is then looked for, especially in towns. People are absent seeking enjoyment. Would it not be well for those who are about leaving their homes to remember certain facts, and to carry certain things along with them?

Thus, in the first place, is it not well to remember, in every place, that you are a professor of the religion of Christ? Forgetfulness on this point may lead you into some places where you ought not to be seen. It may lead you to engage in some of the amusements, common at fashionable resorts, in which you ought not to participate. If you forget your christian profession, you may be led into things and places that will cause you bitter repentance afterwards.

In the second place, would it not be well to take your own familiar household bible? Every christian, probably, has a bible of his own, which he is accustomed to read in his own private devotions. Its very look is familiar to you. You can read in this much more pleasantly than in any other. You have many precious associations connected with that book. Away from home, and among strangers, you will miss the familiar face of your closet companion. A strange bible there will not be half so inviting to you as your old, well-used, home companion; and you will be tempted, through so slight a matter, to neglect it altogether. You need it now more than ever. Everything around has a tendency to call off your attention from your heart and spiritual religion. Your own home-Bible will connect your thoughts and associations with home, with your closet-devotions. It will be a connection between you and the best emotions and exercises of the past. It will invite your perusal. You will take it up more readily than you will any other. When you are packing your trunk for your journey, do not forget to put in the bible that you read at home.

In the third place, it would be well to remember that the Sabbath is sacred everywhere. Because you are away from home, and from your own place of worship, you may not slight the Sabbath. If you are in the country, you should be careful what example of Sabbath observance you set before others. There are many places where very loose notions prevail, even among good people, as to the observance of the Sabbath. You will have need to be careful how you carry yourself, lest you sanction a wrong. If you are at those places where multitudes spend the

summer, you will have need to be doubly careful. You will see worldliness and folly on the Sabbath as well as on the week-day. It may need an effort to hallow the Sabbath amid such scenes. But should you not make it cheerfully? You may do much injury to yourself and to others by carelessness on this subject.

Finally, remember that, wherever you are, you are still under God's eye. Therefore "walk circumspectly." Live out your religion everywhere—not ostentatiously, challenging the attention of the world, far from that—but, let it come out as being a part of your very self; so that, wherever you are, there your religion must be also. Do not leave your religion at home when you go abroad, to be taken up again when you return. Carry it with you; else you may have hard work to find it when you come back.

A Christian may enjoy God's world. God has fitted it up for our enjoyment. Enter, then, thankfully and cheerfully, into the pleasant scenes which God has opened for you. But take care of the dangerous places, and avoid the sinful ones. Let your religious life be sustained away from home. Commune with God in your closet. Away from the cares of the world, you have special facilities for growth in grace. "Walk worthy of God, who hath called you into his kingdom and glory."

COMING TO THE CROSS.

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest."—*Psalms xciv. 12.*

Oh, Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wand'rings, and guided my way,
Adored be the pow'r which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I sought at the toy;
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright—but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair—there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge that pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,—
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed at length to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
Oh, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

Sir Robert Grant.

Christian Heroes.

No. 9.—TYNDALE.

There never perhaps was any event in the whole history of the world so remarkable for the results that followed from it as the invention of printing. So memorable was it in all respects, and so largely influential upon all classes of men, that we might not unreasonably divide the entire history of the race into the two periods, the one preceding, and the other succeeding it; and we have often wondered that in the rage for monumental records which has prevailed of late years, and which has been directed not very equally to men who were and men who were not heroes, no suitable monument has been erected to those who were the originators and perfectors of this almost noble art.

In nothing has the importance of the press been so manifest as in the facility it has given for the spread of the Bible. Other works of an elevating and civilizing tendency have indeed been poured forth from it in thousands, and their influence may be traced under every sky and amongst every people of the globe; but the spread of the Bible—that has been the *great work* which the press has had given it to do: that for which the types were first collected and arranged was that which was in all after time to be their greatest and noblest vocation.

Scarcely had the art become practicable and perfect under the persevering toils of its inventors and pursuers, than it was put into the heart of WILLIAM TYNDALE to use it for the spread of the Bible in English. Already, as we have seen, had the translation been accomplished, and much good had been the result; but the efforts hitherto made—like first efforts always—had been very imperfect; and the translations which had been made by Wickliffe and his coadjutors, and which had been circulated in manuscript thus far, were far from suited to the increased demand which the prophetic eye of Tyndale foresaw. At the time the idea first occurred to him, he was a tutor in a family in Little Sodbury, in Gloucestershire,—a man of quiet and retired habits, a scholar, and devoted to classical pursuits. He was evidently a man of no common stamp: his expansive forehead and large piercing eye were indica-

tive even to a stranger of the piercing intellect within: and those who met him at the house of his patron, as well as those who had met him in discussion on theological and ecclesiastical topics at Oxford and Cambridge, knew him as a man of stern independence, and dauntless courage in the cause of God and truth. As the result of this, he seems soon to have become suspected by the supporters of the then prevailing faith; and his discussions with them appear to have led him gradually to the adoption of views which were even to himself at first strange and almost terrible. Very early he appears to have learnt the value and the authority of the word of God. He constantly annoyed his opponents by pointing, in reply to their dogmatic assertions and arguments, to the words of Paul, of Peter, or of the Lord himself; and the truths he learnt from these great Teachers he taught as he had opportunity, in his own village, and in neighbouring towns. In the solitude of his study, however, he was most at home: earnest longings and mighty purposes began there to occupy him: he saw how useless comparatively must be all his efforts so long as the people had not the word of God to read for themselves: and slowly he came to the conclusion that it was to be the work of his life to seek to place it in their hands. "If God spare my life," he said one day to an ecclesiastic, with whom he was debating, and who had aroused his anger, "ere many years I will cause the boy who driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do." We can imagine that he had passed many sleepless nights—many probably on his knees before God—before he came to this determination. He knew well the opposition he would have to meet. The power of the Popedom he knew would be exerted against him. But he had learnt to estimate that Popedom at its true value, and this encouraged him to proceed. "Do you not know," had said an old man, to whom he had opened his heart, to him, "that the Pope is the very antichrist whom the Scripture speaketh of?" and Tyndale had believed the old man.

But no sooner had he formed his resolution than he began to make preparations for its fulfilment. He first sought the pa-

tronage and aid of Tunstal, bishop of London, by whom, however, he was coldly received. After this he remained in London about a year, kept from starving only by the assistance of a citizen named Humphrey Monmouth, until he was convinced that there was "not only no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but that there was no place to do it in all England." In the year 1524, therefore, he sailed for Ham-burgh, turning his back for ever, for the sake of the work he had undertaken, on his country and his home. "I hunger," he said at this time, "for the word of God. I will translate it whatever they may say or do. God will not suffer me to perish. He never made a mouth but he made food for it, nor a body but he made raiment also."

But now began a course of the most persevering toil, and patient and heroic suffering. It would be impossible here to trace the history of the twelve years Tyndale spent on the Continent. Poor, solitary, and sad, compelled to wander from town to town, and to hide himself, so as to escape the enemies who pursued him, it must have been a weary time indeed, that in which he pursued his silent and unencouraged toil. Wycliffe had his Percy and Lancaster, and Luther had his friend the Elector Frederick, and many other rich and powerful supporters; but Tyndale was all alone. No princely patron ever encouraged him; none of the earth's great ones aided or sustained him in all his long and toilsome labours: how strong must have been the sense of God's presence in his soul to prevent his sinking in utter despondency and despair. But night and day he toiled on. Oftentimes sick and feeble, still he laboured: the stars saw him many a time silently working in his dark and poor abode, and the passing stranger wondered why the light burnt so long in his chamber window; still he toiled.

At last he had the satisfaction of seeing the first copies of the New Testament issue from the press. With what joy must he have turned over its leaves, and cast his eye down its pages. Here was the truth which was to elevate and save the land of his birth, the land for which he had so long laboured and suffered. Four years afterwards he had completed the translation of the Pentateuch, and in another year the book of Jonah. All his translations were made from the original Greek and Hebrew. As

soon as his translations were completed the books were issued from the press.

But what was the reception the works met in England? In 1526, the bishop of London issued a prohibition of Tyndale's Testament. Diligent search was made for copies, and all that could be found were burnt: nay, the bishop finding that he could not lay his hands on all the copies that had entered the kingdom, was so short-sighted as to order them to be *purchased*, which of course furnished funds for fresh impressions, and led to new importations. Nor were the persecutors content with burning the books alone: they burnt many of those who had ventured to read and distribute them. Even Tyndale himself was pursued with the utmost virulence, both by the emissaries of the Papedom, and by the agents of Henry the Eighth. Very early in his career the Reformer had laid his account with martyrdom; and long before they were successful it was the object of his enemies to get him into their power. At length, through an Englishman who had gained his confidence, he was betrayed into their hands. He was immediately thrown into a dungeon in the castle of Vilvord, where he was kept in confinement nearly two years. There, however, he continued his toils. Amidst the darkness of his dungeon, he still kept on at his old and favourite employment. He was made useful to the keeper of the castle and his family, who were affected much by his pious conversation, and by his christian devotedness. At length, on the 6th of October, 1536, he was led out to die. His last words were, "Lord, open the eyes of the king of England." He was first strangled, and afterwards burnt to ashes; having "entered that region," as Milton would have said of him, "where they, undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest, for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed; and in super-eminence of beatific vision shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in one measure for ever."

—"*His blood was shed*

In confirmation of the noblest claim,—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember him. He lived unknown
Till persecution dragg'd him into fame,
And chased him up to Heaven. His ashes sew—
No marble tells us whither. With his name,

No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this."

But what a theme both for the poet and the historian might be found in the *results* to which his labours led! What a number of copies of the Scriptures have been circulated since then. Over what a vast extent of the globe has the English Bible been disseminated. You find it everywhere in the cottage homes of Britain, and not unfrequently in the log hut of the emigrant in the farthest wilds of Australia. The sailor boy reads in the quiet evening hour

the copy which his mother gave him, and the soldier, by his watch-fire, when thoughts of home come on him, ponders its revelation of the glorious home above. Our young men and maidens are married under its sanction, and its soul-comforting words soothe the sorrows of the dying all over the world. What would England have been without the Bible? What would *you* have been without it, reader? As you ponder its sacred pages, and learn its lessons, and imbibe its spirit, and are comforted by its truths, do not forget to drop a tear sometimes, and think of WILLIAM TYNDALE!²

Tales and Sketches.

A MODEL CHURCH.

The church in — is a model church. It differs strikingly, in several respects, from most churches. On the Sabbath every member who is not necessarily prevented, is present in season. There are none loitering around the doors and talking of the weather, politics, &c., as if even the few hours given to public worship were given grudgingly. When the pastor enters the pulpit, the countenances of his brethren tell that they are silently asking for him the aid of the Holy Spirit. As the services proceed, there is close attention, and earnest and devout interest. At the close there is no discussion of secular subjects, nor is the conversation about the application of the sermon to this or that neighbour, but whatever is said tends either to deepen the impression produced by the services of the day, or to manifest heart-felt interest in each other's welfare.

At prayer-meetings the pastor is cheered by seeing nearly every one at his post. And they come, not as if driven by a sense of duty, but as if expecting to enjoy a high and sacred privilege. The prayers are short and fervent, equally removed from cold formality and presumptuous familiarity. This church does not have one sort of religion for the Sabbath, and another for the week day. Every day is consecrated to God. But this does not give any sternness or austerity to their aspect or manners.

On the contrary they are remarkable for their constant cheerfulness. Having committed all their interests into the hands of God, they can meet with composure afflictions, which would overwhelm persons of weaker faith. And then God seems so near to them, that they see his hand in everything. Thus they are enabled steadily to "rejoice in the Lord."

The relation between this church and their pastor is a happy one. The assurance which he has of an interest in their prayers, his confidence in their affection, and his reliance upon their discretion and fidelity, are constant sources of consolation to him. He finds many Aarons and Hurs among them, but not one Diotrephes. Though it is no trifling matter to provide spiritual food for a church so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and so rapidly growing in grace, yet he knows they will come, not to criticise, but to derive benefit; and this thought encourages his heart, while it also keeps him near the throne of grace. He seldom feels any anxiety about his temporal affairs; for his brethren understand 1 Cor. ix. 14, and act accordingly. They are careful too of his reputation, knowing that his influence as a minister of Christ, depends very much on his "having a good report of them that are without." When they think that he errs, they do not circulate evil reports respecting him, but they tell him their thoughts kindly and re-

² We hope it is needless to refer our readers, for further information on this noble and too little remembered man, to the loving notice of him in Mr. Anderson's work, "The Annals of the English Bible,"—a book which it is not wrong now to say adds another to the long list of standard works for which the christian world is indebted to members of our own denomination.

spectfully, and the result is an increase of affection on both sides. Hence every minister who has laboured among them, has appeared visibly to grow in grace during his connection with the church. Hence, too, they have never had occasion to dismiss a pastor, and every pastor that they have had has chosen to remain with them till called away by his Master.

The members of this church are very conscientious. They never treat sin as a light matter. In their acts as a church, and in their intercourse with each other and with the world, they are very careful not to do anything that can bring reproach on the cause of their Redeemer. There has never been a lawsuit among them. They love each other too well to engage in litigation. And each member has such confidence in his brethren, that there is no occasion for it. They look upon their brethren as the most equitable court, and on the Bible as the best law-book for settling differences on christian principles. In their business transactions they are exact, and careful to have everything understood beforehand; but if in any case there is a difference of opinion as to any such transaction, they prefer to yield a little of their supposed rights, rather than dishonour religion by even appearing to take any undue advantage, or to "stand up" too violently "for their rights." Indeed the maxim, "Stand up for your rights," is by no means so much in vogue with them as these, "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Consequently in this church there are none of those cases of hard bargains, and crafty management, and worldly policy, which destroy so much of the moral power of some other churches. Hence, even in the view of irreligious men, the word of a member of this church "is as good as his bond." Hence, too, the influence of this church over the world around them is remarkable. Not only does the spirit of peace, and kindness, and rectitude, which reigns among them, diffuse itself in some degree through the community, but every year large accessions are made to their numbers from the world. "Their light cannot be hid." And God blesses their labours with a constant revival.

This church is a very active church. In all the benevolent operations of the day they take a deep interest. Though no church has less occasion for the visits of

agents from benevolent societies, yet none are such agents more cordially welcomed. They are systematic in their benevolent operations, and yet they always have something ready for special calls. The reason is that they consider their property as the Lord's, and only wait for his direction to determine how to dispose of it. Nor does their activity terminate in works of this kind. In succouring the afflicted, in promoting the welfare of their neighbours, in labouring for the public good under the guidance of an enlightened public spirit, they are among the first to move. Thus the community in which this church is situated, is an uncommonly happy one.

There is not a talebearer in the whole church. Indeed they look with abhorrence upon a disposition to spread abroad and magnify the faults of others. Even when duty requires them to speak of such faults, it is done with manifest regret, and with a disposition to make every suitable allowance. If any one of the brethren is believed to have done wrong, the course directed by the Saviour is taken, and such is the spirit of kindness manifested throughout, that the first step is generally sufficient. At social visits scarcely anything would excite more surprise than for one person to talk about the faults of another, and even in the sewing society such an attempt has never yet been made.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the spirit of kindness which pervades this church prevents them from "setting their faces as a flint" against iniquity of every kind. Should any one come among them, expecting to be shielded by their kindness, while pursuing a course of wilful transgression, he would soon find out his mistake. Still they would take no delight in blazoning his faults. They would try faithfully to "win him from the error of his ways," but should such efforts prove unavailing, it would in due time be shown that christian kindness and christian decision are not antagonistic qualities.

Notwithstanding all these excellencies, the members of this church never speak highly of their own attainments. Their views of the standard of christian character set in the gospel are so exalted, that they feel deeply humbled for falling so far below that standard. They are "clothed with humility."

Reader, do you know where this church

4s? Alas, that it can only be designated as the church in ——!

THE PRAYING COLLIER.

AN OLD STORY OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

Dr. Joseph Stennett resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man, a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills, between Abergavenny and Hereford; had a wife and several small children, and walked seven or eight miles every Sunday to hear the doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances. Bad weather seldom hindered Caleb's attendance at the house of God; but there was a severe frost one winter, which lasted many weeks, and blocked up his way, so that he could not possibly pass without danger, neither could he work for the support of his family. The doctor and others were concerned lest they should perish for want; however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennett spied him, and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said, "Oh, Caleb, how glad I am to see you. How have you done during the severity of the weather?"

Caleb cheerfully answered, "Never better in all my life. I not only had necessities, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining."

Caleb then told the doctor, that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and had not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but he found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him to take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, Provision. On his enquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it; no other answer could be obtained. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at

the quantity and variety of the articles, bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, &c., which served them through the frost, and left some remaining to that present time.

The doctor was affected with the account, and afterwards mentioned it in hope of finding out the benevolent donor, but in vain; till about two years afterward he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford. This Dr. Talbot was a man of good moral character, and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a pious woman, and a member of the church. Dr. Stennett used to go and visit her now and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. Stennett with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. Stennett thought it his duty to introduce something that was entertaining and profitable. He spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled and said,—

"Caleb, I shall never forget him as long as I live."

"What, did you know him?" said Dr. Stennett.

"I had but a very little knowledge of him," said Dr. Talbot, "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Then Dr. Talbot related the following circumstances. He said, "The summer before the hard winter above-mentioned, he was riding on horseback, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As he was riding along, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn; he rode up to the door to learn the cause, when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed, happened to walk by his side.

"The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and minister, and found him very intelligent. He enquired

also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed, he could not tell for certain whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, 'Send provision to Caleb.' He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again. But the doctor's mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; at last he heard the voice so powerfully saying, 'Get up, and send provision to Caleb,' that he could resist no longer. He got up, and called his man, bid him bring his horse, and then went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to load the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb."

"Caleb, Sir?" said the man, "Who is Caleb?"

"I know very little of him," said the doctor, "but that his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him."

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

A lad of about fifteen years of age was brought to the knowledge of Christ. After his conversion, he was distinguished by an ardent benevolence which prompted him to seek the spiritual good of all with whom he had intercourse. He was also eminently blessed both with the spirit and gift of prayer; and often were christians in the neighbourhood astonished and delighted with the fervour, holy unction, and copiousness of thought and expression which characterised his addresses to the throne of grace.

He had an elder brother who was living in impenitence, for whose salvation he became deeply anxious. With all the warmth of fraternal affection he fixed his

heart upon the conversion of this dear brother, and made him the subject of daily and earnest prayer. He loved his soul, he grieved over his sinful and perilous condition while out of Christ, and desired him to become a child of God and an heir of heaven. To gain an object so infinitely important, his pious heart breathed forth its earnest longings. Day after day, and several times a day, this youthful christian retired to his room and spent a season in solemn, agonizing wrestling with God in behalf of his beloved brother. With strong faith he seemed to take hold of the robes of the angel of the covenant, saying, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me."

His pastor (who related to me the circumstance, and in whose family this interesting youth was temporarily residing) would occasionally listen at the door of his room, and be surprised at the ardent devotion and fluency of utterance with which he pleaded his cause at the mercy-seat. Sometimes he would enter the room after the pious lad had left it, and see the floor wet with the tears which had fallen from his eyes while giving vent to the struggling emotions of his soul in supplication to God.

At length the elder brother became impatient and disturbed by the continued interest thus manifested in him by the lad, and he requested him to cease praying for him, and to avoid saying anything to him on the subject of religion. From this time he selected other places for prayer, and would go into the fields or the woods, and there kneeling down still entreat the Lord to subdue the heart of his brother, and bring him into the kingdom of grace.

One evening, after the elder brother had retired to bed, he came into his room, and, kindly approaching him, he in persuasive language besought him to yield his heart to Christ, and then he knelt down by his bedside and began to pour out his soul in prayer. Presently the tears of penitence and affection started from the eyes of him for whom he was pleading; and throwing his arms around the neck of the earnest suppliant, he said, "Oh, my brother, you have conquered me; my heart is melted under the power of grace! I do repent of my sins. I will give myself to Christ, and live to his glory." From that moment the good work was commenced in his heart. The prayer of faith was answered; and he

who was now brought into the kingdom of Christ became subsequently a member and officer of the church, and still lives to adorn his profession by a life of consistent and active piety.

What encouragement does this incident furnish to the exercise of prayer, and how it rebukes the cold and formal petitions we are accustomed to offer in behalf of our friends and relatives! We ask God to convert some beloved connection, but we do it in a way that indicates a want of sincerity, and then wonder why the request is not granted! Ah, if we felt the agony of spirit which this devoted youth possessed,—if we wept in anguish of heart while exploring the Divine Interposition,—if we importunately pressed our suit with an earnestness that would admit no denial,—we

might gain the desired object, for “the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.”

It may be interesting to the reader to know the subsequent history of this promising boy. The pastor of the church urged his father to give him the advantages of education, believing that a cultivated mind, combined with so much benevolence and christian zeal, would qualify him for extensive usefulness. The father at first refused, not wishing to lose the service of his son. After further reflection, however, he consented, and the youth entered upon a course of study. He subsequently devoted himself to the ministry, and has been occupied for some years as a faithful and successful preacher of the gospel.

Correspondence.

“A PLEA FOR CHARITY.”

To the Editors of “*The Church*.”

Gentlemen,

In the “Plea for Charity,” by our friend Mr. Elven, of Bury, contained in your number this month, there are some remarks which seem to require a little explanation or modification. Whilst most thoroughly sympathising with the spirit of the whole article, I think there should be a recognition of the difference, the essential difference, between the advocates of liberty for themselves and not for others, and the advocates of liberty for all. The difference between Churchmen and Dissenters is not so much respecting episcopacy and a form of prayer, as the right which the Churchman claims to force these upon the Dissenters, the very existence of which claim is incompatible with the exercise of charity towards their victims, except that which leads men to punish the body for the good of the soul.

It is true that a christian is called upon to be charitable to all, even to the most unreasonable and unjust; but he is not to lose sight of the difference between justice and injustice, however conscientious the advocates and agents of injustice may be, even though they should equal in this respect the persecuting but conscientious Saul of Tarsus.

I feel the more anxious to call attention to the distinction between the classes of persons referred to, because the advocates of freedom of conscience are sometimes led into practical inconsistencies through losing sight of that distinction. I have known, for instance, most sincere friends of liberty of conscience agree to contribute to the repairs of the church, &c., *on condition* that no rate shall be laid for that purpose, and think they have done a wise and generous thing. Whilst the fact is, they have done two very foolish things: they have contributed to the support of what they do not approve (for they would not have contributed if the question of the rate had not been involved), and they have encouraged their opponents in a course which directly or indirectly secures their ends.

For my part, I would rather be compelled to do what I think wrong than do it voluntarily, because the compulsion would relieve me of the responsibility. I would say to all who ask for help, and at the same time claim the right to help themselves at my expense, whether Episcopalian or Free Churchman, just as I would say to the freebooter who came to levy “black mail,” Surrender your assumed right to enforce contributions, and then bring your case to be decided on its own merits. I think by thus acting I could exercise all charity, without, at the same time, giving even tacit approval

to the doctrine which seems to me the great barrier to the free exercise of charity. Highly appreciating the communications of our friend Elven in general, and this one in particular, with the exception implied in this note, I hope that the views herein ex-

pressed will meet with his approbation and that of your readers.

Yours sincerely,

W. BONTEMS.

Whitchurch, Salop,

August 15th, 1854.

Notices of Books.

SHORT ARGUMENTS ABOUT THE MILLENNIUM; OR, PLAIN PROOFS FOR PLAIN CHRISTIANS, THAT THE COMING OF CHRIST WILL NOT BE PRE-MILLENNIAL; THAT HIS REIGN ON EARTH WILL NOT BE PERSONAL. A BOOK FOR THE TIMES. By BENJAMIN CHARLES YOUNG. Pp. 208. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

A thoroughly satisfactory book on the "Latter Days" is still a want in our theological literature. The little work before us is well and ably written, and thoroughly deserves the careful attention of all who are interested in millennialian enquiries: it is, however, a work written to establish one particular point, namely, that the next advent of our Lord will not be pre-millennial, and on this point of course the chief stress is laid. The other branches of the general question are all discussed, but chiefly, and properly, in subordination to the main question of the book.

We should be inclined to arrange the whole subject, for impartial discussion, perhaps a little differently. Would it not be better to start with the enquiry, Does the New Testament reveal the fact of two resurrections; a first one of "the just," and another of men generally afterwards? Having settled this point, it would remain to enquire whether a personal appearance of our Lord on earth is indicated as preceding the great extension of his kingdom, which is to take place, according to all prophecy, either in connection with a first resurrection, or by agencies the same as are now employed, but put forth more vigorously, and enjoying a greater measure of supernatural aid. The view of a literal first resurrection is more commonly associated with a personal reign of Christ on earth, but the other view by no means excludes it. It is quite *supposable*, at least, that our Lord might dwell in glory upon earth, with visible manifestations quite in accordance with the invisible power which he was exerting at the same time.

We must, however, confess that we have seen no arguments which nullify to us the natural impression we receive from the unstrained language of Scripture in favour of the two resurrections. We find it difficult to believe that our Lord did not refer to these by the "Resurrection of the Just," and that the apostles did not teach it as an understood view. Jewish opinions appear to have been in harmony with it, and this would of course rather have led to a denial of it had it not been a correct notion. The question is not so much whether the expressions relating to the subject *may* not be interpreted figuratively and differently, but whether they *naturally* lead to one conclusion or the other. We fully confess that Mr. Young rarely if ever fails *logically* to sustain the *possibility* of his interpretation; but we hardly think he satisfies all who are enquiring for the opinions actually held by the apostles. We do not wish in this brief notice to enter into particulars, but it especially struck us that he explains away, rather than explains, the apostolic representation of the destruction of the man of sin in 2 Thess. ii. 8; and that he quite fails to shake the interpretation, which would first suggest itself to an unbiassed reader, of 1 Cor. xv. 23, 24, *et seq.* The apostle seems, at least, as plainly as can be, to distinguish "the end" from the resurrection of "Christ's at his coming;" and to set before us three resurrections, first, Christ's, secondly, that of believers, and, finally, that implied in "the end" when death shall be entirely abolished, and Christ having delivered the kingdom to his Father, become "subject himself to the Father, that God may be all in all." Mr. Young seems also to forget that in Rev. xx., if the first resurrection must be taken figuratively of what is done by the representatives of the martyrs on earth, so it may be contended that the second resurrection (verse 12) may be taken figuratively

also of the living representatives of men generally, however they have died. His opponents will require him to use his rigid logic here.

We would also add, that we entirely distrust all arguments from supposed impossibilities and incongruities, as of Christ reigning on earth, and the wicked nevertheless arising with power; of the difficulty of immortality and mortality co-existing; and the like. We can easily ourselves, indeed, suggest modifying considerations; but the truth is, that while some main fact has often been foreknown through prophecy, the *mode* of its carrying out has been so different to our previous conceptions, that contemporaries could disbelieve it. We prefer, in controversies of this kind, to waive all such considerations, and simply to ask, What is foretold? We may further add, that we are but confirmed by experience in the opinion which Mr. Young states he has abandoned, of the "little practical importance" of the "pre-millennial, or post-millennial, view." We do not think that the advocates of the former are "less pious," or less zealous for the conversion of their fellow-sinners, than others. Like all denominations who are in a minority, they lay stress on a favourite point, and that is all. *Baptists* assuredly do the same. Our millennialist friends must excuse such a stumbling block as that on pp. 3, 4, and be assured that they will find much in the work worthy of their earnest attention, and much which will clear their cause of numberless fantastical, and therefore injurious, arguments. Our anti-millennialist readers will be furnished with a perfect armoury; but they must not forget that their brethren who take a different view to themselves, number in their ranks men of such deserved renown and different mental habits, as Dr. Gill and Robert Hall:—we have not observed in Mr. Young's work any advertence to the homely, but weighty arguments, of the learned old commentator just mentioned.

THE SENSIBILITY OF SEPARATE SOULS CONSIDERED. By CALEB WEBB. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

This is a truly original book. The author writes as though he had positively no predecessors either in the field of metaphysics or in that of biblical criticism. We do not

indeed remember a single reference to the works of any other writer. It is, nevertheless, evident that he has read and studied much, though always with a thoroughly independent mind. He makes, again, no parade of critical knowledge. There are no Greek quotations or discussions about particles. We suspect, however, from his often minutely accurate translations of New Testament passages, that he is a ripe and accomplished scholar. But most of all have we been struck with his analytical powers. An ordinary reader—as readers are now-a-days—would judge his style obscure, until familiar with his close and subtle cast of thought; when, we are inclined to think, he would altogether change his opinion, and pronounce it remarkably lucid. We need scarcely add, that with these combined qualifications, Mr. Webb has produced a book well worth reading. Yet we are not wholly satisfied with it. The question is discussed—that of the soul's consciousness between death and the resurrection—appears to us most conclusively settled by a few brief Scripture testimonies. In prefacing to these a close metaphysical argument, and in appending comments on almost every passage that speaks of a future state, the author has by no means strengthened his position. Our limited space forbids us from entering into the discussion. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Webb strenuously maintains the ordinary view, that the disembodied soul of the believer enters into a state of immediate, conscious blessedness, and that, apart from direct Scripture assertion, the ground of this belief is placed in the doctrine, that man possesses a "sense of personality apart from the present action of the body," and that in the regenerate this sense becomes "higher, fuller, and more substantial." Beyond the discussion of these points we have, as we have said, many comments on individual passages of Scripture, not always relevant, but marked throughout by much acuteness and true insight. We often differ from Mr. Webb, but there is generally something to suggest and stimulate thought; and when ordinary interpretations are abandoned, it is never without some reason. The book will be very useful, not only in reference to its main subject, but as a check to the superficial "eschatology" which threatens to prevail amongst us.

* If we may adopt a hard word, meaning, "Doctrines about the end of all things."

THE LIBRARY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE,
No. 1. The Story of Ancient Nineveh.
No. 2. Israel and the Pyramids. No. 3.
The Dead Sea and its Explorers. No. 4.
The Plains of Egypt. No. 5. The Captivity
and its Mementoes. London: W.
Freeman.

An excellent series of short treatises,

which are appearing monthly, having, what
such publications always should have, all
the *results* of learning, without the *parade*
of it. We earnestly recommend them to
our intelligent young readers. Sunday
school teachers especially will find in them
a treasure.

A Page for the Young.

A MEMORIAL OF A CHILD.

BY THE REV. JAMES MURRELL.

(Concluded.)

Mary Anne Page's religious impressions and convictions were deepened by the death of her father, which occurred when she was about nine years old. The sense of loss which this event left upon her spirit, led her, as she afterwards affirmed, to pray that God would be her father, and would teach her so to live that she might meet in heaven the parent she had lost. The following year one of her young friends was baptized. The scene affected her deeply; and in reply to her mother's enquiry as to the cause of her tears, she said, "I want to love God more; and from this time, 'what-ever others do, as for me, I will serve Him.'"

Her health during this time was visibly failing. Her own belief was strong, and frequently expressed, that it would not be long ere she followed her father. In the spring of the year after that in which he died, she was sent to Malvern, with the hope that she might derive benefit from the change of air and scene, and from the hydropathic treatment pursued there. On her return, the marked improvement in her health rekindled the expiring hopes of her anxious friends. But the change was delusive. Her strength again rapidly declined. The Isle of Wight—a spot of which she was very fond, and whose air had before proved beneficial to her—was visited, but without any salutary effect. From this time the last spark of hope seems to have been quenched in the breasts of her friends, as well as in her own. That no means, however, might be left untried, it was determined that she should be removed for a time to the Hydropathic Institution, then recently established in the neighbourhood of Leicester. Just

before her departure thither, her mother found her in tears, and asked the reason. "I am a great sinner," was the answer, "and not fit to die." Words of comfort and counsel were spoken, and she left for the Institution. The following day her mother went to see her, taking with her a Testament, in which she had marked such passages as she deemed adapted to give consolation to the child's heart. She still looked sad, and expressed her anxiety in the prospect of death. Another visit was paid on the morrow; and "Never," is the testimony of her mother, "shall I forget the smile that lit up her face, as she clasped my arm, and said, 'I am quite happy now; I have no fear of death; I know that God will accept me through Christ.'" From that time to the hour of her death this seemed to be her calm conviction. The great Enemy of Souls was not permitted to assault her. A "stronger than he" held that little one in his arms, and none could pluck her thence. Her doubts, she declared shortly before her death, never lasted long. Hers was the "full assurance of hope."

One beautiful evidence of the genuineness of her piety was her anxiety on behalf of her young and more thoughtless companions. It grieved her to see them making light of the things that were "for their peace." Her prayers for them in secret, there is reason to believe, were frequent and fervent; and sometimes, in spite of her exceeding diffidence, she would whisper to them the word of gentle admonition. Yet she did not confound the buoyancy of youth with sin. Her view was deeper and more truthful. "There is no sin in being playful, is there?" would frequently be her question when thinking of these things: "the sin is in the heart." Nor was there in these acts any taint of censoriousness, or the arrogance of fancied superiority. She felt that her-

own position was far preferable to that of those who sported so heedlessly around her, and would fain have convinced them of the fact. But often she would say, with unaffected self-distrust, "If I had been well and strong, I dare say I should have been as thoughtless too." These efforts of hers were made with all the timidity of conscious weakness; but who shall presume to declare them vain? who shall venture to assert that the seed, though sown by the trembling hand, and watered by the simple prayers, of a little child, shall not, through His blessing who "chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," be found "after many days"?

It was during the interval that elapsed between her quitting the Hydropathic Institution and her death, that most of the writer's opportunities of closely observing her occurred; so that henceforth the results of personal knowledge more largely mingle with and confirm the reports of those more intimately and constantly associated with her. It would be difficult to give details of these last few months of her life. Their tenor was uniform, not broken by seasons of startling ecstasy, or of overwhelming distress. The sunset of her life was not one of fitful glory, now bright with a blaze of splendour whose very brilliancy suggests its transiency, and then obscured by thick and gathering clouds. A still, mellow light bathed the sky of her early evening. Jehovah—"the God of peace"—"lifted up his countenance upon her, and gave her peace." He who had "abolished death" was with her, and she "feared no evil." Her hope was peacefully, steadily, fixed on the great Atonement—the blood which "cleanseth from all sin." The effect of the scene on the mind of the observer was impressive, even to sublimity. The word of counsel and encouragement, which one would fain sometimes have spoken, died upon the lip, repressed by the feeling that one had need rather to sit down and learn of her, than to presume on an attempt to teach. Though suffering much, no word of murmuring, and scarcely one of complaint, fell from her. There was in her behaviour throughout this solemn season an utter absence of that half-theatric deportment of which we sometimes hear and read in those who draw nigh to death, and which is apt to impress sober minds with a painful impression of non-reality. Her demeanour was as tranquil as though she were but anticipating a journey to a home that she longed for.

One or two incidents, occurring about this time, though trifling in themselves, are interesting as indications of the prevailing tone of her mind and thoughts. Reference has already been made to her fondness for music, and her peculiar power in making it the vehicle for the expression of her feelings. It was frequently so employed by her now. Often, when pensive emotions filled her heart, she would steal to the piano, and play the most plaintive music till she wept. Meeting with the hymn commencing,

"We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
How oft are its glories expressed,—
But what must it be to be there?"

she composed for it a melody whose expressive simplicity was touchingly characteristic of herself, as well as thoroughly adapted to the feeling of the poem.

She loved to talk of her father,—of his present happiness, and her prospect of speedy reunion with him. And if at times sadder feelings prevailed, they were not inspired by fear, but by a sense of the solemnity of the circumstances amidst which she stood, and by a tender sympathy with the grief which they would feel whom she must leave behind.

Sojourning for a season at the house of a friend, she joined with the family circle in reading the Pilgrim's Progress; and her deep *personal* interest in the book, and appreciation of its spiritual meaning, were evident from the remarks she uttered occasionally as the reading proceeded. This book, indeed, was one of her choicest favourites. Coming to the description of the passage of the river of death, she said, "It is not *just dying* that seems painful to me,—I have no fear of that,—it is the thought of leaving my mother that makes me sometimes sad."

And the truth of this remark was abundantly confirmed by her general deportment. The closing scenes of her life furnished an impressive vindication of the triumphant exclamation of the great apostle, "O death, where is thy sting!" It surprised her to hear christians speak of death in tones of dread. "Not a dark valley, mother!" was her reply to a remark in which that phrase had been employed. She seemed entirely to realise the poet's glorious description of death,—

"We bow our heads,

At going out, we think; and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

She awaited the approach of her last hour in the spirit of happy anticipation, but exhibited no impatience at its delay. Her step, as she walked towards the tomb, was unreluctant, yet unhurried. She "rested in the Lord, and waited patiently for him." "I know," was her own explanation of her peaceful joy,—"I know I am a great sinner; but I trust simply to the blood of Jesus." The last words that were heard from her were the assurance that she was happy, because she was going to be with the Saviour. She died August 3rd, 1852, aged twelve years and six months.

And who, contemplating her early decease, can call it, in the highest sense, premature? We cannot. Christian maturity is not measured by months and years. A child may "come to the grave in a full age." It needs centuries to mature the oak; but the violet which nestles at its foot buds, and blooms, and fades, in one brief spring. So with these "little ones" of the Redeemer's. They reach the fulness of *their* christian stature sooner than do others. Was it not so with the subject of this sketch? Young as she was, death found her ready. Never did the sickle of the stern Reaper cut down an ear more truly "white unto the harvest." Never was that too often terrible messenger greeted with a more peaceful welcome. She smiled in his face; and one may be pardoned the fancy that even the pale visage of death was lighted with an answering smile, as he took that child into his arms, and bore her gently to the bosom of her Redeemer.

We have no space left to "point the moral" of our sketch. That moral, however, is obvious. "He may run who readeth it." It utters in the ear of youth the ten thousand times heard, but as often unheeded, warning, that "childhood and youth are vanity." It reminds them that the only thing which can make death to them, as it was to this little girl, a happy and a glorious change, is a simple trust, like hers, in that Redeemer through whose death their sins may be forgiven, and by whose Spirit their hearts may be renewed. It bids them beware of the folly of delay, since they "know not the day nor the hour" when sickness and death may fall upon them. It assures them that religion is no gloomy, joyless thing, fit for the sick and the dying, but irksome to the vigorous and the happy. If it can make darkness light, as in this case it did, it is surely hard to see how it should,

in the case of others, turn light into darkness. Oh, that the young whose eyes may rest upon these pages, would mark these simple, but most solemn, lessons, and resolve, in the strength of God, that they will "from this time cry unto him, 'Father, be thou the guide of our youth.'"

And the story of such a life and death is fraught with instructions to which christians may do well to give heed. It affords an invaluable testimony to the power of simple faith in the Saviour. It reminds us, in a way in which it is very profitable to be often reminded, of the first principles of experimental religion;—throws us back upon the original facts of our danger and the refuge, our need and its supply. It bids us look to the ground on which we stand,—see to it that we lose not, in the advance of our religious knowledge, aught of the simplicity of our faith. "I find," said an eminent theologian, when on his death-bed, "all my theology compressed into the single statement, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" And thus it must be with us all. This child's confession is the theology for life and death, "I know I am a great sinner, but I trust simply to the blood of Jesus." No other knowledge, no other trust, will avail. But, in the strength of that humble confidence, the christian may walk calmly through the dispersing shades of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, "enter through the gate into the city," and take his station with "exceeding joy" in the ranks of the multitude of those who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Kettering.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Ernest and his mamma stood together in the room of the photographer. "We will have the little boy's portrait taken," says mamma.

And forthwith his hat is taken off, his hair smoothed, the blue frock is arranged, and a top-whip is placed in Ernest's hand. "Yes, it will certainly make a pretty picture," says the artist. "Now, all is ready; do not move."

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest! keep still," cries mamma. "You will spoil it; put the hand back where it was—quick."

Ernest had been smacking his whip; but he now obeys his mamma, and lets his hand hang down as it was; slowly, though, and

with a pouting, rather sulky look; for that smack of the whip was so pleasant; yes, indeed, a capital whip to smack!

"That will do," says the man. "Now it is finished; you can move if you please." And Ernest dances about the room, and smacks his whip joyfully.

Presently the man comes out of his little dark closet. He has a small white dish in his hand, partly filled with water,—the photograph is at the bottom. He beckons the lady to the door to look at it. "Will it do?" says she, as she walks across the room. But in a moment there is an exclamation of disappointment. She sees the picture of her little boy with two right arms, two whips, an indistinct eye, and an ugly, pouting mouth. "We must try again," says the artist, good naturedly; "and this time the little man will keep still."

A new plate is prepared. Ernest is again placed in his proper attitude. This time he does keep still. And when the white dish again makes its appearance, mamma is told that it is a beautiful photograph. "Yes, it is excellent! It is an exact likeness! I am quite pleased!" And Ernest cries, "See, mamma! there is the blue frock! and my whip! and all! Will it always stay so?" And the lady desires it to be put in a case, and tinted, and sent home to her. And many a time she will look upon it, and breathe a prayer for the best happiness of that child, that only heaven will know of.

Hand in hand they walked homeward, talking of the picture. "Why did the man make me first with the ugly, pouting mouth?" asks Ernest.

"It was not the man made the ugly mouth," replies mamma; "it was you made it, darling. The plate took you just as you were."

"The plate?" says Ernest; "I do not understand."

Then the lady tried simply to explain to him how clever men found out that copper tablets coated with silver and prepared in darkness became sensitive to light, and how any object with light on it that such a tablet was first opposed to would be reflected there as in a looking-glass, and would darken or whiten the prepared silver, and by vapours and washings be there fixed. "Do you not remember," she said, "I told you the plate was shut up tight in the case, and let fall into the dark box? When the

brass cap was taken away from the glass in front of the box, and the light could get in, you were just opposite the plate,—you were reflected in it, dear, just as you see yourself in the looking-glass. So you were painted on the silver, or *painted yourself there*, precisely as you looked at the moment."

Ernest understood something better, but not very well; but mamma talked on about the looking-glass, and his father sealing letters with his large watch-seal, till it was plainer to him. Then she said,—

"I was thinking of buying both pictures, just now, Ernest."

"What the ugly one, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; I should have given it to you when you grew older."

"Given it to me! Oh, I should not have liked the ugly one at all. Why should you give it to me, mamma?"

"To make you remember two things. Could you remember if I told you now?"

"Yes, I think, if they are not difficult."

"Well, try then. The first thing to remember is, how ugly ill temper makes us look. You were in an ill temper because I told you not to smack the whip, Ernest, and that gave you such an ugly, pouting mouth. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, mamma; but I did not know I was in a bad temper; not much of a bad temper, was I?"

"Well, the picture said so. But the second thing is most important."

"What is the second thing?"

"I was trying to make it easy, dear. Remember, then, that one can hardly ever be in a bad, wicked temper without making a bad, wicked mark on somebody else. Can you remember that? Say it over to me."

"Yes," said Ernest, repeating the sentence, "I can remember that; but I don't know exactly what it means."

"We will make it plain, then," replies mamma. "Why did your little sister Fanny throw down her apple yesterday?"

Ernest hung down his head. "Why was it?" repeats mamma.

The little boy slowly murmurs, "I suppose she saw me throw away mine first."

"Yes, Ernest, that was it. Because papa did not give you a whole apple, you threw it away in a passion, and little Fanny imitated you, though she hardly knew why. Oh, my darling boy, try to remember, that wherever you go, whatever you do, you will

find some to imitate you. Because you do a thing, they will do it; if you say a bad word, some little boy will learn it and say it after you. Do you recollect what I told you when you asked me the other day why the Quaker ladies wore such funny bonnets?"

"You said, mamma, that some good ladies wore them a long time ago, and they had copied it ever since."

"Yes, that was part of the reason; and as you grow up you will find the world full of copiers. If you do good, perhaps some will copy your goodness, and become good. If you are wicked, you will make many other people wicked. You may not try to do it. But you cannot help it. All round you will be persons whose souls are sensitive, as the metal was just now. You did not mean your ugly mouth to be on the metal-plate. But it was sensitive, and there the ugly mouth remains stamped. You may not wish your ugly tempers, and words, and actions to be on those souls; but they are sensitive, and there those ugly, wicked tempers, and words, and deeds will be stamped to your shame and condemnation."

So they talked, till they reached home; and let my young readers try to understand and remember the two things mamma taught Ernest.

And if any older eyes are beguiled to skim these lines, let not the simple dress cause them to scorn the really awful truth it enwraps. As we walk through life we stamp ourselves on those who watch our path. There is the fact! We cannot free ourselves from that law of being. Not one of us but must bow down under this heavy responsibility;—not one but could find it in his heart to cry to God to be delivered from this necessity; while he shuddering asks, Where will this influence of mine end,—in the tenth or the twentieth generation? Neither in the tenth nor the twentieth! The revered parent, the loved elder sister, the admired counsellor and friend, speaks

not a word, nor performs an action, but, in lengthening chain, consequences follow that shall, like living messengers, work and mould (either for good or evil, as its nature was) all men and things, till men nor things exist. No base, ignoble act is done, but, like a dark abiding stain, it burns itself into the character of some bystander. No glorious deed of self-denial, courage, virtue, is acted in life, no lofty utterance spoken, but it flings a halo of light on the upturned faces of the multitude, and stirs their bosoms with generous emulation. Behold the mystery of our nature! See meeting in every heart the influences of all past time, the operating power for all future. Recognise in thyself, O reader, at once the fruit of THE HAS BEEN—the seed of THE TO BE!

Shall we faint and lie down under this burden? Shall we shrink into the cell of the anchorite? or bury ourselves in the solitude of the desert? Not so. If the responsibility is heavy, the alleviation is at hand. We write our own portraits on the souls that gather round us. Good! Let, then, our faces be full of gladness and communion with heaven; let them shine as shone the face of Moses descending from the mount. Let our prayer be continually, "I beseech Thee, show me thy glory, that I may reflect it back on others." Let our hearts live in the company of the mighty dead and the holy living. Let our speech be seasoned with salt, naturally breaking forth into lofty and sounding periods of truth and beauty. Let our lives be a noble poem, harmonious, complete; now illustrating the sweet sympathies of charity; ever adorned by the graces of an intelligent Christianity; and anon, as occasion may require, towering up in majestic opposition to all tyranny, falsehood, and wrong. So shall we live happy, and die rejoicing; finding it our comfort, not our curse, that man, even without intention, doth reproduce himself on his fellows!

Evesham.

C. C. P.

Miscellaneous.

SABBATH EVENING DUTIES.—Hast thou no Sabbath work to do after thou returnest from the congregation and public assemblies? Yes, certainly; the day is not done when the public assembly disperses; the whole of it is holy to the Lord. Therefore,

when you return every one to your families, there are private and family duties to be performed. Walks and visits are not to be the evening work of the Sabbath; but holy and spiritual conferences are then proper, either to bring to your remembrance the

truths you before have heard, or to engage your own hearts, or the hearts of others, to admire and magnify God for all his great wonders of providence and redemption. Indeed, if a walk be thus improved, it may be a walk to heaven. So we find the two disciples, how they entertained themselves and shortened their way with spiritual and holy discourse (Luke xxvi. 13, 15). But they who have families to look after, will be best employed in seeing that those who are under their charge spend the vacant time of the Sabbath in holy exercises; either reading Scripture, or giving an account of what truths they have been taught, or joining with them in praise and prayer to God; or, indeed, in all of these, in their several courses and order, till night calls for repose, and delivers them over, with a sweet seasoning and blessing, to the labour and employments of the ensuing day and week. And if there be any spare time from these public and private duties, then sanctify it by entering into the closet; and there unbecom thy soul before God in secret prayer, spread thy requests before him, lay open thy wants and desires. And though, perhaps, thou art not gifted to word a prayer, yet sigh and groan out a prayer; for thy God hears thee, and he understands the language of sighs, and knows the meaning of his Spirit in the inarticulate groans of his children. Here, likewise, in secret meditate on what thou hast heard; admire the glory of God in his works, the goodness of God in his providences, the infinite mercy of God in his promises. Certainly meditation is one great duty of a Sabbath, without which to hear the word of God only, is but to swallow our meat without chewing it. It is meditation that makes it fit for nourishment; this sucks the juice and sweetness out of it, incorporates it into us, and turns it into life and substance. Thus if we endeavour to sanctify the Lord's day, the Lord will sanctify his day and his ordinance to us, and by them convey so much joy and comfort into our souls that they shall be a temporary heaven unto us, and fit us for that eternal Sabbath where we shall continually give praise and glory unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever.—*Bishop Hopkins, 1660.*

A THOUGHT TO BE WEIGHED.—Suppose it were announced from heaven that the work of evangelizing the world, for eighteen centuries committed to the church, and for almost that period utterly neglected, would be henceforth entrusted to more faithful

servants; that from this time *angels* and not *men* should be the messengers of mercy to the nations of the earth. And suppose that angels might, in a visible form, visit our world as preachers and missionaries, think you not, reader, that quickly, in obedience to the commission, every bright angel would descend and engage in the heaven-appointed work? Can you not, in imagination, see them traversing our streets, threading our lanes, in the haunts of sorrow and infamy, proclaiming Jesus Christ and him crucified? Can you not see them with joyful alacrity beginning, pursuing, and hastening to complete their work, going from house to house, from city to city, from country to country, until the gospel of love should be proclaimed to every creature? And all this time what emotions would fill the hearts of christians? Would they not be those of mortification and sorrow, that they had so little appreciated and poorly performed the work while committed to them, that they were now deprived of the privilege of being co-workers with God, of being the angels (or messengers) of his love, the almoners of his bounty. But suppose we were informed that the work of witnessing for God would be taken from us, and unperformed by us would remain undone; that those whom we had failed to teach the gospel should not hear it. Oh, what remorse would fill our souls! But is not this announcement really made to us? With us go the poor heathen, utterly ignorant of the way of salvation. Not only is our opportunity of imparting the blessings of the gospel for ever gone, but they can never from any source receive them. There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest. How many heathen, since the commencement of modern missions, have gone unprepared into eternity, and are for ever excluded from heaven, who might have been saved if christians had been as prayerful, as liberal, as active, as they should have been! How many now in a state of probation, who might be saved, will soon be beyond the reach of hope! Christian reader, remember that the opportunity of blessing many a poor soul will soon be taken from you by their removal from earth, and that angels will not supply your deficiency; that soon, by your own passage from earth's scenes, you will be no more able to do anything for the salvation of the heathen.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The chief news of the month may, alas, be comprised in the one word, **CHOLERA**. Cholera is sweeping away thousands amongst the allied French and English troops in the East; it has found a lodgment amidst the dense masses of our own metropolitan population. It is estimated that in the East

ten thousand brave men have fallen; in London the deaths have been upwards of seven hundred a-week, including paupers in their workhouses, and prisoners in their cells, and the son-in-law of the Home Secretary in his splendid mansion. Not, indeed, that there is yet cause, amongst ourselves, for any great or paralyzing alarm. The

most active measures seem to be everywhere taken for the removal of the proximate causes of the disease, and the pestilence has not yet reached anything like the same point of terribleness which it had attained in the same period of the year during the last visitation. We would urge upon our readers to practise the utmost care, as they know how to do, themselves, and to urge the same, as they have the opportunity, on their poorer neighbours. We do not need to urge them to seek the blessing of God on the means that are being used, and especially to commend to Him those who are suffering on a foreign soil, away from all the comforts and aids of home, and amidst circumstances calculated to increase the fury and the terror of the pestilence under which they are dying.

It remains to be seen what will be the effect of the pestilence upon the progress of the *War*. Our readers have doubtless heard that it was intended to make an attack upon Sebastopol, with the hope of taking it before the approach of winter compelled the close of operations for the present season. It is too probable that the dependency and desolation caused by the pestilence may render it necessary to delay this effort till next year. Bomarsund, the chief fortress of the Åland islands, has fallen. Two thousand prisoners having been captured, and some hundreds of men killed.—There has been a paragraph in some of the newspapers purporting to be an extract of a letter from an English soldier to his wife, and describing his first service in the Baltic. We cannot forbear to print it for the advantage of those who may not have seen it, for the sake of the striking and impressive view it gives of the reality and *individuality* of war. "We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear whilst the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on a man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the ship went in amongst the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me,—I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I can never

tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak, the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the ship to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat; and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed;—poor fellow, he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time,—I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them,—but *all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near!*" Yes, *near*,—very near! Oh, that the time may soon come when this and all wars shall cease under the influence of Christianity,—when the reign of "righteousness" shall make room for the reign "of peace" throughout the world!

The only other public news of importance is that *Parliament* has separated. With the usual forms, and the accustomed address from the throne, the great council of the nation has been dismissed. It will not do to canvass too eagerly the results of the session, when, doubtless, the war, and the questions arising out of it, have interfered so much with the progress of legislation. Dissenters have great reason to congratulate themselves on the effective representation which has been given to their principles, and on the evident progress those principles are making with candid men. We are convinced that the insertion of the clauses we have already adverted to in the Oxford University Act, will not be the *last* victory of principle in this direction which we shall see.

One of the things to which public thought is at present much directed is the *Harvest*. At the time we write the prospects continue very cheering, though the falling showers, which have continued for some days, cause some anxiety lest the "bright shining of the sun" should be too long delayed. There is nothing that could so much encourage the hopes of our people, and enable them to bear the burdens that are falling on them, as a good harvest. May He who has "appointed the weeks" for it, give us suitable weather during these few critical days, so that there may be "food for the eater, and bread for him that is ready to perish, and no complaining in our streets!"

MORTON COLLEGE.

The annual services connected with the opening of the college session were held on the 1st and 2nd of August. This being the fiftieth year of the existence of the Institution, and services in commemoration of this fact having been announced, there was a considerably larger attendance than usual, both of friends in the neighbourhood and from a distance. The Rev. Thomas Morris, of Whitchurch, preached very appropriately to the students, and the Rev. Dr. Godwin preached the Jubilee sermon from Psalm xc. 16, 17, with all his old vigour of thought, and appropriateness and excellence of illustration. One of the chief subjects of discussion at the Annual Meeting, was the desirableness of erecting a new college, subscriptions for which it was resolved to seek at the earliest opportunity. On the evening of the second day a public Jubilee Meeting was held, when Henry Kelsall, Esq., occupied the chair, and an historical memorial was read by the Rev. B. Evans, and addresses delivered by the Revs. C. Larom, and A. M. Stalker, and by W. Littlewood, Esq. It will be seen from an advertisement that the Jubilee memorial is to be printed and published immediately, accompanied by Dr. Godwin's sermon.

NAUNTON.

On Wednesday, August 2nd, a service was held in the Baptist chapel, Naunton, Gloucestershire, in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. John Lewis, late of King-Stanley, over the church and congregation meeting at Naunton and Guiting. About two hundred sat down to tea. A deeply interesting public service followed, when the chapel was well filled with an intelligent and respectable company, many of whom came from the surrounding towns and villages. Mr. R. Comely, one of the deacons of the church, presided, and the meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. Lewis, and by the Revs. J. Statham, of Bourton-on-the-Water, J. Aroek, of Stow-on-the-Wald, and W. T. Henderson, of Banbury. All the addresses were practical in their character, and exceedingly effective. The Rev. Messrs. Milton and Cherry took part in the devotional exercises. The meeting throughout was a very interesting one, and was felt by all to be both pleasant and profitable.

HALIFAX.

The services connected with the opening of the new chapel, which has been erected in this town for the church under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Walters, were held on Friday, the 18th of August, and the following days. The preachers at the various services were the Revs. G. W. Conder, A. M. Stalker, H. S. Brown, Dr. Acworth, H. Dowson, J. E. Giles, and B. Evans. The services were concluded by a public meeting on the Tuesday evening, at which several of the above gentlemen and others spoke. We are glad to hear that the collections altogether amounted to £280. The

chapel is an elegant and convenient structure, built in the best part of the town, and the prospects of success are very cheering.

HAY, BRECONSHIRE.

The Committee appointed by the Baptist Church at Hay, to effect purchase of land, alterations, additions, and new frontage to the chapel, and also the erection of school apartments for day and Sabbath schools, wish publicly to state, that they have realized £180 towards the estimated cost of £250; and they beg, through this medium, to thank those gentlemen and friends who have kindly responded to their appeal for aid, and hope to share continued sympathy until the entire sum be realized. Additional subscriptions would be thankfully received by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Hall, or by Mr. John Bancher or Mr. W. S. Stanley, deacons.

PRESTON.

On Thursday the 10th of August, the Rev. F. Bugby was ordained pastor of the Baptist church, Leeming-street, Preston. The Rev. R. Slate offered prayer, the Rev. W. F. Burchell, of Rochdale, gave an impressive charge to the pastor, the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, addressed the church and congregation, in his usual lucid and forcible manner; and at the evening meeting, addresses were delivered by Mr. Brown, Dunkley, Barker, Martin, Williams, Lee, and Slate. The services were very interesting, and will be long remembered by the numerous attendants.

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, COMMERCIAL STREET, WHITECHAPEL, LONDON.

The foundation of a new place of worship, which is about to be erected for the congregation worshipping in Little Passage Street, London, under the pastorate of the Rev. C. Stovel, was laid on the 11th of August, by S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., Mr. Steane, Mr. Hinton, Mr. Leechman, and Mr. Stovel, took part in the proceedings. At the evening meeting, Mr. Alderman Wire, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Freestall, Mr. Bigwood, and several other gentlemen, were also present.

SAXLINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Mr. John Nottage has announced his intention of resigning the pastoral charge of the Baptist church at Saxlingham, and the deacons feel great pleasure in testifying that his ministry and character are unimpeachable. Mr. Nottage will, therefore, be open to the invitation of any destitute Baptist church.

RIDGEMOUNT, BEDS.

Mr. Thomas Baker, B.A., formerly of the Baptist college, Bristol, having accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church in the above place, entered on his pastoral duties there on Sunday, the 25th of August.

WHITEHAVEN.

Mr. W. J. Wilson, late of Newtownards, Ireland, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in this town to the pastorate.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

OCTOBER, 1854.

JESUS IN TEARS.

BY THE REV. A. M. STALKER.

"JESUS wept."—*John* xi. 35.

This is one of the shortest yet sublimest sentences ever penned. All Scripture is given by "inspiration of God," but its divisions into chapters and verses are without divine authority. These have, occasionally, been injurious in their influence. They have induced a curt and disjointed style of studying the sacred page, which has at once impoverished the plenitude, and marred the beauty of its meaning. In other instances, these very divisions often prove of signal advantage. They afford convenient and inviting reference to any part of the inspired volume. Hence every Bible-student prizes a "Concordance." He feels that by its aid he can plant himself at once in any region, however minute and intricate, of the grand revelation. Moreover, thus divided the majesty and the pathos breathing through the divine book often impressively strike the mind. The eye is caught by the distinctness of the different labels indicating the treasures proffered for our acceptance. Heavenly truth, like a wide-spread firmament, is expanded to our view, glistening with its numerous "isles of light." These shine with diversified brightness and glory. Some stream with a radiance almost dazzling,—others sparkle in a softened lustre, riveting the eye and touching the heart. Mark, in this variegated canopy, the beautiful orb now beaming vertically over us! The longer we look on it and the more intense our gaze, the more deeply is the fount of our emotions stirred. Wonder and tenderness fill our bosoms as we think, "JESUS wept." The very words thrill, when we remember who Jesus was,—when we dwell on the dignity of His nature,—the majesty of His being,—the unsullied grandeur of His character, and the boundless resources of His blessedness. Bearing these in mind, we reverently enquire, in language He himself employed when addressing another,—

I. "*Why weepest Thou?*" We answer,—

1. He wept while *standing by a grave*. No such receptacle was to be found in this beautiful earth when Adam's first step pressed its grassy, velvet down. Neither hill nor dell contained it. The whole world abounded with scenes of magnificence and beauty, without a single spectacle to awaken sorrow. Sorrow is a stranger in heaven,—so it was on earth until its tenant sought his joy in a source on which heaven frowns. Sin once committed, thorns and briers grew apace. The peals that in majestic sounds had often rolled as music in the sky thundered terror. Man, hitherto as mysteriously preserved as he

had been "fearfully and wonderfully made," could no longer ward off disease. It marked him for its own. It preyed on his beauty,—enfeebled his strength,—shattered his frame,—dimmed his sight,—stopped his pulse, and his "heart for ever grew still." On the earth he fell a corpse. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." The structure once lovely to look upon, now became obnoxious to the eye of beholders. They felt compelled to turn away in search of a spot "to bury their dead out of their sight;" that spot was a grave. In the grave now before Jesus there lies a human body, and no coverlet of verdant turf, or concealment by sepulchral stone, can avert the thought of the desolation it indicates. No visit to the ruins of a splendid mansion,—no inspection of material grandeur, dismantled of its towers and its turrets, can so affect his mind as does the tomb. It is but a specimen of the disturbance which earth's bosom has felt since first it opened to receive the mangled remains of the youthful Abel. It is but a sample of the burying place—the charnel house—our world has become, for the princes, and nobles, and warriors, and plebeians, and peasants of many generations. "Death has passed upon all men, for all have sinned;" and as this trophy to the cunning, and the might, and the malice of the great enemy who had made himself known, and heard, and felt, as he who "had the power of death" met His pensive gaze who was the Prince of life, "JESUS wept."

2. He wept because standing by a grave *where stood men with darkened minds*. The Jews in the district where now he is, had given many proofs of their hearty hatred of him. During his last visit they "sought to stone him," and though now a death in their neighbourhood elicits proofs of something like humane feeling even in their bosoms (for they wept with Mary), yet He who "knows what is in man" perceives that there is still, there, "alienation from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the hardness of their hearts." Hence His deep emotion: "he groaned in spirit and was troubled." The humiliating consequences of sin, as depicted in a body lying lifeless in a grave, however touching and appalling, do not awaken such profound sorrow as does the spectacle of immortal minds that have often rejected, and still refuse an interest in, his "great salvation." As He thinks of the worth,—as He computes the guilt,—as He anticipates the doom of such souls, His compassions are stirred, just as when on beholding Jerusalem He was unable to repress His tears. Now, as then, "JESUS wept."

3. He wept because standing by the grave of *departed worth*. In the tomb there reposes a body that had been "presented as a living sacrifice to God." The spirit that had animated it, though once a "child of wrath even as others," had long prior to its departure ceased its rebellion. It had become a "temple of the Holy Ghost,"—a mirror of the beauties of heavenly piety,—a trophy of the power of divine mercy,—a moral luminary of no ordinary brilliance. Angels had tuned their lyres over its conversion,—men had been struck with the grandeur of its principles,—it had been "great in the sight of the Lord." Such an incarnation of all that was "honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report," could ill be spared from a graceless and barren world. As we remember that he who prayed, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth,—the faithful fail among the children of men," was but a type of Jesus, we wonder not when we read, "JESUS wept."

4. He wept because standing by the grave of *a valued friend*. The worth by which Lazarus had been distinguished, was not only estimated aright by the Redeemer as "God over all," but it was exactly of that character that wound itself round the fibres of his human heart.

That heart was eminently, exquisitely susceptible of friendship. Few, however, appreciated the throbs of its gentleness,—the pulsations of its love. Few evinced an interest in the temporal welfare of Jesus, for “the foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of man had not where to lay his head.” Fewer still entered with kindred feeling into the spiritual realities on which he loved to dwell. Lazarus, however, had been one of the few. He had given the Saviour to understand that his door “always stood unlatched to him,” and that no guest would be greeted with such a cordial welcome as he. He could not come too often. He could not stay too long. His visits were “golden hours.” The Redeemer delighted to repeat them, for “he loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.” Many an interesting theme of conversation had Lazarus started,—dulcet were the tones in which he had uttered his thoughts,—sweet were the looks in which all his utterances had been enshrined. ’Tis no marvel Jesus had called him “our friend Lazarus.” He had held a warm and genial corner in the heart of the Divine-man, possibly next to that which was filled by John himself. Since He prized his friendship as that of “a beloved disciple,” are we, when we find Him standing by his tomb, for “the tear we shed for those we love is dropped into their grave,” surprised on reading, “Jesus wept”?

5. He wept because standing by the grave *where stood weeping sisters*. Martha and Mary had often wondered that He had not come sooner to Bethany; but if any suspicion had crossed their minds as to the continuance of His interest in their welfare, the tears that now wet His cheek put it for ever to flight. They feel that that interest is as profound as ever. He knows the pangs that rend their hearts, and the feeling of desolation of which now they are the subjects. The sight of human sorrow ever affected Him, and though aware of the tender love these sisters had always shown their brother, yet, knowing how prone, under the influence of morbid sensibility, memory is to wake up reasons for self-reproach when the endeared one can no longer be benefited,—how apt bereaved ones are to think, “Had I done this, and had I not done that, the result would have been otherwise,” He seeks to up-bind their broken hearts. He proves his care for them in a way He had never done before. More impressively now than ever do they find him to be “a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” His tears trickle as balm upon their spirits. He has long loved them, and he loves them still, as none round the grave *can* love. As we gaze on the scene, we wonder not that the historian, as if anxious to perpetuate this demonstration of *PEERLESS* sympathy, has recorded; “Jesus wept.” We now ask,—

II. *What truths are taught us by “Jesus in tears”?*

We reply, the same truths that are unfolded to us in His word, but with an eloquence which even His words cannot rival. As he weeps we learn,—

1. *That He is our kinsman.* Mysterious though his nature was, he proved in countless ways that human sensibilities belonged to him. “As the children were partakers of flesh and blood, so he also took part of the same.” He was “made in all points like unto his brethren,—bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh.” Had he assumed the angelic nature, not only must he have failed in honouring the law which we had broken (for “without shedding of blood is no remission of sins”), but he must have lacked those ineffable attractions that present him to the eye of suffering humanity as one on whose bosom it could pillow its aching head, and into whose ears it could pour the recital of its deepest sorrows. As He weeps we say as gratefully, “Behold the MAN,” as on listening to the command, “Lazarus, come forth,” we adoringly exclaim, “Behold the

GOD." His sympathy heralds his majesty, and we are conducted through the portal of his humanity to gaze on the splendours of his Deity. We learn,—

2. *That sympathy is a sacred duty.* There is nothing unsocial in the religion of the Redeemer. It is fitted to bless man as an individual, and to render him a blessing to his fellows. It operates as "a perfect bond." It inspires its subjects with one general concern to act as "members one of another while the body is of Christ." "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it,—if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." "Weep with them that weep,—rejoice with them that rejoice." "Bear one anothers' burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Sympathy as a "law" he not only inculcated but exemplified. In him the weeping sisters of Bethany found one who suffered with them. 'Tis only a stricken spirit that can mourn with a stricken spirit, and only those who have enjoyed such sympathy can tell of its exhilarating influence. It has wiped their tears, healed their wounds, and braced their energies. Those alone who *exercise* it can speak of the luxury it brings them. Their own circumstances may, perhaps, demand all the consolation that can be afforded, but

"Still they find when heaven hath wounded and prob'd the bleeding breast,
Its richest, healing balm is in making others blest."

We learn,—

3. *That grief for departed friends must never be excessive.* Its current may be full but must not overflow, so as to induce in others the thought that the bereaved one has forgotten the love, or sees not the hand of God in the dispensation. "He hath done all things well" is still descriptive of all the Divine proceedings; and indulgence in over-much sorrow increases the pressure of the trial, unfits for the discharge of duty, and frequently checks the sympathy of others. The record, that "Rachel refused to be comforted," is doubtless intended to warn us against her sin. The sorrow of Jesus was deep, but there was no extravagance about it,—it was distinguished by no cataractic sound of unmanageable, of defiant emotion. "He wept." The tears flowed freely one after another, but in voiceless silence. He mourned sincerely the loss of his friend, but yet mourned as one who felt pleased that He had had such a friend to lose. Let Him be our model. We learn,—

4. *That chastened grief for departed friends is not improper.* Tears, regulated as were those of Jesus, are sinless tears. He was "glorious in holiness"—yet he "wept." From that hour tears were warranted, sacred things. They are not, therefore, necessarily indicative of weakness. No one had such a full, such an absorbing view of the "strong consolation" the Bethany bereavement supplied as Jesus enjoyed, yet He felt that what nature demanded, "the God of comfort" did not forbid—tears: "Jesus wept." We learn,—

5. *That the tears which Jesus once shed still betoken the tenderness of His heart.* "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He weeps no more, but the sensibility that once relieved itself by weeping remains. He is still touched with the sorrows of his loved ones. "In all their affliction he is afflicted." His exaltation has not extinguished, it has only glorified His sympathy. No voice of majesty is heard recalling our departed friends to our side, but by his Word and Spirit his "still small voice" of ineffable love whispers richer consolation than if we again felt them with us. He has made larger room for himself. More impressively than ever He "draws near to us," and "makes his abode with us," while ever and

anon he guides our eye, and lifts our heart to the happy home "where no enemy ever comes, and whence no friend ever departs."

"The eye of Jesus wept,
It dropped a holy tear
While Mary's brother slept,
A friend to Jesus dear,—
Delightful thought!—that blessed eye
Still beams with kindness in the sky."

Jesus wept, Jesus bled, Jesus died, that we might not fear to die, and that after death He might with his own hand "wipe all tears from our eyes."

Leeds.

MANNA AND THE OLD CORN.

THOUGHTS FOR HARVEST.

BY THE REV. J. P. CROWN.

"And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year."—*Josh. v. 12.*

Never was there such an illustration of the wisdom, power, and forbearance of Providence, as that which was given to the Israelites. Sometimes it was seen in the *extraordinary* manifestations of God's care; but in the *ordinary* events of their every day life, and from the commencement of that life to its close, it was the same. And we have a striking instance of this in the circumstances narrated in the context in connection with which they entered the promised land, introduced by the historian without anything like wonder or astonishment, as though only forming another in the course of events already recorded, and in-all of which the Divine goodness and care were abundantly shown. They have been called to our recollection by the harvest season just now closing before us, as adapted to yield a few thoughts, perhaps not without instruction or profit.

First, then, we are taught here THAT THE PROVISIONS GOD MAKES FOR HIS CREATURES ARE ALWAYS THOSE BEST ADAPTED TO THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES. Look over the world at the different productions of the earth and you find this,—every clime producing that which may be best fitted for the nourishment and support of those resident there, and the influences of nature so bestowed the world over as to bring all these productions to maturity in their proper time. So that in one land we have the vineyard, in another the rice-plain, in a third the olive-grove, and at home here our waving corn-fields, and in their own seasons they are all made to yield up their stores for those to whom they are most specially adapted. Look back to the Israelites and it is the same. The world went on we may suppose much as it had done from the Deluge, and men were sowing, and planting, and gathering in their harvests; but *there* were a people cut off as it were, and shut out from the world, who could neither plant nor sow; and God satisfied their wants; and if they could not share with men they should with the angels, for they fed upon angels' food. Then, they were commanded to keep the seventh day holy to the Lord, so that they were to engage in no worldly toil on that day, and on the sixth day there was given the double portion, so that they should have no need to go out and gather on the Sabbath. And now that they had reached Canaan, there was the old corn of the land, that they might eat of it as it was most seemly they should, and find nourishment in the fruits of the earth.

Then, secondly, GOD ALWAYS WILL BESTOW NEEDED, BUT NEVER UNNECESSARY GIFTS UPON HIS PEOPLE. Would not it have been better, it might have been asked, that the manna should have been continued to the Israelites after they had reached the promised land? No, if it had been, it would have been done. But then they would have been raised above the want of ordinary food. Yes, but that would have been obviously unnecessary, because the food was there. But it would have been dispensed with all need for labour on their part. Yes, but that is not God's will concerning us; when he put Adam into Paradise it was to *test* it and make it a better Paradise, and bring out from it ever new beauties; and so is it still, he gives man the strength to labour,—let him use his strength and he shall find a blessing with it. But it would have been such a display of Divine power. Yes, but God never shows his power merely *for display*. You remember when John sent his disciples to Christ to ask if he were the Messiah, he pointed to the miracles he had wrought, and they were not miracles *merely* to fill the spectator with wonder, but they were all miracles of beneficence and mercy,¹ and so it is still. But it would have inspired his people with warmer love, and filled the heathen around with fear and dread. No, if the growing corn will not do that, the falling manna will not, rest assured. We know how these same Israelites had already danced in their frantic besotment round their golden bauble, at the very foot of Sinai, upon the same ground, as it were, that seemed still to quiver and tremble with the earthquake that had accompanied the giving of the law; and they murmured while they were feeding upon the manna, almost more perhaps than they had ever done in the land of bondage itself. No, if God's ordinary providence will not have this effect upon us, depend upon it miraculous displays of it never will. We know who has said, "If they hear not Moses,"² &c., and the same principle holds good here. But God will always give what is needed. Yes, for "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."³ Are you in the desert where you are *unable* to provide for your necessities? then "thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days thy strength shall be;"⁴ but not when you are able to renew them for yourself. "Give us this day our daily bread,"⁵ we are taught to ask; and it is from Him who has said of his servant, his "bread shall be given him and his water shall be sure."⁶ And what a proof we have of God's faithfulness in this respect, in the wondrous harvest season just passing over us, as the glorious old promise is fulfilled for more than the four thousandth time since it was first uttered to Noah,⁷ and perhaps in richer abundance than ever it has been fulfilled before. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."⁸

Thirdly, we learn that WHEN NECESSARY GOD PROVIDES FOR THE WANTS OF HIS PEOPLE IN A MANNER UNEXPECTED AND UNFORESEEN. How will they be fed? would have been asked by worldly wisdom as the Israelites were setting out upon their journey. Because there will be no crops to be gathered in the desert, there are no streams to quench their thirst, no fruit trees to hold out their precious abundance from every branch. No, but see that falling cloud darkening the light of the morning sky, there is their food in the descending manna; and that living torrent leaping from the cloven rock, and following them in an abundant stream all through their course, there is their water; and for forty years the water is never dry, their manna never fails. And so now that their wanderings are over, how, they might ask, are we to keep the Passover as

(1) Matt. xi. 5. (2) Luke xvi. 31. (3) Psalm lxxxiv. 10. (4) Deut. xxxiii. 25.
(5) Matt. vi. 11. (6) Isaiah xxxiii. 16. (7) Gen. viii. 22. (8) Ps. cvii. 8.

it has been enjoined upon us,¹ directly we enter Canaan? we must wait till we have sown our corn and harvest comes round, before we can make the unleavened bread. And how are we to present the sheaf of first-fruits before the Lord till a year has passed over, and our sheaves are reaped? But these difficulties are both met in a way they never could have supposed, for when they come to the land there is an abundance of the old corn stored up for their use, and *there* is their unleavened bread; while it happens to be the time of barley harvest when they arrive, and *there* stand the sheaves *ready cut* even for their use, so entirely unexpected was the way in which God had provided for them. And your thoughts will doubtless revert from this to other and still more striking provisions which God has sometimes made for the bodily wants of his creatures. There is Elijah, for instance, sitting by the brook side, and the fowls of the air bringing him his daily food²:—"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." And the widow of Zarephath, again, just ready to partake of her last meal and die, but whose stores become at once well nigh inexhaustible.³ And the multitudes who followed our Lord and spread themselves out at his command in their thousands over the plain, and who fed bountifully upon the five loaves and two fishes, leaving, nevertheless, more to be gathered up in fragments than was provided in the first instance.⁴ It is quite true we are not to expect miracles now, but still are there not at times most *special* answers to prayer in the provision God makes for his children? Yes, my dear friends, and if you and I did but live more habitually under a sense of this Divine providence everywhere around us, we should see more of these *special* manifestations of it than we have done. Because men are wont to talk sometimes of a Special Providence as that which is shown at comparatively rare intervals. I know of no Providence that is not *special, special always, and special everywhere*. It is universal, because it is special; it has regard to *all* time, because it has to *every moment* of time; and it takes note of *all* worlds, because it does of *every atom* of which all those worlds are made. And well would it be for us if we were to feel this more, and trace up all our temporal mercies to the source whence they come, every rain-drop to the clouds, every beam of light to the sun, and every mercy in our overflowing cup to that boundless goodness and watchful care from which they are bestowed upon us: how often then should we feel constrained involuntarily to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."⁵ It is true we may have nothing absolutely miraculous in the harvest season now given to us, but surely there never was, in the memory of living man at least, so manifest, special, and abundant an interposition of God's goodness on our behalf as it furnishes to us all. It is so far beyond our fears, and hopes even. As the summer passed over us the skies remained cold and cheerless often, and it seemed as though we were not to have the bright summer glow in which we had rejoiced before; and men looked on to the coming autumn with fear, and they said, If the corn does ripen it will be far on in the winter before it can be gathered in, and there will be risk and danger of it being safely housed. And now God is pouring out his light and glory from the heavens, by this blessed harvest sun by day, and harvest moon by night, as though man should see by day and night too, how much better God's providence is to us than our most sanguine expectations. And this is especially matter for praise if we think of the peculiar emergency in which this harvest finds us. Never before, humanly speaking, has there been a year in which so much has been dependant

(1) Lev. xxlii. (2) 1 Kings xvii. 6. (3) 1 Kings xvii. 14. (4) Matt. xlv. 21.
(5) Psalm ciii. 1, 2.

upon it. Our men of business were all looking on, anxiously waiting its issue, before they should determine upon their subsequent plans; while the scarcity of employment and the dearth of food had rendered it difficult to provide for their families the necessities of life: and though we have every confidence in our power as a nation to bear up under perhaps more than any other nation upon earth, yet, if we had been visited with the old threefold judgment of War, Pestilence, and Famine at the same time, the coming winter might have been one we tremble to think of. But, oh, friends, lift up your souls in gratitude to God that it will not be so, and as you look up to those bright Sabbath heavens above you, remember that it is not day-light merely that is being poured out from them, but food for the hungry, employment for the industrious, commercial prosperity for our nation, and wealth for the world,—may we not hope also fresh and more abundant supplies for our Missionary Societies and Religious Institutions?

And this brings us to the fourth thought suggested, THAT GOD WOULD HAVE ALL HIS TEMPORAL MERCIES RECEIVED AND GIVEN BACK IN A DEVOUT AND REVERENT SPIRIT. The first thing the Israelites were to do with their corn was to celebrate the Passover.¹ The first use they were to make of their harvest was to present the first fruits before the Lord.² And how one loves to think of the old harvest scenes recorded in this book; the Israelites, for instance, all gathered together in their joy and gratitude, with the priest at their head, presenting their first sheaf to the Lord; and the Jewish reaper cutting down his corn, and leaving a corner here and a sheaf there for the widow and the fatherless; and Boaz going about among his reapers, saying, "The Lord be with you," and they looking up from their toil with, "The Lord bless thee," in return, as he gives orders that they are to drop some of the handfuls they gather for the gleaner who follows in their track;³ and the men of Beth-shemesh reaping in the valley, as the ark of God came along by the roadside into the field, and they rested from their labour to present their offering before the Lord.⁴ We see in all these instances how the devout spirit was cherished, both by God and man. And, oh, friends, that there were more of this amongst us now, more of the simple-heartedness that would thus give back God's mercies in our gratitude and love. It is thus we would seek to live ourselves, so that our religion should consecrate the air we breathe, and the food we feed upon, as that they should minister through the physical to the spiritual, and so receive all God's gifts like the fire upon the altar to consume the dross, and offer up all besides in the flame and incense that should be ever rising before him. And then we should receive our daily bread, not merely to satisfy the bodily cravings of the moment, but to conduce to our spiritual welfare, in its degree, as truly as the services of the Sabbath, and the ordinances of the sanctuary themselves.

Then we cannot help seeing, lastly, HOW BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATIVE GOD'S DEALINGS WITH HIS ANCIENT PEOPLE ARE OF HIS DEALINGS WITH HIS PEOPLE NOW. In the wilderness they had their manna ever abundant, and adapted to their wants; in Canaan they found the old corn stored up for their use. So *here* we have grace, all-sufficient and abounding; *there* we shall have the glory that God has stored up in reserve for all his children. How often the Israelites would complain of the scorching heat of the sun in the wilderness, little thinking that it was ripening the harvest of Canaan for them; and so with us, we often complain of what may be sent in richest kindness, for these afflictions which are but for a moment, are working out for us a far more exceeding

(1) Lev. xxiii. 14.

(2) Lev. xxiii. 10.

(3) 1 Sam. vi. 13.

(4) Ruth ii. 4.

and eternal weight of glory.¹ How little, again, the Canaanites thought for whom they were treasuring up the superabundance of their harvests; and so, how little the wicked often think how they are doing God's work; but it is thus it must be done; and ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose.²

Bradford.

RE-CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—*Luke xxii. 32.*

The interest Jesus takes in his people is intense. Here it is manifest that his eye, his heart, and his voice, were engaged for Peter, though he knew how basely Peter would deny him. Satan was plotting against the apostles, he desired to have them to sift them as wheat, but the eye of Jesus watched him, read the very thoughts of his heart, and determined to frustrate him. His eye affected his heart, and he deeply sympathised with his disciples, especially with Peter, whose weakness and folly he knew. His voice was heard before the Father's throne, that Peter's faith might not fail. What a mercy for us that the eye of Jesus watches all our enemies; his ear listens to all their purposes, plans, and designs; his heart beats with unutterable love and tender compassion for us, and he intercedes for us before his Father and our Father, his God and our God. He knew Peter would be recovered, and therefore he directs him what to do after he was restored. He was to turn his shameful fall to account, and to sympathise more deeply with his brethren, watch over them more tenderly, and tend them more wisely. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Here see,—

First, *what we need*, to be re-converted. We can only be regenerated once, we may be converted often. The life communicated at the new birth is immortal and divine; it never dies; conversion is the effect of that life, and the evidence of its power. Conversion is a turning to God. We hear his voice, we feel his power, and we turn from self to Jesus, from law to gospel, from sin to holiness, from the world to the church; but we often backslide, wander, and grow cold; then we need afresh the putting forth of the Divine power within us, to renew us in the spirit of our minds, and bring us back to God. Surely the church needs to be re-converted now. May the Lord confer this blessing upon us. *A re-conversion will produce deeper convictions.* Deeper convictions of the sinfulness of our natures, the inconsistency of our lives, and our inexcusableness before God. Deeper convictions of our danger by nature, as exposed to the just wrath of a sin-hating God, and of our danger now of falling into sin, folly, and mistakes. Deeper convictions of the value of the soul, that soul which came immediately from God, which must live while God lives, and either exist in endless torment, or unspeakable joy. Deeper convictions of the value of the cross of Jesus. That cross on which our sins were atoned for, where our peace was made, and by which our old man is crucified. Precious cross, of a more precious Saviour! But for the Cross there would be no light in our dwelling, no peace in our conscience, no joy in our spirits, no love in our hearts, no hope in our souls! No one prizes the cross of Jesus like the re-converted

soul. *A re-conversion will produce sweeter enjoyments.* We shall have sweeter enjoyment of peace with God, that peace which passeth all understanding, and which is a foretaste of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. We shall more sweetly enjoy love to God, which will be re-kindled and strengthened by the amazing love which brings us back from our wanderings, and nearer to our Father's bosom. We shall sweetly enjoy zeal for God, for we shall be all alive in his work, full of zeal for his glory, and anxious to extend his cause. A re-converted soul is always a zealous soul. We shall be ready to do anything which God requires, or to go anywhere if God bids. Then we shall be ready to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." "Command, Lord, and thy servant will obey." *A re-conversion will produce greater power in prayer.* There will no longer be dull, lifeless, drowsy prayers; but, with spirit, energy, and determination, we shall go to God for blessings, like the man for the three loaves, taking no denial: we shall plead the promises, like the poor widow with the unjust judge, with the mind made up to prevail. Oh, for powerful prayer in God's church! There will be greater pleasure in praise. We shall bless the Lord with all the heart, praise him according to his excellent greatness, according to his unparalleled goodness. Praise will rise up naturally from the gratitude of the heart, flow forth in songs before the thrones of God; and this shall please the Lord better than a bullock that hath horns and hoofs. There will be greater enjoyment of the Word. We shall read it with new eyes, hear it with new ears, and feed upon it with new appetites. Its promises will sparkle before the eyes, its doctrines will be music in the ears, and its very precepts will be sweet as honey to the soul. There will be greater attention to ordinances. We shall no longer deify them, or put them in the place of Christ; nor degrade them by trampling them under our feet. But we shall see their value, feel their importance, and enter into their design. The prayer-meeting, the weekly service, the Lord's supper, will be precious to us, and no trifle will be allowed to keep us from them. Lord, re-convert thy people! Re-convert my soul! Being re-converted, we see,—

Secondly, *what we should do*, strengthen our brethren. We have brethren who are weak in faith. Most families have one or more weaklings in them, the Lord's family has many. These weaklings are apt to be overlooked, especially by those who are comparatively carnal, cold, and worldly. Oh, how many members of our churches neglect that word, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." And that also, "Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed." But the renewed soul will pity, compassionate, and strengthen the weak in faith. Many are feeble in hope. They do not grasp the promises with a firm hand. They do not rest steadily on Jesus. They are not looking at things unseen, and for the coming of our beloved Lord; and, therefore, they have more fear than hope. These are weak, and need strengthening. Some faint in the way. The road is so rough. Their cross is so heavy. Their strength is so small. Their unbelief is so active. Satan is so busy. Professors are so indiscreet in dealing with them, that they become weary and faint in their minds. They need cordials, and need them administered often. Oh, how many in the present day droop under their duties, and decline, being sick! These need to be led to the great Physician. To be watched over, cared for, and strengthened. But one evidence that we need to be re-converted is, "All seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's." Whereas the command is, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wel-

fare." Oh, for grace to look out for the weak, from love to Jesus; and to be daily endeavouring to strengthen them, for Jesus' sake!

We should strengthen them by *testimony*. Bearing our personal, experimental, heart-felt testimony, to the greatness, freeness, and power of God's love, as made known to our souls by the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Telling them of his wondrous faithfulness, which never falters, never fails; but remains like the sun which is "a faithful witness in heaven;" like the rock which defies the tempest and the storm. Reminding them of that precious assurance, "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." Speaking of his divine power, which like the shepherd's arms gathers the lambs to lay them in his bosom, or is stretched out to repulse and drive back the foe; or like a powerful garrison which preserves the city from the invading enemy: that mighty power by which we are preserved through faith unto complete salvation. Testifying to them of Jesus. Of the manner in which he receives sinners, communicates blessings to them, restores them as wandering sheep to his fold, employs them again, though run-away servants, and makes them happy in his own precious love. How much there is in Jesus to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees; and it is by setting Jesus before our weak and feeble brethren; that we shall be able to strengthen them as our Lord directs. To testimony we should add *prayer*. Prayer with them, and prayer for them. To prayer we should add *example*, a holy, loving, lamb-like example. Preaching Christ to them by what we do, as much as by what we say.

But some may read these lines who have never been converted at all. My friend, your case is sad, for Jesus says, "Except ye be converted, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Peter speaks to such as you when he says, "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." May God give you the grace to turn to him without delay!—Some may read them who were converted once, and were lively, happy, and active in God's ways; but now they are cold, worldly, and unspiritual. Does such an one's eye now rest upon this page? My dear friend, let me beseech you to hear God speak. He places himself before you. He seems to put himself at your bar. He says in the most pathetic language, Oh, my people, what have I done to thee? wherein have I wearied thee? **TESTIFY AGAINST ME!** What has he done that will justify your conduct? What charge can you bring against him? Hear him again, Have I been a wilderness unto Israel, a land of drought? why do my people say, we will come no more unto thee? Why do you neglect the closet, the bible, the sanctuary, the work which God has set you to do?—But some happy re-converted soul may read them. My brother, my sister, I joy and rejoice with you. God has shown you great mercy. Jesus has manifested wonderful love. Realize and exercise your thoughts upon the greatness of the mercy manifested; then you will perceive that your obligations are greatly increased, and feel it to be your imperative duty to do as Jesus commanded Peter, "Strengthen your brethren." Beloved, the great thing we want is power, the power of the Holy Spirit, to bring us back from all our wanderings to the feet of Jesus, to fill us with zeal for his glory, to consecrate us afresh to his service, and make us useful and happy in his ways. As it is, we sow much and reap little, we work hard and witness few results, we employ many means to comparatively little purpose. How many sermons are preached, and not onesouls converted! How many churches decline rather than increase and grow! What skeletons of christians many of us are. Verily, many of us resemble the seven lean kine of Pharaoh,—we eat up all, and are none the

better for it. May God in his infinite mercy pour out his Spirit, re-convert us one by one, until we all become full "of goodness, able also to admonish one another."

Cheltenham.

STUDIES IN NATURE.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"Look on the fields."—*John iv. 35.*

There are two volumes open for our inspection,—the works and the word of God. There are who maintain the sufficiency of the former for all the purposes of moral instruction; they affirm that the utterances of the voice of nature are so articulate and intelligible as to supersede those of a divine and special revelation. Yet wherever the light of revelation has not shone, it is an undeniable fact that "the people are sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death." And most triumphantly may the friends of revelation demand a single instance from the world's history, of any tribe or people, or of a single individual, ever having attained to a knowledge of the true God, in the absence of revelation. Do we enquire of the savage and untutored tribes? When did any such emerge from their barbarism by the light of nature? Do we ask of the sages of Athens? Alas, they built an altar with this inscription, "*To the unknown God!*" Nevertheless, nature, baptized in the crystal stream of revelation, and irradiated by the beams of the "Sun of righteousness," is full of emblems which do indeed "lead us through nature up to nature's God." In the bible we have a key to the volume of nature,—a hand-book by the aid of which we may walk through its heaven-built palace, and luxuriate amidst its beautiful and divinely authorised illustrations of the "truth as it is in Jesus." It is thus, at the close of an abundant harvest, we propose to "*look on the fields,*" which through this medium will be looking on our own hearts,—according to the apostolic declaration, "Ye are God's husbandry" (1 Cor. iii. 9).

First, then, look on the *uncultivated field*, and there you have an emblem of the unsanctified heart. Sin has brought its curse alike on the natural and moral field; of the former it is written, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth" (Gen. iii. 17); of the latter, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies" (Matt. xv. 19). Reader, art thou in thy natural unconverted state? Then consider another inspired declaration, "That which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned" (Heb. vi. 8). Nor is this true only of the outwardly profane. The scriptures of unerring truth declare, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." This may seem a sweeping declaration, but it is made by the Searcher of hearts. And know, therefore, that whatever *superficial* cultivation there may have been by civilization, education, or moral restraint, it is "stony ground," still "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." There are great diversities on the surface of the earth,—here the wild prairie, and there the "fields white unto harvest;" here the beautiful garden, there the Arabian desert; yet, as geologists tell us, everywhere, if we go deep enough, we shall find the substratum of the old granite rock; so among men, whatever there may appear of external loveliness, there is in every human breast the "heart of stone." And are you anxious to ascertain your real state in the sight of God? then go to him and cry,—

"Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be."

But we must look also on the *cultivated field*. "For thus saith the Lord to the men of Judah and Jerusalem, break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns." It is said to be very conducive to our physical health to follow a ploughman and inhale the exhalations from the fresh up-turned soil, and certainly such a walk may conduce to our spiritual instruction. Well, then, look upon the ploughed field, and ask, "Is my hard heart broken by the plough of the Spirit?" Some who read this may be farmers and husbandmen; you may be very diligent in your natural husbandry, and it is to your credit to be so; but we want you to feel as a good old christian did, who said, "*I would rather neglect my farm than my soul.*" So that the question must not be dismissed; you must not "beg to be excused," or talk of a "more convenient season." Oh, no, we urge you *now* to seek for "a broken heart and a contrite spirit!" It is rending and tearing work that ploughing, and so is the Spirit's work on the soul in conviction. It made the publican cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner,"—the penitent on the cross pray, "Lord, remember me,"—and the Jerusalem sinners, when pricked in their hearts, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" It separates between the soul and its darling lusts. It spares nothing. The right hand or the right eye must be given up if they offend. Faithful ministers are the ploughmen, and their commission is, "Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet. Show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." And when the Word and the Spirit plough together, there will be such a discovery of the hidden evils of the heart, however previously concealed beneath the unbroken surface of a fair and moral life, as shall give you to understand and appropriate the language of David, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul" (Ps. cxvi. 3).

But let us now look on *the field that is sown*, for that is the next process in husbandry. "A sower went forth to sow." Ministers, Parents, Sunday School Teachers, Religious Tract Distributors, Visitors of the Sick, you are all sowers. Take care that you sow nothing but "the incorruptible seed of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." Be deeply impressed with the absolute necessity of Divine influence. Pray for it. It is promised. "For as the rain and snow cometh down from heaven, and watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth." Be not discouraged if the seed does not immediately spring up. It may lay buried long, but it will not be lost. There is an extraordinary vitality in natural seed; grains of corn have been found in the hands of Egyptian mummies which must have been entombed at least two thousand years, yet upon being put into a congenial soil, and nurtured by the rain, and dew, and sunshine of heaven, they have in due time appeared, first as "the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." "Be not therefore weary in well doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not."

Another step will take us into the *fruitful field*. Now lift up your eyes and see, for here is a sight worth beholding. A heart broken up by the Holy Spirit, sown with the good seed, watered by Divine influences, and now yielding the fruits of righteousness. What a change has this spiritual cultivation made. Once it yielded nothing but the "works of the

flesh," the "poisonous weeds, and noxious plants of sin;" now the fruits of the Spirit, which are "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." How cheering it is to look upon what was once a piece of waste land, enclosed and attached to the husbandman's cottage, and now abounding with flowers which delight the eye, and fill the air with fragrance.

"Believing hearts are gardens too,
For grace has sown its seeds,
Where once by nature nothing grew,
But thorns and worthless weeds."

In conclusion, look upon the *harvest field*. The husbandman has ploughed, and sowed, and waited for the "precious fruit of the earth, and has had long patience for it, until he received the early and latter rain." He knew it must be a work of time.

"Graces spring not with speed and ease,
Like mushrooms in a night;
But rather by degrees increase,
As doth the morning light."

Yet here is the harvest come at last. *The soul ripened for glory*. Happy saint, thy dying day is thy harvest day. Thou hast long been in the open field, exposed to the nipping frosts of adversity, or the equally perilous sun-beams of prosperity. Thou hast endured many a storm of temptation, and the hidden worms of indwelling sin at the root have threatened but not destroyed the "incorruptible seed." Thou hast stood through the changing seasons of winter and summer, and the alternations of day and night. The reaper is now in the field, and the Lord of the harvest has given the word, "Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe." See how it waves in the breeze, how it bows down with the weight of the ripened grain. "Some an hundred fold," and the richer the ear the lower it bends. The application is plain. The matured christian welcomes every gale of the Spirit, bows low in humility as he ripens for heaven, and it is a sweet harvest hymn that he is singing,—

"The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high."

Come, welcome death, put in thy sickle; ye loving angels, bind up the golden sheaf; and as ye bear it to the garner above sing, "Grace, grace unto it," till, safe within the pearly gates, all the inhabitants of the new Jerusalem shall shout as with one heart and voice, **THE JOYFUL HARVEST HOME!**

Bury St. Edmunds.

RETURN!

Return, oh, wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, oh, wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

Return, oh, wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

Return, oh, wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Christian Heroes.

No. 10.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

It has got to be a common notion—*how* we are scarcely able to understand—that Popery is the only persecuting religion. If we read the history of England with the slightest thoughtfulness and care, it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that the tendency of power in *any* sect is to persecution; and the great lesson of history therefore on this subject is, that the power to persecute ought to be carefully withheld, because in all sects, whether Protestant or Papal, it is both wrong in principle and mischievous in practice. Certainly, the odium of persecution belongs not alone to the Papists in England. We have not yet forgotten the names of Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, and James the First, all of them Protestant sovereigns. Nor do we blame the church with which they were identified for this. We have so little confidence in human nature, that we should not like to trust a BAPTIST sovereign, if such there were, with the weapon of persecution.

It is with the reign of James the First that our narrative has now to do. Dark scenes had long been transacted in England. Under the reigns which had succeeded the disestablishment of Popery, Nonconformists had taken the place, as the subjects of persecution, which Protestants had formerly held. Though the fires of Smithfield had been extinguished, the scaffold had been erected in their place, and some of the best men in England had died for their religion under the hands of the common hangman. With the accession of James, however, better days were anticipated. The Hampton Court Conference was held. The declaration of the king at its close, "I will compel them to conform, or I will harry them out of the land, if not worse," showed how little reason there had been for the hopes the Nonconformists had indulged. And, as old Neal says somewhat quaintly, "James was as good as his word."

It is needless here to tell the sufferings which the Nonconformists had now to endure. The History of the Puritans is one of the saddest pages in the history of England, and it has been often told. The effect of the measures which were taken

as the result of the king's determination was to scatter these good men in every direction. Captivity and death, with every species of petty annoyance, were their portion in their native land. Their state became unendurable. Exile, even if they could attain it, was their only refuge.

In the little town of Scrooby, in Lincolnshire,—which is now a station on the Great Northern Railway,—a little church was accustomed to assemble. Its pastor was John Robinson, who had been a clergyman of the Established church; and the people used to come to enjoy his ministrations from villages and towns for many miles around, the principle of their union being, to use the words of one of the old records, that "they were joined by covenant as the Lord's free people into a church state, to walk in all his ways, according to their best endeavours, *whatever it cost them*." In 1602 these people, with their pastor, resolved to escape from the sorrows they had to endure. After many difficulties, they succeeded in doing so; and in 1608 we behold them on the wide ocean, their native land hourly more dimly seen, leaving for ever the land of their forefathers, the dear home of their childish days.

During eleven years the exiles lived together in peace and harmony in the little town of Leyden, in Holland. Here they enjoyed the privileges of their religion, unopposed and unpersecuted. The influence of their pastor upon them seems to have been of the most elevating kind; and not only did the church increase in numbers by additions from the surrounding people, but they obtained a high place by their virtue and piety in the popular respect and esteem.

But now, when we should have expected that they would have rested in quiet after the toils and trials they had undergone, began what has ever been looked on as the most interesting and romantic portion of their history. Holland was a land of rest and quiet indeed, but it was not a home. They felt themselves strangers in a strange land; and, besides, they had peculiar difficulties and sorrows that only an exile can understand. They began, therefore, to talk of leaving Leyden, and seeking a residence beyond the sea; and the shores of North America, to which all eyes were then

directed, were fixed upon as a place where they might live and die under the government of the country at whose hands they had suffered, but which was still dear as the place of their nativity. Preparations were accordingly made; a charter was with some difficulty obtained from King James; and two vessels, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, were obtained for the purposes of the voyage.

And now the time of their departure came. Only a minority of the people could go at one time, and it was resolved that Robinson should remain at Leyden with those who were left. The parting was a most touching scene. Nearly the whole congregation, old men, women, and children, accompanied the emigrants from Leyden to Delft Haven, which was to be the place of their departure, and they spent the last night together in friendly converse and prayer. At parting, Robinson addressed them in words worthy of being ever remembered, characterised as they were by a spirit of enlightened liberality, such as was rare indeed in that age. "Brethren," said he, "we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, would

be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received; for it is not possible the christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

In the same noble spirit, Robinson wrote to the band of New England emigrants ere they finally sailed for their destination, urging upon them motives of action which afford us the best evidence of the principles by which they were actuated. It was a small and feeble company who were thus committing themselves to the wide waste of waters, and to the wilderness beyond; but there were brave and true men among them, whose names are now mentioned with pride in the populous cities of New England. "As morning dawned," says Bancroft, after the night of parting passed by them at Delft Haven, in christian converse and prayer, "Carver, Bradford, and Winslow, Brewster the ruling elder, Allerton, and the brave and faithful Standish, with their equal associates,—a feeble band for a perilous enterprise,—bade farewell to Holland; while Robinson, kneeling in prayer by the sea-side, gave to their embarkation the sanctity of a religious rite."*

They did not depart, however, without having difficulties to contend with. The *Speedwell* did not speed well, and the pilgrims were obliged, after much delay, to leave her behind. But now they are on the wide ocean, pursuing their voyage all together in the *Mayflower*. A little band they were; there were old men and feeble women and children among them; and they knew not what scenes of trial might be before them in the land to which they were pursuing their pilgrimage; but they went forth, like some of old, in the strength of the Lord God; and, as we know now, that little vessel, dashed by the waves and rolling in the waters, holds no insignificant place in the history of the world. "Hail to thee! poor little ship *Mayflower*, of Delft Haven—poor common-looking ship, hired by common charter-party for coined dollars—caulked with mere oakum and tar—provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon; yet what ship *Argo*, or miraculous epic ship built by the sea-gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison? Golden fleeces, or the like, these sailed for, with

* See an interesting narrative of the Pilgrim Fathers, by Daniel Wilson, F.S.A. (Edinburgh: T. Nelson.)

or without effect. Thou, little Mayflower, hadst in thee a veritable Promethean spark—the life-spark of the largest nation on our earth; so we may already name the transatlantic Saxon nation. They went seeking leave to hear sermons in their own method, these Mayflower puritans—a most indispensable search; and yet, like Saul, the son of Kish, seeking a small thing, they found this unexpected great thing. Honour to the brave and true! they verily, we say, carry fire from heaven, and have a power that themselves dream not of. Let all men honour puritanism, since God has so honoured it!"*

It was the middle of November, 1620, when the Mayflower arrived at the other side of the Atlantic. On the 9th of December, they kept their first Sabbath on shore. The rock on which they landed is still to be seen, known as the Pilgrim Rock. The great city of Boston is built around it now; but still it is a solemn spot; it is felt to be so when on Forefathers' Day the procession of bareheaded men passes over it, each man silently, reverently, as he approaches it, uncovering his head to the memory of those who are gone.

We need not further pursue their narrative. Their subsequent sorrows in the cause they had undertaken are recorded in the annals of eternity: the results of their toils and

struggles are "writ large" in the history of the world. We wish we could endorse the truth of Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines about them,—

"They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

The Quakers and the Baptists suffered severely at their hands: the persecuted became themselves persecutors. But we will not think now of their fault, which we have said is the fault of our humanity. These men were HEROES, and we will remember them: they were CHRISTIAN HEROES, and we will cherish their memory. To use the words of an American poet, who has entered much into their spirit,—

"The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest!
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

"The Pilgrim spirit has not fled,
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this fee-bound shore,
Till the waves of the Bay where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more."

Tales and Sketches.

PERPLEXED AND PACIFIED.

THREE CHAPTERS ON WORK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONVERSATION AT HOME.

"Come, get ready for your tea, dear; I am sure you must want it."

"I will presently, thank you, after I have rested a little; I am so knocked up that I don't feel that I have strength enough left to do anything just yet."

"Well, I dare say you are very tired, as, indeed, you always are when you come home."

"Yes, but I feel rather more tired to-night than I do usually. We have had a long and heavy day's work; and somehow or other I didn't feel comfortable over my work to-day; I don't think I was very well

for one thing, and, besides, my spirits have been bad."

"Why, what has been the matter, then? I thought you seemed pretty well when you went away after dinner."

"Oh, nothing in particular, only I felt perplexed and dissatisfied. I got to thinking and complaining, and made myself completely wretched."

"What were you troubled about, then?"

"Why, I couldn't see why I should be tolling and sweating from morning till night just to get a bare living for ourselves and the children, while some people have plenty of everything, and yet never soil their fingers. Such people, no doubt, think it is all right, and it is natural for them to do so, but I can't see it; and I know that there

* Carlyle.

are thousands who think and feel as I do,—thousands to whom life is a mystery and a burden, and who, but for the comforts of home and the charms of creation, and, as some people say, the consolations of religion, would wish themselves out of the world."

"I am sorry to hear you talking so; it is certainly very hard, but really it is wrong to give way to such thoughts. We ought not fly in the face of the Almighty. I rather think, too, that there is one cause of your getting into this way which you have not mentioned yet."

"Do you? what do you suppose it is?"

"Why, it strikes me that you have been to that Socialist infidel place, as I call it, lately."

"Oh, as for that, I did just look in last night; and now you speak of it, I must say that it was what I heard which made me bother and muddle myself to-day."

"Why do you go? you know you never get any good. What those men say there only makes people more dissatisfied. If they can't help people, they might as well let them alone."

"That is all very well. I don't know that I get any benefit by going; but they generally go over subjects which working people are interested in, and which I have been troubled about a great deal, and though they don't throw much light upon these things, still I like to hear them."

"You are something like old Mrs. Graham, who lives a little higher up. She takes a strange delight in talking about how people ill use her, and what trouble she has had, and all she seems to do it for is just for the pleasure of grumbling."

"Some people say, that 'the English are never so happy as when they are miserable;' that may be why I am so often perplexed and wretched; but I do think that working people have something to complain of."

"Well, we can't understand these things, nor yet alter them; so that it does seem to me, though, as you know, I don't profess to know much about these things, that it is best to be contented, and not to trouble ourselves about what we can't help. What can't be cured must be endured; so come, now, draw up to the table, and put on a cheerful face, and get your tea."

"Ah, well, I suppose you are right; I wish I could turn things off as you do. It often does me good to see how you take things; and, after all, I think I ought to be

more contented, for there are many who have had to work quite as hard as myself to-day, who haven't such a home and wife as I have. I often think that you are ——"

Here the conversation between George Pearson and his wife was interrupted by the children that their father was home, and that tea was ready. In a minute or two she came in again smiling, with the baby in her arms, who, directly he saw his mother, declined any further nursing by the eldest daughter, Caroline. Little Tommy, the youngest but one, seated himself upon his father's knee, after having given him a good hugging.

Besides these, there had followed the mother into the room, George, who was about fourteen years of age, who took his place near his mother, and Jane, who was posted to the right of her father, and under the guardianship of Caroline, who being half way through her teens, was able to render considerable service to her mother.

Pearson was now apparently at ease, at least his mind was not so disturbed as it had been just before. His wife's kind and cheerful manner, and the diversion of thought, and the gladness caused by the activity and affection of his children, had in a few minutes wrought a great change in him. He was much more composed. Still his mind was not quite at rest. The calmness which had been produced was superficial, and almost involuntary. It was not the result of conviction. He had not been taught, and had not sufficient energy or inducement to seek for himself, enlarged and enlightened views of the origin and constitution of human society, so that he could, however reluctantly, conclude what might and what might not be known and done, and there cease speculation. He was also lacking in faith in the all-wise and gracious superintendence of human affairs by the Divine Being, and, consequently, was unable, like the believing man, to quiet his soul with the assurance, that though all was not plain to him, the inequalities of human lot, as well as diverse destinies of men, are determined by the Most High on unchangeable and equitable principles.

Mrs. Pearson could see very well that, though her husband was silent, he was not satisfied concerning the subject of their conversation; yet she took care not to introduce it again; in fact, she was so busy in attempting to satisfy the ever-returning

wants of the children, that she had no opportunity to hold continuous discourse with her husband on that or any other topic. Thus he was left more at liberty to think, and his remarks now and then, when speaking to the children, plainly showed what thoughts were uppermost in his mind. "Come, Caroline," said he, after a short pause, and looking tenderly at his wife, "take the baby, your mother's arms must ache, I am sure;" adding, in an undertone, "Ah, people may well say a woman's work is never done, especially if she is the wife of a working man."

"I wish I could be a lady, then," said the girl addressed, as she rose to take the infant.

George, who was a thoughtful boy, of quick perceptions, and possessed of a retentive memory, on hearing this last remark, said, "That reminds me of the lesson at school this afternoon."

"And pray what was that?" asked the father; "perhaps you can give us some account of it." The boy replied, "I can't remember it all, and, besides, I can't tell you what I do remember now. Baby makes such a noise, and Tommy is making such funny grimaces, I am sure I should not be able to get on."

"Suppose, then," suggested his mother, "that we put it off for some other time; but, mind, we shall expect you, the first opportunity, to give us the lesson." "On labour?" said the father. "No, about ladies," chimed in Caroline. "We shall see," exclaimed George, who by this time had made his way to the back-door with Tommy and Jane, who, to judge by their happy countenances, were prepared for quite other employment than that for which their elder brother seemed about to be enlisted.

THE TRANSFORMATION, AND HOW IT WAS EFFECTED.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough looking farmer, to a man that was carrying a well-filled *valise*. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next enquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Ain't you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice, then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you,—may be, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dog on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So take a friend's advice and let him alone; no good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" enquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"Oh, she'll do well enough; but neighbours don't go there much on account of her husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones's; and I am bound to place one there."

"Oh, very well; follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your heels, or his horsewhip over your shoulders; so, good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported

amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of a thousand flowers mingled their fragrance on the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that crouched in his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"Who's there?—what's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half-exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its only expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he——"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes, Sir, his name is Jones; but he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see *me*! How do you know? who am I?"

"I don't know your name, Sir," answered the woman timidly; "but I know who you are. You go around selling good books, and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke; "and I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No, Sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, Sir. He won't have your books. He is a very bad tempered man sometimes; and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. Oh, Sir, I wish you would go away."

But instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his *valise*, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long is it since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years ago next May, Sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Almost eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" The woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes, no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say church to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, Sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book towards his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, Sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman. "He's always said he'd kick the first Bible-seller out of his house that dared to cross his door; and he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate sometimes. Do, Sir, please go away. If I had money I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—"Take heed ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ears. When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At

that instant a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice. "What's this?—who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The tearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go, before I fling you into the road!" And the strong man, every iron muscle hard with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Low yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but, resting in a Divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still, yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life, of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken: else would it not have fallen on the ears of the evil-minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go, now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was now still, save the low eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the Holy Book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half-paralysed with terror in a distant part of the room, whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to her husband's side, and, bending her head, even as his was

bent, listened with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strange these words sounded! They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer then tearfully made and responded to with tears. When the "amen" was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place; the raging lion had become a lamb, —the strong wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own book, in which he speaks to his erring unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together; and if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer the Saviour taught his disciples—the prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children—'Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"Oh, yes, do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest on this house!" The stranger stood with lifted hands, and head bent reverently for a moment. Then turning away, he passed from the door, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it

seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile: "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "Oh, Sir, we can never be done reading the good book. It seems sometimes as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me many times a day, if I wont read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children, or Daniel in the den of lions. Often when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, have I stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and begun to read one of its beautiful stories. Oh, it acted like a charm!—all anger would die instantly; and when I closed the book, and they went about their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, may be for hours. And Richard, too"—she glanced toward her husband, who smiled, and she went on—"And Richard, too—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near as often as he used to be. Oh, yes, indeed, Sir, a Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labour," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain, and dew, and sunshine are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose he went on his way.—*T. S. Arthur.*

USEFULNESS OF CHRISTIANS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

"It is not in my power to do any good; I am but a poor woman, and have no influence." Such was a remark I heard but yesterday; but to speak with all frankness, I did not believe a word of it, and indeed doubt whether the good woman who uttered the remark would like any one of her friends to tell her it was true. How-

ever humble in station, every christian has a degree of influence over others, and he who has but one talent is under as much obligation to improve it for the glory of God as he who has ten.

"Well, Mary," I once heard the excellent Joseph Ivimey, of London, say to a female servant who had called to take her leave of him, because she was going from the city to reside in a country town, "Well, Mary, you know you must try to do good. The Baptist church at — is in a very sad state, yet you had better go there, and pray and labour for its revival. I will," he added, "give you a few hundred tracts for distribution, and make the best use of them you can." I have never seen that lively young christian since, but I have heard of her.

Some year or two after the interview I have described, I dined with my worthy friend Ivimey again; when he said, "Were not you here when a young servant girl called upon me before she went to —?" "Yes," I replied, "and what did she ever do?" "Why, she went down there, and in a meeting-house that seats five hundred, she found about a dozen Antinomian professors, who had neither Sunday school nor prayer meetings. She distributed her tracts, opened a Sabbath school, collected a few pious people together, made the place too hot for the old drunken pastor, got him away, and a lively young man was placed in the pulpit. The house is repaired, a new church is organised, having about a hundred members, a crowded congregation, a grand Sunday school, and large prayer meetings two or three times a week. Hallelujah, my brother, who says a poor servant girl can do nothing?" Who, indeed! The very thought is libellous against the God we serve, and the instrument for good—his own Word—which he has placed in our hands.

The seraphic Samuel Pearce was asked to preach at the dedication of a meeting-house, about twenty miles from his residence. When he arrived there he witnessed a church very few in number, and its members almost poverty personified. Several brethren of other denominations expressed their fears that the cause could not be sustained, and the neighbouring Baptist churches kept aloof from it as altogether hopeless. Pearce, however, was seldom discouraged, and when he entered the pulpit delivered to them a most encouraging

sermon on "*Great events from small beginnings.*" He most cordially congratulated them on the fewness of their number and the poverty of their condition, and declared his heartfelt persuasion that God was about to do great things at B—. Coming then to the consideration of their duties, he told them that to crowd the house, few as they were at present, was one of the easiest things in the world. Every one, he maintained, had some influence; and that now they must exert it. No one could pretend to be unable to bring one person to the house of prayer, which would double the congregation the very first Sabbath, and persevered in, would

soon fill the house. The idea as he presented it, seemed a new one, and easy to be carried out. They tried it and found it entirely successful.

Away, christian reader, with all these proud excuses of ours, cherishing our own indolence while thousands around us are going down to perdition! Be it remembered that our churches are not parlours, in which we are to loiter at ease, but vineyards in which we are to labour; we are not called to enjoy ourselves in inglorious ease, but to be "labourers together with God" in the advancement of his glory." "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters," "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion."

A New Publication.

A BAPTIST NEWSPAPER.

We are happy to announce to our readers—who, we doubt not, will join with us in the pleasure of the announcement—that a project which we have long entertained, and to the accomplishment of which we have looked forward with deep interest, is now likely to be realised. Our friends will remember that we have many times directed attention to the important religious and denominational objects which would be subserved by the establishment of a Baptist newspaper. We have hinted how much our denominational interests are suffering from the want of such an organ; and we confess that we have looked upon our labours in "*The Church*"—not, indeed, as in themselves by any means unimportant—but as deriving additional interest from the fact, that they might, besides their direct and immediate results, be also preparing the way for the establishment of a paper more largely and widely influential.

That such a paper is in itself desirable need scarcely be argued now. Religious bodies and political parties are alike convinced of the value of the newspaper press. In connexion with the former we need but mention such papers as the *Guardian*, the *Record*, the *Watchman*, the *Wesleyan Times*,

the *British Banner*, and the *Inquirer*, as illustrations. But in the list of weekly newspapers we look in vain for one that may be considered representative of the Baptist denomination. True, there is a paper—the *British Banner*—that professes equally to represent the opinions of both sections of congregationalists. In effect, however, its sympathies and its supporters are mainly upon one side. We neither complain of this, nor do we apprehend that Baptists generally would wish it to be otherwise. The long established and highly respectable *Patriot*, being published twice in the week, may be left out of account; and the *Non-conformist*, by the peculiarity of the ground it so admirably occupies, has won for itself a character and an influence altogether distinct from those at which a denominational paper would chiefly aim. Are the Baptists, then, so unimportant a section of the church that their views do not need to be thus represented? Is the literary ability of our leading ministers and others so meagre that we must depend upon other denominations to furnish us even with our weekly comments and news? If other denominations find the newspaper press an important bond of denominational union, and a help-

to denominational action, do we not need to be united, and have we no efforts of usefulness that need to be helped? We know that there are many high-minded and liberal members of our christian communities who view denominational papers with undisguised repugnance. What occasion may have been given for this feeling need not be a matter of enquiry now. If we, indeed, thought that such a paper as is proposed would conduce to the spread of a narrow-minded sectarianism in the denomination, we should be the first to deprecate it. We are denominational, but not sectarian. We look upon the denomination with which we are identified as a field to be worked, and worked with our might; we do not look upon it as a field from which we are to throw stones and dirt upon the fields around us. And we firmly believe that a paper may be connected with a denomination and devoted to its interests, yet remain free from littleness and narrowness of feeling in the treatment of general questions, avoid a gossiping and offensively personal style of discussing matters special to the denomination, maintain its peculiar opinions with catholicity of spirit, and preserve an undeviating dignity of tone.

With these feelings, therefore, we have much pleasure in announcing the probability that a Baptist newspaper will soon be started. A number of gentlemen are now uniting to provide the necessary capital; high literary ability, joined with other qualifications which are sure to obtain the confidence of the denomination, has been secured; and the project is to be placed for working in the hands of the publisher of "The Church," for him to devote to it the energy which the projectors have been pleased to say he has shown in other cases. In reference to this last arrangement it is needful to say, in order to meet a possible objection, that by the Electric Telegraph the latest news is almost simultaneously now received in all parts of the kingdom, and that the facilities for postal transmission from all the large towns are such, that the

paper would come to hand, in the great majority of cases, from Leeds, as early as if published in London.

The paper will, of course, be entirely neutral upon the Communion question, as well as upon the points of difference between the General and the Particular Baptists. It is intended to make it serve *all* the purposes for which such a paper can be suitably employed; to use it to promote true manliness, and to help to right action, in *all* the relations of the christian life; and to furnish, not only a condensed record of all interesting political and religious news, but also an amount of *family and fireside reading* which, perhaps, only a weekly paper can supply.

We hope to be enabled to announce price, date of commencement, &c., in our next number. Meanwhile we commend the project, which has been the subject of much consideration and prayer with its projectors, to the sympathy and the prayers of our brethren. A project which has already secured the hearty co-operation of such men as Dr. Acworth of Bradford, Mr. Brown of Liverpool, Mr. Burchell of Rochdale, Mr. Chown of Bradford, Mr. Cooke of Bradford, Mr. Dowson of Bradford, Mr. Dunkley of Salford, Mr. Evans of Scarborough, Dr. Godwin of Bradford, Mr. Green of Bradford, Mr. Kelsall of Rochdale, Mr. Landels of Birmingham, Mr. Larom of Sheffield, Mr. Lomas of Leicester, Mr. Lord of Ipswich, Mr. Manning of Frome, Mr. Middleditch of Frome, Mr. Richardson of Leeds, Mr. Smith of Cheltenham, Mr. Stalker of Leeds, Mr. Stead of Bradford, Mr. Stock of Salendine-Nook, and Mr. Wheldon of Scarborough, can scarcely be a failure. But in order to its full success, the aid of *all* will be needed. That this aid will be given, on the opportunity being presented, we do not doubt. We have reason to have confidence in the zeal of our brethren in the support of a publication suited to them, and worthy of them. At present, we ask earnest consideration of the project, so far as we have been able to lay it open; and

we shall be glad to have communications, containing opinions and suggestions about

it, from as many of our readers as can find time to write.

A Page for the Young.

"NEXT CHRISTMAS."

"Next Christmas," said Florence Bayney, "you will be with us then, you know, and you shall see how much we enjoy the merry, merry time."

They had been having a girls' chat, had Floy and her cousin, all about Christmas and its pleasures, and the former had grown quite animated over her descriptions of family gatherings, and German trees, and all the almsgivings of the time: these last having, perhaps, the chief place given to them, for Florence had a gentle heart, and loved, by word and deed, to sooth the sorrows of the poor around her.

"Look up, dear," she continued cheerily, "are you not wishing that old Christmas would make haste about it, if he means to visit us at all?"

"I!" said the younger girl, leaning her head upon her hand. "Oh, Floy, how do I know that I shall live till then?"

Floy's gaiety subsided to a sympathetic seriousness, as she said, "We cannot tell, dear; we must be quite ready, and then leave the time to God."

"Ah, it is easy for you, so full of health and life, to say all this; but I," and she spread forth her thin hands as she spoke, "I stand close to the cold river, and I am not ready for a passage through its waters!"

Floy could not speak, but she sank down beside her, and they wept together.

Alice had spoken of her cousin as full of health and life, and she had spoken truly. There was something about Florence Bayney which attracted even a stranger's gaze; something in the tall figure, in the rose-tinted cheek, and in the laughing eye, which led one, all admiringly, to say, "God has given health there, and a mind at ease."

It was all true, and Alice knew what a contrast all must observe between her slender form, her lily cheek, and almost saddened gaze, and the buoyancy which marked her cousin's every look and action.

But not always, when Death comes and

waits to bear away his victim,—not always does the Ruler of the skies say, "Lay thine hand upon the pale, drooping flower." No; for our brightest, our most healthful ones, are often carried in a moment hence.

So was it here. October came,—and Christmas,—to which Floy had gaily looked,—Christmas was hastening on, but she who had scarce known sickness all her life, she, the only daughter, and the brightness of the household, laid her fair head upon her mother's breast, and sighed her life away!

"It is very gloomy, aunt," said Alice, drawing nearer to Mrs. Bayney, as they sat in the still twilight; "I have missed Floy's laugh to-day." There was a long sad pause. "I wonder," continued the child, as one thinking aloud, "I wonder if she will be better by Christmas; she spoke so much about those pleasant days, that I quite long for them."

The mother leaned her head upon her hand. Oh, that sad heart!

"Alice, dear Alice, I must tell you of something which will make you very sad."

Again the face was hidden by the hands.

"Alice, dear Floy is very, very ill. You remember," she asked, rousing herself as by great effort; "you remember how this fearful disease has raged around us?"

Alice could scarce say, "Yes." There was something in her throat which checked her words, and yet she could not weep.

"This, then, has seized our darling, and they tell me she may die." How long that silence, without tears, seemed to them both!

"I left her, for the first time to-day," said the elder mourner presently, "that I might tell you this; and that I might say, also, that it will be our duty, dear, to send you from the house until —"

Alice felt an added weight upon her heart. "Must I leave them," she asked silently, "now, in their sorrow?" But she would not add to her aunt's grief, and so her head was bowed in mute assent.

"Oh, Alice, if I knew that Floy was ready! then one-half this weight would leave me! Shall we kneel, dear child," she asked, as the welcome tears began to flow.

"shall we kneel and ask Jesus to draw her now to himself?"

And in that deepening twilight they knelt side by side; and in low voice, with many a sob between, the mother prayed, as, thank God, many mothers do pray, for the salvation of her child. Oh, it was more the sighing and the tears, than any words she uttered, which rose, as in a cloud of glory, to the outspread hands of Jesus. And before they rose, that mother's faith was turned to gladdening sight, for beside them, in the darkness, knelt a manly form, and an earnest voice was lifted up in holy prayer.

It was the pastor; and the mother learned one of the sweetest, holiest things a mother ever learns, from that brief prayer, which sounded more like one continued praise. She learned then that her child was one of God's redeemed, an heir of glory, travelling to heaven!

What joy could equal *this*? Oh, mother, dost thou wish thy child to taste earth's joys,—to mount to earth's high honours? Ask it not! Desire *this* glory, and *this* honour, and *this* joy for thy beloved one, and Eternity shall prove that thou art wise.

Not many weeks before the hand of disease was laid upon her, Floy had journeyed to her pastor's dwelling, and had told him of her deep convictions, and her yearning after peace with God. And it had been his privilege (how high a privilege let angels strive to tell!) to lead her on to faith in Jesus, and to sweet adoption into God's own family. And now in his illness he had come to visit her, and, entering the room where the mother knelt, had heard her voice in prayer, and from the word or two which fell upon his ear, had learned that she knew nothing of her child's great happiness. In prayer, as we have seen, he told her what he knew, blessing God that the dear girl was quite prepared to die.

"Mother, I have kept back from you what I know will give you joy. I have

been wrong in this. Mother, do you not long to know if—I am ready?"

"I do, Floy," Mrs. Bayney tried to say.

"Mother, I believe in Jesus;" and I feel, oh, so happy! I cannot tell you. Death," she continued, earnestly, "Death, with His arms around me,—Death opening heaven's gate,—oh, it has no sting!"

Next day she said, "I have not professed myself a christian, mother."

"No, dear, you have had no opportunity."

"I do not know," said Floy, in a low tone; "but it has not been because I was ashamed. Say that hymn, dear mother."

Her mother began, but her tears checked her utterance.

"I should like to have sat at His table," said Floy, "young as I am; but heaven is before me, and *there* I shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Oh, how we long, sitting by the bed of death, to say *more* than we do, and how our tears *will* choke our utterance!

Delirium came, and the parents watched in vain for look of love. "One interval of reason!" sighed they, looking up to heaven, and it was granted.

"Mother!"

"My love, do you *know* your mother?" Oh, how tenderly those words were spoken! "Father!"

He took her hand. Servants, pastor, friends, she saw them all.

"I love,—*I love*,"—would she express some *earthly* devotion for father or mother, or friends? Ah, not thus does she breathe forth her soul,—she murmurs, "*I love Jesus!*"—and the life is gone!

They lay her in the tomb; and, very soon, the father and the mother joined her near the throne.

And Alice, in the twilight,—spared till gray hairs crown her brow,—sits thinking of the days gone by, and blesses God that he has made Floy's death the means of life to her. *Shall it be so with you?* O.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The great event of the month is beyond question a most bountiful *Harvest*; from all parts of the kingdom the accounts have been the same. Not only on account of the high prices last year has a larger breadth of land than usual been sown, but

the quantity and quality of both the wheat and other corn crops far exceed those of most years. The weight of the wheat is several pounds per bushel more than usual. Some deduction may take place from the full benefit we should otherwise enjoy from such a bounteous blessing, through the par-

tial losses of other countries. In America the Indian corn has very generally failed, though there, as here, the wheat crop is a very good one;—and some localities on the Continent also are sufferers from floods and want of water, while British harbours are practically nearer to them than more favoured parts of their own country. Still there can scarcely be a doubt that the necessities of life will be so much cheaper this winter, as to save the country on the lowest calculation not less than *twenty-five millions of pounds*. Every cottage will feel the difference. Ample supplies of food will do much to abate the virulence of the pestilence, and the taxes required for “defending the right” in our Eastern war will be paid, perhaps doubly paid, by the direct bounty of heaven. “Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.”

Adverting to that *War*, however, it is still painful to think how many remissions of taxation, and how many national improvements it has prevented. Ten millions added to our taxation, and partly poured out on foreign shores, partly diverted from the ordinary channels of trade, while it has served to rivet afresh excise fetters on others, can but have been a national mischief. In many cases, also, an essentially unchristian military ardour may have been kindled in breasts almost strangers hitherto to the feeling. It should be remembered, however, that a great deal of the professed love of peace was but a much meaner sentiment; in truth, the love of mammon. We have been enjoying and gloating over a material prosperity, which made too many insensible to any other consideration than the even flow of money into their bankers' accounts and shop-tills. They dreaded war, if they spoke the truth, more for lucre's sake than for religion's sake. Compared with such ignoble feelings courage is respectable; but the more general feeling of indignation at Russian wrongs to one of our fellow-nations, and of self-sacrificing desire at any cost to “defend the right,” is more than respectable, it is noble at least; quite worthy of Old Testament saints, and many will think worthy of New Testament saints also.—At the time we write fifty-eight thousand troops, to be followed by twenty or thirty thousand more, have just landed near Sebastopol, the strong-hold from which the Russian barbarian has hitherto menaced the liberties of Turkey.

At home we have had a most fearful visitation of the *Cholera*, in the metropolis. During nine weeks, beginning with five deaths the first week, it reached two thousand and fifty in the ninth week, but the next week the number of deaths was five hundred less. May the return of cooler weather be blessed as the means of lightening this solemn judgment. As usual, damp, dirt, and intemperance, seem chiefly to have attracted the baneful influence; but no class, age, or sex, has escaped its attacks. They have also been fearfully sudden. Premoni-

tory symptoms cannot be safely neglected for an hour, literally speaking; but no mode of treatment can yet be pronounced the sure one. Hundreds of God's children have fallen beneath the stroke. “Be ye also ready, for ye know not at what hour the Son of man cometh.”

In the *Ecclesiastical World* there is little of novel, though much of note-worthy, character. In Victoria, the Council is endeavouring to saddle the colony with a costly State-Church, prior to its gaining a full and fair representation of the people. The avaricious arts of the sect of the wealthier few will, it is hoped, be defeated by an appeal to the home Government. The Church Rates struggle in England goes on bravely. Victories predominate where the battle is fought as it ought to be; but the victory, in the better sense, is always on our side, for each contest gains a victory for truth over error in the minds of hundreds and thousands who would otherwise hardly think of it. We urgently counsel that, in every parish where there are but a few independent men, the rate should be contested, and the contest previously announced. Nothing will hasten Parliamentary action so much.—While *Evangelical* clergymen are thus enforcing Church rates in the name of Christ and the Queen, Archdeacon Wilberforce, who had published popish views on the Eucharist, and was threatened with prosecution, has found out that the Queen's supremacy is a stumbling-block in the way of his retaining holy orders! The Evangelicals are strenuous for the Queen's ecclesiastical supremacy; the Puseyites dislike it. A quarrel is arising in the bosom of the Church itself on this vital point in our Establishment. On the other hand, the clergy, especially in the new voluntary Churches, are attracting large congregations, and if they go on as they are doing, will turn the tables on Dissenters at the next census. Partly because the Church system suits all who dislike a definite profession of religion, and partly because the clergy are much more diligent in pastoral work than Dissenters. The Church worship is also a matter of course with the unenlightened, torified, and trimming, if they rouse themselves to go anywhere. The seal of some clergymen should, however, arouse the Dissenting clergy to a worthier seal for a purer gospel.

BURNING OF DR. COX'S CHAPEL, HACKNEY. FIRE INSURANCE.

On the cover our readers will perceive an advertisement of the report of the *British Empire Mutual Fire Assurance Company*. We draw attention to it for two reasons; one, that it is the first effort yet made on a national scale to apply the principle of *mutual* insurance in a fire office. By means of this principle, insurance is effected at *prime cost*; there is no proprietary to absorb the profits, but they all return triennially to the insurers. It will be seen that the British Empire has twice in the six years of its existence, re-

turned 12½ per cent. (*i. e.*, 2s. 6d. in the pound) to all who have insured with it for three years. Another reason is, that we fear even many good men are imperfectly impressed with the importance of full insurance against fire. They think "they will take their chance and risk it." Now, when for a few shillings or pounds per annum they may be quite safe, this is little better than tempting Providence. Had the chapel of Dr. Cox, which was entirely destroyed this month, not been insured, how severely would the deacons have been blamed for burdening the public with contributions, which, for a few pounds a year, might have been saved. We trust that all deacons and trustees who need it will take the warning. Generally, too, how many persons would, by a fire, be embarrassed in their business, perhaps even to bankruptcy; and no one has a right, for the sake of saving a small sum annually, to expose his creditors to the risk of a loss from which he might preserve them. A person even who has insured his life, might, if he had not insured his property, be compelled by a fire to give up his life insurance, on which he has been relying for the support of his widow or orphans in case of his early removal by death. Nothing can be more capricious and unforeseen than the causes of fires. Our servants' or our neighbours' neglect, spontaneous combustion, or lightning, and innumerable accidents not to be accounted for, place every thing combustible at the mercy of this terrible calamity. To us it is naturally some recommendation of the above-mentioned company, that it is not only established for the *public* good, and not for that of private shareholders, but that its chairman, with several of the directors and principal officers, are men of high standing in our churches, as well as in the commercial world.

WATERFOOT, ROSENDALE, LANCASHIRE.

On Monday, August 14th, 1854, a meeting was held for the purpose of recognizing and assisting at the formation of a church in this place. Messrs. J. Howe of Waterbarn, Driver of Lumb, Nichols of Sunnyside, John Whitaker of Waterfoot, Jackson of Cloughfold, and John Blakey of Haslingden, took part in the service. The whole service was of a deeply interesting character, many felt it good to be there.

UAK, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

On Wednesday evening, August the 16th, Mr. J. Lewis, student of the Baptist college, Pontypool, was recognised as pastor of the Baptist church in this town. The Revs. J. Bailey of Ragland, G. Thomas, and J. Thomas of the above college, and S. Price of Abersychan, took part in the services.

SHIPLEY, YORKSHIRE.

The Rev. J. P. Campbell of Towcester, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at Shipley, and will commence his labours there on the second Sabbath in October; the prospects for his comfort and usefulness are very encouraging.

HAMBURGH.

It will be interesting to our readers to hear that our beloved Brother Oncken, after his long tour in the United States, arrived safely at Hamburg on the 23th of August, when his reception by his family and the church may be more easily imagined than described.

GREAT GRIMSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Rev. R. Hogg, of Long Preston, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate from the church assembling in Upper Burgess Street, and commences his stated labours there on the first Lord's-day in October.

KEYNSHAM, SOMERSET.

Mr. J. J. Joplin, of the Baptist college, Bristol, has received and accepted an invitation from the Baptist church, Keynsham, Somerset, to become their pastor, and entered on his labours the first Sabbath in August, with gratifying prospects of success.

NORWOOD.

The Rev. S. Wills, D.D., (lately returned from New York,) having accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate, from the Baptist church at Westow Hill, Norwood, commenced his stated labours on Lord's-day, September 24th.

POPLAR.

The Rev. Benjamin Preece, late of Grimsby, having accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church, Cotton-street, Poplar, entered upon his pastoral duties September 17th.

Obituary.

THE REV. J. G. PIKE, OF DERBY.

We are sorry to have to record the death of this venerable minister, which occurred on the 11th of September, at his house in Derby. His death was sudden. He preached to his own congregation on the previous Sunday, and on the Monday morning attended the monthly prayer-meeting of the Independent and Baptist ministers, by whom he was congratulated on his apparent improvement in health. When the hour of prayer closed, he consulted his brethren on the propriety of uniting in a public thanksgiving for the abundant harvest. In the course of the day he made some calls, and, in the afternoon, retired to his study to attend to his correspondence. Several envelopes were directed, and one note was commenced, but his pen was paralyzed by the stroke of death. Not answering to the call to tea, his daughter entered his study, and found him sitting in his chair, pen in hand, with his forehead on his desk, senseless and lifeless! His death is supposed to have been instantaneous, and to have occurred without a struggle or a pang. He was in his 71st year. His funeral took place on the 19th instant. Perhaps there has been no man of our day whose labours in the cause of God have been greater or more successful. Of him eminently it may be said, that "his works do follow him."

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

THE DOMESTIC PRIESTHOOD.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE LATE DR. FRIEDR. STRAUSS, COURT CHAPLAIN TO THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee," &c.—John ii. 1—11.

The evangelist here teaches us how the Lord, by a miracle of his grace, has sanctified domestic life. In treating here, therefore, of the domestic life of the christian, we would show in what respect it is a christian life. How it constitutes the DOMESTIC PRIESTHOOD, in its constitution, its form, and its operation, the narrative of the evangelist will aid us to unfold. The Lord bless this attempt which we begin in his name!

It may be supposed that to many the expression, "Domestic Priesthood," conveys no clear idea; it is therefore my duty to explain it; and thereby, first, to unfold the CONSTITUTION of the DOMESTIC PRIESTHOOD.

When the priesthood is in a christian household, it shows itself in the *character of those who are invited to the celebration of its rites*. Our Gospel tells us that at a marriage in Cana of Galilee the mother of Jesus was present. It is worthy of remark, that, except Jesus himself, Mary is the chief person, and not the bridegroom or bride, in the narrative of the evangelist. From whom may we learn the nature of the domestic priesthood better than from her? The wife is ever the true centre of the family, and the domestic life is seldom more or less than what she knows to make it. But here are the sayings of one who was the mother of the Saviour, of her whom the angel of the Lord saluted as the highly-favoured, to whom he announced that the Lord was with her, and hailed as "Blessed above women!" The reverence due to this remarkable woman has, indeed, in some quarters, overstepped those bounds which the Word of God has drawn with so much precision; nor dare we pass un denounced the unscriptural error that teaches us to honour her as sinless, and as a mediator between Christ and us. Nevertheless, this is sure, that the Word of God declares her the first and most blessed of all her sex. She is not unfrequently introduced in the evangelical history, and when we there meet her, usually in some domestic matter, we ever behold in her a peculiar dignity. In what does this consist? In the outward

* This is the first of a series of similar translations, which we hope occasionally to present in "The Church." The way in which the translations from Dr. Thöluck, which will also be continued occasionally, have been appreciated, proves to us that these valuable translations will not be lost upon our readers.

glory of a king's daughter of the house of David? Alas, through the oppression of the nation, and through personal poverty, that glory has passed away! Or was hers the majesty of the priestly order which alone was illustrious in Israel now? Nor was it this. Her friend Elizabeth is the wife of a priest, and of the lineage of Aaron, but Mary is not. On the contrary, she everywhere reminds us of the saying of Peter, "Ye are a royal priesthood." The apostle there calls every christian, male or female, servant or master, child or adult, a royal priesthood, and marks by this expression the highest honour which is bestowed on man in the church of Christ. According to the doctrine of the New Testament, priests are not the ministers of the Word, the teachers of the congregation, or those clothed with a church office. That was the case only under the old covenant, in the worship of God at Jerusalem; and the sons of Aaron are called priests, because in that age, which was instructed by types, they were a type of the invisible church of Christ, wherein the members conjointly are priests to God. In the patriarchal age it was otherwise, and its original priesthood instructs us still more clearly on the true constitution of the priesthood. The father of the family, the first-born who conducted the sacrifice, and called on the name of the Lord in the domestic circle, was the priest; and as we behold him standing yonder in the midst of it, so is every christian in the church of Christ, which is also a family, a priest of the Lord.

But in what does the universal priesthood of all the domestics consist? John wrote to the seven churches in Asia, "Jesus Christ has made us priests to God, even his Father." He is the eternal High Priest, who constitutes all who hang on him priests to God. Luther justly remarks, that the priesthood depends on the birth, and as in the Old Testament on the natural birth, so in the New Testament on the spiritual. Whoever is born again, whoever believes on the name of the Son of God, whoever is rightly consecrated through faith in him, he is a priest of the New Testament. For by his one-offering has Jesus Christ for ever consecrated those who are sanctified, and by his strength they can bring their spiritual offerings which God accepts. When they offer the fruit of their lips, giving thanks to his name,—present their bodies as living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God,—and forget not to do good, and to communicate,—with such sacrifices God is well pleased. One such priestess was Mary when she believed in Jesus; such priests were his disciples; and such priests also shall we be when we become members of the family; and we shall be so, when that takes place *inwardly* in our house which took place *outwardly* in the house of Cana. It is said, that "Jesus and his disciples were also called to the marriage." Wherever he is present in a house, wherever he is called to its festivities, wherever he sanctifies through his presence the doing and the suffering of the domestics, there is a "Domestic Priesthood." Family conduct is the surest sign of the spiritual priesthood. He who is not a priest in his own house, is so nowhere else; and a faith that proclaims itself ever so loud in social, civil, or ecclesiastical life, but gives no proof of its presence at home, is only a dead faith. The deeper we look into the nature of the priesthood, the clearer every time it appears that the domestic life is its peculiar province. Or, if we consider them conjointly, the very expression, "Domestic Priesthood," implies that that only is christian housekeeping where the members of the family have become priests to God; and they are so, when by faith in Jesus Christ and his all-perfect atonement, they know themselves to be ready to present their whole lives as a sacrifice to him. This is the Constitution of the "Domestic Priesthood."

There was no wine at the marriage in Cana. We are not informed of

the circumstances by which this want had arisen. But it is evident that there was found there that which exists in every house—trouble and want. Our old people were wont to say, that wedded life was woful life, nor is it going too far to call home the stage of human suffering. Were we to call upon you who are here to recount to us your family troubles, beginning with the poor and lowly, and going on to the rich and great, what a host of troubles, straits, debts, sicknesses, and discomforts, would pass before us! But still, though home is the stage of human suffering, it may also be considered the stage of human glory. Even among unregenerate men, sometimes a love and a sympathy, a self-yielding and self-sacrificing, a patience and forbearance, are displayed in domestic life as in no other. And all this is but a shadow of the spiritual glory which we see in the priests of God. What we mean is illustrated in the mother of Jesus. "She saith unto Him, They have no wine." By this she distinguishes herself as a priestess of God; that she not only takes a portion of the trouble, but hastens with it to Jesus, for by both of these must every faithful member of the family show himself to be such. The trouble of one affects the others; and where one member suffers, there all the members suffer. But none of the members know any other hope in their trouble but in the Lord. Put yourself in the place of her of whom we now speak, dear hearers, for in exhorting you to confidence in the grace of God, we know of no better argument than to invite you to follow us in spirit, either to where alone a solitary domestic pours out his bleeding heart before the Lord, or to where the father of a family, with his own domestics around him, bows the knee before the Lord, and cries for mercy. Hitherto we have only spoken of outward trouble. In the inward, this glory appears still more clearly. Outward trouble is by far the lightest; the heaviest, and in our time, a time, alas! of unhappy marriages, the most abundant, is that which arises from domestic sins. The Lord must have marked something in Mary which was not altogether right, for he answered her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." Though these words sound harsher in our translation than in the original,—though He whose love and obedience were perfect spoke them in the mildest and kindest manner,—and though nothing is found in them that contradicts this,—yet it cannot be denied that a reproof lies in them. Even the mother of Jesus, blessed above women, the pattern of domestic priestesses, shall appear to us, at least in one instance, as worthy of reprehension. But though in fault, still she discovers her priesthood in the manner she takes the reproof. She is silent. She forgets that she is the human mother of Him who reproves her, because in Him she honours his higher dignity as the Son of God. That alone stands before her soul, therefore his word can humble her, and she is silent. In no house does the chastisement of the Spirit of God fail. Sometimes he speaks through our conscience, sometimes by his written Word, and sometimes by the admonitions of other domestics. A man with priestly feeling receives them without resistance; he will not withstand what is just; he does not go about to make himself appear pure and faultless; he owns his transgression; feels the necessity of owning it; and he does this because he trusts the mind of the Lord more than his own. This confidence, which in outward trouble leads him to hope in the salvation of Jesus' grace, humbles him before the majesty of Jesus in the inward trouble of sin.

But wherever this first sign of the priesthood is found, the second never fails. The mother of Jesus saith to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do." Such advice is daily followed in christian families. All the information, encouragement, and exhortation given by the members

of the family to one another run in this direction. Nor does it stand in word only, but flows over their silent arrangements, in their powerful example, and in their prevailing intercessions. The consequence is, that the obedience required by the Lord is always yielded. In a priestly house every one fulfils his duty with joy, and does what he ought, because it is the will of Christ. The father provides for and rules the house. The mother puts it in order and brings up the children. The servants are industrious and faithful. The children follow the example of their parents. Each shows a cordial kindness, friendship, humility, sweetness of temper, and forbearance, as a chosen child of God. They bear one another's burdens. Each forgives the faults of each; and no one knows a greater joy than the happiness of the other. Whatsoever is true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, of good report, virtuous, or praiseworthy, they think on these things. Every one rises in the morning cheerful and serene, and, ere he assembles with the rest round the family altar, prays in stillness for himself and them. And as the father looks on all his own, preserved through the night, and strengthened by God's goodness, his heart ascends in gratitude, and his morning salutation lights up his eyes sooner than his lips can express it. Now, they all go to work, and though separated for a while, their hearts are still nigh, and their loving thoughts of care for each other's welfare rise up in prayer to their common Lord. Again they meet at noon, and while they surround the family table, not only the body, but the soul, is refreshed by united praise to the Lord. Once more they separate for a few hours to pursue their callings, and see with increasing joy how, in a life such as this, every one is blessed and prospered. At length the sweet hour of release from labour unites them. Whatever subject, human or divine, pleasing or plaintive, engages their conversation, it is done in love, as before God. And when the father of the family, lifting his hands over his beloved household, pours out the evening blessing, he knows that they are blessed of Him in whose name he pronounces the Amen.

Hitherto, dear hearers, we have portrayed only the external form of the "Domestic Priesthood." But is not this picture a correct representation of its hallowed working? Indeed; we feel it difficult to repress our admiration of its operation; and we rejoice that our text invites us, in unfolding its results, to unburden our hearts. Oh, that we could express, in human language, the heavenly grace!

Jesus commands the six water-pots, which, according to the Jewish custom of purification, stood in the house at Cana, to be filled with water to the brim. He then bids the servants draw, and bear it to the master of the feast, who, when he had tasted this wine, which had been water, could not express, in language strong enough, his astonishment at its excellence. Jesus had brought relief. By a miracle of his aid, he had discovered his glory; and we must not overlook the circumstance, that this was the first miracle that Jesus wrought, and thereby conferred a peculiar glory on domestic life. He would have us by this observe that the HOUSE is the spot where the Lord, by the wonders of his aid, every now and then displays his glory in a wider sense. We call upon you, dear hearers, now to bear witness to the truth of this by your own experience,—on you, ye mothers! that ye may tell us how you stood at your children's sick-bed, and your prayers were often heard ere you had brought them to a close;—on you, ye fathers! how you have come home weary and worn-out with care and toil, and watched through a part of the night in supplication and sighs, while your family, devoid of care, were fast asleep, and then oft in the morning assistance appeared;—on you, ye children! ye early-made orphans, how ye afterwards, in many a well-

remembered hour of blessing, were forced to exclaim, "Truly, the Father's benison builds up the children's house!" Oh, if ye could speak, ye miserable abodes of the poor among the people! If a voice were given you, ye walls of the nursery and sick-chamber! If ye could tell what ye have beheld of divine support, ye chambers of prayer and toil! we should always be hearing anew how the water is turned into wine. Here is a type which clearly and comprehensively represents the glory of Jesus in the deliverances he often works on earth. Water is that pure earthly element, out of which all earthly things were formed when the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep; and wine, in the church of Christ, in the cup of blessing, is the type of the highest heavenly good. And in a peculiar way does it not daily happen that earthly trouble produces spiritual joy; worldly pain, heavenly peace; and out of human frowardness comes eternal love?

When the Lord had manifested his glory at the marriage in Cana, his disciples believed on him. Wherever our heavenly High Priest appears, there the priesthood must spread abroad from the heart of one domestic to that of another. He fills the hearts of the priests with the joy of his salvation, and this joy shall serve to replenish his people with his gifts. He who believeth on him, out of him shall flow, as himself hath said, rivers of living water. No one can live by faith without being willing to spread abroad the life of faith; and no one is a priest without bearing witness of the High Priest to his brethren. As when the jailor at Philippi yields himself to baptism, and all his family follow him forthwith; as when Cornelius invites the apostle, and his domestics receive the Holy Spirit along with him; as when the Lord opens the heart of Lydia, and her whole house become believers in the Lord; the same disposition to preach Christ to their own, and the same result that such family-preaching is far more blessed than any other, is daily seen in the "Domestic Priesthood." We shall first speak of those who form the centres of the domestic circle. The Apostle Paul asks the believing wife, "What knowest thou, oh, wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" And to the believing husband, "What knowest thou, oh, man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" Let those speak who often stand at the death-bed of the married, and inform us whether this apostolic word is not fulfilling every day. They will tell you that even still in many instances, one takes leave of the other with the declaration, Thou, my husband, thou, my wife, wert the instrument, in the hand of God, of my conversion and sanctification. Behold, how the dying one commends the survivor, at a throne of grace, to God's requital! or, how the survivor drops the tear of imperishable gratitude on the cold hand of the dying!

We would mention another domestic relation,—that of master and servant. Indeed, an earnest word of reproof is loudly called for respecting this relation, which in the wealthier houses of the modern day is sadly deteriorated; and the curse of which makes itself everywhere felt. But though in some houses the master first corrupts, and then annoys, the servant, who retaliates the annoyance on the master; yet it is not so in those families in which, as in the days of our pious forefathers, the servants shared the parental care of the master, and the master found filial fidelity in the servants. There, we hear the man servant or the maid, in after years, bless the house of their servitude, as the birth-place of their spiritual life.

But we turn, lastly, to that domestic tie, which more than both of these is appointed to enlarge the kingdom of God. Of Abraham, God said, "I know that he will command his children and his household after him, to observe the ways of the Lord." Out of the father's mouth, and from

the lap of the mother, must first be received the seed of the Word of God. The school can only carry forward, and the ministry of the Word bring to maturity, what the parents have sown. No man in after life can wholly deny the spirit of the home in which his cradle stood; and, above all, the daughters are the true impression of what both father and mother strove, in their domestic life, to teach them. We know well, that among believers of the present day, many are speechless when the faith of their parents is the subject of conversation; but we know, also, that there are many among us who repress with difficulty their emotion when they think on the days of their childhood, and on the result of a father's exhortations, and a mother's prayers for their spiritual life. Behold where, even beyond the grave, are those who bless their parents, who reared them not only for earth, but also for heaven! Thanks be to God, the "Domestic Priesthood" is still not only blessed by the wonders of divine aid, but spreads abroad in the hearts of men the kingdom of Jesus Christ by its hallowed influence.

Let us turn this language of praise to God into that of exhortation to you, devout hearers! Have you so cordially joined in *that*, that you can yield obedience to *this*? He who enjoys the blessing of the priesthood in his house, never fails to renew his daily thanksgiving, that the chief end of life has been attained, or his daily prayer for the increase of this precious gift of God. As it is only attained, so it can only be preserved, by prayer. He who is destitute of the blessing of the priesthood in his house, feels that the best good, in the most important connexion, is wanting to him. But let him not blame his domestics, but himself, and request a priestly disposition for his own soul before he seeks it for others. With his own heart let every one begin, and learn that one priestly soul may sanctify the whole house. Finally, whoever among you remains single, we shut him not out from the general invitation, but call on him to consider seriously, that though his domestic economy is incomplete, yet his priesthood can and may be perfect. It was the aim of our discourse, that every one amongst us, whatever sphere of life he may occupy, might experience in himself the fulfilment of the prediction announced by the prophet of the old dispensation, "Ye shall be named the priests of the Lord; they shall call you the ministers of our God."

JESUS IN HIS GARDEN.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies."—*Solomon's Song* vi. 2.

This song reveals the Lord Jesus Christ *as the man*, and sets forth his love to his people, and his communion with them. To the truly spiritual mind, who has a knowledge of Eastern customs and manners, it is one of the most precious books in all the Old Testament; and we find that just in proportion to our spirituality do we enter into and enjoy this inspired portion of God's word. From the power that has attended it, the sweetness found in it, and the effect produced on the affections by it, some of us have concluded, that if any book contains full and satisfactory *internal* evidence of inspiration it is this. But the carnal man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. And the carnal-minded believer has but little sympathy with the contents of this most blessed and precious portion of God's most holy word.

The church had lost the presence of her beloved, and she could find no substitute for him; her restlessness awakens attention, and excites the enquiry, "What is thy beloved more than another beloved?" She endeavours to describe him, but fails; therefore she exclaims, "He is the chief among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely;" and adds, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." This brings out the enquiry, "Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee." The text is her reply: "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies."

I. Observe the Saviour's title, "*Beloved.*" Every believer loves Jesus, and loves him singly. He is *the* beloved, not *a* beloved. He stands out from all other, and is loved as none other. Every believer loves Jesus sincerely,—loves him with the heart, with the whole heart,—loves him supremely, above and beyond all beside. His language is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Believers love Jesus, because of his loveliness. When the Spirit reveals him to them, he appears divinely sweet and glorious. All the glorious perfections of God, and all the amiable excellences of man, are seen in him; and the language of Watts is expressive of the view the soul has of him,—

"All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be beloved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too."

They love him because he is worthy. Whatever can commend him to the understanding, or endear him to the affections, is found in Jesus. Many sigh and suffer from setting their affections on an unworthy object,—not so the believer. Jesus is worthy of our highest, holiest, and warmest love. Besides which, he is related to us,—he is at once our Father, Brother, Friend, and Bridegroom. What would be monstrous in a natural sense, is right, prudent, and glorious in a spiritual. We are espoused to him, our affections are set upon him, we long to see him, and hope to spend an eternity with him. What an eternity will that be! An eternity of love, holiness, happiness, and indescribable splendour. "We love him because he first loved us." But for this we had never loved him. Because he loved us, he taught us our need of himself, revealed himself to us, shed abroad his love in our hearts, and thus won our affections for himself. Oh, to love Jesus more! To love him right heartily, and to love him without one moment's intermission.

"None among the sons of men,
None among the heavenly train,
Can with Jesus Christ compare;
None so sweet, and none so fair.

"If I loved my Lord before,
I would love him ten times more;
Drop into his sea outright,
Lose myself in Jesus quite."

II. Notice the Saviour's resort, "*He is gone down into his garden.*" His paradise is above, but he has a garden below. This garden is his *one church*. The whole body of his elect, who believe in his adorable name. These are separated from the world by an act of sovereign grace, and the exercise of omnipotent power. They are enclosed by his promises, providence, and presence. For he is a wall of fire round about them, and the glory in the midst of them. They are cultivated by his ministers,

Word, and Spirit, that they may blossom for his delight, and bring forth fruit for his glory. They are beautiful in his eyes. Nothing so beautiful. Hence he exclaims, "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirezah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners. Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister-spouse." What language for Jesus to use toward such worms as we are! It is this that stumbles the carnal, for they cannot understand it. It fills us with admiration and grateful love. Here are the heights, the depths, the lengths, and the breadths of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. As separated for him, enclosed and cultivated by him, they are not only beautiful, but fruitful; they bring forth to his Father's glory, and to his own satisfaction and delight. The church is the Lord's garden, a garden purchased with his precious blood, planted by his skilful hand, and valued by him more than all the world. This is the treasure he found hid in the field of this world, which he hid, went and sold all that he had, and purchased the field. Now he claims the world as his own; but his church is "his peculiar treasure." He comes down into his garden, which is at present low in a low place. His coming down into his garden indicates her condition and his condescension. He visits his poor, despised, and persecuted people. He visits them not merely from pity, but love. He is always with them, but in a special manner when they appear as a garden. Where two or three are gathered together in my name, *there am I*. "*He is gone down to the beds of spices.*" To meet with the little companies of believers, which he compares to spice-beds. Every christian is a spice-plant, and these spice-plants grow in beds. The world sees not their beauty, for it is spiritually discerned. The world smells not their fragrance, for it is spiritually inhaled. These plants are rare, none has them but Jesus, nowhere can they be found but in his church. They are fragrant, and their perfume is drawn forth by Jesus, as the Sun of righteousness, and wafted upward by the Spirit's influence, as the south wind. To Jesus there is fragrance in the persons, graces, services, and sacrifices of his people; specially in their prayers and praises.

"The prayers and praises of the saints, like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume around the mercy-seat:
When God inclines the heart to pray, he hath an ear to hear,
To him there's music in a groan, and beauty in a tear."

III. Mark the Saviour's object, "*To feed in the gardens.*" To feed, delight, and find satisfaction in his people. Never did mother delight herself in her firstborn, as Jesus delights himself in his people. Never did gardener delight himself in his rare, costly, and excellent plants, as Jesus does in his people. Hence he speaks of them and calls them, "The saints that are in the earth, the excellent, in whom is all my delight." And he speaks to them and says, "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, my delight is in her." But he comes not only to refresh, satisfy, and delight himself, but to feed them. This he does with his word, his ordinances, the operations of his Spirit, and the manifestations of himself. Oh, how it refreshes, revives, satisfies, and delights the soul, when Jesus walks in his garden, among the beds of spices; or, without the figure, when he manifests himself unto us as he does not unto the world. But he not only comes to feed, but "*to gather lilies.*" Another figure to represent his saints. Every saint is a lily, not a nettle, or a thorn, or a poisonous weed. Oh, no, but a beautiful, fragrant, useful, ornamental lily. They may be lilies among thorns sometimes, that is, when in the world; but they are arranged and beautiful, when found in the church. Jesus plants, waters, watches, enjoys, and preserves his lilies, and in his own

time comes to gather them. He will allow no one to gather his lilies but himself. He has the keys of death and hades. He openeth and no man shutteth; he shutteth and no man openeth. He comes and severs soul from body, removes his lily plant out of the reach of frosts, nipping winds, and the rude hands of man. He places it in his bosom, presents it to his Father, and preserves it in blossom and beauty before his throne for ever. How gently he gathers them often. How wisely he removes them before the storm descends. How carefully he takes them to his Father's house. Of many it may be said, as it was written of one,—

"Dismissed to glory with a kiss of love,
He bade the lagging moments swifter roll;
Death was to him as harmless as a dove,
While floods of glory overwhelmed his soul.

"Not plucked but *gathered* by the hand of love,
As tender fruit or fragrant lilies are;
Transplanted to the paradise above,
To blossom in eternal glory there."

Sometimes Jesus comes into his garden specially to plant; this is what his church needs now. Oh, Saviour, come and plant thy garden with many fruit-bearing trees, who shall bring forth the fruits of righteousness, to the praise and glory of God! Come and plant in thy spice beds many rows of young spice-plants,—take them from our congregations, from our Sabbath schools, from our families, and from our neighbourhoods; and let the whole earth be perfumed with their fragrance! Sometimes Jesus comes to prune and water. Oh, how much pruning we want, and how sharp the pruning knife he finds it necessary to employ! How often we need watering by his hand, or how dry our soil, and how withered our appearance. Oh, Saviour, hast thou not said of thy garden, "I will water it every moment, and, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Water my soul! Water the souls of thy people abundantly, that they may revive as the corn, grow as the vine, and spread forth their roots and branches as the cedars! May we, from sweet experience and inward evidence of its truth, often sing,—

"Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine;
Fruit to eternal life shall bear,
The feeblest plant of thine."

Sometimes Jesus seems to gather and take his people home to his Father. He has said, "I will come and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Though spoken of his second advent, it is true of his removing us by death. He comes for us, he wisely gathers us, he safely transports us to a milder and healthier clime. My soul, Jesus is daily coming down into his garden to gather his lilies; he will soon come and gather thee. Art thou ready? Oh, to be found in full bloom when Jesus comes to gather me! Oh, to be full of fragrance, that the sick room may be filled with the odour! Jesus, Saviour, kindly preserve and supply me now, and gently gather me with thine own loving hand at last, to the praise of thy glory!

"My best beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face,
In the young gardens of his grace.

"Oh, may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love."

Cheltenham.

WHAT DEATH IS TO THE BELIEVER.

Death, viewed in redemption, is not the triumph of mortality, but *the soul's triumph*. What an unnatural union is this of ever-living spirit and the clod! By the one we are made kindred to the brutes that perish; by the other to the angelic host, nay, to God himself, the Father of spirits. The one drags us perpetually down to dust, and the worm; the other pants and struggles to bear us aloof to ethereal ranges. The eaglet of the mountain, the nursling of the sky, is imprisoned here within bars of clay. In its own nature made to soar above the clouds, through the wide fields where God's glory shines, and his wonders cluster, it must mate itself with this dull, sluggish partner of sense. It must droop under the body's infirmities; it must receive light through the senses, like a captive through his cell's grated window. It must be locked up from rational existence through nearly half its lifetime, because this tired body must have the refreshment of sleep. What a bondage, what a clog, what a humiliation, so to speak. Now, what is death to this fettered spirit? Not a victory of the last enemy, but the opening of the prison-door to the captive,—the striking of his chains,—his release from bonds of flesh and sense; he leaps forth into a freer and larger life. The soul rises into its own element. It has cast off its grave-clothes; it spreads its long-drooping pinions; and with wings like a dove flies away to its rest.

And death, viewed in redemption, is a *grand revealer*. There is light in the sacred volume; what God is morally it tells us, and what heaven is, and what its inhabitants. Dim outlines of the celestial city are here, and of the senses within. Marvellous histories are here of the elder times. God, as Creator, we see riding forth over the dark formless void, and calling a new world into life and beauty. But how little of the real and *sensible* appearance of things, so to speak, beyond the veil, is here possible to be discerned. Before we can know what God is in essence,—what the wonders our eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, or heart conceived, we must pass the veil, and look as spirits look. And death comes to lift up before us this veil, and to lead us through. And then the spirit-land lies before us; the provinces of eternity stretch out in clearest vision; we pass the crystal walls, we walk the golden streets, we enter the mansions of heaven's master-builder, we hail angel visitants as guests, and behold Christ the King as he is. Death holds the key of this universe of wonders, and till he unlock, the garniture of earth is the fairest show we can gaze upon. This sable messenger is, beyond even the spirit of inspiration, a revealer of mysteries, out of conception grand and glorious.

Death to the christian is *the birth-hour of IMMORTALITY*. While we linger here, immortality is rather in prospect than in possession. Corruption, decay, mortality, triumph here over even the heirs of eternal life. Not till the great transition passes upon us, can we say, properly, that we are *immortal*. Till then we must confess that we are *mortal*. This spiritual life within the body is only the embryo of an immortal existence. Here it *quickens* and *ripens*, but still struggles darkly. The death-pangs are but the birth-throes of a new creature, emerging from the flesh into an endless life, no more to say, I am sick, I die, but exultingly sing, I live for ever.

Death is the christian's *last encounter and victory* in this warfare of probation. When death approaches us, all other conflicts but this are ended,—all other foes subdued. Here is the only enemy that stands between us and our inheritance. This foe vanquished, the victor's palm is ours. There he stands, sheathed in terrors, like a grim warrior in mail,

but he is the *last enemy*. We should look upon him as the tired swimmer, just spent, upon the last wave that rears its crest to overwhelm him ere he touches the shore; let him strike once more lustily, and mount this billow, and itself shall bear him to safety. What, shall we faint, and be dismayed when only one struggle remains? Having obtained help hitherto, and just in sight of our crown, shall we suffer our heart to be unmanned, when beyond this point all is peace? Reflect, it is the last danger. Of no other in all our history could we say this. This gives it a new character, a sort of welcome. We might be eager to challenge the encounter, and then lay down our armour, to buckle it on never again. See how this eagerness, half suppressed, bears witness to itself in the heart of Paul. "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." And in approaching this encounter we shall find our enemy already defeated. Christ hath overcome and disarmed him. His hand bears no lifted dart for the christian. "The sting of death is sin;" but the power of sin to wound and pierce us is slain; the victory is ours through the prowess of the Son of God, our Saviour.

And so death in redemption is as *the gate of heaven*. "In my Father's house," said the forerunner, "are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there may ye be also." And when does He come again? when does He receive us to himself? when does He open our mansion of glory? when, but in *death*? What is it we dread? the opening of heaven's gate? the Saviour's promised return? the life of holiness and bliss begun? There is but this one barrier between us and immortality; should we tremble and be afraid when it is thrown down? Which is better, to live amid sorrow, toil, and sin, or by dying to attain to perfect purity, perfect joy, perfect rest? All God's providences on earth are, by his ordering, ministers of good to his people, but death is in this view chiefest of them all, ministrant of greatest good; for this only leads us up to God.

Oh, hour of final discharge, we may say of full release,—discharge from servitude, release from sin,—that gives the soul wings for its fetters, that opens to our darkened vision the living glories of the "better land," that takes us from frailty to immortality, and conducts us as conquerors to Him who holds the victor's unfading wreath, we hail thy coming on,—we go calmly forward to meet thee! Oh, king of terrors, we know thee through thy disguise, a kind, strong angel, the angel of guidance to our home! Out of the harbour he comes to us weary voyagers, a rough-clad pilot, to steer us into port. Come in what shape thou wilt, and at what hour;—strike at this breast, the spirit's prison doors;—cut the cords of mortal life, the chains of the captive soul, thou shalt be welcome! To live is Christ, *to die is gain!*

GOD'S STANDARD OF PROSPERITY.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."—*John* iii. 2.

It was a pleasant autumnal evening, when the village pastor walked out through yellow fields of grain, bowing and ready for the sickle. His soul arose in wondering gratitude toward that God whose power, wisdom, and love are at all times apparent; but more especially at the season just

passed, when "the year is crowned with his goodness, and all his paths drop fatness." Absorbed in those hallowed thoughts, known only to the genuine believer, he perceived approaching one of his deacons. "Happy to meet you here," said the pastor, cordially extending his hand. "May you prosper and be in health, even as your soul prospereth." The good deacon felt the full force of the salutation, and fixing on his pastor a look which showed the words he uttered swelled from his heart, he said, "If you love me, my dear Sir, breathe not such a prayer, for if my temporal prosperity depended upon the prosperity of my soul, my fields would be fruitless, my barns would be empty indeed."

Leaving the two friends, we would yield to reflection on the searching, truthful reply given to the pastor's wish.

"*Prosperous as thy soul prospers.*" This is the true standard of prosperity. There are times when we fully realise this truth, when the soul turns from the outer to the inner world, and acts as it were upon itself,—when exposed to imminent danger,—when brought "very low" by sickness,—and, finally, when life's shadows lengthen and close around us. Ah, it is then we *feel* that we are only "*prosperous as our souls prosper!*"

What strange consequences would be realised if temporal depended upon spiritual prosperity. The flourishing merchant of to-day, would be a prostrate bankrupt to-morrow; the mother smiling amid her "little band" to-day, would stand amid graves to-morrow; the families surrounded with luxuries to-day, would be beset with famine to-morrow. Alas, we might say, for our health, for our prosperity, if dependent on the prosperity of our souls!

Yet soul-prosperity is the true standard, nor can any worldly aggrandisement compensate for the want of it. A man may have all this world can confer,—his coffers may groan beneath the idol, gold,—yea, he may rise in the scale of worldly honour, up, up, till he can write *monarch* to his name,—and, after all, when brought to this standard, we might write, "Wretched, and poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked," and point to a higher than he in yonder lowly cot, who claims to be a son of God.

Oh, that this truth were impressed on the divided christian church,—on panting souls who are thirsting and drinking and thirsting again after troubled streams,—on those who leave happy homes on which no cloud rests, in quest of gilded dust in a foreign land.

"*Prosperous as your souls prosper.*" How is it with the reader? how is it with the writer? Our souls must be either prosperous,—going on unto perfection, or constantly retrograding towards the world. Let us turn our thoughts upon the "wheel of time" back to the period when we felt the first gush of grateful love towards Him who revealed himself to us as the Lord God, merciful and gracious, and ask whether, since then, our *course* has been onward, upward? and do we *now* feel our souls sweetly and spontaneously hie after God, prospering and in health? Can we review the past, and fearlessly hold up in the light of Eternity every motive which led us to act, knowing our aim was the glory of God? If so, then we may pray, "Prosper us, O Lord, even as our souls prosper."

But, alas, how frequently does the past present to us a dark catalogue,—a series of inconsistencies and failures in every duty. We can think of the unseen but real idols we have worshipped,—of the many neglected opportunities when we might have warned the sinner, imparted a timely word to the backslider, and soothed with sympathy the sorrowing,—and when professing to spread the fame of Jesus, we too often but published our own. Ah, how can we adopt the devout prayer of the single-minded apostle; rather would we return afresh to the blood of sprinkling, and

pray, "O Lord, heal our backsliding." Do thou "dwell and walk" in us, uprooting every selfish principle, and implanting those living, active, working powers which indicate prosperity of soul: so that we may pray with the apostle, "Prosper us in all things, even as our souls prosper!"

HASTE NOT—REST NOT!

(Translated from the German of Goethe.)

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all they might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not!—life is sweeping by,
Go and ~~DARE~~ before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have past away.

Haste not—rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy constant guide—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not—rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

EVENING PRAYER.

The gathering shades of night
Compose our thoughts to prayer;
We feel a calm delight
Breathe in the evening air,
And the departing light
Calls off our thoughts to prayer.

The sun goes down the west,
Yet glory lingers there
That points us to the blest,
Who dwell in regions fair,
Till we long to be at rest,
And mingle with them there.

Still let us with delight
Breathe here the vital air;
Heaven is almost in sight
When we can breathe a prayer:
The spirit knows no night,
For God is everywhere.

Christian Heroes.

No. 11.—THE COVENANTERS.

Who has not heard of the Scottish Covenanters—the defenders of a national faith two centuries ago? History has told us in glowing words the tale of their heroic deeds; poetry has sung of them in lines that ring on from century to century as the requiem of piety and devotion; romance has caught inspiration at the story of their lives and deaths, and has pictured them to us in all the varied scenes of their tragic history; and they are embalmed in the traditions of a nation always eager to recall the past, and always excited at the remembrance of “the days of auld lang syne.” Their tale is sad and sorrowful, though full of glory; it is one which must always stand high in the annals of Christian Heroism.

Scotland has always been presbyterian in her tendencies. Her countrymen, likewise, have always been firm in their attachment to religious liberty. It was said of them once, by one of their nobles, in reply to a remark of Charles the First, “Sire, the people of Scotland will obey you in everything with the utmost cheerfulness, if you do not touch their religion and conscience.” Early, however, were both these tendencies violated by efforts on the part of the government of England to force upon the Scotch the forms of episcopal worship. During the reign of James the First the nation was embittered by the struggles which were induced by these efforts; and the measures themselves were urged with a pertinacity which could only have been prompted by sad ignorance on the part of the Scottish king of the Scottish character. But James was succeeded by his son Charles, who carried on the work of his father with even more zeal. One of the first acts of his reign was to order the use in Scotland of Laud’s book of prayers; the attempt to enforce which in Edinburgh resulted, as we know, in the storm led on by Jenny Geddes. After this the excitement became deeper. It must have been a grand sight to see the multitudes assembled in the Grey Friars’ Church, Edinburgh, on the first of March, 1638,—meeting afterwards to subscribe their names, many of them in blood, to a Covenant of Union and Protest, which was spread out on a tombstone, and which was to be succeeded in a few years

by the document which has been handed down to us as the National Covenant of Scotland. Still, however, the king persevered. In 1642, in the church of St. Giles, the Solemn League and Covenant was formed. It was too formidable a thing to be passed over and disregarded as a thing unworthy of notice. The king’s difficulties had also begun. How they ended we know. After the formation of the Covenant, till the death of Cromwell, the Presbyterians were free.

But in 1660, amidst great rejoicing, Charles the Second ascended the throne. The execution of some of the best of Scotland’s heroes disgraced the beginning of his reign. Soon after, presbytery was, by act of parliament, abolished; and an order was issued that all ministers should be banished from their parishes who did not at once submit to the episcopal yoke. This was the severest blow which had yet been struck in this contest. Nearly four hundred ministers resigned their livings rather than act in opposition to conscience. “It was a sad yet sublime sight, to see these brave men, in the depth of winter, leaving their manse, pleasantly situated among wooded nooks, and green pastures, and by the side of still waters. They had made no preparation for the step. They threw themselves immediately on the care of the God who feeds the young lions and ravens in the wilderness. ‘Scotland,’ says Wodrow, ‘was never witness to such a Sabbath as the last on which those ministers preached.’ It was a day of tears and bursts of irrepressible sorrow. The silencing of four hundred pulpits were even now a sad fact, but more so then, when in most parishes the pulpit was the only means of moral and intellectual instruction, when the kirk, standing in its quiet grave-yard, embosomed in its woodlands, or towering bare and clear upon its knoll, was the spiritual sun of the district.”

And now the persecution of the Covenanters had indeed begun. Many of the ejected ministers had the boldness to preach to their people against the measures of Government, when a prison or banishment was sure to be their lot. Fines and imprisonments were now their daily portion. The Covenanters were allowed neither to

worship nor to pray. Away they were forced from the towns and cities to the fields and the woods. On the mountain sides, and by streams, and under rocks, they were compelled to wander to attend to the service of their Maker, hiding their forms, and but whispering their songs, lest they should be seen or heard by the dreaded persecutors. Oh, it must have been a grand thing to watch these people in these hours of devotion. "Their psalms made the wilderness to rejoice, and mingled pleasingly with the bleating of sheep, the distant cry of eagles and ptarmigans, and the musical thunder of cataracts and streams; the radiant faces of their young men and maidens made the desert to blossom as the rose; the voice of their preachers became a wild melody, and seemed reverberated from the blue dome of the sky overhead; thousands of visages lightened or darkened, sweetened or stormed, as the preacher kindled with his theme, or melted under it. Seldom, since Jesus trod the Galilean hills, has there been such worship in this world; the great sky was transfigured into a temple; every heart said, "How dreadful is this place!" and as the evening drew on, and still the services unweariedly continued, the stars rising over the mountain tops seemed looking down in love on the scene, and listening with interest to the tidings of great joy which were there delivered."

It would be impossible here to furnish anything like a narration of the struggles and sorrows which were now the lot of these devoted men. It would be a sad tale, and a long one, to tell of the deeds of Claverhouse and Dalziel, or to recount the stories of Pentland and Drumclog. It was after the affair of Drumclog and Bothwell that there came the darkest hour of the Covenanters' night. The people had resisted their persecutors, and had furnished them, therefore, with a pretext for severity which they knew how to use. The country was placed under martial law. The suspected were dragged before the courts, and tortured into confessions which led to death. Even women and children were subjected to the most cruel sufferings, which they bore with a heroism truly noble. The common soldiers were permitted to put to death suspicious persons without trial and without proof of crime. Let us tell the tale of John Brown, the carrier, as a sample of many more.

"John Brown was an amiable and blame-

less man. He had taken no part in the risings or public testifings of the times. His only crimes were, his non-attendance on the curate of the parish, and his occasionally retiring, with some like-minded, to a favourite ravine among the moors, where they spent the Sabbath-day in praise and prayer. His wife was a noble spirit; blythe, leal-hearted, humorous even. While he, on the other hand, was gravely mild and sedate, her smile shone on him like sunshine on a dun hill-side, and transfigured him into gladness. Latterly, as the persecution fell darker, and closed in around those Ayrshire wolds, John could no longer ply his trade; nay, was even compelled, occasionally, to leave his home, and spend days and nights in the remotest solitudes of the country. Nevertheless, his hour at last arrived. It was the 30th of April, 1685. John Brown had been at home, and unmolested for some time: he had risen early, and had performed family worship. The psalm sung was the twenty-seventh, and the chapter read, the sixteenth of John, which closes with the remarkable words, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' His prayer was, as usual, powerful and fervent; for, although he stuttered, he never stuttered in prayer: he could not but speak fluently in the dialect of heaven! He then went away alone to the hill to prepare some peat-ground. Meanwhile Claverhouse had come in late at night to Lesmallsigow, where a garrison was posted; had heard of John; had risen still earlier than his victim; and by six on that grey April morning had tracked him to the moss; had surrounded him with three troops of dragoons, and led him down to the door of his own house. With the dignity of Cincinnatus, leaving his plough in mid-furrow, John dropped his spade, and walked down, it is said, 'rather like a leader than a captive.' His wife was warned of their approach, and, with more than the heroism of an ancient Roman matron, with one boy in her arms, and with a girl in her hand, came calmly out to play her part in this frightful tragedy."

"Claverhouse was no trifler. Short and sharp was he always in his brutal trade. He asked John at once why he did not attend the curate, and if he would not pray for the king. John stated, in one distinct sentence, the usual Covenanting reasons. On hearing it, Claverhouse exclaimed, 'Go

to your knees, for you shall immediately die!" John complied, without remonstrance, and proceeded to pray, in terms so melting, and with such earnest supplication for his wife and their born and unborn children, that Claverhouse saw the hard eyes of his dragoons beginning to moisten, and their hands to tremble, and thrice interrupted him with volleys of blasphemy. When the prayer was ended, John turned round to his wife, reminded her that this was the day come of which he had told her when he first proposed marriage to her, and asked her if she was willing to part with him. 'Heartily willing,' was her reply. 'This,' he said, 'is all I desire. I have nothing more now to do but to die.' He then kissed her and the children, and said, 'May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you!' 'No more of this,' roared out the savage, whose own iron heart this scene was threatening to move: 'You six dragoons, there, fire on the fanatic!' They stood motionless; the prayer had quelled them. Fearing a mutiny, both among his soldiers and in his own breast, he snatched a pistol from his belt and shot the good man through the head. He fell, his brains spurted out, and his brave wife caught the shattered head in her lap. 'What do you think of your husband, now?' howled the ruffian. 'I aye thoct muckle o' him, Sir, but never sae muckle as I do this day.' 'I would think little to lay thee beside him,' he answered. 'If you were permitted, I doubt not you would; but how are ye to answer for this morning's wark?' 'To men, I can be answerable; and, as for God, I will take him in my own hands!' And, with these desperate words, he struck spurs to his horse, and led his dragoons away from the inglorious field. Meekly and calmly did this heroic and christian woman tie up her husband's head in a napkin, compose his body, cover it with her plaid,—and not till these duties were discharged did she permit the pent-up current of her mighty grief to burst out, as she sat down besides the corpse and wept bitterly."

How many suffered in these persecutions it is impossible to say. "The roll of their number," as Defoe says, "is kept under the altar and before the throne." Nearly twenty thousand, on a rough guess, seem to have perished by fire, or sword, or water,

or the scaffold, or to have been banished abroad or to the northern islands. Besides these, numbers without number expired of cold or hunger among the morasses of the country. "It was as if some pestilence or 'black death' had crossed the land, so great was the sacrifice of life, so intense had been the excitement and terror, and so deep the desolation that was left behind. Excepting that of the Waldenses some time before, who had dyed the mountain-snows with their blood, there had been no such persecution in Europe; none so inveterate, so fierce, and so long continued; and had Milton been alive, he might have varied his sonnet and applied it to the heroic children of the famous Covenant:—

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
Forget not; in thy book record their groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned Thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.'

We do not justify all the acts of the Covenanters. Much that was narrow, and false in principle, according to our notions, was doubtless mixed up with nobler and truer aims. But they were HEROES of whom Scotland may well be proud, nay, who will not soon be forgotten in the annals of the Christian religion. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. THEREFORE are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

* Gilfillan's Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant will furnish much more interesting information. The extracts in this article are from that work.

Tales and Sketches.

PERPLEXED AND PACIFIED.

THREE CHAPTERS ON WORK.

CHAPTER II.

THE LESSON AT SCHOOL.

George Pearson was subject, like other men, to varying moods of mind; he was also affected, like many working men, by the vicissitudes of trade. Dull and brisk, full and just moving, were terms of frequent use, and designations of different states of business. It being a bright August day, and the work upon which Pearson was employed not being urgent, he asked and obtained leave to be absent from the shop in the afternoon. His purpose was to carry out a scheme which he had been revolving in his mind for some time, of taking his wife, who seldom went out, and the whole of the children, for a stroll into the country.

A more delightful day could not have been fixed upon, and the scenery around the town of B— was of such a character that none but the unreflecting, or the hopelessly wretched, could fail to derive pleasure from gazing upon it.

The children were all in high spirits when their father got home. George was despatched to ask for a half-holiday for himself and Jane and Tommy, and upon his return with the teacher's permission for them to be absent from school that afternoon, their joy was almost unbounded. There were high anticipations of pleasure, and each was loud in praise of the splendid weather. Even Master Johnny, the baby, caught the enthusiasm, and was laughing and shaking the chair by which he held most heartily. Dinner being over, there was no little hurrying and skurrying to find and fix the array of the juveniles. At length all were ready and in the street, with their faces turned toward the bridge at the end of the town. They had to go but half a mile beyond the river before they had a prospect of fields and woods, stretching far away, and bounded by the distant hills, whose dim outline was lost in sunlit clouds, thus showing how heaven joins and brightens earth.

The party were now to be seen taking their turns over the stile which introduced to a path across a meadow, and through corn fields, down to the river side.

"How warm and tired those men must be," said Mrs. Pearson, as they came into a field where the harvest men were employed in reaping wheat.

"Yes, and the worst of it is, poor fellows," answered her husband, "they are so badly paid for their work, that except at this time, when they get a little extra, they have hardly enough to live upon. Why, I have been told that some farming men don't get a piece of meat, except a little inferior fat pork, by the month together, and that a short time ago, when flour was so dear, their wages were not sufficient to buy bread enough."

"Poor things, it is dreadful to think what shifts the women must have to make, and that the children cannot be properly fed. Do you know, George, I often wonder why we should be better off than such people, for with all our troubles, I suppose you earn twice as much as they do in general. It cannot be because we are better than they."

Jane, who had come up in time to overhear this observation of her mother's, began unconsciously humming the verse which she had often repeated at school:—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door."

The younger, Caroline, looked, while her sister was repeating these lines, as though it was a reproof to her for wishing to be a lady. Her simple act had, beside, a two-fold good effect, for it led her father to say, as he patted her on the shoulder, "I know I ought to be more grateful to God, who has placed me in a better condition than others;" while it stirred up George's memory, as was evident by his saying, "That was one of the things which Mr. Hamilton mentioned in the lesson."

"Ah!" exclaimed half the family at once; but George would not wait for encouragement or reproof. So, increasing his speed and loudness in speaking, and trying to look serious, he went on,—"I know what you were going to say. I have not forgotten; but it is very strange that you should have said almost the same as master did. He was talking to us first class boys, and he said that he had no doubt but that we were

expecting soon to have to go to work, and that we often wished we could be like rich people; and then he told us that work was much more general than some people thought, and that people who do the hardest work with their hands might be respectable and happy."

"Was that all?" asked the father.

"Oh, no!" continued George, "Mr. Hamilton said that even men with great wealth cannot perform their duty and be happy, unless they try to help others; and that many are not satisfied without endeavouring to get more: and that all this makes it necessary for them to work somehow. And we know," added George, as though speaking upon his own authority, "that all the great men that we read of in history had to work in one way or another before they became eminent. That was the way with Dr. Franklin; he was very clever, but he got on through working hard and taking care. And then master said besides that even savages, whom some people envy because they have not to work regularly as people do in this country, suffer great hardships, and have to endure many privations which the poorest people in England know nothing about; and this is the case with idle careless people who emigrate, expecting to live without labour."

"I know nothing about foreign parts, and I hope I shall never go to 'Stralla,' that we hear so much talk about," said the mother; "but as to what Mr. Hamilton says about people working who seem to be better off, we may know that by him, for I am sure, though he dresses better than a mechanic, and is not so many hours at his school as your father is at the shop, his work must be very trying indeed. I often wonder how he can stand it; I am sure I never could."

This reference to father roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen, and elicited the acknowledgment that he would sooner work twice as long as he did at hammering and filing in an engineer's shop than have to put up with the tempers of so many children. It was also his opinion, not expressed now for the first time, that it was a shame that schoolmasters were not better paid.

Having now walked as far out as they wished, they began their homeward journey. Almost directly after doing so, they saw the schoolmaster coming down a field on the left, towards the path along which they were advancing. Almost before the caps

and tippets, and socks, and bonnet strings, were put into what was thought proper order, Mr. Hamilton was upon them; to whom Mrs. Pearson, after answering his enquiries about the health of the family, said, "We were just talking about you, Sir."

"Indeed! something about school matters, I suppose? I hope my pupil, George, is able to inform you what we talk about, day after day. He is now old enough to make use of what he learns. And what has been the subject of your discourse?" he enquired of George.

The scholar respectfully replied that he had been telling his parents something about the lesson on labour which he gave them lately.

"Ah, Mr. Pearson, that subject is one of great interest, and is often a source of much perplexity to those who, like yourself, have to toil hard to procure daily provision; and being anxious to foster right views of life in the minds of my young friends, I was endeavouring, on the occasion referred to by your son, to encourage contentment and fidelity in the station in which it may be God's will to place them."

"You do not think, Sir, do you, that it is wrong for a person to desire to rise in society: or that it is impossible for one like my boy, for instance, to improve his condition, should he be obliged to start in the world as a journeyman mechanic?"

"Oh dear no! very far from that; the object of my lesson was to show that there are gradations of excellence and enjoyment, and that they cannot be attained without labour. I had in my mind the words of a celebrated writer, John Foster, 'Pain is the price of pleasure.' The price will be different, not only according to the degree or kind of pleasure which is sought; but the difficulty of getting or giving the price which we call labour will very much be determined by the disposition, as well as the original circumstances of the worker. The rule is universal; none can escape the necessity; while it is in the power of every one, by proper moral discipline, to mitigate the mental effect, if not to diminish the amount of labour. I think it well, sometimes, to take this view of what some consider an evil, that we may perceive that it is a general, and seems to be a necessary thing. When we get to thinking of our own difficulties and trials, we are apt to imagine that none are so burdened as we are, and that there must be some special

cause for our particular ill, the reason for which we cannot comprehend."

"It is true, Sir, what you say. Since thousands and millions are under the same rule, and are dealt with upon the same system, we ought not to murmur more than they; but what puzzles me is, why there should be such a difference in the original condition of people. That is what I cannot understand. If we must work, why don't all begin alike, and have to do alike? Not some too much, and some almost nothing."

"It would not be difficult to answer your questions, my friend, and I shall be happy to do so at some future time; but I must leave you now, and you, I dare say, are anxious to get home with your family."

They had now got back into the road again, where Mr. Hamilton bade them good evening. The appearance of the children indicated that they had been thoroughly gratified with their way of spending their holiday; and when Caroline was sent forward with the key to get things in readiness, they looked as if they would do justice to whatever the cupboard might afford.

"I like that Mr. Hamilton," said Pearson to his wife, as they were walking along; and I shall be very glad to hear what he has to say on the subject that I named to him."

"Well, I am not so fond of arguing," rejoined the woman in her usual pleasant contented way. "He is a good man, I know that. I wish I was like him."

"Here we are, home again. I am so glad, for I am so tired and so hungry," several voices almost yawned out, as they reached the door step of their house. Some one was heard to say, as the door was being closed, "Ah, we can't be too thankful for our home, though it's a poor one."

THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

It was a cold frosty evening in December, about six or seven years ago, that the inhabitants of a country town seemed in an unusual state of excitement. The town was always a busy, bustling place; but the great number of carriages which were hurrying to and fro the wide street, showed that something unusual was going forward. The large inn of the town was brilliantly lighted, and a number of poor people were standing around the ways which led into the inn, to watch the company as they alighted from their carriages. It was the evening of a Ball.

Although a cold evening, yet the sky was beautifully clear and blue, and the moon and stars shone out brightly upon the busy town. How differently were they regarded by different persons! It was a night on which the astronomer would be busy in making his calculations of the number, and distance, and size of the stars: happy if he mingled with his contemplations the feelings of love and adoration of their great Creator; and as "night unto night showed him knowledge," could, with the Psalmist, exclaim, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens!" Many a pious and humble christian, on such a night, looked to the blue firmament, and, beholding its starry grandeur, could say, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Perhaps some one who lay upon his dying bed looked up to the bright sky, and thought upon that glorious city to which he was hastening, which "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb was the light thereof."

But other thoughts than these crowded into the minds of the gay party who were hastening to the ball. A young lady (whom I shall call Katherine) was now just mounting the stairs which led to the assembly room. She was carefully protected from the cold air, and, with a countenance blooming with health and gaiety, was preceeding on her way. A gentleman standing by the staircase with a number of tracts in his hand, advanced, and offered her one. She took the little book, and was putting it into her reticule, when the gentleman said to her, "Will you, ma'am, promise me one thing?—It is, that you will read this tract." With cheerful good humour the young lady promised to do so, and, passing on to the busy assembly, was soon engaged in the mirth and pleasure of the evening.

Whether Katherine at that time performed the promise she had made I have no means of ascertaining, but, as she was a person of strict integrity, we cannot doubt that she kept her word. Most probably she read it carelessly over, and was perhaps little interested in its contents. It is quite evident that she did not value her little book, for it was thrown carelessly into a

drawer, and its first page was torn off and lost. If the giver of that tract had seen it lying there, he would have thought his effort had been in vain. But God had a great work to do through that little messenger of mercy.

Although Katherine's blooming countenance seemed to give hope of long life, though her eye was bright and her step was firm, yet disease was insidiously lurking beneath these fair appearances. One symptom of illness, and then others, gradually showed themselves, and long months of languor and debility followed. Not only was the young lady withdrawn from the gaieties of life, but the calmer and more simple pleasures which she had enjoyed, were now denied to her. She could not take the long cheerful country walk. Music, and even reading, fatigued her now, nor could she share with her family the conversation of the fireside. In the quiet of her chamber, she was left to her own silent, and sometimes sorrowful, reflections. It was one day, when thus alone, that she took up the torn and crumpled tract, given her long since. Katherine's attention was arrested, and she read it carefully. The tract told her that she was a sinner—that we are all by nature enemies to God. That she might be amiable, and just, and dutiful to her parents, and kind to the poor; and yet, if she did not love God supremely, if she had not faith in Christ, she would be undone for ever. It proved, from the Scriptures, that man is in a fallen condition, that "our very righteousness" (the good works in which Katherine would have trusted) "are as filthy rags" in the sight of a pure and holy God; that our very devotions are mingled with sin; that the "thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually;" that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Katherine must have heard these things before, for she had always been accustomed to attend at church, at least once on every Sunday, and had often joined in the solemn response, "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" but never till now had she felt anything of the sinfulness of her own heart, or the necessity of so great a change as that which the Scriptures describe as being "born again." She called to mind how many days had passed without one thought of God; how she had been amused by passing events, and never experienced one

feeling of holy gratitude to the Lord of glory, who had come down on this sinful earth to die the death of the cross, that we might be saved. But the tract did not tell the sinner that he was guilty before God in order to leave him there. It told also the blessed truth that life and salvation are offered by the Gospel. It showed that it was for the sinner that Christ's sacrifice was offered. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were sinners, Christ died for us." It showed, that while God could not pardon the transgressor with justice, except a Mediator between God and man had appeared, that God's only beloved Son had become that Mediator, and that, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous." Christ's own words invited the sinner to come to him. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and ye shall find rest to your souls." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Katherine found that God's Holy Spirit was promised to sinners, to bring them to God. That he was to "guide them into all truth;" and that our Saviour had said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall God give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Every passage, as she read it, seemed to bring some new light to Katherine's mind. God was teaching this poor child. He who had died for her soul was revealing himself gradually to her. Her illness was a long one; but she found, in communion with God, and in the study of his promises, a deep and lasting happiness. The bed of pain and sickness was to her the prelude to everlasting glory, and she longed to be absent from the body, that she might be present with the Lord.

Many months after she thus read the little tract, Katherine's happy spirit entered into the joy of her Lord. But the good done by the tract did not end here.

Katherine had found "the pearl of great price," and she did not conceal it. She called on others to rejoice with her on finding it. She had one friend (whom I shall call Emma) who was much with her during her long illness, and who had been her companion from her childhood. Katherine endeavoured to lead her to God; she entreated her to come as a sinner to the

Saviour, and to seek the Holy Spirit by prayer. Emma had not before thought seriously of religion, but from this time she began to study the Scriptures for herself. She was led to embrace the offers of the Gospel, and became a devout and humble child of God.

It is less than a twelvemonth since that the writer of these pages was called to attend the sick-bed of Emma. Emma was an old friend and schoolfellow, and her illness was a source of deep sorrow to the writer. But the invalid's countenance bore no traces of sorrow or regret. The bright eye, and hectic flush, and continual cough, gave certain indications that consumption had made great advances in her delicate frame. Emma knew this, and although sometimes, amid the changes of that flattering disease, she thought she might recover, the more permanent feeling was that she should die. Yet she had no fear of passing through the dark valley, for she knew that God would be with her, and that the valley of the shadow of death would be made light by his presence.

Emma possessed great talents and mental attainments; but it might be truly said of her that she "received the kingdom of God as a little child." Her faith was most simple and child-like. It was enough for her that God had said in his Word that Christ would save the sinner. She had a firm conviction that "God is love," and the belief made her calmly, quietly happy. The medical attendant said of her, that she must have died much earlier in the course of the disease, but that her happy and quiet spirit enabled the body to resist its advances. "Thy will be done," was not only the expression of her lips, but the feeling of her heart. She had many friends whom she tenderly loved; yet, without an anxious thought, she commended them all to her Father in heaven. Emma would often on her sick-bed regret that she had not from her childhood diligently studied the Scriptures. She said that she so often could remember the spirit of some text, but could not recollect the exact words, nor could she readily find it. She said, if life were spared, she thought she should try and learn all the New Testament by heart. One day, when speaking of the Bible, she said, "It is so different from other books. If I read any other book two or three times, I seem to know its contents, but every reading of the sacred volume seems to throw new light

upon it; one finds out the meaning of its passages more and more." Her friend said to her, "Yes, that has always struck me as proof of the Divine authority of the sacred writings." She replied, "My own heart gives me abundance of proof that they are true."

It was a beautiful summer morning on which Emma looked her last on the world. She had always been a great admirer of nature, and had loved to trace the hand of God in adorning the earth and sky with beauty. A few hours before she died, she asked that the blind might be drawn up, that she might look out upon the garden and meadows once more. She gazed earnestly on them, as if to take a last farewell. She then beckoned to her friends, bade each a solemn and affectionate adieu; her last words were, "Happy, willing." She made signs that prayer should be offered, and while those around her were praying that her dismissal should be without pain, and that a glorious entrance might be granted into the heavenly kingdom, she quietly breathed her last, and her happy spirit entered the world where sin and sorrow never enter.

The mode of Emma's death literally exemplified the Scripture description, "She fell asleep in Jesus," and her friend was reminded of the words of the good John Bunyan, in describing the passage through the dark river, which was taken by the pilgrim, "And the river was very calm at that time."

Many friends visited Emma during her long sickness. There was the decided christian, who, if ever he feared death for himself, might look on this death-bed and see how God supports his people in their hour of need. There were some who had but lately begun to enquire of the way of salvation; some thoughtless ones whose whole souls were engrossed by the vanities of life; and some who, though thoughtful, yet, among all their considerations of other things, forgot the "one thing needful." Perhaps the last great day may reveal the fact, that some of these learned, by the dying bed of Emma, those blessed truths which she had before learned from Katherine. Oh, who shall say how far the influence of that little tract may extend itself to future years? Reader, are you a tract distributor? Perhaps you have for some years been employed on this errand of mercy. It may be that you have never

known an instance in which your labours have been blessed. You may have sometimes hoped that attention has been awakened, but you have been disappointed, and you are ready to say, "Surely I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought." Think of Katherine and Emma. The gentleman who gave the tract at the door of the ball-room never knew the history of its result. Remember the old adage, "Duty is ours, events are God's;" and forget not the command and promise of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

TRY AGAIN.

In one of the large towns in the United States, there lived a gentleman with an interesting family, much respected by his friends, but inclined to be sceptical on the subject of religion. He was a man of mind, and of more than ordinary intelligence. A lingering disease at last brought him down to his bed, and his christian friends became exceedingly solicitous in reference to his salvation. Various attempts were made to approach him on that subject, but he met every advance with a cold repulse that disheartened his friends, and paralysed their efforts.

Among others that felt deeply for him, and prayed earnestly for his conversion, was a christian lady who lived next door to his residence. She was often in his room, and made frequent efforts to draw him out in conversation upon the subject of religion, but was unsuccessful. He seemed unhappy; but he preserved outward cheerfulness, and kept up amongst those around the impression that his scepticism was unshaken by the hand of disease and the near approach of death.

He was fond of reading, and constantly kept by him some book that served to beguile his weary hours. When he grew so feeble that he could not read, he called into requisition the services of one of his little daughters, who sat by his bedside and read for him by the hour. His kind friend, the good lady at the next door, was still anxious to approach him on the subject of religion, but without success. One day

she entered his room and found him asleep. A new idea struck her. She returned and got a tract containing a solemn appeal to a sinner in prospect of death, which she carried into his room, and laid it on his pillow, and retired as softly as an angel, without awaking the sleeping man. She went to her home, and prayed that some good might come of it.

By and bye the man awoke, and apparently by chance, laid his hand on the little book. Without attempting to examine it himself, he called for his little daughter, who was in the adjoining room, to come and read for him. She flew to his bedside and commenced reading it to her afflicted father. She had not proceeded far before his eyes filled with tears, his lip trembled, and his bosom heaved with emotion. The voice of the little girl trembled as she saw the effect upon her father, but she continued reading. He asked her to pause for a moment, and tried to regain his self-possession; and after a few moments told her to read on. She did so. But presently his feelings became too strong for concealment. Tears gushed from his eyes, and he gave way to a violent weeping. The child read on as well as she was able, for she, too, was sobbing as though her little heart would break.

The conviction came home with tremendous power to the man's heart, that he was a sinner, condemned by God's holy law, and exposed to hell. He began to pray. The Holy Spirit applied divine truth to his heart and conscience; and directly he sent for his friend at the next door, and other pious persons, to pray for and instruct him in the way of salvation. He confessed his sins, and tried to give his heart to God. The minister was sent for, and he was taught more fully the way of life. Before that man died, his friends had the happiness to believe that he was savingly converted by faith in the Son of God.

Here is another example of the good accomplished by prayerful, persevering christian endeavours. Never tire. "Try, try again." When all else had failed, this effort succeeded. Perhaps, dear reader, another effort may succeed in that case you have considered hopeless. "Try again."

The Baptist Newspaper.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a large number of communications since the announcement in our last number. It cannot but be gratifying to us to find our views shared by so large a number of our friends; indeed such has been so far the response to our appeal for counsel and aid, that the project to which we have looked ourselves with so much interest may almost now be regarded as *safe*. We hope to commence the publication of the paper in January next. The price will probably be fourpence halfpenny. The day at present suggested for publication is Wednesday. We are glad to announce that the Rev. H. DUNCKLEY, M.A.,—author of "The Glory and Shame of Britain," and of the essay which has recently obtained the prize of two hundred and fifty guineas offered by the Anti-Corn-Law League, "The Charter of the Nations,"—has provisionally consented to accept the post of Editor. So far the arrangements will, we trust, be satisfactory. Other particulars we hope to announce finally in our next.

We occupy a column in this number with extracts from letters we have received, many of them from friends well known and highly respected.

"I most cordially concur in the effort to establish a Baptist newspaper. May I suggest to you the propriety of having a *general* name for the newspaper, not to call it 'A BAPTIST Newspaper'? for we shall soon recognize its features, and the word 'Baptist' will effectually exclude it from circles where it might otherwise find an entrance. You will observe the Independents always take another name, as all others except the Wesleyan. I hope the Editor will not be a *sharp severe censor* on other *Nonconformist communities*."

"I have so long had the impression that such a denominational organ was necessary, as to have proposed definite arrangements for the object twice to proper parties, and I now gratefully hear that you have gone ahead of me in the design. I wish you all success. If I with my pen or influence can

give aid it is at your service. I have a strong impression that, if well conducted,—that is, if you make it a *power*,—it will succeed, and especially elevate and strengthen our denomination."

"It was with unqualified pleasure I saw the intimation in 'The Church' of the intention to start a Baptist paper. Few things have appeared to me so desirable of recent years to our denomination as the facility which such means will afford of becoming acquainted with the peculiarities and requirements of our fellow-churches and fellow-denominationalists. I have little doubt but that this month you will receive many congratulatory letters from our brethren, and valuable hints as to the best means of suitably carrying out your object."

"I have long wished to see a Baptist newspaper, therefore I was glad to read the announcement in 'The Church' for this month. I am a working man, with a large family. As a Baptist, situated in a locality where the nearest Baptist church is nine miles distant, I stand in need of Baptist publications, especially at a low price. For myself, therefore, I welcome your proposal. I wish you all success, and pray that power from on High may guide and direct you."

"I was extremely glad to see in 'The Church' an announcement that a project of starting a Baptist newspaper was about to become ripe. I greatly regret that the establishment of such a paper has been so long delayed; but, come, we are now to have it. In anything you may suppose that I, can do in this part of Wales to assist you, now or again, please command my services."

"I like exceedingly the plan of your paper, and I hope it will prove of much use to our denomination. I hope that all questions of any moment will be fully and fairly discussed in it, in a gentlemanly and christian spirit."

"I hope you will be successful in establishing a weekly newspaper for our body; it is the very thing I have long wished to see."

"I hope the newspaper scheme will prosper. I will do all I can for it here."

"I sincerely hope that your project of a Baptist paper will succeed."

"I wish the project every success."

At a meeting held October 17th, in the vestry of George Street Chapel, Nottingham, the Rev. James Edwards in the chair,—present, also, the Revs. H. Hunter, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., G. A. Syme, J. Wassall, and several other gentlemen,—it was proposed by the Rev. H. Hunter, seconded by N. Dickinson, Esq., supported by the Rev. G. A. Syme, and resolved unanimously,—“That a statement having been made respecting the projected Baptist newspaper, this meeting would express its cordial approval of the design, and its readiness to co-operate in carrying it into effect.”

To these extracts, &c., we might easily add very largely. We shall still be glad to have the counsel of our friends on any part of the scheme, and their aid in any way

they can render it. The paper is intended to be *first-rate* in all respects; but to maintain a first-rate paper, the help of all will be required. We do not doubt, from intimations so far received, that we may look for this help with confidence. Almost everywhere we have found the need of such a paper acknowledged; everywhere, therefore, the project has been warmly welcomed. We have been glad, too, to find among all classes a desire that the paper should be conducted in an elevated tone, and in an enlarged and liberal spirit. Let our friends sustain us, and we shall be disappointed if we do not produce a paper which shall be at the same time interesting, instructive, and elevating,—a blessing to the denomination, and through it to the world.

Notices of Books.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST AND REGAINED.
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES BY THE
REV. J. EDMONDSTON. Pp. 468. London:
T. Nelson & Sons.

It would be an interesting bibliographical enquiry how many editions have been published of the *Paradise Lost*. A work, the copyright of which was sold with difficulty in the first instance for twenty pounds, it has passed through more editions, variously printed and illustrated, than perhaps any book except the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which is placed side by side with it, for wondrous originality of genius, by the Edinburgh Reviewer and Historian, Macaulay. This edition, which includes both the *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*, is very clearly and neatly printed, and the Notes are generally well chosen. The chief fault is that of redundancy, one which editors scarcely ever avoid: it is such a temptation to explain things which need no explanation, and so to avoid real difficulties. We find, also, some Notes which *alone* would show imperfect appreciation of the poet, and even mistakes in point of fact, once or twice at least. On the whole, however, this is the best *cheap* edition we have seen. We wish such writings as Milton's, prose as

well as poetical, were more read and studied by our young men.

THE TRICOLOR ON THE ATLAS; OR, ALGERIA AND THE FRENCH CONQUEST.
FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. WAGNER
AND OTHER SOURCES. BY FRANK
POLSKY. Pp. 408. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

A deeply interesting and instructive narrative, characterised by all that enthusiasm in the cause of universal liberty which might be expected of the secretary of the illustrious Kosuth. Though written by a foreigner, the book is marked by singular correctness of style, and by great skill and power of composition; it is also well printed, and beautifully illustrated; and though we may differ from an opinion here and there, or be disposed occasionally to give a different explanation of events of minor importance, we must regard the work altogether as a valuable addition to the long list of good books, for which we are indebted to its enterprising publisher.

A BOOK FOR THE SORROWFUL, &c. BY
EDMOND HEYWOOD. London: T. W. Grattan.

This neatly got up work consists of vari-

ous articles suited to the afflicted. Its tone is soothing and well adapted to the end it is designed to secure. A spirit of chastened piety pervades it, and its aim is to lead the troubled to the true source of rest. It cannot be read by the large class for whom it is written without profit. To their attention and that of our readers generally we heartily commend it.

PICTURE REWARD CARDS. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

These cards are sent to us, we suppose, in order that we may recommend them to our friends who are Sunday school teachers. We do so with much pleasure. They are the prettiest reward cards we have ever seen,—very different, indeed, from the little red and black “tickets” which we remember to have had presented to us in our boyhood. There is a picture, and a verse or two of poetry, on each of these cards, with plenty of that kind of ornament which is so attractive to children.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, DELIVERED IN EXETER HALL, LONDON, IN CONNECTION WITH THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. 1853-4. London: J. Nisbet.

We have already given our opinion about one of these lectures, which was published in another form:—(In how many forms and shapes does Dr. Cumming think it needful to present his thoughts to the world?) The rest of the lectures are good,—some of them very good. We are glad to know that the volume is having a large circulation. Such lectures as many of these, delivered in all our large towns, could not fail to result in great moral and spiritual advantage.

THE PASTOR'S WISH FOR HIS PEOPLE. By THOMAS SWAN, Birmingham. Nos. 1 and 2. Pp. 24. London: Benjamin L. Green.

Two excellent little tracts for a minister to give amongst his people,—the former addressed to the members of the church, the latter to the unconverted.

A Page for the Young.

LITTLE PETER; OR, THE PATH OF THE UNGODLY.

About twelve years ago, there resided in the small village of S— a widowed lady of the name of Mrs. Arnold. She was the relict of Major Arnold, a soldier of greater celebrity in the mess than the field; and together with her only, and shall I say *consequently*, darling son Peter, occupied a neat little cottage in the above-mentioned place. Retiring and unobtrusive in her manners, Mrs. Arnold seldom mixed with the “folks of the village,” except when attending the house of God, or when purchasing daily food; but being deeply imbued with the true spirit of piety, she found great pleasure and heartfelt satisfaction in seeking to instil that spirit into the mind of her youthful son; and as she had the management of his education herself, she had ample opportunities for so doing.

Little Peter (for thus the village boys styled him,—whether in derision, pity, or from some still nobbler motive, I leave for those more learned in the study of boyish thoughts and actions to determine)—Little Peter, I was saying, grew up to the age of ten, a quiet, modest, dutiful son; but

about this time a change seemed to come over him, and Peter, like many other promising rosebuds, bloomed but to wither and decay.

One morning before breakfast, as was the accustomed rule, little Peter, taking the book upon his lap, read aloud a portion of God's word; and on this particular morning the lesson was that beautiful picture of the wicked and the righteous contained in the first Psalm; and, whether it was that a mother's heart instinctively felt the coming danger or not, Mrs. Arnold, in offering the prayer of praise and supplication to the almighty Father, dwelt more earnestly than usual on the snares and temptations of the devil, and prayed that strength might be given to her, and especially to her son, to resist and repel them.

After the morning meal was over, little Peter was commissioned to go into the village to obtain some trifling article of food, and in going along the street for that purpose he observed two neighbour boys just before him, apparently engaged in an earnest and interesting conversation. From snatches that occasionally reached his ears,

he learnt they were discussing the practicability of "obtaining" a few apples from Farmer Allison's orchard over the way. The glowing description given by Bill Stephens (one of the boys) of the fruit being, "oh, such bonny ones," coupled with Jack Roberts's sophistical excuses, as "Farmer wont miss a few," and, "He's more than he can ever use himself," and the like, induced little Peter to put himself in their way; and after breaking the ice by relating what he had overheard, he found himself strongly assailed by both parties, exercising their utmost endeavours to effect a twofold object on him; first, secrecy with regard to themselves, and, secondly, complicity, if possible, with their designs. Onward they went, still pouring the insidious poison into his artless ears, till, just as they reached the shop Peter had been sent to, Bill Stephens had succeeded in obtaining a half-reluctant compliance with his wishes; and Jack catching sight, or pretending to do so, of the portly form of the farmer, as he disappeared over the summit of a hill close by, bound on some business to a neighbouring town, Peter's reluctance was overcome, and forgetting his fond mother and her good advice, he took the first step in the downward path, by "*walking in the counsel of the ungodly.*"

Satan often permits his victims to be successful in their first goings astray, in order thereby more effectually to work their ruin hereafter. Who has not read of the reckless and dissipated youth, who, intoxicated with his success at throwing the dice at first, has plunged madly into a career of gambling that has ultimately caused his ruin, and from which, had he been unsuccessful in his first attempt, he might probably have been spared? Just so with Peter. He and his companions were permitted to carry off their ill-gotten prize unseen, save by the eye of Him who seeth all things. They hastened away from the place, and Peter, concealing his apples as well as he could, entered the shop, and purchased the necessary article. He then posted off for home, and as one sin naturally entails another, in reply to his mother's question as to why he had been so long, with downcast looks he said, "The shop was full of people, and I was compelled to wait." Ah, little did Mrs. Arnold imagine what was passing in her little boy's mind, or what was the true reason of his delay; for, ever accustomed to rely on his simple word,

she took his statement for the truth, and so the affair passed off.

Uneasy though he felt the remainder of the day, and afraid lest he should be discovered, no sooner did the morrow dawn than, upon some slight excuse, he left home, to meet once more his sinful comrades; and day after day, and week after week, it became a constant habit, whenever he could, to steal away from his mother unnoticed, to take part in some scheme of plunder or mischief; and frequently might he have been seen at the corner of some street, illustrating the second step, by "*standing in the way of sinners.*"

Habit soon becomes second nature, and the mind, before innocent and pure, shrinking from the very mention of guilt, now gradually yielding to the seducing wiles of the tempter, becomes bolder in its wickedness, and learns to look unblushingly on virtue whilst committing acts of blackest vice. Peter, at first careful to evade his mother's notice whilst indulging in sin, soon hardened by frequent and continued intercourse with wicked companions, and giving rein to the evil propensities of his own deceitful heart, began to throw aside the mask, and exhibit to the shocked and astonished gaze of his confiding parent, unmistakable evidence of his being one of the "*ungodly.*" Parental authority was tried to stop his sinful course, but it failed: he had gone too far to be awed by threats into his rightful duty. Entreaty and supplication followed, but they likewise failed to accomplish the desired end; and the weeping mother beheld to her sorrow her tears, her threats, her prayers, treated by her son, as he grew up in years, at first with indifference, then contempt, and at length (oh, shame to have to record it) resented with oaths and curses! No longer a punctual attender at the Sabbath school, Peter wandered about with idle comrades, and spent that most blessed day of all the seven in strolling through the fields and lanes; and, as night drew near, he was to be seen with his wicked friends seated on some eminence near the very place he used so regularly to attend, mocking the worshippers as they passed, and making light of former friends now no longer cared for.

Peter! thou hast wellnigh run thy course; from that happy morn when young thou treadest of the path of the ungodly, from the time thou yieldedst to Bill Stephens's tempting words, and Jack Roberts's winning

ways, thou hast been but illustrating more fully the dangers of that downward path; and now, unless some mighty power be out-

stretched to save thee, thou must still abide where now thou art, "*sitting in the seat of the scornful!*"

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

Of all public matters *the war* is the one which engrosses universal attention; even the most earnest advocates of peace principles share in the general solicitude, and prudently abstain from mooted their great topic when it would not be easy to gain an audience. In the Crimea, where the Allied troops were safely landed with wonderful skill on the part of the commanders, and providentially favoured by suitable weather, a most furious battle has been fought, and a great victory gained by our troops. All our readers will have seen the details of what they all were eager to learn, long before this page reaches them; they will also have shared in the common delusion originated by the false reports of the fall of Sebastopol, and have learned that on the contrary the Allies are now investing it with every circumstance in their favour on the south;—now, that is, while we write, for what our readers may hear in the few days which must pass before we publish, no one can tell. The battle was, indeed, a fierce one. The English troops had to storm batteries of heavy field guns over the precipitous banks of a river, and up a strongly fortified hill. It is wonderful indeed to think how coolly, merely under the inspiration of military duty and honour, a regiment of men could advance to charge a battery which was strewing the ground as it advanced with its killed and wounded, multiplying ghastly spectacles at every step. To the christian reader it cannot but suggest the enquiry, Why cannot the christian church discipline its numerous regiments to a sense of honour and duty equally deep, and prepared for as perilous exploits in a holier warfare? It is not our province to record the horrors of the battlefield on the subsequent night and morning; we advise our readers, however, to study them minutely. What we have to pay for war is but an unworthy check to the love of military glory, compared with the moral one, of our distress at the agonies of the thousands wounded, many of them fatally,—our sorrow for hundreds cut off at once, that their comrades might conquer,—and our sympathy with the life-long sadness of widows, and the loss of helpless orphans. Of all this blood and sorrow the author of the war is alone guilty. The accursed wretch,—we use the term advisedly,—who, to extend his overgrown tyranny, and to multiply the number of his slaves, could wantonly interfere with the rights, and invade the Provinces, of a neighbour State—on him must rest the execrations of all who suffer by it. St. Helena would be a mild

punishment for the monster who, without a shadow of pretext, broke the universal peace. In the hands of an overruling Providence his accursed pride and ambition may lead, however, to the deliverance of Europe from bondage to the fear of a Czar, may make him again a simple Czar of Muscovy, and raise oppressed Poland from its ashes to a national life again. It ought to do this, and would do it, if we had leaders worthy of our country at the helm. The present war would be made the occasion of stripping Russia of all she has stolen of Europe, from Finland on the north, to Bessarabia on the mouth of the Danube.

At the time we write a vigorous political contest is going on between the *Danes* and their treacherous and arbitrary monarch, in behalf of constitutional freedom; a contest in which, at any other time, the British public would take deep interest.

In *Germany* there has been a large meeting of the churches which accept the creeds of the Reformers, in which many questions of moral, religious, and social interest were freely discussed. Baptists were, of course, excluded from taking a formal part in the proceedings; but they were spoken of as "our brethren," and were honoured with a formal discussion on their distinguishing tenet, in which the difficulty of defending Infant Baptism as an apostolic institution was freely admitted. A popular book to keep the people right, if possible, was ordered to be drawn up, but the Baptists were not permitted to speak. The publication of such a book will, no doubt, give a great impetus to the spread of Baptist sentiments in Germany, as we have always found to be the case when similar attempts have been made in England. It shows that our brethren are becoming worthy of notice for their numbers and exertions, and will furnish them with a definite set of arguments to reply to. Baptists have always gained by discussion, and will doubtless do so in Germany. It is, indeed, little better than theological suicide for Protestant divines to attack believers' Baptism.

In *Canada* the Church and State Struggle is proceeding most prosperously. The able Whig ministry, like their comrades in this country, were for saving all they could for their beloved Episcopalians. They were, however, driven from office (though on other matters they have deserved well of the province), and a Tory leader has been installed as premier, whose leading engagement with the majority of the assembly is, that he will bring in a bill to secularize the "Clergy Reserves,"—that long source of ecclesiastical discord in the Provinces. Pres-

bysterians and Wesleyans meanly helped the Episcopallians, hoping to share the crumbs which fell from the Government table, but all in vain. We earnestly hope the day is near when Lord John Russell and his dirty Church Rates, will share the fate of Mr. Hincks and his Clergy Reserves. Statesmen ought to be taught that truckling to the Church will no longer be endured. Never was the time more auspicious for advocates of the voluntary principle to do their duty, both in the Parish Vestry, and in enlightening the House of Commons. In the Church itself an active party is denying the Queen's Supremacy; and the notorious Archdeacon Wilberforce, brother of the Bishop of Oxford, has resigned on that question. At the same time the Puseyites and Evangelicals are at bitter variance; and their opposite principles, if only carried out as honestly as those of the Free Churchmen, would compel them also to come out.

The opening of the *University of Oxford* has worked in a way that few expected. A Puseyite Hall has actually been started, to give a more perfect training in Popery and Jesuitism. Wise they in their generation! Will Evangelical Churchmen, and other Evangelical denominations, venture into this ecclesiastical Sebastopol,—this head fortress of religious serfdom?

We have not room to advert at length to other facts of great domestic interest. The tremendous conflagration and explosion at Newcastle, with the loss of perhaps forty lives; the loss of the Arctic Steamer, with the sacrifice of nearly as many lives as were destroyed at the battle of the Alma, teach us solemn moral lessons, and some practical ones in respect of guarding against similar future accidents.—We must not omit to record also, that the gallant Sir John Franklin, the hero of the Arctic seas, about whom the public anxiety has been so long tried, has been found at length, starved, alas, with his crew, to death!—One pleasing fact we gladly record, the more so as it may escape notice at such a time as the present. Some forty licensed victuallers, in the parish of St. James's, London, have agreed to petition Parliament to close the public houses on the Sunday entirely!

BILSTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

In compliance with the invitation of the church and congregation worshipping in Wood Street, in the above place, the Rev. J. C. Park (late of Colne, Lancashire), commenced his pastoral labours amongst them on the first Sabbath in September. On Tuesday, Sept. 12th, the recognition services took place, when above four hundred persons took tea in the school-rooms; and in the evening, the Revs. J. Davies (Independent) and Baylis, of Bilston; C. Young, of Coseley; Tipple, of Wolverhampton; and Nightingale, of Princes-end, addressed a large assemblage in the chapel. The services were characterised by kindly feeling, and the addresses, which were serious and practical, produced a most gratifying impression.

POP-LAR, NEAR LONDON.

"On October 18th, the recognition of the Rev. B. Breece, late of Great Grimsby, as pastor of the Baptist church, Cotton Street, Poplar, was held. The Rev. J. Cowper (Independent), of Mill Wall, commenced the service by reading the scriptures and prayer. The Rev. J. Angus, D.D., President of Stepney College, proposed the usual questions and prayed the recognition prayer; and the Rev. John Aldis, of Maze Pond, London, delivered an impressive address to the pastor, from Ephesians, iv. 11, "Pastors and teachers." After refreshments, the evening service was commenced by the Rev. F. Clowes, late Classical Tutor of Horton College, Bradford, who read the scriptures and prayed; and the address to the church was delivered by the Rev. J. Whittemore, of Eynsford, Kent, from John iii. 8, "Fellow-helpers to the truth." The devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Williams, of Moorfield; Cator, of Chelsea; and Messrs. Freeman and Fieldwick.

COTTON, WILTSHIRE.

On Lord's-day, Sept. 24th, the Baptist Chapel and School at this place were reopened after enlargement. The Rev. J. Farmer preached in the morning, and the Rev. G. Howe in the afternoon and evening, to large and deeply attentive congregations. The collections were good, considering the poverty of the people. The chapel and school-rooms will now accommodate about three hundred persons. The expenditure amounts to £110. Some kind friends in the village gave the stone and the earth required for the enlargement, or the expenditure would have been very considerably more. To defray the expenses, the friends have entered into a twelvemonth subscription, some giving 1s. per week, others 6d., others 3d., and others 1d., thus raising £56. Some of the churches round have helped a little; and if any of the readers of "The Church" would enclose a few stamps in an envelope to assist in the removal of the debt, the friends would be very thankful.

NEW BRENTFORD.

On Wednesday, August 30th, a public tea meeting was held in the Town Hall, in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. J. W. Lance (formerly of Houghton Regis), as pastor of the Baptist Church and congregation meeting in that place. Charles Watkins, Esq., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Smith, J. Russell, D. Kisterns, J. W. Lance, and others, who took part in the meeting.

HULL.

The Rev. R. Hall, B.A., late of Arling-ton, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church meeting in George street, Hull, and commenced his labours there on the 15th of October. The friends at Arlington, on his resignation, kindly presented him with a handsome timepiece and some plate.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

DECEMBER, 1854.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."—*John* i. 29.

My Jesus is an innocent, spotless Lamb, meek and patient, even when led to the slaughter; and none, indeed, but a spotless lamb could be brought to the Lord. He was slain, but not for his own sin; oppressed, but not by his own burden. Voluntarily he renounced his own riches, took upon himself our poverty, shared in all our lot, and suffered, that we through him might become rich. The head suffered in sympathy with all the members. He wished to redeem, not angels, but men; and hence he took upon him our poor flesh, as liable to temptation, as averse to suffering as our own; and in that flesh endured hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and sorrow, and pain. The miseries of his fellow-men became his own. At the grave of Lazarus, when all around were weeping, he was so deeply moved in spirit, that from his own eyes flowed tears of sorrow. He felt the woe which death brings upon all the sons of Adam, and he wept. How often, too, must his heart have bled when all the misery and wretchedness that every place contained, wherever he came, was displayed before his eyes,—and from morning to night, the lame, the blind, the paralysed, the leprous, the possessed, were congregated around him! But how deeply must our spiritual wants have moved that heart which could so keenly feel for the wants of our bodies! Over Jerusalem and its blindness he poured forth his tears.¹ Over the unbelief of his disciples he exclaimed, "Oh, thou faithless generation, how long shall I be with you?"² Deeply it grieves even us, and that more and more, year by year, to see the name of God dishonoured; and our prayers therefore ascend with ever-increasing earnestness to heaven: "Hallowed be thy name!" and yet, the while, we ourselves are so unholy! But what must have been the feelings of God's spotless Lamb, when he beheld the name of God everywhere dishonoured upon earth, and the form of God so shamefully disfigured in his creature man. He was not ashamed to call himself our brother; but what must have been the feelings of his holy spirit, when he saw the image of his heavenly Father so disfigured in those whom he called his brethren. He knew, as we know not, what we are with sin upon us, and what we ought to be! But it is written for our consolation, that when he tabernacled among us, he shed tears of

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

(1) *Luke* xix. 41.

(2) *Mark* ix. 19.

compassion, not only over our physical miseries, but likewise over our sinful obduracy. So that now that he is seated on his throne, we may feel the fullest confidence that his thoughts will still be thoughts of pity, when he looks down from the height of his glory upon the troubles and trials, and the evil thoughts and evil deeds, of those whose flesh and blood he wears, and whom yet shall lead to glory. "It behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people."¹ Oh, innocent Lamb of God, thou hast borne the sins of the world!

How he bore them in Gethsemane and on Golgotha! There his pure and spotless human nature shrank from the horrors of that death which, of all deaths, a pure and spotless nature specially abhors. For it was not merely the horrors of a natural death,—it was of the violent, the bloody death of the *criminal*! Sin set itself in judgment over holiness without a spot; the unjust pronounced the condemning sentence upon the just without a fault. And, therefore, when our dear Saviour looked down, as in Gethsemane, upon the last dark hour, he beheld, not merely the awful night of his own passion, but also the black night of our sins, and felt them both. Once, as he approached Jerusalem, he wept over the blindness of his people; and can we wonder that now, when he draws nigh his last hour, he should sweat great drops of blood, when he thinks that those for whom he had mourned and wept were about to put the Lord of Glory to the accursed death of the criminal? Well might he exclaim, as they bound him and led him away, "This is the hour and the power of darkness!"² Ah, who can conceive the feelings of his soul in that dark hour! Then, deep called unto deep; all thy waves and thy billows have gone over him.³ Death is surrounded with terrors, even when the criminal is given over to death by the hand of justice; much more when the innocent dies by the hand of criminals; with what aggravated horror is it surrounded when it is an innocent king who is doomed by his rebellious subjects; but, oh, how terrible the thought—the only begotten Son of the Father led forth to die, by those whose flesh and blood he had assumed in mercy! Who can think of this, and yet look with an unconcerned, a stranger's eye upon the bloody sweat of Gethsemane! Oh, innocent Lamb of God, how fully thou hast borne the sins of the world! "Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palms of their hands."⁴ "And when they had bound him, they led him away."⁵ "Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head."⁶ Oh, Lamb of God, verily thou hast tasted the full bitterness of the cup which sin has offered thee! The blindness and wickedness of the human heart can be perfectly displayed only in contrast with thy holiness; as the night in all its darkness is only rendered visible by contrast with the pure light. And so it was now. And thou wast silent all the while,—patient under the contradiction of sinners against thyself,—silent when they smote thee with their fists, when they spat in thy face,—the unjust to the Just, the servants to their Lord, the creature to the Father's only well-

(1) Heb. ii. 17.

(2) Luke xxii. 53.

(3) Psalm xlii. 7.

(4) Matt. xxvi. 67.

(5) Matt. xxvii. 2.

(6) Matt. xxvii. 27—30.

beloved Son! "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting."¹ This is written of Thee. Innocent Lamb of God, obedient even to the lowest depths of humiliation, thou hast borne the sins of the world! Well may such an obedience make good my disobedience: such an obedience has truly ascended up as a sweet savour before God, and by this willingness "we are sanctified,"² and are "made accepted in the beloved."³

The anguish, the pain, the shame, were all undeserved by Thee. Thou has borne them wholly in the stead of my guilty soul, which alone deserved to bear them. Thou wast willing to stand in my place, where the sinner stands; but still more wondrous grace, thou has unhesitatingly permitted me to stand in thy place, where the children of God do stand. Thou hast made me a member of thy body; and all that thou possessest, my precious Saviour, thou art willing to share with me, thy joys and thy sorrows too.

How can I venture to appear upon the steps of thy throne, among God's children! We can reform the future, but who can reform the past! Guilt calls for punishment in my heart. But I have been healed by his wounds. I may venture, yea, boldly venture, to lay myself, as the poorest of his children, but yet as a child, upon my Father's heart.

Saviour! thou hast suffered much for me, let me suffer once more with Thee. In thy sufferings for our sins we see how black, how great they must be to have occasioned so much suffering to Thee, and we learn how deeply we should mourn them.

"Sinner, come to Calvary,
Sit beneath the Saviour's cross,
Hear his dying groans for thee,
Making full atonement thus:
Yields thy soul no echoing groan?
Thy heart must be more hard than stone."

If the lust of the flesh assail me, I will think how Christ gave his body to be scourged, and pierced, and bruised for me. If pride assail me, I will lift my eyes and behold how they mocked my Lord, and spat upon him, numbered him with murderers, and slew him on the cross. If the natural man refuse to yield to that which opposes its own will, I will think how my Jesus allowed himself to be bound and led away captive. If my spirit begins to murmur in hours of sadness or sickness, I will think how patiently Jesus bore the crown of thorns and the cruel nails. If hate and envy assail me, or revengeful desire, I will think how my Lord Jesus cried with many tears, and prayed for his enemies. When we view sin in the sight of Golgotha and Gethsemane, how soon does all making light of it disappear; for there we see what bitter fruits it bore. Never is devotion so full, so rich in blessing, as when we stand in spirit under the cross of our Lord; and no prayer, no psalter, is so edifying as the sacred story of the Saviour's passion. Then the sufferings of Christ produce a great, a noble effect. The old man is annihilated; it is nailed with Christ to his cross; it is buried in his grave. We must ever bear in mind, that it was not the sins of the Jews alone which were borne by the holy Child of God: my sins, and the sins of all the sons of Adam, are there disclosed. For in my own heart have I not the same roots of sin as were in theirs? Do I not carry in my bosom a heart which naturally hates the light as they hated it? Can a human heart remain altogether cold in view of that which even a man has done for it? So under the cross of Christ I feel but this: Alas, it was my sinful heart which brought him to the cross, and I *repent!* It was in this way that

(1) Isaiah l. 6.

(2) Heb. x. 10.

(3) Eph. i. 6.

even the Jews were alarmed as with a clap of thunder, when Peter exclaimed in the assembly, "Him whom YE HAVE CRUCIFIED."¹ And three thousand, conscience-stricken, cut to the heart, came trembling to ask the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" To those who know and love the Saviour, no other call to repentance is needed than the exhibition of Christ's cross. The declaration of the truth, that as a race we are so altogether blind and corrupt, that in the midst of our race, and by the children of our race, the innocent Lamb of God could be brought to the ignominious death of the cross—must not this strike to the heart of every man, as it did to the Jews, when every one enquired, Oh, what can *we* do, *we* who have hated the light?

Here, too, I perceive in what respects my sorrow for sin is pure. It lies in this,—that sin slew Christ on the cross. And while in the cross of Christ I perceive the greatness of sin and its abominable nature, my sorrow loses the poignancy which it had when the law first revealed to me my sinful state. My sorrow for sin becomes the sorrowing of love. I feel not only the wounds in my heart, I also feel the tears in my eyes. Cross of Christ! I shall carry thee with me wherever I go. In all the business of the day, the view of thee shall guide me, as if a solemn bell were sounding in my ear to warn me not to make light of sin. Sorrow for sin can no longer crush me; my sorrow is the sorrowing of love; it cannot crush, for Jesus died to save. The pangs which our sins occasioned him have become our salvation from sin: his nails are my jewels; his crown of martyrdom my crown of honour,—a crown in which I may dare appear when I enter the city of God and the assembly of the saints. O Lamb of God, slain in thy innocence, to bear the sins of the world, enable me to regard this and every day as a day of grace! Thy suffering is verily a baptism from which a man always emerges into newness of life. The spectacle of thy death shall ever teach me anew what sin deserved, but it shall also teach me the preciousness of that blood by which I am now reconciled. Leprous as I was, and still am, in part, it tells me that with a free and unveiled face I dare meet the eye of God and all his creatures. And having learned from thee what love is, thou shalt also teach me what it is to love my brother man. Pardon has come to me,—pardon be with all, yea, pardon and forgiveness to all, who have wronged me. I have no debts against my fellows, since my own debts have been remitted and nailed unto the cross. O Lamb of God, slain in thy innocence, to bear the sins of the world, let me spend this and every day of my life as a day of grace!

INDIVIDUAL DUTY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Occupy till I come."—*Luke xix. 13.*

"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:" and it is equally true and faithful, that he is gone to receive a kingdom, and intends to return. We have his word and his Spirit; but, *as the man*, we have not his presence, for he is at his Father's right hand, expecting till his enemies be made his footstool. We are recognised as his, and are required not only to confess him, but to be employed for him. To every christian he has given some

(1) Acts ii. 3

talent; and to every one who has any talent, he says, "*Occupy till I come.*"

Here is **AN EVENT** referred to,—the second coming of Jesus. He is now absent, but he will return. His coming is certain, for he has pledged his word; it is necessary, for the present state both of the world and the church requires it. When he will come is unknown. He intended it to be a profound secret. That period is not made known either by himself or his servants. It is concealed for wise and holy purposes. It may be immediately, or it may not be for a long time to come. We can fix no date, and if we are wise we shall not attempt it. It is one of the secret things which belong to the Lord. All we have to do is, to keep it constantly in view, act in full prospect of it, and be ready at any time for it. It will never be anything but a mercy to the diligent, devoted, and decided servant of God. Not to know when he will come, but to be ready for his coming, is my business and yours. His coming, whenever it is, will be *sudden*. As a thief in the night the Son of Man will come,—when men are crying, Peace and safety,—when the virgins are slumbering and sleeping,—when some have the talent wrapped up in the napkin and put carefully away, he will come. Sudden as the lightning's flash, will Jesus the second time appear. It will be *solemn*. The last trumpet will sound. The heavens will pass away with a great noise. The dead in Christ will arise. He will appear in the clouds, and all his holy angels with him. The convulsed elements, the rising dead, the noise in the expanse, and his appearance in his own glory, and his Father's glory, will make it most solemn. It will be magnificently *glorious*. Unequalled in grandeur, splendour, and majesty. Now he appears, not as the babe in Bethlehem, not as the man of sorrows, not as the thorn-crowned king, not as the crucified Nazarene, but as King of kings, and Lord of lords, and as the Head of his body the church. Robed with light, and crowned with glory, his very countenance will strike terror into his foes, and make them cry for the rocks to fall on them, and the hills to cover them, and hide them from his piercing eye. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." Hence, also, his own words: "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame." "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

Here is **A COMMAND**,—"Occupy till I come." The Lord gives talents to the whole of his servants. To some five, to some two, and to some one. Or he distributes his money; each receives a pound, and each is expected to turn it to account. The talents are to be employed in order to be improved and increased. He that hath, and employs his talent, improves it; and to him that hath employed and improved it shall be given, and he shall have abundance. We may know what we have, but we do not know what it may become if diligently employed. The industrious tradesman may begin with a very small capital, but by "tact and push" he may become one of our merchant princes; born in a hired cottage, he may end his days in a mansion of his own; in youth obliged to borrow of others, in age able to lend to many. So it is in Christ's kingdom,—we rise by degrees, and rise only by diligence, devotedness, and zeal. Every servant has *some talent*,—not one is left without: if he has not five pounds he has at least one, and that one is to be employed.

Some have a talent to teach children to read, and to unfold to their minds the gospel of the blessed God. This is an important talent,—not so splendid as some, but perhaps quite as useful. Its place is *not the*

napkin, but the school-room. It is to be feared, that while there are many of our schools languishing or kept small for want of teachers, there are many in our churches and congregations who have this talent, but consider themselves exempted from the command to use it. They are too "respectable," that is, they are too proud. They work too hard in the week, that is, they may spend all their energies in the world and for the flesh, and then be excused because none are left to be employed for Jesus. They are—but time would fail to notice the innumerable excuses made for idleness, pride, selfishness, and carnality in its thousand forms. If you can teach, and do not, be sure, on good grounds, that your Lord does not want you, or expect you, to teach. If you did teach, but have given it up, be sure that you have your Lord's warrant, signed by his own hand, for quitting the field. Children are growing up in ignorance, young people are going to hell in droves, and you wrap your talent in a napkin, and spend your Lord's day in self-indulgence and criminal ease. This is not obeying the command, "*Occupy till I come.*"

Some have a talent for preaching,—village preaching, or occasional preaching, but not for the pastoral office, and they are required to preach; but because they have not a splendid gift, they settle down, and the poor villagers may go to hell if every one acts like they do. We know how the flesh cries out, The distance is great, the weather may be bad, the cottage-room is inconvenient, the congregation is small; or, I have tried, but seem to have preached in vain. Look at Jesus himself, when he went through the towns and villages preaching. Did he flinch because of weather, distance, inconvenience, or even want of success? No, his Father's will was his rule; and to glorify his Father's name was his highest end. Look at the apostles, persecuted, defamed, made a spectacle and a gazing-stock to angels and to men; did they throw up their commission, wrap up their talent in the napkin, and ingloriously quit the field? No, they all acted upon the principle which caused one to exclaim, in reference to bonds and imprisonment, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry that I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Over kind wives, and over tender parents, by persuasions keep many at home for their own gratification, who ought to be employed in publishing the good news of a free salvation to poor ignorant sinners. The flesh, which ought to be crucified, is indulged; the devil, who ought to be resisted, is attended to; and so the work of the Lord is neglected, and our villages and hamlets are left in darkness, ignorance, and death. How many sit and hear sermons month after month, who ought to go out and preach them! If they can preach one sermon a week, and there is any place needing the gospel at hand, they ought to preach it; and if they can only preach one sermon a month, they ought to do that. How different would be the state of the villages of England if every christian had laid out his talent instead of laying it up! Reader, could you speak of Jesus, in plain English, for twenty minutes, to a dozen or a score poor cottagers? Is there any village, or back street, or dark district, in your town, where you may so speak? If so, do you use your talent? If not, are you justified in burying your Lord's money in the earth? Are you attending to his command, "*Occupy till I come*"?

Some have a talent for writing, and they could write letters full of simple gospel, accompanied with pointed appeals, loving exhortations, and urgent entreaties. To such, Jesus says, "*Occupy till I come.*" Some can engage in vocal prayer,—this is a talent, and should be employed. Nor should a nervous feeling, or fear of not shining before others, cause

any one to wrap it in the napkin. Some have a talent for singing,—God has given them a voice, an ear, and grace in the heart, and this talent should be used for God's glory. Some have a talent for conversation,—they can interest and impress others when they talk with them; they should be careful to speak of Jesus, and try and win souls for him. Some could, by visiting and persuasion, induce persons to attend public worship who neglect it; and they should endeavour to crowd the house. Some have money,—that is a talent, and God requires that we use it for him. Reader, I know not what talent you have; but you have some. It may be only one, or it may be several. Are you using your talent for Jesus? Are you filling a place in the field, performing a work in the world, or, in the words of the text, are you occupying until Jesus comes?

Every talent brings with it responsibility. It is given us for the good of others. We are bound to use it. We must give an account of what we have done with it. Every one of us is bound by the command of Jesus. He is our lawful King. We are his subjects, whom he has redeemed by his blood from a fearful doom, that we may do his will, glorify his name on earth, and then reign with him in heaven. We are bound to use our talents,—the *whole* of them,—and to use them industriously, hopefully, and because our Lord requires us to do so, and will soon come, demand an account, and reward every one of us according to his works. Authority,—his authority,—binds us, but gratitude should constrain us to do all we can for his glory and praise. Reader, what has Jesus done for thee? Dost thou know? What art thou doing for Jesus? Are you ashamed to say? What might you do? What has Jesus promised you? Can you guess? Nay, it is so great and glorious, that it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Can you expect so much from him, and yet manifest so little love, and be satisfied to do so little for him? Take down the napkin, unwrap the talent, put the money into the bank, and get the interest ready against the Master comes. Can you teach? Let the next Lord's-day find you in the Sunday school. Can you preach? Look out for some neglected village, or blind lane or alley, and begin at once to

“ Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour you have found.”

Villagers do not want long, dry, tame, tedious discourses; they love something short, plain, pointed, warm from the heart, full of Christ, and corroborated by the man's own experience. Better interest for fifteen minutes, than speak sixty without. Can you write? Write at once to one or more with a view to save the soul. Can you pray vocally? Be sure and be regular at the prayer-meeting. Can you sing? Let the church and congregation have the benefit of your voice. Can you converse? Visit on purpose to speak of Jesus. Can you induce children to come to the Sunday school, or adults to come and hear the gospel? Try. Begin at once. Let no one near you have to say, “I was never asked to go to chapel. No one ever invited my children to the school. No one ever spoke to me about my soul.” Have you money? Give a fair proportion to God's cause, to carry on his glorious work in the world. This will be to carry out the Lord's command, “*Occupy till I come.*”

Let each one of us ask,—First, Do I know what talent I have? Have I examined? Did I ever try if I could teach, preach, pray, sing, write, converse, or induce persons to seek the salvation of their souls? Secondly, Do I realise my responsibility for the use of the talent or talents with which the Lord has entrusted me? Thirdly, Am I zealously employing my whole talent for the Lord? Fourthly, Am I expecting my Lord's return; and, therefore, endeavouring so to live, so to act, and so to work,

as to be ready to meet him, and present my account to him? Fifthly, Is my talent, or any part of it, in the napkin? Methinks there were never so many napkins in use in the church of God as now. We have napkins of all sorts, and all sizes. They look so white, they are folded so tastefully, they are laid up so carefully, that few suspect what they are made of, what they contain, or that they will bring shame and confusion upon their owners at last. It is to these napkins that we must ascribe our want of village preachers, Sunday school teachers, tract distributors, sick visitors, praying brethren, good singing, useful conversation, crowded chapels, and full exchequers. Whatever the Lord may find in my possession when he comes, may he never find a napkin: he left his own buried in his tomb, and what a mercy it would be if every one found in the church were buried there too!

Cheltenham.

DOES GOD CARE FOR US?

BY MRS. E. B. STOWE.

"I will cry unto God most high,—unto God, that performeth all things for me."—*Psalms* lvi. 2.

The psalms of David are an anomaly in ancient literature. In no contemporary writer, in none preceding, is there any intercourse chronicled between the divine and human spirit like that expressed in these. Other writings have often the soul's aspirations to Deity; but they have no record of communion in return. But the psalms are as full of indications of God's voice to the soul, as of the soul's voice to God. They are as full of allusions which show intimate personal acquaintance, as are the letters of a child to a parent. Witness, in this place, how David, in trouble, speaks of God. As the merchant speaks of the banker who honours his drafts, as the ward speaks of the guardian who arranges his affairs, in a familiar matter-of-course way, so David in his trouble speaks of God who performeth all things for him!

This is not a God yet to be tried; but a God who has helped him so often, that the thought of him comes naturally as his breathing; the soul turns to him as instinctively as the infant lifts its hands on every emergency to the mother who "performeth all things for him."

All religion is grounded on man's helplessness. Every man is pushed into existence much like a stranger stranded on a desolate island. He enters a great crushing system of unknown laws, moving with inflexible regularity, and with the most total disregard of the individual suffering caused by their inflexibility. The future is hid by an impenetrable veil; and there are coming upon him, daily and hourly, from this quarter or that, sources of alarm, distress, and anxiety, which force the most self-confident to stand in utter helplessness. The history of man has been the history of one long struggle for help. Generation after generation, in their darkness and ignorance, are landed on these mortal shores to find their way amid the conflicting powers of nature as they are best able; and no sooner do they acquire a little insight and a little experience, than death hurries them out of sight.

Therefore, the great underlying question of all religion is, Does God care for us—will he help us?

It was claimed by the Hebrews, as the peculiarity of their religion, that it gave the most entire and satisfactory answer to this question. Moses says, "For what nation is there that hath God so nigh unto them as the Lord our God is, in all things that we call upon him for?"

The history of the earlier patriarchs is most touching and most consoling in the view which it presents of God tenderly guiding man, even as a nurse guides the tottering steps of an infant. How different are the recorded patriarchal prayers from the things that often pass for prayers in modern churches! The patriarchal prayers were, in directness and simplicity of utterance, much like those which your little son addresses to you, as he sits on your knee by the flickering evening firelight. He turns to you as the one that "performeth all things for him," and just so did Abraham, Jacob, and David turn to God. To him you are unbounded in resources. It never enters his head to question either your ability or your willingness to help him to anything he desires. It has never entered his head to sort out his requests, and to ask only such things as he thinks of a suitably dignified and important nature, to be mentioned to a man of your worth and wisdom; but he thinks aloud to you, urging with equal zeal for the bread that supports his life, and the plaything that seems essential to his childish fancy.

Precisely like this was the Hebrew idea of prayer. I will not leave you orphans, said Jesus, I will come to you; and in the old Hebrew revelations that same gracious utterance is heard. The most beautiful medium in which has been embodied this idea of the simple walk of the trustful spirit with God, is the life and writings of the poet David.

In him we trace the history of a sensitive, poetic nature, born in a rough age, in a family of rude, warlike brothers, to whom the womanly tenderness of his nature was only an argument of mirth and derision. In such a soul the burden of feeling becomes too great to be borne alone. It has a thousand trembling wants, a thousand sensitive shrinkings, a thousand peculiar sorrows, and who can understand them?

But the poet's heart found refuge in another heart; a soul of infinite tenderness opened itself to him as a refuge, and from that hour he was alone no more. Sweet as an enchanted dream was his life, who saw, ever moving by his side, a form of eternal Love and Power,—One to whom the throbbings of his heart could utter themselves without words. Thenceforward, amid the cares and contentions of a rude outer world, was there evermore an inward sanctuary; he breaks forth sometimes in exclamations of joy on this sheltered security of the trusting soul: "O how great is Thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men. Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly as in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

How different this experience of David from that of many well-meaning christians! What experience have they that can be expressed by the simple phrase, "God that performeth all things for me"? Fenced about by philosophy, they see in life's history only the movement of a great machine, working by inevitable laws, with which God has no connection, except in distant perspective, as first originator. Why should I pray? they say. Will God alter the laws of nature for me? And with this cold enquiry they smother the hearts yearning for help, and walk all their days orphans in their Father's house. There is bread enough and to spare, but they perish with life-long hunger. All their days they go bowed with cares and anxieties which wear their hearts out, simply because they will not ask their Father to help them. If a man would for only one day imitate his little child, and pray to God as that little one does to him, he would make a discovery that might add years to his life. For what frets the soul away? what silvers the hair, wrinkles the cheek, dims the eye? One word speaks it: CARE. The holy word

says, "Casting **ALL** your care on Him, for he careth for you." Human reasoning says, "Casting your *great* cares on Him. God is not a God who performeth *all* things for us, but only *great* things at long intervals." Ah! could we but know it, to God *everything* is great that is of importance enough to cost us a tear, a sigh, a wakeful hour, an anxious thought.

Does not a wise father watch over his son's kite, and skates, and top, as much as over his school bills and grammar? Does he not appreciate the influence on the forming character of all the anxieties they give him? And is God less wise?

How much purer and wiser were the course of worldly affairs, were God the intimate Counsellor in them,—the Friend to whom the soul continually turns! Then only is life fully consecrated, when in all our family arrangements, our business, our pleasures, our friendships, our amusements, we consult our Father, and say, in little cares as in great, *I will cry unto God most high: unto God that performeth all things for me.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

Sweet is the privilege of prayer,
To bow before a throne of grace;
To leave our every burden there,
And gain new strength to run our race;
To gird our heavenly armour on,
Depending on the Lord alone!

And sweet the whisper of His love,
When conscience sinks beneath its load,
That bids our guilty fears remove,
And points to Christ's atoning blood.
Oh, then, 'tis sweet indeed to know
God can be just and gracious too.

Sweet is the peace that Jesus gives,
When all around is dressed in gloom;
Sweet 'tis to know the Saviour lives,
When friends are hurried to the tomb,
And those we love are snatched away,
Like flowers that wither in a day:

And, oh, 'tis sweet, when we begin
To find this earthly house give way,
To feel a principle within
Rising superior to decay,—
A hope implanted in the breast,
Bright foretaste of eternal rest!

But to behold Immanuel's face,
From sin and sorrow to be freed,
To dwell in his divine embrace,—
This will be sweeter far indeed!
The fairest form of earthly bliss,
Is less than nought, compared with this.

And yet, through free and sovereign grace,
I hope ere long those joys to share;
Before the throne to find a place,
That bright unfading crown to wear,
And join the ransomed choir above,
To celebrate redeeming love!

Christian Heroes.

No. 12.—CONCLUSORY.

We have now come to the close of our series of papers on "Christian Heroes." If any of our readers have accompanied us in the varied fields we have traversed, with any of the pleasure and profit we have ourselves derived, our reward will be complete. It only remains for us to make one or two concluding and farewell remarks.

It is always a good thing to study the lives of great and good men. Being thus in their company, and walking by their side, their influence is likely to make our character partake somewhat of their own. The chief thing to be remembered, however, is, that they are placed before us for this purpose,—that we may follow them so far as their example is worthy to be followed, and so far as the principles which guided their conduct are applicable to our own position. There is no good quality that we observe in others that we may not follow: there is nothing great or heroic even that may not furnish an example to us.

Now, our studies have been necessarily confined to those who have occupied the more prominent posts of Christian Action. Our eyes have been fixed on the men who have, in various ages, been the defenders and supporters of God's truth; and, in many of those into whose company we have been brought, there has been the mark, not only of goodness, but of greatness,—there have been characteristics which have made them not merely dear to the christian, but have given them a right to an exalted position in the history of the world.

But let not any one imagine, that because he may not aspire to the high positions which these men occupied, their history is to him valueless. All cannot be great,—nor is it desirable that all should be so; and the aspirations after greatness, which have prompted many a boyish dream, and which are still filling the hearts of many who are by our side, have passed, and will pass away, as boyish dreams yield to manhood's realities. But though all cannot be great, all may make greatness their model, and thus become greater than they would otherwise be: and, though all cannot rise to the dignity of character and the high influence that some have done, there are none who cannot, by God's help, be as

good even as they. When shall the time come when men will recognise goodness as better than greatness, and will find the truest heroes in those who struggle most valiantly with the evils in and about themselves?

How much of heroism may there be in the every-day life of every one. The poor labourer may be a hero as much as—perhaps more easily than—the rich and the great; the silent and unknown toiler and struggler may be a hero as much as he upon whom all eyes are fixed! How stern oftentimes is the struggle with self,—with the evil in the heart ever working for development in the life. That poor pale man, there, with lips compressed, may be struggling with temptation manfully enough for angels at least to regard him as a hero! And then, the circumstances in which men are placed, how trying they are often to the character and principles. Job was a hero in that he did *not* "curse God and die;" and many since his day have partaken of his heroism when they, too, have been suffering. Poor sufferer, stretched on thy bed of agony, thou mayest be a hero, when thou layest passive in the arms of Infinite Love! Bereaved one, thou mayest be a hero, when thou whisperest, as the dear ones are removed, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good!" Poverty-stricken christian, thou mayest be a hero, when thou trustest even the provision of daily bread to Him who never leaves, never forsakes, those who trust him!

Nor are these, and such as these, the only manifestations of christian heroism possible to us. There is evil around us all that we may contend with; there is darkness that we may try to remove. It is not needful that we should go to the end of the world to become heroes in the struggle with evil; there is evil ever near us, if we look for it,—perhaps at our next door! Look not scornfully, reader, on that humble teacher of children,—in his struggle with their waywardness, and in his efforts to train them for God, he is a hero! That faithful pastor, that village preacher, that mother, labouring ever prayerfully among the dear ones at home,—oh, look not haughtily on these, and such as these, for they are heroes! All that is required of

us, that we may be heroes, is that we fill well the position in which we are placed, and fulfil nobly the duties imposed on us. We had rather, in view of the last day, be the good and holy man who is struggling on through life, with no eye watching him but God's, than occupy the highest posts in the church or the world, with love less earnest, and devotion less complete!

Reader, our last word to thee is, Seek to be a HERO! Depend on it, heroism is possible enough to you, if you have but the heroic spirit! Seek not so much a high sphere for the development of your heroism; be a hero where you are! And if you are not recognized on earth, believe that you will be recognized in the great day of award!

One of the most impressive passages in the whole of the sacred writings is that in St. Paul's noble epistle to the Hebrews:—"Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight." Oh, how these witnesses crowd around our path.

All ages have contributed to swell their number. The Great Witness is above. How are their eyes fixed upon us. With what expectation do they look to us.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

* * * * *

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

Tales and Sketches.

PERPLEXED AND PACIFIED.

THREE CHAPTERS ON WORK.

CHAPTER III.

THE LATTER OF A WORKING MAN.

Nearly every town in our country has now an institution which provides for the intellectual improvement of adults. In large places there are two or more called, according to their character, or the fancy of their members, the Athenæum, the Literary, or the Mechanics' Institution. The town of B—, being of considerable size, had an upper and a lower house of popular literature. The latter was intended for the working class. It had an extensive library, and the table of the reading room was well supplied with periodicals and newspapers. Although on some accounts it is to be regretted that most of those who frequented the place went mainly to read "the latest Intelligence" from abroad, yet it was pleasing to find that so many went there in preference to going to the public-house for a dearer and grosser pleasure. Among the readers present about eight o'clock in the evening, a week after our last reference to him, was George Pearson. He was just in the middle of an account of the capture

of a runaway slave in a city of one of the Northern States of America, and had given expression to the feelings which its perusal had excited by exclaiming, loud enough for every one near him to hear, "Horrible, horrible!" when some one tapped him on the shoulder and whispered in his ear, "What is?" Looking up, he beheld the countenance of Mr. Hamilton, and thought it not a little singular that his thoughts and feelings were running in much the same channel as when they last met.

The schoolmaster beckoned Pearson to the end of the room where the book shelves stood, and was calling his attention to a volume containing the autobiography of a fugitive slave, as Mr. Gilby entered the place and came up to them. This individual was collector of the poor-rate in the parish in which Pearson lived, and was a member of the same dissenting church with Mr. Hamilton. He also knew Pearson very well from calling at his house, and meeting him in the reading room. As might be expected, their conversation turned upon the subject of slavery, but as they were afraid of disturbing the other persons present, and each seemed in the mind for a peripatetic discussion, they

turned out of doors, and made their way along the high road leading towards the beautiful village of T—.

At the commencement of their walk they had rows of elm trees, interspersed with poplars, on either hand. Between the branches of those on one side which threw their deep shadows across the road, they could see the full-orbed moon; while beyond, its silvery light was seen brightening the housetops, and dancing on the windows of the church of the village; so that their course was out of darkness into light; as Mr. Hamilton afterwards said, it was an emblem of their friend Pearson's progress in his mental exercises.

The three were, however, so occupied with their subject that they at once began their discourse, and left the poplar boughs to battle with the moonbeams as they chose. Pearson had often said that there was as much slavery at home as abroad; if he ever believed this, his views had undergone a great change, for when Mr. Hamilton asked him whether he would like to change places with such a poor creature as the one he had been reading of, he replied, with a shudder, "No!" "But still," said he, "I maintain that working people in this country are not treated as they ought to be."

"In some cases, no doubt, they are treated harshly, and are inadequately paid," said Mr. Hamilton; "but then they have their liberty, so that they can dissolve the connection, and offer their services to some one who is likely to remunerate and treat them better. The law," he continued, "defends the working man from open injustice, and where a man's skill and industry are up to the average, the master will find it to his advantage to secure such an one, and will treat him accordingly."

"How is it that the negroes are in such an enlaved and wretched condition?" asked Pearson.

"Undoubtedly through the unjustifiable deeds of those who hold them in bondage," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"There appears to me," said Mr. Gilby, "to be a very great difference between the cause of their misery and that of the greater part of those who dwell in the wretched hovels at which I have to call. The captive negroes seem to be without the power to prevent their distress, while thousands of our English poor bring themselves to their wretched condition through indolence and

intemperance; though, of course, there are many among them who are the virtuous victims of misfortune, and who find all their efforts ineffectual to raise themselves from the slough of suffering into which they are sunk."

"Yes," said Mr. Hamilton, "it must resolve itself into that in many cases. It seems to be ordained by a superhuman power that some shall be subordinate, and who they shall be, and what they shall suffer; and though some of the doings of the unseen hand are inexplicable, yet in general, in the variety and dependence of the parts of society, we see the divine wisdom and goodness displayed."

"That is very plain to my mind," remarked Mr. Gilby, "for if all men were equal in power and property, what a disassociated set of creatures we should be; and then as to the decision by men who should be high and who low if we admit variety, it would be a dispute interminable, except by the voluntary subjection or the destruction of some. Permanent social equality must be an absolute impossibility, constituted as we are, and as it seems we must be to be united, happy, and progressive, or even moral beings."

"Well, I think you are right," said Pearson.

"That, you know," continued Mr. Gilby, "is how the Apostle Paul, who was a divinely taught working man, puts it in one of his letters, in which he is exhorting to subordination. He uses the metaphor of a body, showing that every member of it is necessary to its completeness and welfare, and he says that God hath 'set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.' You can get no further than that; and if you would pardon the liberty, Mr. Pearson, I would say you never will be happy in your present or any other condition in life, unless you trace it up to the appointment of the Most High, and not only admit that he is right, but praise him because he is good. Transgressors as we all are, it ought deeply to affect and humble us, that still it is true, whatever our circumstances may be, that 'the Lord is good unto all.'"

Pearson, who had never steadily viewed the matter in this light before, felt all his objections fail, and was ashamed that he had ever murmured at his lot. After a moment's pause, he said, with deep feeling, "Yes, it is wrong, it is very wicked

to rebel against the appointments of God ; but, oh, what a blind and daring sinner I have been in this way."

They had now reached Pearson's house, and the two friends, on being asked to step in, consented to do so. On being introduced, they found Mrs. Pearson and her eldest girl at work, George was drawing, and the other children were in bed. Mrs. Pearson was soon informed by the school-master that they had been talking on the topic which was the subject of their conversation on the day when they met in the fields. "Oh, have you, Sir?" she said, "my husband is almost always troubling about that matter."

"It will be different in future, though wife," said Pearson. "I see much more clearly than I did. I earnestly hope that God will forgive my past ingratitude, and help me to thank and love him."

"That is the only way to get right and happy," said Mr. Hamilton ; "all the arguing possible will not give peace of mind. True love to God is the oil on the waves which makes them smooth and still. Where the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, there is not only contentment and gratitude, but a peace which none of the perplexities and pains of this mortal state shall ever be able to destroy."

"There is truth in what you say, I believe," responded Pearson, thoughtfully. "I wish I could say I have experienced it ; but I hope I shall."

His wife, observing tears in his eyes, could herself hardly refrain from weeping, as she took up the conversation by saying, "We know that all this is true ; but what we have to mourn over is, that we have not read the Bible and attended a place of worship as we ought, or we might know more of these things. For myself, I must confess that though I have taken things easier than my husband, it has not been through religion. We have been both alike strangers to the love and peace of which you speak."

Mr. Gilby ventured to say, "Why should you not now become acquainted with them ? As sinners, Christ has made peace for us through the blood of his cross, and he himself has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"I am sorry we must discontinue our talk," interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "but it is now so late, we must be going."

Pearson and his wife warmly returned the greeting of their friends, as, on leaving, they wished them "good night." They also thanked them for their kindness ; and when the friends were gone, it was with no ordinary feelings that the working man and his wife went over again the course of thought they had just pursued. Nor did the good effect produced in their minds soon cease. Henceforth they carefully read the Scriptures, and by these and the preaching which they regularly attended, they were further guided into the truth of the gospel. And not long after the period when our narrative closes, they were received into fellowship with a christian church, and have since continued to walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. They have often since, in times of great affliction, enjoyed greater calmness of soul than any which they ever knew, in their most favourable circumstances, when they were far from God. And when any of his shopmates and neighbours asked George Pearson, after his conversion, what was the secret of his composure and contentment he would reply, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God ; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

WORKING AT HOME.

A STORY ABOUT A "SPHERE."

"Ellen, dear, are you going to Mrs. Rayman's with the arrow-root this morning?"

"I, mamma ? Can't Sarah go?"

"My love, she is very busy, and I thought you might do some good, both to the mother and the daughter."

"Oh, I spoke to Anne once rather seriously, but she did not answer me ; indeed, she turned away very rudely ; so that if I went I should say nothing to her."

"And her mother?"

"Oh, mamma, will you, please, let me read ? I have forgotten half a chapter at least since you began to talk to me. I'm sure it will rain."

Mrs. Herbert turned sadly away ; she would not speak again. Long time ago, when pressed with household care, she had looked forward to the days when Ellen, freed from school, would be her helper and

her friend. And especially had she hoped for this when her home duties would prevent her visiting the poor to counsel and to aid,—then she would think how, by and bye, her eldest-born would pass from house to house in their sweet village home, and fill the place, amongst earth's suffering ones, which she herself had longed, but failed, to occupy.

And Ellen, leaving school a christian girl, —*was* she all this? Ah, no!

For she had always loved to read of lofty deeds, of life devotion, holy sacrifice, and martyrdom,—of women who stood out before the world in bold relief, and with unequalled courage worked for God; and she had dwelt upon all this, fired, as she often said, “with high ambition,” till the good of every day existence had grown tame and was despised, and months had passed away in her calm peaceful home, leaving her reading, dreaming, and inactive still.

Once she had *spoken* of these things, but her mother's look, which said so plainly, “Leave me,—and I die!” had touched her deeply, and she said no more. And beyond this, had both her parents smiled upon her wish, still as she often said, when none but God could hear, “There is no sphere for high exertion within sight; long as I may, no opportunity occurs,—no prospect opens. Oh, that I could do some work for God! Shall I be always longing for some way of proving my deep gratitude and love, and never finding it?”

Ah, Ellen, you have *had* a lofty sphere for *months*, and you have trodden it as dust beneath your feet. Think you that woman's sphere is ever to stand forth, in sight of all, a heroine? No, there are *quiet* lives of usefulness on which our Father smiles as graciously, as on the deeds which bid a world admire.

But Ellen has yet to learn all this!

“If you please, Miss Herbert, uncle Edward has sent me a parcel of tracts, ‘to give away in my walks with papa,’ he says. But papa is ill, you know, and so I came to ask if you would go with me?”

“My dear, have you asked your sister?”

“Oh, papa says she is not old enough, so you are the only person. *Just a mile* on the high road, Miss Herbert!”

How pleadingly the words were spoken.

“Fanny, darling, I *would*, but—but—the road will be dusty, and I have been out a little to-day already; so excuse me, dear;

there, kiss me, and run home with this book, which I promised to lend your sister.”

Oh, Ellen, Ellen!

“I shall be ready in half an hour to call on Mrs. Birton; will you be ready, Ellen?”

“Don't think I shall go, mother.”

“Why not, dear?”

“Oh, I feel more inclined to lie down on the sofa here and *think*.”

“But, Agnes, who feels her brother's death so much, will she not expect you?”

“You can say all that is needful.”

“But, Ellen, I cannot be to Agnes what you would be. You are just her own age.”

“Well, not to-day, mamma; I don't feel inclined!”

“Quite ready, papa. What a splendid day for a ride.”

“I did not know you were getting ready, child; your mother told me she would ask you to let poor Mary James go to-day in your stead.”

“Oh, mamma *did* say something, but I feel just in the mood for a ride, and I want to go through the forest with you, so I told mamma all about it. Besides, I have had no ride for several days.”

Her father, too indulgent! kissed the rosy cheek, although he *felt* that she was *very* selfish.

The evening came.

“Ellen, I can't see any longer; just read that half column about China, will you?”

“Sorry to say, No, Sir; but must make haste over this French book so as to return it.”

“Get on with your French, dear; I know, from experience, how useful it is.”

Ellen heard the words, but not the sigh which followed.

“Sister, tell me all about it,” said Charley, next morning, pushing a print, called, “Jesus blessing little children,” on the table.

“Sister is busy now, ask Sarah.”

Sarah was in the room, sweeping the hearth, but good-humouredly stopped to explain the picture.

“And them's the children, and that's Jesus, and their mothers is bringing of 'em to have His hands alaid upon their heads, to make 'em good.”

Oh, Ellen, Ellen! and is *this* the version of that

“sweet story of old,”

which you would have impressed on that child's mind? Was there no holy love to be lit up in that young heart, by a judicious setting forth of Jesus, and His love for little ones? No noble lesson to be conned by that bright, eager boy?

A sphere! you have one here; and you neglect it; and, oh, what a death-bed shall *yours* be, if God do not ere then in mercy waken you!

And you, who read this page, do you condemn her? Have you never, then, sinned *like* her? Which, which of us can lift his hand to heaven and say, "I have done *all* the work I had to do"?

Ellen was sad; who could be otherwise? and, sitting in her room brooding as usual over her "sad lot," heard Sarah's step and voice.

"Oh, if you please Miss Herbert, I have been to Mrs. Rayman's again, and she asked me to tell you as her daughter went off to her new place all in a hurry yesterday; but that, before she went, she left a note for you."

Ellen waited till Sarah had closed the door, and then read the note. Oh, how it pierced her heart. It spoke of deep anxiety for the soul's safety, of ignorance as to the way of salvation, and of a dark despair, which, as Anne feared, had already begun to close around her. "And, oh, Miss Ellen," Anne went on, "if you had but come to see me, and had begun to speak as you did once before, oh, I think I should have told you what I felt, and perhaps you could have shown me what to do."

Long time does Ellen kneel and weep and pray, and long does she lie awake that night thinking of all the past, *beginning* to see where her path is lying. And, even in her dreams, these thoughts will follow her, and she sees ignorant and careless ones without even a tract to speak to them of a Saviour,—and she sees herself refuse to hear the messengers of mercy. She sees fellow-Christians sad and sorrowful, and she sees herself turn coldly from their door. Poor Mary, too, so pale and friendless, and the ride which might have proved indeed a blessing, the father's unread paper, and the neglected child, all rise before her so reproachfully!

The morrow came, and in new strength she rose, and praying for God's blessing, she began her work. But, though she visited

the widow, wrote to Anne, and watched for opportunities of doing good through all the day, still, still she felt that the time past was gone, *for ever gone*. And even now, as she looks back on many years of active usefulness, there comes a shade of sadness and of deep humility, when she remembers all the carelessness and sin of earlier days. And without losing her high admiration of the lofty and renowned, she yet rejoices that in quiet humble life God has been pleased to give to her a noble "sphere."
C.

THE MUDDY BOTTOM.

The heart of man is like a pool of standing water. Look at it on a summer's day, when not a breeze ruffles the surface, not a bird flies over to cast its light shadow on its face. It is so clear, so bright, you may see your own image reflected there.

Now, cast a stone to the bottom, and watch the effect. The dark mud is rising all around, rank weeds are floating up which you never saw before; the whole pool is in a state of motion, and hardly a drop of water escapes the foul pollution.

Look at your heart when all outward things go well. No vexing, crossing cares mars its tranquil calm, and you think you see the image of Jesus reflected there. It is so long since sin has molested you, that you think it has left you quite, and that all is pure within.

Now, let a sudden offence come,—an unkind, undeserved rebuke; let pride be touched, or self-will roused, and presently all is lost. Like the waves of an angry sea, the poor mind is tossed from thought to thought, and finds no rest. The mud is raised from the bottom, and not one corner of that wretched heart is free from its polluting influence. All gentle, soothing thoughts are gone, and one by one the dark weeds are floating on the surface.

But do not give it up; it is not all lost. Do you remember the Sea of Galilee, and One who had power to calm its troubled waters? Go to him; he has done greater things than these. Go to him in earnest, persevering prayer, and wait the result of faith. Again shall his image be reflected there; again shall the sunshine of his love sparkle over the scene. But learn, oh, man, from thy misery, this lesson; for therefore was it sent: There is no moment

In which thy foe may not spring upon thee; therefore, watch and be sober; he lieth coiled up in the darkest corner of thy

heart, but the Mighty One will give thee strength against him; therefore look to him.

The Baptist Newspaper.

Our space prevents us from adding much this month to what we have already said on this subject, and to what appears as an advertisement on another page. We are glad to say that the prospects of success, in what appears to us a most important movement, are, notwithstanding some opposition, which we rather regret than fear, more encouraging than ever. In Birmingham and Bradford meetings to consider the proposal have been held, and in both have resolutions, expressive of hearty concurrence, been unanimously passed. The venerable Thomas Morgan of Birmingham, and Thomas Winter of Bristol, with Mr. Mursell of Leicester, Mr. Edwards of Nottingham, Mr. Swan, Mr. New, and Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, Mr. Barnes of Trowbridge, Mr. Wassell of Bath, and a number of others who have written to us on the subject, have, in addition to those named in former numbers, expressed their hearty approval of the scheme, and have identified themselves with it. We have, therefore, no doubt of the hearty approval of the denomination generally. Now is the time for friends to give that practical aid in the way of sending their own names, and procuring others, as subscribers, which alone is wanting to render success certain.

A Page for the Young.

"I PRAYED ALL DAY FOR HELP."

It was a beautiful evening early in June. The air was cool and pleasant. The trees and shrubs were covered with luxuriant foliage, and the roses were in their opening beauty. The frogs were singing in the pond, and the birds on the trees. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon. The clouds which lingered around his pathway received his parting rays, and were gorgeously decorated with his richest colouring.

"Willie walked about the lawn, his face lit up with a smile, and his dark-gray eye bright with happiness. His heart was attuned to harmony with all nature around him, and he would frequently look up to his mother, who sat by the open window, enjoying the delightful evening. Presently Willie came, and stood by her side.

"How happy I am this evening," he said to her. She put her arm around him, and drew him toward her.

"What makes you so happy?" she enquired.

"Because I have been trying to control my temper, I suppose," was his answer.

"You have not been angry to-day, have you?"

"No, mother."

"Did you pray about it, Willie?"

"Yes, mother. I prayed all day for help."

"How did you pray?"

"I said, Forgive my sins, and give me a new heart."

"God heard your prayers, and has helped you to control your temper. God always hears prayer, and helps those who ask his aid. I hope you will never forget to pray for what you need," said his mother. Willie smiled and kissed her, and went out of doors again to enjoy the evening, "so cool, so calm, so bright."

Willie is generally a good boy, but he has

a quick temper. When three or four years old, he would sometimes get very angry. I have even known him to throw sticks at children with whom he was playing if they did anything to offend him. He did so one day when his mother was from home. She was much grieved when she heard it, and talked seriously with him. It made a deep impression on his mind. He speaks of it now with great solemnity, and asks his mother if she remembers it. He feels that he committed a great sin. He knows it is wrong to let his temper govern his reason, and he is struggling to control himself. I think he will succeed.

I knew his grandfather when I was a little girl, and I remember hearing him say that he was naturally quick-tempered; but, although I lived in the same house with him, and saw him under a great variety of circumstances, I never heard him speak a hasty word. I trust Willie will obtain as

perfect control over himself, and, if he lives to manhood, that his friends will be able to say of him what I can say of his grandfather.

Willie was at one time playing with some children, and found he was growing angry. He immediately left them, and sat down on the stairs alone. Pretty soon they followed him. He did not feel entirely good-natured, so he again left them, and went into the library. He shut the door, and prayed to his Father in heaven, for strength to conquer himself. He remained there alone till he felt he had obtained the victory.

Willie is not the only little boy who has a quick temper; and I tell this story about him for the sake of the dear children who sometimes get angry. I hope, like Willie, they will learn to go to God for help, and then, like his, their countenances will be radiant with gladness; and they, too, can say, "How happy I am!"

Miscellaneous.

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—"Some twenty-three years ago, in a small rural village of Western New-York, one Sabbath morning, as a pious young man was going to church, he observed a group of children at play in the street. He kindly spoke to them, and asked them to accompany him to the Sabbath-school. They refused to go. One, however, a bright-eyed little fellow, expressed his willingness to go, if his mother would permit him. The teacher kindly took him by the hand, called and obtained permission of the widowed mother, that her little boy might become a member of his class. Thenceforward he was in constant attendance. By his fixed attention, rapid improvement, and meek and gentle disposition, he won the esteem and affection of all. At the age of twelve, during a revival, he became a convert to the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, and united with the church. When he came to the years of manhood, he left his native village and settled in the far West. Here, in his new home, where sacred associations held no kindly influences, he felt the need and saving grace of the gospel of truth. With his characteristic energy and unflinching perseverance, he went to work to aid in building up in that desolate place the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. As the results of his unceasing toil, he related a few months since to the Sabbath-school, on his first visit to his early home after the lapse of many years, that there had been established in the valley of the West some forty distinct branches in Zion's vineyard, eight hundred

souls been brought to receive the living waters of salvation, and four hundred Sabbath-schools had been planted in different parts. And these were the fruits, by the grace of God, of the efforts of that once poor vagrant boy."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE A PLACE FOR PRAYER.—Endearments bind together the members of the same household,—sharers of the same flesh and blood, which are found of the same kind, and of the same degree, nowhere else on earth. The dwellers in this common home, too, have a common share in the blessings and trials which befall their habitation. They are fed at the same board, repose under the same roof, and the joys and sorrows of one are very much the joys and sorrows of the whole group. What a place these parents hold, too, in this little empire. How their words have power, and their will is law, and their very footsteps are walked into; and how those whom God has given them are prized beyond all earthly things, as the jewels of their casket. Where, where in all this footstool of the dispenser of our mercies, should God be acknowledged, if not here? Shall not the voice of gratitude and praise ascend from that board spread with plenty, and around an altar reared for the morning and the evening's sacrifice of humble and grateful hearts? You may not burnish your own armour, and find refreshment for your own spirit here, soldier of Christ, but here is a favoured spot on which to train recruits to join the sacramental hosts,—you should pray in your family.—*Leyburn.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

At the early date at which we go to press it seems almost useless to give the news of the month, when on the one subject which engrosses universal interest, all the past may be antiquated by the intelligence flashed to us by the telegraph at the eleventh hour. Still the conduct of the war, or more definitely of the siege of Sebastopol, must be described to the latest hour by every periodical. Since our last, the resources of the Russians have proved to be far greater than was expected. Having sunk most of their men-of-war at the mouth of the harbour, and thus prevented our fleet from attacking the ports or the remnant of the ships, they have employed the ships' guns and gunners in the defence of the place. Owing to the time necessary to bring up our guns and ammunition, and to construct our batteries, the enemy were enabled also to construct batteries of great power in advance of the main defences of the town, and when the firing of the Allies began that of the Russians was the stronger of the two. Sebastopol is also an immense arsenal of military stores, and the north side of the town is open, hence the town had the amplest supplies of ammunition, and could receive all the reinforcements which were thought desirable. The result has been, however, that the Russian defences, though still too strong, have been most seriously injured, that breaches are practicable, and the town itself is filled with the dead and the dying. It is even asserted that the putrefaction of the bodies has caused a fearful pestilence.

The Russians having been reinforced after the battle of the Alma, ventured in considerable numbers, on the 25th of October, to attack the Allied camp, endeavouring to cut off the besiegers from their port Balaklava, seven miles from Sebastopol, by which they received all their supplies. The assailants were successful against some small Turkish batteries at first, but were soon repelled; a regiment of light English cavalry, however, having madly, and by erroneous interpretation of orders, charged a formidable Russian battery, were dreadfully cut up. It seems to have been a feat of foolish bravado. Again, on the 5th of November, in much larger force, the Russians made another attack, supported by a sortie of the garrison. After an obstinate battle, which also lost the Allies too many lives, they were repulsed with the loss of some ten thousand men! While we write, the actual state of things appears to be that, reduced as the Allied armies have been by the very losses of victory, by disease, and by the wounded, they are hardly sufficient to assault the breaches they have made, and at the same time to repulse the more numerous Russians in the field. Their position seems to be impregnable, they can retain it while they have a regiment left, the sea is at our command to furnish them with supplies, while the enemy must ob-

tain his with great difficulty, by long and difficult land carriage. If, therefore, the reinforcements now being sent from France and England can but arrive in time, they may yet finish the campaign by destroying this strong hold of Russian aggression and tyranny.

It is painful to think that but for the bad faith of Austria, with whom our ministers so long and foolishly coquetted, we need not have sacrificed half the lives which we have lost. This vilest of despotisms, next to Russia itself, has prevented the Turks occupying the attention of the Russians on the Pruth, and has thereby liberated the troops of the latter, to impede our operations, and shoot our soldiers at Sebastopol. We trust the day of reckoning is approaching for the perjured tyrants who not only hold down their own subjects, but who have destroyed the nationality of Italy, Hungary, and Poland. The conviction is spreading among all reflecting persons, that till Poland is restored to its place among the nations, no effectual barrier will be provided against the military barbarism of Russia. Indeed, it begins to be evident that we may be at the commencement of a war which will yet convulse all Europe, and either unbind the fetters of the oppressed, or rivet them more firmly than ever. "May God defend the right!" we say;—but "the right"—in his eyes what is it? What is right to be done by the Supreme Governor with nations sunk in superstition, infidelity, and sensuality? What but to permit their sins to chastise them? and if they will not seek after Him, and fulfil the first of duties, to suffer them to be oppressed by those who neither fear God nor regard man? Between the "potsherd of the earth," indeed, right may be altogether on one side, but when the combatants, or the oppressor and the sufferer, are equally enemies to their God, He may well see fit to let them eat the fruit of their doings. We must not be surprised, therefore, if the righteous cause (as between men) enjoy no conspicuous vindication from the Judge of all. The nations and their despots will assuredly be overthrown by each other again and again, "till they learn that the Heavens do rule," and till Christ's religion, instead of being embodied in State-churches and deformed by the grossest superstition, shall become the "healing of the nations."

Since the above was written, the allied reinforcements have arrived in considerable numbers, and have filled the besiegers with fresh confidence.

NEW CHAPEL, ARTHUR-STREET, CAMBERWELL-GATE, WALWORTH.

The opening services of this new place of worship took place on Wednesday, October 25th. Most impressive discourses were preached: in the morning, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, from Ephesians, ii. 8—10; and in the evening, by the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, from

1 Cor. xiv. 1. After the morning service, a substantial repast was provided in the new vestry, presided over by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel; at the termination of which an adjournment took place to the chapel; and a public meeting was held, W. B. Gurney, Esq., occupying the chair, supported by the esteemed pastor, the Rev. J. George, the Revs. B. Lewis, Tiddy, Chislett, Wills, Perratt, Turquand, Davis, Waddington, Eldridge, Collins, Bayfield, and Rogers; Messrs. Lindsay (Treasurer), Pratt, Watson, Burgess, Beal, &c. The financial statement showed that the contract for the new chapel, vestries, and house, was £2,620, upon which the small mortgage of £800 had been raised,—the remainder, it was hoped, from the zeal and faith of their friends, would soon be realised. Upwards of £1,400 had already been raised. On Sunday, the 29th, sermons were preached to crowded congregations; in the morning, by the Rev. E. Steane, D.D.; and in the evening, by the Rev. J. Burnett. The total collections and subscriptions at the services were upwards of £250.

AKEMAN STREET CHAPEL, TRING, HERTS.

On Tuesday evening, September 26th, a valedictory service was held in the above chapel, on the occasion of the removal of the Rev. W. Woods to another sphere of labour at Swaffham, Norfolk. A goodly number of friends having taken tea together in the chapel, the service of the evening was commenced by devotional exercises, conducted by the Revs. W. Sexton and J. S. Warren. Mr. Burgess, on behalf of Mr. Woods's friends, then delivered a farewell address to their beloved pastor, whose removal they deeply lament, and in their name presented him with a very handsome purse containing £20, as a parting expression of their affection and esteem. Mr. Woods, in making an appropriate acknowledgment, referred, with deep feeling, to the sympathy which he had experienced from a large number of the friends at Tring. A parting hymn was then sung, and Mr. Woods afterwards closed the affecting service of the evening with prayer.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOLASTIC INSTITUTION FOR THE SONS OF MINISTERS.

The third annual report of this Institution has reached us. We are glad to learn from it that the Society continues its course of prosperity and usefulness. Twenty-seven boys have been aided by its contributions during the year ending Christmas, 1853. There are now ten boys in the school who have lost one or both of their parents by death. In proof of the efficient manner in which the school is conducted, it is only necessary to examine the certificates of the four gentlemen who at the Committee's request undertook the examination of the pupils. A very gratifying testimonial has also been given by the Rev.

Dr. Hamilton, of London. We have pleasure in renewing our earnest commendation of a Society which all must feel so worthy of support, and hope that the Committee may be aided in extending its operations to the extent they desire and contemplate.

HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

Twenty-five years having elapsed since the formation of the church in this place, discourses suited to the occasion were delivered on Sunday, October 28th, by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Paterson; and on the following Monday evening the congregation held a *soirée* in the Merchants' Hall, which was filled to overflowing. Dr. Paterson occupied the chair, and was surrounded by his deacons, and by various ministers. The Revs. Dr. Maclay, of New York, J. W. Borland, D. Russell, A. Anderson, and others, took part in the proceedings. The history of the church, which was detailed by the pastor, showed cause for much encouragement and thankfulness, furnishing proof of the suitableness of the text chosen by Dr. Paterson for his morning's sermon, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

RAMSEY, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

The Baptist chapel in the "Gleat White" of this town, having been closed for improvement and repair, was re-opened on Sabbath-day, November 5th. Sermons on the occasion were preached by the Rev. P. H. Cornford, pastor of the church; in the morning from Matt. xxvi. 8, "To what purpose is this waste?" in the afternoon from 2 Cor. vi. 16, "For ye are the temple of the living God," &c.; and in the evening from Rev. v. 11, 12, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," &c. The collections and contributions amounted to £110, and it is confidently hoped that the entire sum expended (about £140) will be immediately completed by the voluntary liberality of the congregation.

SWAFFHAM, NORFOLK.

The Rev. John Hannay, having been obliged, after being settled but eighteen months over the Baptist church in this town, to resign the pastorate, and to take a long sea voyage, in consequence of ill health, the Rev. Wm. Woods, of Tring, has accepted a hearty and unanimous invitation from the church, and entered upon his labours the first Lord's-day in October.

OLD KING-STREET, BRISTOL.

The Rev. F. Bosworth, A.M., of Dover, having accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Old King-street, Bristol, entered on his labours on the second Sabbath in November, with every prospect of success.

BOW.

The Rev. W. P. Balfour has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church at Bow, and commenced his labours there on the 24th of September.

THE CHURCH.

VOL. IX.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Ephesians* ii. 20.

M. DCCC. LV.

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M.DCCC.LV.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

The close of 1855 brings with it the duty of addressing a few words to our readers, before we enter together on 1856. After an acquaintance of more than ten years with some of them, we trust we may be permitted to address them as not only readers, but *friends*; and, with the freedom and familiarity of friendship,—a friendship sanctified by common labours and common hopes,—we would heartily wish them a happy ending of the year which still lingers, and a happier new year when it shall arrive.

The year that has just gone has been full of events suggestive of earnest and devout thought. The great event of the WAR must, of course, come first to mind, as chiefly characteristic of the year which is just passing. Though that war is a necessity, and one which we have felt it our duty to justify, we cannot but regard it as a most painful circumstance, that should call for the most constant prayers of the people of God. Already how many have fallen victims to its ravages! Already how much suffering has it caused! Already how much it has interfered with christian and social progress, in our own country, and throughout the world! One of the most painful consequences of the war to us, is the indifference it inevitably induces in all classes to the realities of the higher life. When we are so much excited by the events of this world, it is difficult to avoid forgetting the greater concerns of that world which is unseen; and though this consideration should by no means lead us to neglect the interests of time, it should teach us ever to subordinate these to the interests of eternity. Let us pray that the church of God may be enabled, in this trying time, to realise its true position and duty. Especially let us beseech Him, who heareth his people always, that the blessings of peace may be speedily restored; and that meantime the cause of liberty and justice may be maintained and advanced.

Ecclesiastical affairs have not been so significant this year as last. Here, as in other things, the war has interfered with that rapid progress which might otherwise have been looked for. Still there are many indications of the extension of what we deem correct views on ecclesiastical questions, both amongst statesmen and the people at large; and, at any rate, the way is being prepared for grander achievements than have yet been gained, in the great battle of religious freedom which our fathers bequeathed to us.

Denominational matters appear to remain very much as they were. Some long familiar faces have disappeared from our midst, and new labourers occupy the positions from which others have gone to their rest and reward; but still

the work of God among us proceeds, and many,—though not so many as we could wish,—continue to be added to the kingdom of our Lord. We refer with pride and gratification to the success which has attended an effort which we last year advocated, and which we had always looked to as the completion of our own plans,—namely, the establishment of a weekly journal for the denomination. We trust we may say that the success which has thus far attended that effort, has been such as to give hope of the ultimate establishment of the paper on a safe and permanent basis; and we are sure it will commend itself all the more readily to our friends, from the association with it of the benevolent and christian project which has been recently announced.

For ourselves, we have cause to thank God and to take courage. We are happy still to receive assurances of the acceptableness of our little periodicals, and of their continued usefulness; their acceptableness, at least, has been proved this year by a somewhat enlarged circulation. We again request the aid of our friends, that that circulation may be still increased; and, relying on the help of the correspondents who have hitherto supported us, and on such new helpers as we may be able to gain, we address ourselves with hope and confidence to the labours of another year.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

JANUARY, 1855.

COMFORT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"The Lord liveth."—*2 Sam. xxii. 47.*

We live in trying times. The new year opens, as no new year has opened to us of late. Our country is at war. Provisions are dear. The future, though concealed from our view, appears to be hung with clouds. It is probable that there will be great changes. Many fears will be awakened. Many hearts will be wounded. The faith of many of the Lord's people will be deeply tried. Satan will be busy. Our principles will be put to the test. But amidst all, we, as believers in Jesus, have one comfort,—*"The Lord liveth."* There will be no change in him. His word will remain true, his throne will be unshaken, and his purposes rest undisturbed. He will have his way in the whirlwind and storm, and a path for himself in the deep waters. Yes, Jehovah is immutably the same, and he is our God. Ours by covenant engagement. Ours by promise and by oath. Ours in Jesus, his beloved Son. The object of our trust and confidence. The object of our hope and love. His bosom will be our resting-place, his arm our defence, and his providence our friend. Unspeakable privilege! Unparalleled mercy! Jehovah, in all his greatness and glory, in all his goodness and grace, is our God. And as our God he ever liveth, ever reigneth, and performeth all things for us. Here is then,—

AN ENCOURAGING FACT, with which to enter upon a new year,—*"The Lord liveth."* Friends may die, the nearest and dearest of our friends; and most probably some of them will die. Our relatives may die, the wife may lose her husband, the husband may lose his wife, parents may lose their children. Oh, how many wives will be left widows, and children orphans, this year! But, the Lord liveth, and that should comfort us under all. Church members may die, the most holy, the most useful, those upon whom the prosperity of the church seems to depend; for the Lord can do without any of them, and carry on his cause in their absence, as well as by their help. Ministers may die, the most exemplary, and the most successful. Many of our fathers will be taken home this year. Many of our promising young men may be called away likewise. Many a pulpit will be vacated, and many a church will be left without a pastor, but the Great Shepherd lives, and his church is safe, his cause must go on. He is not dependent upon men, or ministers, to carry on his cause, and often proves this to us, by removing early those who promise most. He can raise any number and any kind of ministers he chooses; and, blessed be his name, he will raise up all he needs. If, therefore,

during this year, dear friends are called away, if our most valuable relatives are taken home, if the active members of our churches are removed, or even if our preachers and pastors die, let us remember, "*The Lord liveth.*" This will give us living comfort amidst dying circumstances, and dying friends.

Our gourds may wither, our idols may be torn from us, but "*the Lord liveth,*" and living, *he loves all his people.* His dispensations may change, but his love, *never.* Fixed on his people in past eternity,—fixed on his people as viewed in Jesus,—it remains immutably the same. Everything *out of God* may change; but his love to his people is himself loving them; it is his nature, it is himself; and he is without variableness, or the shadow of a turn. I may lose the affection of my fellow-man, but God will still love me; for he resteth in his love. Whom he loveth, he loveth to the end. While he lives, he loves his people; and as he ever liveth, he ever loveth. Oh, consoling truth, amidst all the toils, trials, troubles, and temptations of the coming year, the living God will love me! Love me infinitely! Love me so as to cause all things to work together for my good. "*The Lord liveth,*" and living, *takes an interest in all the affairs of his people.* Having numbered the very hairs of their heads, he considers nothing too mean, nothing too trivial to interest him, if it affects them. Believer, thy God will take an interest in thy every day affairs, and he wishes to hear from thee in reference to them all. Hence the direction, "*In everything,* by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." He will look to all that concerns you, and desires to take every care off you. He bids you cast all your cares upon him, assuring you that he cares for you. "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, let the morrow take thought for the things of itself; sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." "*The Lord liveth,*" and living, *will listen to all the sighs, cries, groans, and prayers of his people.* Not one will escape his notice. Each will touch his heart, and awaken his sympathy. "I have heard," said he of old, "the groanings of my people which are in Egypt, and I am come down to deliver them." Yes, poor, tried, troubled christian, thy God will hear thy cries, regard thy prayers, fulfil his promises, and end all thy sorrows, by setting thee before his face for ever.

"*The Lord liveth,*" and liveth *to fulfil his word.* His predictions shall all be made good. His promises shall all be performed. Creatures may break their word, but our God will never violate his. Every promise lies before his eye, is engraven on his heart, and shall be fulfilled in the experience of his people to his own praise and glory. My poor tried brother, you may trust him. However rough your road. However severe your inward conflict. Yes, while floods of corruption are rolling through your soul, while Satan's fiery darts are sticking fast in thee, while the world is frowning, and even thy fellow-christians are looking cold upon thee, or standing aloof from thee, thou mayest trust him. "*The Lord liveth,*" and liveth *to accomplish his purposes.* Toward thee, they are gracious purposes. Trying they may be; salutary they must be. They flow from his love. They bear the stamp of his wisdom. They were passed in Jesus. They are to issue in his glory. Poor Job, in the midst of his affliction, saw something of this, and therefore said, "He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with him." "*The Lord liveth,*" and liveth *to perfect his works.* The work of redemption will be perfected by the resurrection of all the saints in the exact likeness of Jesus. The work of grace in thy heart will be perfected in the exact conformity of thy soul to the soul of Jesus, in the day of his glorious appearing. The Lord began it, and he who

began it, will complete it. He knew well all the opposition it would meet with. He knew how much and how often it would be damped, but he determined it should never die. He will carry it on by what means and by what agencies he pleases, but he will carry it on, until he can see the image of his moral excellencies reflected by every power of thy soul. "The Lord liveth," and liveth *to secure the glory of his own most holy name*. "The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." He will get glory by all he does, by all he prevents, and by all he permits. When the mystery of redemption is finished, we shall see that all his works praise him, and his saints bless him. His work will appear to be honourable and glorious, and his righteousness will endure for ever. His glory will be great in our salvation. Sweet thought this, My God will get glory by me, by all my toils and troubles, by all my sadness and sorrows, by all my conflicts and conquests, by my weakness and strength, by my sighs and songs, by my life and my death! Let us then, my poor tried fellow-traveller, enter upon this new year, drawing encouragement and comfort from the fact, that "the Lord liveth;" and try and sing with the Psalmist, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." We will now notice,—

THE COMFORTABLE CONCLUSIONS TO BE DRAWN FROM THIS FACT. If the Lord liveth, *we shall not be friendless*, for he will be our friend, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He will counsel us by his word, conduct us by his providence, teach us by his Spirit, feed us with his hand, and at length receive us to his glory. If the Lord liveth, *we shall not be fatherless*, for he will be a father unto us, and we shall be his sons and daughters. He will treat us through the whole of this year as his children. He will deal with us as with sons. He will perform a father's part. Therefore we may expect to be instructed, corrected, yea, sometimes scourged; "for what son is he whom his father chasteneth not." True, if we can do without the rod, we shall not have it; but if the fool's back calls for stripes, we shall receive them. He will not spare the rod and spoil his child, much less will he ever allow one to die or perish from neglect. If the Lord liveth, *we shall never be forsaken*; for the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake, because it hath pleased the Lord to make them his people. His own most precious Word assures us of this. He speaks to us individually. He says to each poor, timid, troubled believer, "I will never leave thee; I will never, no never, no never, forsake thee." As believers in Jesus, he hath sworn that he will not be wroth with us, nor rebuke us. Precious, precious assurance this, with which to begin the year, that let what will take place in the family, in the world, in the church, or even in our own soul's experience, we shall not be friendless, fatherless, or forsaken! But as it was said of old, "Israel hath never been a widow, nor Judah forsaken of his God, the Lord of Hosts, though his land was filled with sin against the Holy One of Israel;" so we shall find that amidst all that occurs, we have a faithful friend, a loving father, and a present God. Oh, for grace rightly to use and improve this glorious fact!

If the Lord liveth, *then we may go forward in our christian course*, in our daily labour, into the deadly conflict, with confidence. As our day, so will our strength be. The grace of Jesus will be found sufficient for us. Confidence becomes those who have the living God with them to fight for them; with them as their friend and father. This is our privilege, therefore with confidence let us press on toward the mark for the prize. If the Lord liveth, *then we may look forward into the future with hope*. Clouds and darkness may surround us at present. Briers and

thorns may be with us now. But the clouds and darkness will pass away, for light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart. The briers and thorns will vanish, for instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off. If the Lord liveth, *we may meet the worst with courage*. Should it be persecution, or poverty, or reproach, we may then meet it, for since, and *because*, Jesus liveth, we shall live also. Yes, we shall be more than conquerors—through him that loved us. If the Lord liveth, *we may anticipate death without dread*. We may die this year. But suppose we do, we shall “die in the Lord;” we shall only depart from scenes of sin, sorrow, disappointment, vexation, and grief, “to be with Christ, which is far better.” Besides which, the living Lord will be with us in the dying hour; he will watch beside our dying pillow; and give special grace, for this special trial. Oh, believer, what is death to thee? A foe? True, but a stingless, powerless foe. A strange transition! Admitted, but one will be with thee, who is no stranger to thee, for even death cannot sever thee from his love, or change his heart towards thee.

If the Lord liveth, *we should publish his fame*; speak forth the honour of his name, and make his praise glorious. We should cleave to his friends; they may be imperfect, despised, and trying, but they are his friends still; and we should love them, prefer them, and cleave to them for his sake. We should live in his family, and with his household. The church is the household of God; of that visible household we should be members, dwelling in it, working in it, and seeking our happiness in its many great and precious privileges. We should abound in his work. If he work in us, if he work for us, the least we can do in return, is to *work for him*. To work heartily. To work regularly. To be, as the apostle exhorts, “Always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

If the Lord liveth, *our fears are follies*. Whom should we fear? What should we fear? Nothing but sin, literally nothing but sin. Through this year we should join with David and sing, “The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my heart, of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.” If the Lord liveth, *songs become us*. With Leah we should say, “Now will I praise the Lord.” Or with David, “I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.” If the Lord liveth, *conquest is sure*. He who once conquered for us, will conquer in us, and conquer by us. Our shout will be, by and bye, “More than conquerors, through him that loved us;” therefore at present we may say to the Lord, “We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.”

Finally, if the Lord liveth, *supplies are certain*. We know not what we may want, nor how much we may want, nor how long we may want, but the Lord knows; and he has provided of his goodness for the poor. In eternity, he laid up for us; and in time, all through our time here, he will lay out upon us. Only let us exercise faith in his word, cleave to his cross, wrestle at his throne, watch in his way, work in his vineyard, and aim at his glory; and then let taxes rise ever so high, let trade sink ever so low, let wants increase ever so

fast, we may confidently say, "The Lord liveth, and my God will supply all my need, according to his glorious riches in Christ Jesus."

Cheltenham.

REFRESHING STREAMS.

BY THE REV. S. LILLYCROP.

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high. God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."—*Psalms* xli. 4, 5.

In this lovely Psalm we have a lively picture of a troubled world, in which the nations of the earth are represented as contending one with another, as the elements of nature appear, when thrown into confusion by the tumultuous hurricane, or the wild tornado;—when the sea is roaring out her doleful sounds from the caverns of the great deep, "the waters roar and are troubled,"—when one wave follows another in quick succession, and the mightiest of them all overleaps the rest, and carries to the bottom every vessel that lies in its way,—when the highest mountains tremble at their very base, and by some unseen power are hurled from their ancient resting-places into the midst of the ocean-bed beneath, "the mountains are carried into the midst of the sea,"—when the very planet on which we dwell, being no longer held in her orbit around that sun which has illumined and bound her many thousand years, is dashed out into eternal space, there to roll on as a fugitive globe, until arrested by the Master Hand of all, and either restored to her pristine position in the planetary system, or wrapt up as a scroll as of no further use in the creation of God, "we will not fear though *the earth be removed.*" What can more graphically represent the present tumults of nations than the second and third verses of this unequalled poem of David?

But in the midst of all this commotion there is at least one peaceful and happy spot in the universe of God's creation. It may not be found in India or China, in the Ottoman or Grecian courts; yet it shall be seen in that holy place, the tabernacle of the Most High, called the city of God, the spiritual Jerusalem, or city of peace, that Mount Zion, which we have loved. No wonder "Moses, the man of God," sang so sweetly, when with the telescope of inspiration he beheld the peace and plenty which crowned that glorious resting-place of the Ark of the Covenant, saying, "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency: and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee: and thou shalt tread upon their high places." (*Deut.* xxxiii. 29.)

We have to look at some of the immunities of Mount Zion, as represented in our text, where we notice,—

I. The abundant supplies of the city of God.

In olden times, perhaps, much more than in modern, cities were subject to various evils, such as besieging armies, terrible droughts, and internal commotions; the whole of which are but types or shadows of the difficulties with which the children of Zion are tried at different periods of their probationary state in the present evil world. How often does the great enemy of souls make a most formidable attack on the individual citizens of the holy city, and bring the whole prowess of his legions to bear on the citadel itself, either by a formidable assault of infidel principles, false doctrines, or loose practices. The result of which is, a drought of divine consolation, for the Holy Spirit is grieved, and the wells of living waters do not yield their accustomed supply; hence arise internal commotion,

doubts, fears, self-accusation, and in some cases almost despondency, for the future fate of the city of the Lord of Hosts.

But the spiritually-minded never forget that God's people have numerous streams of consolation in the worst of times. For "there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Kidron flowed round Jerusalem, and Shiloah by different branches ran through the heart of it, so that, as the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel has proved to a demonstration, the abundance of water there was most ample for every purpose of ablution and refreshment. Thus the church has found in all ages that God has graciously sent it streams of *mercy*, flowing down from the throne of God and the Lamb, which was the first thing a fallen world needed in its famishing condition. Then there are streams of *love* so broad and so profound, that even an apostle exclaimed, "O the depth!" as he stood on the bank, and contemplated these lovely waters in their breadth, and length, and depth, and height. Beside these the streams of *grace* flow on from generation to generation, to sinner and saint, so free and full, that none need thirst long without having their wants supplied to the very utmost. Moreover, uniting with each, flows a *stream of blood*, fresh and warm from the "fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness, to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem." Oh, how precious, oh, how purifying, oh, how pardoning, in its divine application to the sin-stricken soul.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day."

And its gracious efficacy remains the same to the present moment, though ages and multitudes have tested its power. And in addition to all these, and as a consequence of their marvellous virtues, flows another most chaste and refreshing stream, which by way of preeminence has been called "the *peace of God*, which passeth all understanding." A stream which every believer is most anxious to reach, but which can never be attained until all the before-named waters have been passed, and used to the salvation of the soul; and then its full efficacy can be realised, and should be definitely sought by the denizens of Zion.

All these streams pass through one divine channel, when they come forth from the fountain-head of bliss. Hence an inspired writer, in saluting the believers in a certain locality, says, "Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father," who is the giver of all good gifts; "and *Jesus Christ*," who is the way, the truth, and the life,—the way to God, and the medium through which every blessing flows to man. Do you want mercy, or grace, or pardon, or peace, or joy, or consolation, or even the Holy Ghost? You must ask it all in the name of Jesus, who has left you a large commission in his word, "Ask what ye will in my name, and it shall be done unto you." He was the Rock smitten by Moses in the wilderness, when the waters gushed out to quench the burning thirst of the parched Israelites. The spouse assures us that "He is a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." Oh, how precious to those who are fainting beneath the heated beams of the noonday sun, while toiling amidst the continuous din of an oriental city. The christian finds the present life to be a world of care; and were it not for "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and the streams of salvation which flow to him through Christ in the gospel, he would faint by the way, and cry out with David, in the hour of doubts and fears, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." But faith drowns fear, and the soul rejoices to know that God hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength shall be made perfect in weakness."

Here, then, we come to the source from whence both the streams and the river flow. John tells us in the Apocalypse, that the source of this river is above the highest mountains, and far beyond the lofty sky. "He showed me a pure river of the water of life, *proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.*" There are various opinions respecting the cause of natural rivers. De la Hire says, "They arise from the sea through the caverns of the earth, and roll down the sides of the hills in rivulets, which swell into larger streams." Dr. Halley is of opinion "that rivers are formed by evaporation from the ocean, which is taken up in the form of clouds in the air, which falling upon the hills in the shape of rain, or snow, descend upon the mountains and high hills, and from thence flow to us again in the shape of rivers." But in whatever way the rivers of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates have their origin, we are assured that "the river whose streams make glad the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High," has its source where John beheld it, from "the throne of God and the Lamb."

God is the fountain head of all the mercies which flow down to the world in Providence, and to the church in Grace. "'Tis in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" and from Him we derive "every good and perfect gift." Ah, who can think of his gifts without crying out, "Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth"? especially when we fix our eyes upon the greatest of all his gifts, even his only begotten Son, as a sacrifice for sin, the Saviour of the lost, "the refuge from the storm, and the covert from the tempest." And "shall He not with him also freely give us all things?" What can we possibly desire that cannot be had in Christ or through him? Is it divine consolation? He says, "I will not leave you orphans; I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." Is it heaven? He cheers the soul by saying, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

We wonder not that the inhabitants of this city are glad and light-some, when they have such an abundant river, with numerous streams of joy, even in the very worst of times. How delighted were the poor Israelites in the wilderness, when Moses threw a tree into the bitter waters of Mara and healed them. How full of joy were the same people, when, in order to quench their burning thirst, God sent Moses to smite the rock, and the waters gushed out, "for that rock was Christ." To what ecstasies of joy is the poor sinner raised when his thirsty soul drinks of the waters of life freely, and realises as a consequence the pardoning love of God, through the merits of a Saviour's blood, as applied to his heart by the Holy Ghost, which is freely given to him, without money and without price. And the same may be said of the poor, tried, and tempted believer, who, after a contest with Apollyon in the valley of humiliation, or an onslaught from the same deadly foe in the valley of the shadow of death, meets with a stream of the pure waters of life to refresh his weary soul, every drop of which is more precious than pearls or rubies, for they are like dewdrops of love and mercy from the third heavens, and the God of all grace. It is thus the whole church has often a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when the Holy Spirit, the Divine Comforter, flows down in the rich unction of his grace. "Then the glorious Lord is unto us as a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby; for the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our statute-maker, the Lord is our king, he will save us." And thus the Gospel is full of glad tidings to sinner and saint, while it makes "the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose." How hard must that

heart be, "which refuseth the waters of Shiloah, that go softly, and rejoiceth in the rivers of Rezin and Remaliah's son," which are as destructive in their tendency as the waters of the *Dead Sea*.

II. Let us notice the tangible reasons assigned for their joy. They have both an omnipresent and omnipotent Friend. "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early." The presence of God is realised by the church, whether it be in the land of Egypt or Canaan; whether the ark of the Lord be at Kirjeth-Jearim or Jerusalem. He was with them "in the pillar of cloud by day, and in a pillar of fire by night." And when the tabernacle was set up in the wilderness, and the temple consecrated at Jerusalem, the *Shekinah* descended and filled the place. God was ever present to answer their requests, when they sought him by the Urim and Thummim, by their prophets, or more immediately, by "prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving." No wonder, therefore, it is added, "She shall not be moved." Why should she, either with fear or fiend, since "she knows in whom she has trusted, and is persuaded that He is able to keep that which she hath committed to him until that day"? She is resting on the Rock of Ages, and what storms can dash her from that sure foundation? She may be sometimes like a vessel on the troubled ocean, but still she sings,

Calmly I row,
Sweetly I go,
Over life's stormy seas;
The waves may dash,
And lightnings flash,
Still is my soul at ease.

The reason assigned for this holy confidence is such as Paul expressed when on the rough waters of the Adriatic sea, "The angel of the Lord stood by him." So here, in this inimitable Psalm, the church exclaims, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

And as he is an omnipotent as well as omnipresent Friend, "The children of Zion should rejoice in their King;" "for God shall help her, and that right early." Hezekiah found Him true to his word when Sennacherib besieged the city of the Lord. The king laid the blasphemous letter before Jehovah's throne, and he immediately "sent his angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valour in the enemy's army, with their leaders and captains, so that he returned with shame of face into his own land."

Oh, what a contrast is manifest in the children of God and those of the wicked one! "Sinners in Zion are horribly afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites." May their fears drive them to the only refuge from the wrath to come,—the river side of the sinner's Friend; and let the redeemed of the Lord go on their way rejoicing in the liberty where—the Lord makes his people free.

Windsor.

CHRIST THE CHRISTIAN'S MODEL.

BY THE REV. C. J. MIDDLEDITCH.

The formation of character is one of the most important, and frequently one of the most difficult, of all undertakings. A well governed mind gives nearly all their worth to human attainments; and certainly the want of it has not only prevented the accomplishment of good, but has often inflicted evil on man. It is well that the formation of character is beginning to have its right place assigned to it in the education of the youth of Britain.

The formation of *christian* character is of greater moment still. It has higher and nobler destinies awaiting it: it is to prepare for purer and more blessed associations. It is well that *man* should be trained for intercourse with fellow-men on earth; it is infinitely better that the *christian* should be meetened for communion with the redeemed, with the unfallen, and with the divine in heaven.

The christian character is to be formed *after that of Christ*. What Christ was, we are to strive to be. We are to cultivate the same spirit which was displayed by him.

Character is susceptible of this formation. One mind can be thus assimilated, or made to bear a likeness to another. We often see the fact exemplified. Men do, almost unconsciously to themselves, receive an impress from those with whom they associate; the rudest and roughest of Nature's sons yield in some measure to the softening influence of cultivated minds; and the most highly polished will receive a cast from familiar intercourse with the low and debased. Some *material* objects are said to have assimilating powers. *Spirits* are influenced by kindred spirits;—souls are moulded and disciplined by fellow-souls. The form of *thought* is often determined by the nature of our intercourse. Place men whose modes of thinking were originally very unlike in frequent communication, and it will soon be seen that, though each retains his native habit, there are traces beyond dispute of their mutual influence. In tone or cast of *feeling* this will be still more perceptible; the delicate, chastened, refined spirit, and the coarse, unfeeling man, will each to some extent modify and control the other. *Moral principles* are governed thus; the delicate and tender conscience will have its power over the unscrupulous and debased; and, as we have often seen, the unprincipled and immoral will corrupt and vitiate the character of others. *Religious affections* are stimulated or checked by the influence of mind on mind; the zealous, fervent christian has often felt the torpedo-touch of the mere professor; and the inanimate has warmed into new life as he has felt the generous glow of devotion diffused around by some seraphic saint. And let it never be forgotten that there is more of real honour and happiness in *conformity to excellence of character* than in assimilation to fellow-men in any other respect whatever. It would be fame to possess the wisdom and understanding of Solomon; it would be an honour to go and do as the good Samaritan did; but the greatest dignity and the greatest blessedness would be to become what Jesus is; not merely to emulate the learning, or to imitate the deeds of the most distinguished among men, but to possess the *character of Christ*.

Man's own efforts are to be employed in this process of assimilation to exalted worth. Hence the counsels, exhortations, and reproofs addressed to christians as to what they are, and what they ought to be. Character ought not to be left to the mere accident of outward circumstances; we ought to form our own purpose as to the kind of influence we will allow to bear upon us. We do take thought for other things; how they may be injured; how they can be improved; we are called upon by solemn considerations to take heed what *mind* we cherish. Neither ought we to forget that the formation of character is *the work of the present moment*. It is not something hereafter to be done, when there shall be no difficulty in attaining to some high standard of moral worth; but it is to be done *now*, and it is to be done *here*; at a time, and in a state, in which character is often put to severe and painful tests. And this is to be a *gradual, every day kind of effort*. Man is not one day to be seen in all the hatefulness and unloveliness of depravity received from Adam, and the next day clothed in all the beauty and holiness of Christ. Patient, continuous

effort is required for this. We are not to seek to be like Christ now and then, or in this or that particular time; we are to copy after him, not only on great and set occasions, but in ordinary every day life, in the family, the church, and the world. Martyrdom for Christ may be the work of a day; but conformity to Christ is the business of a life.

CHRIST is to be the christian's model. We are to be like him. He only presents to us a *perfect model*. Whatever we find in him we know to be right. This cannot be affirmed of any one beside. It is only agreement with him that gives force or value to the example of any other. There is, indeed, a lurking feeling in many minds that the very perfectness of Christ renders him unsuitable as the model for man. "Paul, or Peter, or James, we may imitate, because they were not perfect; but Jesus we cannot take as our pattern, because he was 'without sin.'" There is an essential fallacy in this; as though the more defective the learner, the less efficient should be his instructor. Who ever thought that the perfect works of the greatest masters were unfit to be studied by inferior artists because of their perfection? The less skilful the learner the greater the necessity that regard should be had to all those lines of beauty formed by such a master hand. Christians should study all the lineaments of the perfect Jesus, and seek to embody them in themselves.

Motives befitting the case enforce his example upon us. We cannot point you to an apostle and say, "Paul was crucified for you." But Jesus himself says, "Behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and receiving then these proofs of love to thee, let thy love towards me be seen in conformity to my example." In this we have the fullest warrant to expect *divine help*. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Here is an energy equal to all the requirements of the case; a power of assimilation that can transform the souls of men into the bright and beauteous image of our divine Lord. And when this conformity is complete our blessedness will be perfect too. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be *like him*; for we shall see him as he is."

Frome.

A WORD TO THE SORROWFUL.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

Why am I thus tried? The question is constantly being asked by one and another. Affliction in the present tense is scarcely ever recognised as a good. As in the wrench of an operation, the nerves of a patient are distracted, and the whole of the vital force is used up in mere endurance, so in affliction.

Often the soul revolts and rebels under it; its immediate effect seems to be to increase our spiritual maladies. Persons often say, under severe trials, "I used to think I had some self-control, some patience, some good temper. I thought I had to a good degree overcome selfishness and pride, but these harassments and trials seem to upset all." And accordingly a person, when passing through periods of severe trial, often seems to be growing worse, to be becoming hard, and irritable, and unlovely. A writer has said, "It is not while the storm is driving the ship on the beach that we go out to look for treasures, but when the storm is laid and the sun shines out clear we find the jewels and precious stones which the sea has cast

upon the beach." Often in the height of an affliction all comfort is vain, as medicaments in the fury of some diseases. The soul must spend itself, the storm must pass. It may be months, it may be years, before the soul can come to herself enough to look back and say, "It is good for me that I *have been* afflicted." Nor is the good of affliction often perceivable as the result of one paroxysm, but rather as the aggregate of several. The mechanic who would bring out the clouds and veins of a precious wood, seems to harass and torture it in many ways; and if the wood were a sentient creature, it might well complain as the saw, and plane, and the rude pumice-stone pass successively over it, and each varnish is scraped and rubbed,—not till the last touch has been given does one see the full result. So of afflictions. Some are like strokes of the axe and hammer, splitting and rending the heart of the soul; others are wearing, and long-continued, like the slow work of the file and the polishing-brush; and very seldom, under the process, does the soul recognise their use; but after long years, a softened melody of spirit is produced as the result of all.

One thing is remarkable of afflictions, and that is that almost every soul feels itself stricken in the precise point where it is least able to bear. "Oh, were it anything but this," "I could bear anything else," are the most frequent exclamations of the hour of sorrow. We would bear very composedly a supposititious affliction,—an affliction so-called, against which our peculiar temperament so fortifies us that to us it is no affliction. But when Omniscience puts forth its hands and touches that vital point, known to God alone, where each is most sensitive, that is *real* affliction, and the soul shivers under it. We would change our affliction for this or that,—God sees that **THIS AND THIS ONLY** can serve his purpose.

Could a diamond speak, when the lapidary is leisurely filing away its glittering particles, and vexing it with weary frictions and polishing, it might say: "I could bear a good hammer stroke; but, oh, *this* is wearing my very soul away." Nevertheless the artisan knows that it is not the hammer but the weary polish that the diamond must have to make it glitter royally at last in a diadem. Such are some of the most common, least valued of our afflictions,—a slow, wearing, heart-eating process,—an affliction oftentimes known and recognised as such only by God who orders it, and who knows the precise moment when it is possible to let it cease.

Then let the soul deeply engrave in its belief this answer to its oft-recurring question, Why am I *thus* tried? *Because this affliction and no other can save thee.* The great Father is an economist in all his lavish profusion of riches, but of nothing is he more saving than of the sorrows of his beloved,—not one tear too much,—not one sigh, not one uneasiness or anxiety too many, is the lot of the meanest of his chosen!

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

"Lovest thou me?" I hear my Saviour say;
Would that my heart had power to answer, "*Yea,*
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above,
And earth beneath; Thou knowest that I love."

But 'tis not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love Thee as I ought;
Thy love must give that power, *Thy* love alone;
There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own.

Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,
Reflected on Thyself, I *would* love Thee;
Thence on my brethren shed, might it be seen
By all around, that I with Thee had been.

Glimpses of Truth in Popular Errors.

BY THE REV. H. DUNCLEY, M.A.

No. 1.—CHURCH AND STATE.

It would well repay a thoughtful man to investigate the various errors which have led the world away from the truth. And if his own spiritual benefit were the end he had chiefly in view, it would be advisable for him to ask, not how far they contradict the truth, but how far they approximate to and reflect it. Controversy is an excellent thing when we want to batter down the walls of an opponent, but it is less excellent when we wish to correct and fortify our own minds. It is well, perhaps, to handle an error roughly, when our aim is to pull it down from some consecrated throne; but if we wish, as far as may be possible, to extract good from everything, we shall have need of a delicate manipulation, and shall see reason, probably, between it and ourselves, to treat even error with charity and tenderness. For error is not always the exact converse of truth; it is often rather its false and exaggerated shadow; not the very copy of the thing, but a disfigured resemblance which the enemy of all truth would have us accept for the reality. Like a clever utterer of base coin, Satan makes his own image and superscription as much as possible like the genuine impress of heaven.

The phrase, "Church and State," is an old formula, now almost, if not quite, obsolete. As commonly understood, it refers to a posture of things which has long since been overthrown. It is racy of priestly predominance and civic degradation. To find the fact which accurately corresponds to the expression, we must wander back to the dark and struggling era which preceded by two or three centuries the birth of Luther. Then, when the mitre stood higher than the crown, and Rome domineered over abject Christendom; when an obscure and ambitious monk belonged to a hierarchy which reached from one end of Europe to the other, and, by appealing to the sovereignty which sat clad in imperial purple on the Seven Hills, could bid defiance to his own liege monarch,—then "Church and State" described, in the actual order of precedence, the existing ecclesiastical and civil relations. Then the Pope and Christendom occupied the first rank; kings and nationalities the

second. But that phase of things vanished five hundred years ago. Long before the Reformation the State began to assume superiority over the Church. The vigorous life of nations shot up and broke through the frail glass-house enclosure of spiritual power, rearing their tall heads above it. The Reformation itself, by vindicating only one half of a great truth, transferred to the crown the power which had heretofore rested in the tiara, and completed the outward subjection of the church. The English constitution has systematised the ecclesiastical principles of the English reformation, and laid the church, bound hand and foot, in golden fetters, but still bound, beneath the lowest step of the throne. The Church of England has no existence apart from its royal head; it is unable to avow a single truth, to correct a single error, to form the simplest plan for carrying out the design of every christian organisation, to adapt itself in any respect whatever to the changing aspects of the age, and even to elect its own pastors, without the permission of the Sovereign. It is no longer "Church and State," but "State and Church." The formula which was once a badge of pride is now a stamp of degradation. Its use is still permitted, but only as a toy to amuse; an ointment to salve over deadly wounds; a fiction and bitter mockery.

But in this antiquated fragment we see the corner-stone of a once stately edifice. If the christian church is to be expanded into an ecclesiastical system, then a relationship of some kind between it and the State is inevitable. Such a system would, if self-consistent, be coextensive with Christianity, and could not avoid centering in some chief bishop or ecclesiastical synod. Such an organisation could not remain isolated from the State. Touching practical life at a thousand points, it would at every point come, more or less, within the province of the temporal power; and as two such powers could not long exist in perfect equality, one would have to be placed in subordination to the other. If the case was brought so far, and the question was simply one of subordination, it would not take a moment to decide

whether the State should rule the Church, or the Church the State. The Church cannot be subject to the State without forfeiting its dignity, and committing treason against its spiritual King. In some form or other it must ever be the highest power on earth. Nothing which rightfully falls within its jurisdiction can be made amenable to human law. Its tribunals must be above the tribunals of man. What it commands its children must execute, though fires and scaffolds are in the way; and what it forbids must be eschewed, though clothed with the utmost fascinations of worldly pomp. How then can we render possible the coexistence of ecclesiastical and secular authority? How can the Church retain the first place without crippling the proper activities of the State? By developing the church, according to the principles of the New Testament, on the basis of individual conviction, attachment, and responsibility; by arresting church organisation at that point where it ceases to promote the edification of its members; by rising to a higher sense of church unity than that which is furnished by the rude carnal mechanism of a visible system; in a word, we say it without egotism, by acting out our views as religious voluntaries. We alone can keep the church, where Christ placed it, above the beck and ban of human governments, without limiting their just sphere. The formula of "Church and State,"—a misnomer within the pale of the Establishment (*i.e.*, a thing established by, and therefore under the patronage of, the State)—finds the reality which answers to it among the ranks of Dissent.

But now that the sovereignty of the Church is destroyed, there still remains, in the union between the Church and the State, as it exists in this country, something which many sincere christians, and many who are christians in no sense, whether sincere or insincere, regard as of the highest value. Dismissing those of the latter class without a word, as looking upon the Church, in the spirit of a Gibbon or a Hume, in no higher light than the convenient tool of sovereign power, we find in the sentiments of the former that which merits more sympathetic consideration. They shudder to think of an entire severance of the Church from the State, not because religion cannot flourish as well without worldly patronage as with it, but from a conviction that the State needs the

purifying influence of a connexion with the Church. The State which does not publicly recognise, legislate for, and uphold religion, appears to them something worse than a piece of gross heathenism,—it is atheistic,—it amounts to a national confession that there is no God. So far from religion being put thus quietly aside, and left to work its way in the families and sanctuaries of the land, without ever being mentioned in the legislature, it is asserted that it ought to be placed in the highest seat of power, that its spirit should control every act of government, that it should be the mistress of the laws, the foundation of the throne, and the palladium of the State.

It is not necessary to instruct Nonconformists in the inconsistency and mischievousness of such reasoning; but it may be useful to observe that it rests upon a basis of truth. The end it aims at is, in the main, a right one. There ought to be a union between the Church and the State, but it ought to be one which harmonises with their respective principles and tendencies. It ought not to be a union which degrades the Church while professing to honour it, and which, under the pretence of bringing the State under the influence of religion, really endorses its impiety. The only proper union between the Church and the State would be effected if all who compose the State were likewise members of the Church. The two would then centre in the same person; they would be rooted in the same convictions, sentiments, and will; they would necessarily be harmonious in their development; they would, in fact, be only different activities of the same agency, different functions of the same individual. Such a thorough religiousness of the State would not carry us a single step towards a legislative union between it and the Church; on the contrary, it would render such a relation unnecessary, if not impossible. We should have carried the idea of that union beyond the bondage of the letter, and realised it in the freedom of the spirit; ceasing to be an outward pretence, at best an act of forced homage on the part of the State, and too often merely a price paid for license to work unrebuked all "uncleanliness with greediness," it would be a spiritual power, a living influence, a moral reality.

Such a union between the Church and the State is but part of a reconciliation which has to be carried throughout the whole extent of practical life. The material

and the spiritual, things seen and things unseen, this world and the next, have to be harmonised and made one in the experience of the christian. The work which we have to do consists in bringing both these departments of present activity beneath the same principles and the same motives, so that the "life we now live in the flesh," a life comprising manifold duties which have neither to be evaded nor indolently performed, "may be a life of faith in the Son of God." The world unites these things in its own fashion; serves Mammon during the week, and God on Sundays; or makes compensation for occasional delinquencies by fasting and long prayers. The christian, though he is both fervent in spirit and diligent in business, does not always see how

the world and religion coalesce in true piety. He fancies there is some latent contradiction between the two; that the world is a necessary evil, and business itself a sort of modified sin. We are surely not wrong in ascribing this to a piety which is deficient either in intelligence or vital power. The truth which is in us should sanctify everything we do, and that which conscience tells us cannot be thus sanctified, should be eschewed. Within our hearts let the "Church" and the "State" be neither separated, nor yet united by a mere outward, carnal bond; but let them be one by blending together in the depths of our moral being, and then we shall have within us a model of what will some day be realised in the world when "all shall know the Lord."

Tales and Sketches.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"Draw the shades, Rose."

A fair young girl stepped lightly within the damask curtains, and with soft hands drew the shades.

"Shall I ring for lights, mother?"

"Not yet," replied the mother; "fire-light will be pleasant awhile."

The coal, as if hearing its praises, began immediately to play pranks. It shot up pyramids of flame, whirled them round in curling eddies, darted them forth at the jolly fire-set, and even went so far as to shoot its glances through the half-opened closet-door and crack its jokes at the shining silver.

Rose tried to finish the point of a carnation-leaf by the ruddy light, but soon gave it up, and sank into the velvet couch to build air-castles. Mrs. M— also dropped her knitting of rich worsteds, and gave herself up to the comfort of her luxurious chair.

A violent gust of wind shook the blinds, and made the windows rattle.

"We shall have a cold night of it," said Mrs. M—.

"Yes," said Rose. What difference could cold make with her? "Is it not almost tea-time, mother?"

"Your father has not come yet. Well, Peter, what is wanted?"

"There is a woman down stairs, ma'am, who wishes to see you."

"What is her business? Do you know?"

"No, ma'am, she did not say."

"You may ask her up; but stop, I dare say it is a beggar. I will go down."

She stepped quickly over her velvet carpet, and bidding Peter light up, she went to the kitchen. Near the door a woman was standing. She was poorly dressed in a faded calico and a thin shawl; for so cold a night it was very thin.

"Have you any business with me?" asked Mrs. M—, in a very business-like manner.

The woman hesitated, attempted to clear her voice, then replied, "I was told you were rich here, and was advised to come and see if you could help me a little; I am in trouble."

"Well, I have had nothing but beggars here for the past week, it seems to me," said Mrs. M—, not at all pleased; "I have given away all I have to give. Why don't you work? You look pretty hearty, it's much better than begging. How many children have you?"

"One, and she is sick."

"Well, you are well enough, I dare say. I cannot give any more; I believe it only encourages idleness."

As the woman turned to go, the light fell on her sorrowful and careworn face; but she either could not, or would not, speak.

"What is the matter with your daughter?" said Mrs. M——, in a gentler tone. She was touched a little by that speaking face.

"Consumption!" was the reply, in a sharp tone, which made the lady start. "I declare," said she, as she heard the outer door open, "how mad she is! I do not believe a word she says. Now, Ann, understand I am not to be called down to see any more beggars. Tell them I have nothing to give, and send them off; it's the only way."

Mrs. M—— returned to her parlour. Under the brilliant chandelier sat her only child. Rose was again busy with her carnation-leaf; and one rounded arm, bare to the elbow, supported the embroidery-frame. Her golden hair lay in ringlets on cheeks which, among its other pranks, the coal had painted; and she was indeed a very sweet object to look upon.

"Rose, you are beautiful!" thought her mother. "I really wish I knew whether there were a word of truth or not in that woman's story!" She sank back into her easy-chair and tried to knit, but she was not successful. "An only child dying of consumption! Well, the worst of it is one never knows what to believe. I dare say I have done more harm than good in my lifetime by giving away to poor folks. There! I am glad Mr. M—— has come, now we will have tea." The still, small voice was effectually silenced by two cups of orange pekoe.

The poor woman, who had been turned away from this lady's door, on a cold December night, went away with a heart filled with bitter feelings. A sharp blast blew aside her shawl, penetrating her through and through. The change from a hot kitchen into such an atmosphere made her feel sick and faint for a moment. She sank down upon the covered granite steps of a house near by; she wished she could die; she almost forgot to care for her child, or thought of her with despair—"We shall both die; the sooner the better!" This faintness, however, passed off, and she rose to go; but as she rose, the cheerful light from the windows near where she had been sitting fell upon her, and almost seemed to warm her. She looked in at the windows, though with angry looks and words, "Yes, comfortable enough you are, you rich and hard-hearted! May I die in the streets before I ever beg at your doors again!"

Still she lingered, as if the fire could really warm her. A lady sat there by the grate, and at her feet, surrounded by costly and expensive toys, sat a little girl. While the poor woman was looking, the lady smiled on the child, and pointed with her finger to the elegant time piece. A shade passed like a cloud over the sunny face of the little one, and it was gone. Then she dropped her pretty playthings, and shaking back her long ringlets, she came directly and knelt at her mother's knee. Folding her little hands, and closing her eyes, she began to pray. As her lips moved, the poor woman thought she could hear her.

"Dear Father, who art in heaven," was a part of the prayer, "if there are any people to-night out in the cold, without anything to eat or drink, or keep them warm, wilt Thou take care of them? Make somebody kind to them; make somebody give them a fire, and things to eat, that they may be warm and happy, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Did she really hear that prayer? or, why was it then, that her angry feeling all vanished in a moment, and that, with streaming eyes, she stood rivetted to the spot? She forgot her angry resolution; she even placed her hand upon the bell-handle,—she would go in and beg here; but the little child gathered up her toys, kissed her mother, sprang into the nurse's arms, and was carried to bed; and the lady sat there alone. The poor woman's heart failed her; she gave up her half-formed plan, and left the house.

Now she walked rapidly through the half-darkened streets. Lamps were already lighted. People hurried past her. Standing hackmen rubbed their hands and beat their breasts; it was very cold. On she went; it was a long way from Beacon-street, quite to the South-end,—a weary way after a hard day's work.

It was very dark when she entered her cold and dismal room.

"Is that you, mother?" said a feeble voice.

"Yes, it's me."

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come; I've had a hard time of it, coughing; and I feel very weak. It is lonesome, too, when you are gone!"

"Well, don't try to talk; how long has the fire been out?"

"Most ever since you went away. I've had a hot spell, and didn't mind it; but I begin to be chilly now."

Her mother felt her way to the shelf, and, striking a match, lighted a candle. She then took up a bit of rug which was before the stove, and threw it on the bed, tucking it in round the shoulders of the sick girl. She did this without speaking, kindled a fire in the stove, and sat down by it, with her head on her hands.

"Did you get my arrowroot?" was asked in a feeble voice.

"No, I didn't; I never thought a word on't."

"That's too bad!" was the fretful reply. "I've felt all gone, ever since I coughed so;" and the poor girl wept.

"You wouldn't say a word if you knew what I had to go through with; you wouldn't complain of me."

"I ain't complaining," said the child, touched by the unusual sadness of her mother's tone. "Didn't you get anything?"

"Get anything? No, not I! But it was not that I minded so much; it was the way she spoke to me. It cut me somehow right in two!"

"I wouldn't care about it, mother; it's no matter. I shall be off your hands pretty soon, and then you'll get along easier. If you'll warm over the water-gruel I'll drink that."

"No, you shan't; I'll go and get your arrowroot, Susan, if you can make out on a little porridge till I come back."

Susan said that would do, and took the porridge, but without knowing that she was taking all her mother's supper, or that the small piece of money now going for her arrowroot was the very last of the week's earnings.

It was some distance to the grocer's, and this time the widow walked with weary steps and slow. She was completely worn out; she could only drag herself there and back.

When she returned and opened her door there was a great change in her room; a fire now burned cheerfully in the stove; candles were on a table which had been placed by Susan's bed, and which seemed to be covered with parcels; and she, bolstered up, her eyes brilliant with expression, half-laughing, half-crying, held up before her astonished mother, a bunch of white grapes.

"See! see! she brought them; and she has got more washing for you, too."

"Who?" said her mother, sinking into a chair.

"I do not know; a kind lady somebody sent here; she did not tell her name."

"Who sent her?"

"She did not tell me, mother; it's no matter. Make haste and get you a cup of tea—real tea; only think!—do mother, and give me some of it."

"I know who sent her."

"Who was it?"

Her mother did not reply. She was not yet quite clear enough in her knowledge; she was putting this and that together in her mind. In her heart she could not help feeling that that little child had prayed for her, and that God had sent her aid in answer to that prayer; but she did not like to say so. She was not used to expressing religious feeling, though, having been religiously brought up, she had it.

"God bless her, whoever she is!" was her reply.

Yes, God bless her, who would go herself to look up the suffering! How those grapes cooled the parched lips of that dying girl! and that cup of tea,—how much it comforted and strengthened the worn-out mother!

For some days after this, Susan gradually failed. The neighbours who helped her mother at night were the first to notice the change. Her mother felt that she must die; but still regarded it as a distant thing.

One Monday night it was her turn to watch. From two o'clock in the morning, until late in the day, she had been over her wash-tub; for her work had very much increased since that mysterious visit. She sat before the stove, thinking she might catch short naps in her chair when Susan did not need anything. An old comforter had been hung before the bed through the day, in order to keep off the steam as much as possible. She did not take it down, for the room was a little chilly.

"Here's your drink and your grapes, Susan!" said she; "if I should have a nap, and not wake when you want your drops, you must call me."

"Well," said her child faintly, opening her very large dark eyes, and fixing them upon her mother; "go to sleep, and I'll call."

"How much she looks as her father did afore he died!" thought her mother. "She reminds me of him every minute."

The night wore away. The tired washer-woman sank from her chair in a deep sleep, and lay on the bare floor. When she

awoke she felt quite stiff; the fire was out, and the room was very cold. She pinned back the curtain to let in the grey light of morning, and then went hastily to the bed. Susan lay on her side, her face buried in the pillows,—one hand was stretched out as if reaching for grapes. Her mother spoke to her,—spoke again,—touched her arm,—shook her gently,—she gave no sign!

The lady and child, of whom we have already had a glimpse through a window, were sitting in their cheerful dining-room on the evening of the day on which Susan died. The door-bell rang; it was Susan's mother who rang it.

"Can I see the lady of the house?"

"Well, I believe she is very much engaged, now," said John.

"I want to see her very much," said the woman, stepping into the entry.

Just then the door opened, and the sweet face of the little girl peeped out.

"Yes, mamma is here; come in."

"Wipe your feet, then," said John.

"How do you do?" said the lady kindly, as she entered. "It is a very cold night,—you look cold. Come to the fire. Kitty, dear, bring a chair. Sit down, will you?"

"Thank you, I will," said the woman, "for I am 'most beat out."

"Have you walked far?"

"From the South-end, ma'am."

"It is cold, is it not?"

"Very cold, ma'am; but it was colder one night, the night arter Christmas, if you remember it. That's the time I want to tell you about. You see, I had one daughter, about sixteen. My husband has been dead these many years, and my daughter took his consumption, I suppose,—she was very sick. I managed to keep soul and body together by taking in washing; but about Christmas, in that cold time, my coal was done, and my rent bill came in, and my washing fell off, and I was hard put to't. I couldn't stand it very well, to see my poor sick girl a-lying there without anything to comfort her aching body. I was clear down; and says a neighbour to me, says she, 'Why don't you go to some of the great folk in Beacon-street, who roll in gold and live in great houses, and you could ask for a little something which they throw away, and it would make you both comfortable.' Now, as I told you, ma'am, I never begged in all my life; but it came hard to see my poor one a-lying there with nothing

to comfort her, and I made up my mind to it. So I came up here. It was a bitter night. I walked by these big houses, and I looked up first to one and then to another, but I hadn't the heart to go in. Pretty soon, close to here, I saw a pretty young girl—I should think she was just about as old as my Susan—I saw her come to the window and draw the shades. Thinks I, if I must beg, I'd rather beg of that young girl's mother,—she will be the most likely to feel for me; so I went into the kitchen and sent for her. The servants were cross, but it wasn't that I minded, but it was the lady herself; for when she came down, she told me I was a beggar, and I might go to work; and as I shut the kitchen-door I heard her say how mad I was. I don't know but I was mad,—I was clean cut up, somehow: I suppose it was this, and coming out of a hot room into such cold, made me faint like; so I sat down on your steps a minute to get over it. I looked into that window, ma'am, over the screen. You had just such a bright fire as that, and sat where you do now, and your little girl on the floor by you, with a plenty of playthings. How comfortable you looked! Then says I to myself, 'You rich and hard-hearted, may I die in the streets before I ever beg at your doors again!' Just then you pointed up to that clock; and what did the child do but come and kneel down and fold her little hands and pray. God bless her! I do believe she prayed for me; seemed to me I heard her. My anger went away, and I stood stock still on the steps a-crying like a baby; for my mother used to make me pray once to her.

"But, to make my long story short, I was a-coming in, but she went to bed, and I felt afraid to when you were alone; so I went away home. And what do you thiuk, ma'am? why, that very night God sent somebody to help us, and I couldn't help the feeling that it was because that child prayed for us; for I have never found out who it came from, and I don't know to this day; so I cannot go to her; but we were helped in a good many ways, and got along nicely till now. Now my poor girl is dead. I found her dead this morning. What I determined I never would do to keep her alive I have made up my mind to do,—come once more a begging, that I may give her a decent burying."

Kitty and her mother were both in tears, and Kitty took a sparkling purse from her

pocket, and whispered eagerly to her mother.

"Yes," said she, "you may."

"Ah! my little dear," said the poor woman, as the child approached her, "you were playing with that very purse that night. I saw it shining on the floor."

"Yes," said Kitty, "so I was. Papa gave it to me on Christmas-day, and this money too; and you shall have the money, —I don't want it. Here take it,—I don't want it."

It was a sovereign. The widow hesitated; she felt that it was too much.

"Take it," said the lady, "and expend it on yourself; I will see to the funeral expenses. Where would you like to have your child buried?"

"Her father lies in the burying-yard in our native town," said the woman, after some hesitation; "it is about thirty miles up the country."

"On the railroad?" enquired the lady,

"Yes, ma'am."

"You would like, then, to take your child there?"

"It would be a great comfort," said the widow; "but I suppose it would cost too much, and perhaps it isn't much matter where these bodies lie; yet it would be a great comfort. If I could get there myself, I would stay. I might earn a little among them that know me. It won't be very long, I am a-thinking, that I shall want anything, and it would be a comfort to feel that I could be buried by them both."

"I will come to-morrow morning early, and see you myself," said the lady, "and have these arrangements made. You must have some supper before you go. Kitty, dear, touch the bell. John, will you tell Bridget to give this woman some supper? And send a coach here, John, to have her taken home. She looks quite too much worn-out to walk. Yes, Kitty, you may go and show her the way, and pour out her tea, if you wish, too."

The poor woman could not speak; she tried to, but only her lip quivered,—her heart was too full for words; so, placing her hand in Kitty's, she went silently out.

Dear little Kitty! how much good she had been the means of doing! Oh, teach your little ones to pray, and to pray for the poor! God loves their simple prayers, we are assured, and will answer them, though we may never know when or where.

THE BROWN TOWEL.

"One who has nothing can give nothing," said Mrs. Sayres, the sexton's wife, as the ladies of the sewing society were busily engaged packing the contents of a large box, destined for a Western missionary.

"A person who has nothing to give must be poor indeed," said Mrs. L——, as she deposited a pair of warm blankets in the already well-filled box.

Mrs. Sayres looked at the last-named speaker with a glance which seemed to say, "You, who never have known self-denial, cannot feel for me," and remarked, "You surely think one can be too poor to give?"

"I once thought so, but have learned from joyful experience that no better investment can be made, even from the depths of poverty, than lending to the Lord."

Seeing the ladies listening attentively to the conversation, Mrs. L—— continued, "Perhaps as our work is finished, I can do no better than to give you my experience on the subject. It may be the means of showing you that God will reward the cheerful giver."

"During the first twenty-eight years of my life I was surrounded by wealth, and not until I had been married for nine years did I know a want which money could satisfy, or feel the necessity of exertion. Reverses came with fearful suddenness, and before I had recovered from the blow, I found myself the wife of a very poor man, with five little children dependent upon our exertions."

"From that hour I lost all thoughts of anything but the care of my family. Late hours and hard work were my portion, and to my unskilled hands it seemed at first a bitter lot. My husband strove anxiously to gain a subsistence, and barely succeeded. We changed our place of residence several times, in hopes of doing better, but without improvement."

"Everything seemed against us. Our well-stocked wardrobe had become so exhausted that I felt justified in absenting myself from the house of God with my children, for want of suitable apparel. While in this low condition I went to church one evening, where my poverty-stricken appearance would escape notice, and took my seat near the door. An agent from the West preached, and begged contributions to the Home Missionary cause."

His appeal brought tears to my eyes, and painfully reminded me of my past days of prosperity, when I could give from my abundance to all who called upon me. It never entered my mind that the appeal for assistance in any way concerned me, with my poor children banished from the house of God by poverty, while I could only venture out under the friendly protection of the darkness. I left the church more submissive to my lot, with a prayer in my heart that those whose consciences had been addressed might respond. I tried in vain to sleep that night. The words of the text, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom,' seemed continually sounding in my ears. The eloquent entreaty of the speaker to all, however poor, to give a mite to the Lord, and receive the promised blessing, seemed addressed to me. I rose early the next morning, and looked over all my worldly goods in search of something worth bestowing, but in vain; the promised blessing seemed beyond my reach.

"Hearing that the ladies of the church had filled a box for the missionary's family, I made one more effort to spare something. All was poor and threadbare; what should I do? At last I thought of my towels. I had six, of coarse, brown linen, but little worn. They seemed a scanty supply for a family of seven, and yet I took one from the number, and putting it in my pocket, hastened to the house where the box was kept, and quietly slipped it in.

"I returned home with a light heart, feeling that my Saviour's eye had seen my sacrifice, and would bless my effort to do right.

"From that day, success attended all my husband's efforts in business. In a few months our means increased so that we were able to attend church, and send our children to the Sabbath-school; and before ten years had passed, our former prosperity had returned fourfold. 'Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over,' had been given us.

"It may seem superstitious to you, my dear friends, but we date all our success in life to God's blessing following that humble gift of deep poverty.

"Wonder not that from that day I deem few too poor to give, and that I am a firm believer in God's promise that he will

repay with interest even in this life all we lend to him."

Glances of deep interest, unmixed with envy, were cast from the windows at Mrs. L——, as, after bidding the ladies adieu, she stepped into her luxurious carriage.

Her consistent benevolence had proved to all, that in her prosperity she still retained the same christian spirit which in her days of poverty had led to the bestowal of the *brown towel*.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sayres, "if we all had such a self-denying spirit we might fill another box at once. I'll never again think I am *too poor to give*."

GO WORK TO-DAY.

List thee, christian! The voice of the Master is not drowned by the din of business. The claims of religion are not abated by your hurry, and stress of occupation. The still small voice that bids you be at work to-day for God is peremptory. What though you are pressed with care? religious duty is care's great cure. What though the car of business drags heavily? It is by prayer and heavenly hope that the wheels are kept in motion.

Go to work to-day in the vineyard. God has need of you now. When your convenience serves he will have done with you. He will not accept the service of your leisure hours. Religion's great aim and triumph are realised in the subjection of the 'Change to the closet, of the bank to the bible, of the street to the sanctuary. What is religion worth that can flourish only as weeds do in a desolate and unfilled field? What is that principle worth that cannot withstand the least pressure of worldly solicitation?

Go work to-day. Now, when labour will be a cross; now, when your example will be valuable; now, when the world should know your principles; now, when the mass are trying to serve God and Mammon; go work for God, and you can do something worthy of your vows. What does the cause of Christ need more than examples of that religion which makes a place for the prayer meeting and the lecture in every week's calendar, and which shuts the door of the closet upon the world, until God is worshipped? The greatest attainment of life is to use this world without abusing it,—to attend manfully to every claim of business,—

to breast with heroism every storm of commercial embarrassment,—to do one's best in whatever circumstances may develop,—and at the same time to live out the christian by a course of daily usefulness. To be at the same time a good business man and a warm-hearted disciple,—to care for every interest of religion amidst all secular cares,—to lay a stone on Zion's walls with every accession of worldly fortune,—this is true christianity. Nor will any principles of living ensure men from the snares of covetousness, and the deep pit of commercial dishonesty, except those simple rules of living which the gospel prescribes for all times.

Go work to-day. Seek out some humble labour of love. It may save you from falling. Invite some interruption of your excessive worldliness. Call in some umpire who shall put down the false and ruinous claims of Mammon.

Have a religion which can live and be honoured abroad as well as at home; in busy seasons as in dull times; on rainy Sundays as on fair ones; in the afternoon as in the morning; when prosperity fans, as when adversity baffles your progress. Seek a cure of your religious distempers by going to work to-day for God!

The Baptist Newspaper.

Our readers will learn from the advertisement on another page, that the day of publication of the first number of "The Freeman" is fixed for January 24th. Before our next number appears, therefore, our friends will have had the opportunity of seeing and forming their opinion of the new paper; and from the arrangements already made we confidently anticipate that its character will be such as to satisfy and please all, though we must caution our friends against expecting that the first number will be in all respects a sample of what after numbers may be expected to be. We appeal now once more to our friends to aid cordially and heartily in this effort to extend and strengthen our denomination. All will of course depend on the *active* sympathy of the denomination with which the paper is to be identified. The chief point is to secure at once a list of subscribers large enough to enable the paper to be carried on with the vigour that its projectors desire. It has been said that two or three thousand persons cannot be found amongst the Baptists willing to sustain a weekly denominational organ. We do not believe that this will be found to be the case. But it rests with our friends during the next few weeks to prove whether the statement is true or not. We thank those who have already sent their names and subscriptions, for the promptitude with which they have rendered their aid. We earnestly invite all our friends to follow their example. All who are willing to do anything to aid the project should put themselves at once in communication with the publishers. And, for the rest, we entreat the prayers of all our readers—what a tide of supplication might their united voices send up to the throne!—that He from whom "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," and who has promised to aid with his presence and power those who sincerely serve him, may so direct this new attempt, that it may conduce to His glory, by advancing His cause, and that thus it may be a cause of gratitude to the projectors, hereafter and in the day of final account, that they "have not laboured in vain, nor spent their strength for nought!"

Notices of Books.

CONFESSIONS OF FAITH, AND OTHER PUBLIC DOCUMENTS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCHES OF ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. Pp. 360.

RECORDS OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST GATHERED AT FENSTANTON, WARBOYS, AND HEXHAM. 1644—1720. Pp. 430.

These are the last two volumes, just issued, of the Hansard Knollys Society. They are edited, with his usual care and judgment, by Mr. Underhill; and they contain much that is interesting and valuable, as adding to the completeness of the view which has been given in the earlier volumes of the series of the religious life and faith, and the kinds of church action, of the Baptist churches of the period to which they belong. We trust these volumes, being the last of the series, will have sufficient sale to induce the promoters to commence, before long, another series in a more popular form. We know that there is much still unpublished, and which if not published soon will probably be lost, which it is most important to preserve, as indicating the religious life of the times, and showing the important part which Baptists took in the struggles and controversies, of which we, in the nineteenth century, are enjoying the results. One collection we have recently had the opportunity of examining, a collection which we doubt not would be easily accessible,—and from that alone might be selected much that would add to the accuracy of our knowledge both of general and ecclesiastical history. For ourselves, we do not like to let these old records slip from us. In their rough bindings, and on their tattered paper, they contain, some of them, in a page, as much *thought* as would make the fortune of many a volume-writer of the present day. Baptists are rich in these old thinkers. Let us be proud of them, as we may!

SUNBEAMS IN THE COTTAGE; OR, WHAT WOMEN MAY DO. A Narrative chiefly addressed to the Working Classes. By MARGARET MARIA BREWSTER. Pp. 220. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We had much pleasure in recommending Miss Brewster's former book, — "Work, Plenty to do, and How to do it." We have quite as much confidence in recom-

mending this, as one worthy of the daughter of Sir David Brewster, and calculated to do a great amount of good. It is a simple narrative, full of elevated thoughts and valuable practical suggestions, admirably fitted, in all respects, to circulate amongst the working class, though not unworthy of perusal by others besides. The only fault we have to find with the book is its price. Three-and-sixpence for a small volume, containing, though, of course, in very elegant style of workmanship, not much more than two numbers of "The Church," is really too high a price for a working man. We earnestly hope, before long, that there will be a sixpenny or shilling edition. It is a work of which we do not hesitate to say, that a large circulation amongst the working class would be an incalculable blessing to them; and if a cheap edition were provided, we think there would be found those who would purchase numbers for gratuitous distribution.

THE BIBLE HAND-BOOK; OR, INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SACRED SCRIPTURE. By JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D. Pp. 660. London: Religious Tract Society.

There is an amount of learning condensed into these six hundred pages, such as no one who had not read the book would believe to be possible. It seems to us to be just such a work as an introduction to the Bible should be; not spread out into heavy volumes, such as those of Hartwell Horne, which have long been so popular, but brief, condensed, and yet full of matter, comprising all that can be required by ordinary readers or students, but nothing more. The first half of the volume comprises chapters on the genuineness of Scripture, the authenticity and authority of Scripture, the peculiarities of the Bible as a revelation of God, and the interpretation and study of Scripture; the second half is occupied with historical, critical, and elucidatory remarks on the various books of the Bible. Such a book cannot be *interesting*, in the sense in which the word is too often used; but it is a mine of wealth to those who will dig in it; and we earnestly recommend our young men and women to lay aside their "Queechys," and "Wide, Wide Worlds," and other sentimental small-talk, and to give themselves heartily to the study of such

works as this. We congratulate Dr. Angus on the production of such a work, and the Tract Society on having added it to their list of publications.

SERMONS DESIGNED FOR THE SICK ROOM, FAMILY READING, AND VILLAGE WORSHIP. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D. Pp. 436. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Dr. Burns's sermons are so evidently appreciated, and command always so large a sale, that it is needless for us to say anything to recommend them to the notice of our readers. Counting from the advertisements at the end of this volume alone, this is the eighteenth volume of sermons and sketches of sermons, which have proceeded from the prolific pen of the Doctor; and several of these appear to have passed through more than one or two—one even eight—editions. The sermon-reading taste of the people must indeed be excessive, and not less must be the sermon-making powers of him who is able to meet it! We frankly confess that we should ourselves be better satisfied if the popular reading were somewhat of another kind. We wish, however, that *all* the sermons that are published and sold in such thousands were as free from fault as these; for though we may not agree always with the view of the preacher, nor approve his taste, still we can but admire the earnest desire for usefulness which has evidently prompted him in his work, and the simplicity to which, for the sake of usefulness, he has been content to adhere. A large class of readers will derive great advantage from this work; to them we can cordially commend it.

THE JUBILEE MEMORIAL OF HORTON COLLEGE, BRADFORD. Pp. 69. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We congratulate the Tutors and Committee of Horton College on having been brought to the Jubilee of their valuable

Institution, and we commend their zeal and judiciousness in having furnished us with so interesting a "Memorial" of the event. The volume consists of two parts, the Sermon preached at the Jubilee service, by the venerable Dr. Godwin, and an Historical and Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. B. Evans. We do not know to which to give the more praise. The sermon is interesting, impressive, and admirably suited to the occasion; and the sketch, though necessarily brief, is graphically written, and is the result of careful enquiry, and of long connexion and sympathy with the Institution. We trust that the next fifty years of Horton College will be as prosperous and as useful as the last, and that whoever lives to see the Centenary, will see the Institution then, under the management of tutors as able and respected as the present, and as well worthy of support.

VOLUNTARIISM IN ENGLAND AND WALES; OR, THE CENSUS OF 1851. Pp. 114. London: Liberation of Religion Society.

Those who know the author of this volume will know that there is no one more capable of dealing with the subject of it than he. It comprises an able analysis, which only a master of statistics could have furnished, of the recent census as it affects the Voluntary question; and it presents to some extent, also, a view of the arguments derivable from the facts. Some of those facts will be startling in the extreme. A few of them have become already familiar; others present a view of the question entirely new. The volume must exert an important influence on the decisions of all candid minds in regard to the matters involved. We are glad to hear that it is being extensively distributed amongst members of the Legislature, and others to whom it is of consequence that the facts should be made known.

A Page for the Young.

LUCY, THE CHILD-MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

Children, I am now going to tell you something about my youth. That has long since past, never to return in this world; yet, beyond the grave there is a region of immortal life and beauty, and toward that I believe that the aged friend who now writes

you these chapters is rapidly hastening. Yet he still loves to recall the happy years of childhood, and often lives over again in thought those pleasant past times; happy, because free from the follies and cares of later and busier years.

I was born in the pleasant village of Whitefield, said to have derived its name

from its white-cloved land. Whether this was true or not I do not know; but I have often chased the butterflies over it, and with my companions buried myself in its luxuriance.

My parents died when I was too young to realise my great loss, or to recall that kindness and love which such relatives alone can bestow; yet while my grandparents and my aunt Milly watched over my youthful years with unwearied patience, I never ceased to *feel* that I was an orphan, or to long for a brother's or sister's love.

When I was twelve years old, an aunt of mine, whom I had never seen, died very suddenly, and left a little girl about my own age motherless. My grandmother having obtained uncle Hill's consent, sent for Lucy to live with her as her own child, and at this my joy was unbounded. I danced and sang all that day on which she was expected, and before night was on the tip-toe of anticipation, so that when supper time arrived I had no appetite, and quite wondered to see the rest of the family devouring their food so industriously, when so important an event was close at hand.

At last she came,—my cousin Lucy, with soft, brown hair, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest voice in the world. She seemed frightened at first, and after passing through the ceremony of introduction to us all, I saw the tears tremble in her mild, blue eyes, but she stealthily wiped them away, so that grandma and aunt Milly did not see them, and if grandpa did, he, at that time, said nothing. But I ran to her, and throwing my arms about her neck, with all a brother's affection, begged her not to cry for anything, for she would soon find this a pleasant home, if we could possibly make it so to her. She smiled through her tears, but said nothing, until I brought out a store of coloured pictures and games of all sorts, and with the aid of these we made each other's acquaintance so fast, and Lucy seemed so pleased, that I really thought she would never be home-sick again, until I heard at midnight loud sobs through the thin partition which separated her room from my own.

After we had played an hour, the first bell rang for prayers, and though in the midst of game, I knew that a moment's delay would prevent prompt attention to the second; so hurrying pictures and games into their appropriate places, I took my seat near Lucy, while my grandfather read,

in his fine, clear tones of voice, the twenty-seventh Psalm. The servants were always present at family worship, and he usually spoke a few words on some particular verse among those which he had read. "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," was his subject-verse on that evening. He represented God as kinder than any earthly parent could be, as the peculiar friend of the orphan, and as watching over all the interests of his numerous family without change or weariness. He said, too, that when our earthly friends died to us on earth, they yet lived *somewhere* to God, and it might be that they still remembered those whom they had loved on earth. He said that God claimed our confidence as a Creator, caring for that which he had made, and as a Saviour, loving that which he had died to redeem.

Before I lay down to sleep that night, I prayed for Lucy and myself, and I really think that I prayed then with a humble, reverent spirit; yet I did not always do this, for sometimes I only said some prayers which I had been taught, without thinking seriously what such solemn words implied.

I have already said that Lucy sobbed until late at night; but after a while all became still and quiet, save the ticking of a small clock on my mantel-piece, or the occasional barking of the house-dog. That house-dog was my Carlo, and little did I dream as I lay there thinking in the quiet moonlight which looked in at the windows, and listening to his usual notes of wakefulness, that I should never hear them again; but so it was, and my first *great* grief came at a time when I was experiencing my first great joy. His life ended before daylight the next morning, by means of cruel hands, and when Lucy first made her appearance on that day it was to weep with me over the body of Carlo.

Boys, have you ever loved and possessed a noble dog? Have you ever looked into his knowing eyes, and thought them uncommonly expressive? or, stroked his long, dark hair, and patted the head which leaned lovingly against you, until you thought a countless sum could never purchase your valued treasure? If you have, then you know what I once lost, and will not blame me, perhaps, much as I might have deserved it, for forgetting every long-possessed or new-gained blessing in the loss of one,—and that one my dog.

But since that time, death has passed on dearer friends, and under far more painful circumstances than those just related; and, children, I have learned, that all we may love on earth will die, while all that which we love in heaven will endure for ever. Another lesson which I learned earlier than this, was that of forgiveness. The slayer of my Carlo did not long remain undiscovered. It was a neglected and very wicked boy, by the name of Jack Jones. He was offended with me for avoiding his company, and for refusing to let Carlo accompany him, a few days before, on a shooting excursion. I was furious at the discovery, and quite forgot that passage in the Lord's prayer which says, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." That I had considered rather as a form of prayer than an every-day duty, to be performed on my part before asking forgiveness of God. While I was meditating revenge, and determined, if possible, to bring him to legal retribution, my grandfather offered me no sympathy; but when the hour for evening prayer arrived, he read and explained that appropriate passage, "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses," and said that God allowed no private revenge, nor unnecessary legal retribution. I could see very plainly that personal rights would not be as well defended, if all my neighbours' dogs were wantonly destroyed, but could not determine as clearly that this was my *motive* in wishing evil to Jack Jones.

After prayers, as Lucy and I were about to separate for the night, she said, in a low, sweet tone of voice, "Do forgive him, cousin, and then you *can* love him; now he is an orphan, and aunt Milly says, 'no one seems to care for him.'" As she said this, two large tears dropped from her blue eyes, and her voice trembled with emotion, as they looked beseechingly into my own. And I did forgive him, for the sake of Lucy's tears and entreaties; and for this I was never sorry, but, years after, blessed my heavenly Father for all her gentle influences in leading me to forgive, as I hope and trust that I have since been forgiven. I had seen and known many children during my short lifetime, but there were none like her,—so still, so gentle, and so quiet, and yet so thoughtful, that I was often startled to hear the strange things which she uttered about this life and another, and I began to

realise that I was far from being one of those lowly ones whom Jesus loves, and for whom he has prepared mansions in that far-off country, whither Lucy was rapidly hastening, though I knew it not.

A few weeks after her arrival came Christmas, that happy time, both for young and old,—happy for the young because they receive the affectionate gifts of kind and loving friends; and for the old because they have the means and the disposition to make them. I received from my grandfather a regular allowance of pocket-money; this had been collecting for weeks, and I had now saved a sovereign, which I meant to lay out for all at home, and not a small share of it for my dear cousin Lucy. My grandfather, knowing that we were both anxious to visit the city on some special errand, and easily comprehending what that errand might be, told us to wait patiently for a few days, and before Christmas we should, Providence permitting, find our desires fulfilled.

Lucy's father was not wealthy, but, knowing her generous disposition, he sent her before Christmas the united contributions, or rather presents of many friends, which amounted in all to a sum quite sufficient to gratify her benevolent intentions; and this was confidently committed to the care of aunt Milly, under whose general supervision it was finally employed for the gratification of others.

Among the needy people who came regularly to beg at my grandfather's, was a decrepid man, who added to other infirmities that of partial blindness. This man's name was Joe Bentley, and often, as he sat warming himself by the kitchen-fire, would Lucy sit upon a small seat beside him, and ask him a thousand questions about his family, and home, and early life. Bentley, like all old people, seemed pleased with this attention, and I have sometimes seen the tears fall on his withered cheeks, called forth by some expression of Lucy's heart-felt kindness, as he related a few touching events of a long and chequered life. I was not, then, at all surprised, one morning, to hear in confidence, that among Lucy's favoured friends at Christmas, Joe Bentley was not numbered last or least.

"I shall buy him," said she, "first, a nice, warm pair of mittens; then, a thick wollen tippet; and last of all, a better hat; that old thing which he wears is not at all comfortable."

"What, Lucy," said I, bursting out into a laugh, "will you get him a beaver in the 'full style'? That would look oddly by the side of his dilapidated clothes."

"No, no, cousin! you know better than that. I mean a cap,—a nice, warm cap. That, with a tippet, will cover his ears, and he says that they have been frozen several times."

"Ah, I see how it is, instead of 'old beggar Bentley' on the town, you mean, by Christmas-time, to make him Joseph Bentley, Esq."

"Don't call him 'an old beggar;' that is a mean name, and besides it doesn't sound good or kind; when we are old, Charles, we shall not wish to be spoken of rudely, if we should happen to become poor and unfortunate; and if we should be rich, I suppose people would not *dare* to do it."

"Get the dictionary, Lucy, and look out for the definition of beggar: it is one who lives by asking and receiving alms."

"Oh, Charles, it was not the name as much as the feeling that I thought was wrong. You did not look sorry when you said it."

"Well, Lucy, I will look sorry now, if you will only tell me what else you are going to give to Mr. Joseph Bentley."

"I am not going to give anything more to him; but his little grandchild, whom he calls 'Lorry,' shall have, first, a doll nicely dressed, bonnet and all." Here I again interrupted Lucy by laughing at the idea of a little girl, without shoes or stockings, receiving the present of a gaily-dressed doll.

"Don't she like dollies as well as I, and must she have no pleasure because she is poor? I intend to give her some shoes and stockings besides," said Lucy, her cheeks glowing with excitement.

I saw that my cousin's benevolence was not to be laughed out of her, and only felt ashamed that in all of my proposed gifts I had remembered only those who could render them back again to me.

The night before Christmas, how busy we were! and when morn'g came, our mutual delight can only be estimated by those who have passed through the scenes of a Christmas morning, and who know all the hearty amusement which comes with its innocent joy.

Breakfast being over, Lucy whispered to me that she was going first to Joe Bentley's, and afterwards to Jack Jones's—the slayer

of my dog—for whom she had purchased some Christmas gifts, and modestly asked me if I wished to accompany her.

"To Joe Bentley's I will, but no further; pray what have you bought for that rascal, Jack Jones?"

"A Bible, with gilt-edged leaves, which, perhaps, he will value as a handsome book."

"Pshaw! he will pawn it the first chance he can get. What will he care for a Bible?"

"Perhaps when I show him the nice cravat which I have bought and hemmed for him, he will believe that I really love him, and will read it for my sake."

"You love Jack Jones, Lucy! That is not possible."

"Yes, it is, and true, too; I love him, Charles, because he has so few friends, and because he has a heart that Jesus could make good. Perhaps he does not know this, or feel how very wicked it was in him to kill your beautiful dog; but I shall tell him to-day that I will be his friend, and mend up his clothes, and do all for him that a sister would do if he had one; perhaps then he will listen to me when I talk to him about being good."

"Well, Lucy, you had better talk to him alone. I have a good book which says, 'One hates those whom they injure;' and I suppose it is on this principle that Jack Jones dislikes me."

"Then you should heap coals of fire on his head until you make him your friend."

"I will, Lucy; but let it be at another time,—not to-day."

But ah! that other time was to come when Lucy's spirit no longer lived on earth, but rejoiced and loved, without weariness, in heaven.

Joe Bentley hardly knew how to thank Lucy enough for the comfortable things which she had brought him, and an expression of delight was visible on the old man's face at the sight of his new cap.

"Lucy," said I, as we left the house, "why are you so good and kind to everybody, and why don't you sometimes do some very wrong things as I do?"

"Oh, cousin! how can you ask me that question, when I am so often naughty and selfish, and love people so little when I ought to love them so much? But if I do anything good at all, Charles, it is only because I pray."

"Well, I say my prayers, Lucy, too."

"Saying words will not make any one good, but if we love Jesus, and think how much he did because he loved us and everybody in the world, then we shall feel that we can ask favours of him as we should of a friend, of grandpapa, or any else that we know loves us."

By this time we had nearly reached Jack

Jones's, and, according to previous agreement, I left her to talk with him alone; but as I walked home, I thought out the secret of Lucy's conduct; it was because she prayed to be good, and thought more about doing right than she did about her plays and enjoyments, much as she seemed to like them.

Miscellaneous.

A HINDRANCE TO PRAYER.—One great hindrance to prayer is dimness of spiritual perception. When a man of taste or science climbs a mountain in a bright transparent day, he rejoices in its goodly prospect or curious spoils; but his dog feels no interest in them. He sees the philosopher peering through his telescope, or exploring for the little plants that grow near the summit, or splintering the rocks and putting fragments in the bag; but it never occurs to the spaniel so much as to marvel what his master is finding there. He sits yawning and panting on a sunny knoll, or snaps at the mountain bee as it comes sailing past him, or chases the conies back into their holes, and scampers down with noisy glee as soon as the sad durance is over. The disparity between the philosopher and his irrational friend is hardly greater than it is between the worldling and the believer when you bring them together into the domain of faith. "The natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" and on the Pisgah of the same revelation whence the believer descries a goodly land, and where he is making the most interesting discoveries, he sees nothing to arrest his attention. The Word of God and its promises, the throne of grace and its privileges, the things of faith in all their varieties, have no existence to worldly men. And when constrained to bear others' company in outward ordinances, they are thankful when the ending prayer or closing sanctuary sends them back to the world again. But just as the same lover of nature might ascend his favourite eminence on a favourite day, and find all his goodly prospects intercepted by a baffling mist, so dense that, except a pebble here and there, he can alight on none of its rare productions, and without any opening vista by which he can catch a glimpse of the fair regions around—so the believer may ascend the hill of God, he may open his Bible or enter his closet, and find, alas, that it is a foggy day, the beautiful panorama blotted out, and himself left to grope chillily in the cold and perplexing gloom. But like a gale of summer wind, up-springing and lifting all the fog from the mountain top, the breath of the Omnipotent Spirit can scatter every cloud and leave the soul on a pinnacle of

widest survey, rejoicing in the pure light of God.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

THE SUM OF RELIGION.—He that fears the Lord of heaven and earth, walks humbly before him, thankfully lays hold of the redemption by Jesus Christ, and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience, he is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty! He walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any lust or known sin. If he falls in the least manner, he is restless until he has made his peace by true repentance; he is true to his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotion. He will not deliberately dishonour God, although secure of impunity. He hath his hopes and conversation in heaven, and dares not do anything unjustly, be it ever so much to his advantage; and all this because he sees Him that is invisible, and fears him because he loves him,—fears him as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such a man, whether he be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, an Independent, or an Anabaptist,—whether he wears a surplice or wears none,—whether he hears an organ or hears none,—whether he kneels at the communion, or, for conscience' sake, stands or sits,—he hath the life of religion in him; and that life acts in him, and conforms his soul to the image of his Saviour, and goes along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal God, he can commit sin with presumption, drink excessively, swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lie, cozen, cheat, break his promises, live loosely, though at the same time he may be studious to practise every ceremony, even to scrupulous exactness, or may perhaps as stubbornly oppose them. Though such an one should cry down bishops or presbytery, though he should be re-baptised every day, or declaim against it as heresy,—and though he fast all the Lent, and feast out of pretence of avoiding superstition,—yet notwithstanding these, and a thousand external conformities, or zealous opposition of them, he wants the *life of religion*.—*Judge Hall.*

CRITICISM.—It ought to be a sacred rule of conscience with every man, not to carry

a spirit of literary censorship into the Sabbath. If it cleaves to you in going to the house of God, shake it off as Paul did the viper. The dignity and sanctity of the place forbid its intrusion. If you have no other way to subdue this spirit, which is so hostile to the ends of religious worship, adopt the precaution of avoiding altogether remarks on the preaching, till the Sabbath is past. Then limit your observations to those things which cleaved to your memory at that time, without any effort of attention as a critic. These suggestions result from experience. For many years I have not allowed myself, in the regular worship of God, to hear sermons as a critic; but have aimed to avoid on the Sabbath all conversation respecting preaching, that could promote in myself or in others a criticising spirit. In a congregation of students, and even of christian students, there are probably some special tendencies to the indulgence of this spirit; but still, the *habit* of freely discussing the merits or defects of a sermon, so soon as we have ceased to listen to it from the pulpit, is so adapted to frustrate the proper influence of the Sabbath, that christian theological students, and ministers especially, should guard against such a sacrifice as to spirituality of feeling. The habit of criticising the preacher is injustice to him. It assumes that he sets himself up to act a part for the amusement of others; and that every time he preaches, even the *first* time, he ought to be so faultless that a critic can perceive no defect in the performance. It is injustice to the critic himself. Why does he go to the

house of God? Professedly to hear the gospel, to unite in religious worship, to have fellowship with angels, to get ready for heaven. When Moses came down the mount, his face shone; but this critic comes from the sanctuary like worldly people from a tea party or a theatre. His conversation shews that his mind has been occupied by a literary or vagrant curiosity. The house of God and the gate of heaven have only furnished him with subjects of religious small talk. Many seem to think that it must be a good employment to talk about sermons; while they do this in such a way as, in fact, to profane the Sabbath, offend God, and harden their own hearts.

LOVE IN THE HEART.—The gentlest earthly parent may speak a harsh word betimes; it may be needlessly harsh; but not so God. "He may seem, like Joseph to his brethren, to speak roughly; but all the while there is love in His heart!" The furnace will not burn more fiercely than is absolutely required. A tender God is seated by it, tempering the fury of its flames.

EVERY-DAY WORK.—We think it was John Newton who went one day to visit a christian brother, and found him busily engaged in his occupation of tanning. The man attempted to apologise. "Just so, my friend," said his pastor, "may your Lord find you when he comes; it is the work he has given you to do, and he expects you to do it diligently."—*From Work; or, Plenty to do, &c., by Margaret Maria Brewster.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The close of the year has come and gone, and the events of 1854 are now matter of history. How much has occurred to make the last year important in the annals of the world our readers already know too well; and no one can look back upon the past, and around on the present, without viewing the future with apprehension. It is a consoling thought that "God reigneth," an assurance without which all would seem *very* dark, that all the events of the world are under the control of One, wise, and good, and kind, in whose character we have an assurance that everything will be directed so as to lead to the *ultimate* well-being of the world.

The events of the month furnish us with little matter for record or comment. It is needless to say that the *War* still continues. Around the watch fires of the Crimea thousands of Englishmen have just told the tales of Christmas, and dropped the tear as their thoughts have wandered to the fire-sides, saddened by the absence of loved ones, at home. We are sorry to have to tell that the accounts from the Crimea represent the soldiers there as suffering severely

from the want of those comforts which ought to have been supplied to them with no sparing hand. Sebastapol is not yet taken,—nor will it either, if the brave men there are allowed to be depressed by the absence of those supplies which England is bound to render to them.

During December, Parliament has met. As it was called to meet at so unusual a season, all attention was directed to its operations. Of course, the usual show accompanied the meeting, and the usual forms were attended to. The three things done have been to give formal and well-deserved thanks to the armies for their bravery, to pass a bill authorising the employment of the militia out of the kingdom, and to sanction the government in the engagement of Foreign troops. The greatest discussion took place on the last measure, though there was a good deal of criticism on the general conduct of the war. We confess we do not like—especially so early in the war—the employment of mere hirelings in a national struggle; but we are disposed to accept the measure, as it was accepted in parliament, as a proof that the government are at last disposed to act

with vigour;—if so, we would not willingly oppose any measure by which it may be supposed that the national character may be maintained. Parliament meets again on the 23rd instant.

HONITON, DEVON.

For very many years the Baptist church and congregation at Honiton, Devon, worshipped in an old and inconvenient chapel in a very out-of-the-way part of the town. The chapel was so dilapidated as to render it, in the winter season especially, dangerous to meet in; and its appearance altogether was so repulsive as to deter many from worshipping there who would otherwise have done so. Recently a new chapel has been built in a central part of the town,—the consequence is, the congregation is greatly increased, and the prospects of usefulness are much more wide and cheering. But there yet remains a debt of £400 upon the chapel, and we beg to suggest the following plan by which the readers of "The Church" may render us much help. Suppose each of the twenty-five thousand readers of "The Church" sent us only a penny, £104 3s. 4d. of the amount would at once be contributed. Let us then, brethren, in Christ's name, whose cause it is, beg of you each a penny. All such pence will be gratefully received by the writer whose name is below. That you may know the cause is a thoroughly deserving one, we take the liberty to mention that it has been strongly recommended by very many ministers and others, amongst whom are the Revs. T. Winter, T. S. Crisp, G. H. Davis, of Bristol, and also the Rev. W. Brock, of London, whose recommendation we beg to append to this appeal: "I am greatly interested in this application from Honiton. The case is a thoroughly good one, deserving the generous aid of the friends of Jesus Christ. My sympathy with it is all the greater from the fact that Honiton was my birth-place, and the burying-place of my fathers. I shall rejoice to go down to assist in the opening of the building, which I trust every friend of mine will help to erect, so that it may be unincumbered with any debt."—W. EVANS FOOT, Pastor, Honiton, Devonshire.

STRATFORD GROVE CHAPEL.

This chapel was opened for public worship on Tuesday, November 14th. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., preached in the morning, from Gal. ii. 20; after which the pastor, the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne, gave a short account of the past exertions and present condition of the church under his pastoral care. In the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Allow, of Islington, from Heb. i. 1, 2. After the morning service, a numerous company of ministers and friends dined together at Rokeby House. In the afternoon a public meeting was held, G. T. Kemp, Esq., in the chair; and addresses were given by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., the Rev. J. Curwen, G. Gould, Esq., the Rev. J. Lance, R. W. Cooke, Esq., and the

Rev. G. W. Fishbourne. On the following Sabbath, three sermons were preached on behalf of the building fund; in the morning by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A.; in the afternoon by the Rev. T. E. Stallybrass, B.A., of Stratford; and in the evening by the Rev. J. Viney. The collections and promised donations at the various opening services amounted to about £100.

HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

The Rev. D. Pledge, late of St. Peter's, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at this place to the pastorate, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. E. Davis, who has become pastor of the church in Zion chapel, Emsworth, Hants.

HOOK-NORTON, OXON.

The Rev. W. Maisey, of Studley, Warwickshire, having accepted of the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church and congregation in this village, proposes commencing his stated labours on the first Sabbath in the new year.

ARLINGTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Mr. J. Mombert, of Stepney College, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate from the Baptist church, Arlington, Gloucestershire, and commenced his labours there on Lord's Day, Nov. 26th.

GRAVESEND.

The Rev. E. S. Pryce has accepted the appointment of Travelling Secretary to the Religious Liberation Society. He has not, however, resigned the pastorate of the church at Gravesend.

WAKEFIELD.

Dr. Perrey, late of Derby, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church, Wakefield; and entered on his stated labours there on Lord's-day the 17th ult.

HUNSLET, NEAR LEADS.

The Rev. John Bamber has resigned the pastorate of the church at this place. His services terminated at the end of November.

Obituary.

THE REV. D. JONES.

November 9th, died at Cardiff, the Rev. D. Jones. He had ministered in the Welsh Baptist chapel, at Cardiff, during the last twenty years (being the successor of the late Christmas Evans), and he had gained the esteem and confidence of his flock, besides numerous hearers who were in the habit of attending his chapel. Mr. Jones's illness was of short duration. Only a fortnight before his death he preached his last sermon, and shortly afterwards complained of an illness which compelled him to keep his room for a time. Subsequently, more alarming symptoms presented themselves. A few days more of intense suffering, and the good man "ceased at once to work and live." The funeral, which was very largely attended, took place on the Tuesday following Mr. Jones's death.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

FEBRUARY, 1855.

THE ENDURING QUALITY OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."—*John xv. 16.*

Of the two leading ideas comprised in this passage, the first is, *that all really spiritual work done upon earth, is the out-going or manifestation of the eternal life of Christ in glory.*

The world contains work of two descriptions,—the work wrought by man without God, and the "fruit of the Spirit," or work "wrought in God." All things are full of labour. Man cannot utter it, so inconceivably full of work is the world. Consider the works of all mankind since time began, in the subjugation of the globe, in reducing its wilderness-state to order and cultivation. Think of the amount of work in changing one territory alone, England for example, from its early condition of wide-spreading forest, swamp, and oozy morass, into its present form of one diligently tended farm or garden, such as we behold it now. Consider the works of men upon the materials furnished by nature, from her surface or her depths, mineral, metallic, animal, or vegetable, the whole vast sum of human manufactures. Think of the labours of mankind in architecture, sculpture, painting, and music; the unspeakable sum of human endeavours in literature; and, finally, the untold amount of work expended on government, legislation, and war.

Of these labours many have been useful, many have been wicked; but none of them good, in the religious sense, none spiritual, if they have not been wrought in God, and respected the spiritual or religious nature of man.

The other description of work is spiritual, and consists of good works, in the religious sense, including under that name the actions of common life done by good men, which, therefore, have become good works, the actions partaking of the quality of the actor; and that higher labour of an exclusively spiritual character, such as acting in the minds of men for God, with a view to their instruction, comfort, or conversion.

Now, all spiritual work done on earth by Christ's disciples, whether it be action on matter or on mind, common life work, or special religious labour, is the outgoing of the hidden life of Christ in glory. The branches bear fruit from vital union with the vine. They are one spirit with the Lord. The worker, being animated by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in him, making him "a workman that needeth not be ashamed," a new, twice-born man, must be regarded as Christ's agent and instrument,

a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones; one of the organs of the many-handed Omnipotence. The larger proportion by far of the work of the world, is the work simply of corrupt human nature, and, therefore, partakes, in different degrees, of the defective or positively bad qualities of the spirits from which it proceeds,—the spirits of men; varied in character, from the useful works of industry and scientific discovery, down to the worst crimes of the worst sinners. The other, and smaller portion, is wrought in God, by spirits in which God dwells, according to models and motives furnished by God by the inspiration of the Spirit of Christ; either glorifying and redeeming common life, or executing higher works for the spiritual benefit of men. Christ's spirit employs the truth as the means of His acting through and in good men; and nothing is of a more spiritual nature than truth. True ideas! These, so to speak, are of the very substance of God. They existed from eternity in his mind, and before there were any created spirits to comprehend them. Wisdom rejoiced before Him before the earliest part of the dust of the earth was made. Was it not truth on which God thought from eternity? Then, when that truth is clothed in language, is not the word of the Lord the incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever? Since Christ is the Wisdom of God, the Truth, and the Life, can we wonder that the spirit proceeding from Him produces spiritual work in man. Every one who is possessed of moral sensibility feels that there is a supernatural beauty in a very holy actor on earth,—a glory around the head of a saintly worker; and when the form or countenance of such an one is taken away from the world's picture gallery, that the wondrous labour of a divine Artist is removed, and that a sad vacancy remains. The life of a christian is the infused, creative life of Christ; and that notwithstanding all his sins and infirmities. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"

The second idea in this passage is, *that all spiritual work,—fruit borne by the branches of the everlasting vine,—is of a permanent, abiding, eternal quality.* "THAT YOUR FRUIT SHOULD REMAIN."

This statement may produce no gladness at all, nor consequent strength, in many minds. Like Gallio, they care for none of these things. They are quite indifferent whether their work in life is permanent or not; whether it lasts for ever and ever, or passes away like the cells of bees, or spiders' webs. Until the regenerating eternal Spirit descends to dwell within a man, he is generally heedless as to the duration of his work. If it answers the present purpose, or lasts his time, or goes down for a few generations, that is sufficient for him. Ephemeron! But God kindles in the bosoms of good men a noble ambition to perform work which shall be eternal as nature, which shall not be "burned up" like "wood, hay, stubble, when tried by fire," but which shall "follow them" when they "rest from their labours."

And it is true of an earnest disciple of the Lord Jesus that his work is everlasting; whether it be that which he performs in common life, or that which he performs with a special view to men's salvation. Nothing can be a greater encouragement to steadfastness in the "work of the Lord," than this consideration. First, then, a christian's work, when well done, in common life, is of a vital, enduring quality; such work as business, the bringing up of children, household management, daily service, domestic labour. "What," you may say, "can this sort of work possess anything of a permanent character? It passes away into oblivion with the great stream of time." Yes. Christ is the Redeemer of common life, or he would not be the Redeemer at all. Angels serve God in heavenly ministries. Men serve him amidst the duties incident to an

animal condition. *The habits acquired in doing these works well, are carried on into the future;* habits of industry, perseverance, regularity, accuracy, carefulness, punctuality, faithfulness, and truth. "Thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." Light on earth shall shine in the firmament of heaven. All true light is inextinguishable, for it is kindled at the central Sun of Spirits. The past always goes on into the future. "He that is holy, let him be holy still." "The child is father of the man." Guiding the house here, "after a godly sort," is a school for guiding a heavenly "mansion," just as the wise and good government of his own family by a bishop, is spoken of as a training for taking care of the church of God. A good quality or habit acquired on earth will never be lost. It will be called out, exercised, and applied, in the heavenly glory. Now, is not this for the very essence of work to be carried forward into eternity? Many that are last shall be first! Many christians occupying the lowest places on earth,—servants with small wages, and hard work; and harder masters, who have in such stations shown "all good fidelity," industry, patient civility, and respect,—intelligent, willing service,—serving so the Lord Christ, even although their work has been shop work, common house work, or commoner daily labour, will, in such discipline, have acquired invaluable qualities and graces, which will find a sphere of activity in the world to come upon the throne of princes, and in the government of kingdoms. For He who took David from the sheepfold, and Christ's apostles from the trade of fishermen, intends to fill the vacant tribunals of fallen angels with those "poor to whom the gospel is preached."

Again, the common life-work of a christian may be said to be permanent and eternal, *because every good life and bright example in the discharge of common duties, is setting springs and causes in action which will operate through eternity.* Take the common case of the rearing and education of children. Here are one father and mother who look upon their children as curses, burdens, hindrances to selfish enjoyment; who leave them to grow up as they best may, and who pass through life in a series of mean escapes from the fulfilment of its obligations. And here are another pair, who undertake THE WORK of bringing up their household, not mainly as a dictate of natural instinct, but as a long-continued labour, to be "wrought in God,"—one of the greatest and most acceptable common works which mankind can perform or offer to God on earth. For a family wisely, happily, frugally, industriously governed, with "plain living and high thinking," teaches more of God and of true religion, than a whole cathedral establishment. Some who read this may have had parents of this description, over whose house shone the pillar of a cloud by day, and the glory of a flaming fire by night; whose home, even if it were a cottage, was a cottage-temple. Does not their fruit remain? Is the drudgery all lost?—the hard, ceaseless labour, almost night and day, by which health was tended, living provided, habits formed, of cleanliness, self-respect, self-education, of order, industry, unconquerable honesty, and brotherly love? Is that labour lost? Has it sunk to the depths of chaos and oblivion? Is it not living still?—in you, and in others,—and will it not live in your children, and abide as long as the world shall last? The more of moral meaning there is in any life or family, the more powerful are they as facts and forces in the world; and a spiritual mind infuses spirit into the commonest works, just as a graceful mind infuses grace into the commonest gestures. There is an indescribable excellence in the round, clean, complete manner, in which a pure, wise, actively good mind, performs the most ordinary work, which takes it out of the range of general production, and causes it to fetch a higher price in the

world's market. Temperance, self-control, vivacious earnestness, cannot but appear in their practical results. The work of the hypocrite, of the slothful, careless, slovenly hand, betrays its origin. "I passed by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was grown over with thorns!" But the hand that has been crucified with Christ, is a right hand of power.

Once again, the common life-work of a spiritual man may be said to be permanent and eternal, *because it abides before God, the soul, and the world, as a permanent object of pleasant and inspiring remembrance.* In this sense, too, men's good "works follow them." An action in daily life, which is wrought by a hand that is moved by a spirit in union with God, becomes thereby spiritual, and will bear thinking of for ever. It will bear narration through ages. The bible is filled with such narratives of everlasting renown. The feast prepared at Bethany, the rustic marriage at Cana of Galilee, the fishing expeditions of Peter and John, these were ordinary scenes of the most common life; but they were sweetly hallowed by religion, and beautified and adorned by the presence of Christ. And precisely in the same manner still, where Christ's presence by his Spirit adorns and beautifies our common life, where in families mutual daily acts of kindness or forbearance, or united acts of self-denial and industry, are wrought in God, or common sufferings are patiently endured, *will elicit gleams of temperate, true, and loving character;* that common life becomes historical, will bear writing down in the books of earth and heaven, painting, describing, dwelling upon always with affectionate remembrance; "the glory of the Lord shines round about it," gilds its outlines and its humblest details, as it lighted up the ten thousand lowly blades of grass around the shepherds on the fields of Bethlehem; over-shadows and transfigures it, makes it a picture, and a poem, and a song of praise, the theme of evangelists, and the delight of ministering angels, and the joyful subject of discourse hereafter, beside the fountains of paradise, and on the everlasting hills!

No such life as this, indeed, is possible without a secret life of most earnest faith, hope, and love. Roses spring only from the hidden root of the rose-tree. And if we would have our common life of home or business redeemed from vacancy, from irritation, from blind hurry, and passionate misrule, from carking care, and wasteful ruin, the soul must "sit at the feet of Jesus," like Mary, first, and then she will go forth as Martha, to prepare a feast which reason shall approve, and love remember everlastingly as a banquet of joy.

Now, is not this a great and real encouragement to careful religious forethought, to delicacy of sentiment and reflection in common life, so that works in that common sphere may be done "meet for repentance;" the consideration that all such works and courses of action are eternal in their influence, in their renown, and their reward. Temptation in daily life resisted, sometimes crowns the faithful witness for God with more than the glory of Thermopylæ; and deeds which are lost to the general eye amidst the obscurities of a back court or upper chamber, shall be told hereafter with honour through many worlds, by the fervent lips of saints and angels.

Lastly, *the higher spiritual work of an active loving christian is pre-eminently eternal* in its results, work having for its object the instruction, conversion, and consolation of souls. The influence of Christ's life in glory, whether manifested in word or deed in his servants on earth, when brought effectually to bear upon those who are "dead in sins," is to communicate everlasting life. To save a soul from death! What is that? To change the vanishing spark of mortal thought into the star which shall

burn for ever in the firmament of God; to open a direct communication between a spirit-sunk in hopeless gloom and all the never-ending happiness of heaven! Other works of men decay and pass away: pyramids, temples, cities, manufactures, laws, literature—all are wearing out or rushing into ruin; but there is one work which is absolutely eternal—the salvation of a soul, or the instruction, guidance, and consolation of a soul so saved. Planting and watering here are alike eternal. If I communicate thoroughly a view of gospel truth to a fallen man, and he by the blessing of the Spirit believes it, then the idea is in him **FOR EVER**, as the incorruptible seed that abideth to eternity. Now, such views of truth, creative and formative of character, principles for ever productive of lines of action, may be conveyed to other minds, either by word or deed. It is not necessary for a man to listen to long discourses, or to understand a profound theology, in order to be saved. That God is love, and will save and pardon the worst man freely through Christ—this is the message; and this truth may be flashed upon the heart of a sinner by the fewest words or works. There are many christians who have small speech, but great spiritual power. There are silent, sterling men and women, with profound natures, and warm loving hearts, whose single actions shall preach the gospel of the grace of God as “with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.” Their characters, like a diamond mirror, reflect upon the frozen soul the light of the love of God. Their few sentences proclaim the glad tidings as with the silver-trumpet of the jubilee. Such a view of the facts as this holds out the greatest encouragement to those who think themselves to be endued with but slender capacities for usefulness. The chief means of doing good is being good. If there be but genuineness of character, and the power of opportunely repeating in conversation the words of instruction or comfort heard elsewhere, it is a great power; and when received with welcome, performs an eternal work. Casual sentences govern both the church and the world.

Wide, then, and permanent is the influence of any soul in earnest, whether its gifts be of speech, station, or property. Immense is the work which every one may do,—the least talkative are often the most powerful. How many are there who, like Moses, are of a slow and stammering tongue, who cannot prophecy, but who can build up tabernacles, inspire their brother Aaron, and govern the Israelites. All true and holy thought and work is ever-living, and goes on working in many minds. The measure in which we desire to communicate truth is the measure of its influence over ourselves. All genuine light radiates. At Bomarsund it was the well-directed fire of one Lancaster gun, at Alma and Inkermann of two pieces of artillery, which chiefly determined the event of these conflicts. Thus, also, in life, the grand lesson of Providence is the honour that God puts upon a faithful few, or even upon one soul found faithful unto death. Small powers in earnest, a feeble spirit true to its trust, and working the works of God in faith and humble prayer, is often permitted to witness results of spiritual labour for which the highly gifted minister or plumed official christian have panted in vain. “*Thou hast a little strength*, and hast not denied my name, I will give thee the crown of life.” “With what measure ye meet, **IT SHALL BE MEASURED UNTO YOU AGAIN.**” Oh, may our common life be such, so truly and thoroughly animated by the life of Christ, that grace, and beauty, and utility on earth may bloom hereafter into glory everlasting!

THE ENQUIRY FOR THE PRESENT TIMES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"—2 Kings ii. 14.

Thus exclaimed Elisha, after the ascent of his master to heaven, when he returned to the brink of Jordan. He desired to repossess it; and folding the garment of Elijah together, he smote the waters, and put the veracity of his ascended master to the test. The waters parted, the promise was found good, and God was proved to be faithful. Reflecting upon bygone days, of which we have heard and read, and looking around upon the world, and especially upon the church, we feel prompted to exclaim, "*Where is the Lord God of Elijah?*"

WHAT WAS THE CHARACTER OF ELIJAH'S GOD? *He was a prayer-answering God.* How wonderfully he answered the prayers of the prophet in the chamber of the widow of Zarephath. There on the bed lies the dead body of her son. His soul has left it, and has entered into a better world. Elijah cries earnestly to God for its restoration; he stretches himself upon the corpse; God listens to his cry, and the soul of the child returns. The Most High listened to the voice of a man. Israel forsook God, the soul of Elijah was filled with jealousy, and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not for the space of three years and six months. But when on the top of Carmel he pleaded with his God, the clouds gathered, and the heavens gave rain, thus proving that the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much. *The God of Elijah was a wonder-working God.* How wondrously did he feed his faithful servant by the unclean ravens, sustain him and the widow's household by a handful of meal and a drop of oil for many days, and as wondrously reserve unto himself seven thousand faithful worshippers, in the midst of the general apostacy. *The God of Elijah was a sin-hating, sin-avenging God.* He visited the sins of his people with the rod, and the sins of his enemies with the sword. He spared neither the monarch nor the plebeian, the self-righteous nor the idolator. To Israel especially he said, "You only have I known of all the inhabitants of the earth, therefore I will punish you for your iniquities." *He was a holy, jealous God.* As he was holy, he must necessarily hate and correct sin; as he loved his people, he was jealous of their love. When they withdrew their hearts from him, and gave themselves up to idolatry, it provoked him, and he resented it at their hands. Yet, *he was a tender sympathising God.* He was soon touched with a sense of their miseries, when he saw their sufferings, or heard their cry. He pitied, he pardoned, and returned to them again. "His soul was grieved for the afflictions of Israel." They acted most basely, "nevertheless, he regarded their afflictions, when he heard their cry." Wonderful was the forbearance, pity, and compassion of their God! *The God of Elijah was a God who honoured his devoted servants.* True, he tried them, allowed them to manifest their weakness, and display their folly; so proving that it was not for their good works, but of his own abounding grace, that he distinguished them. He honoured Elijah before Ahab, in the presence of Baal's priests, and before the proud and haughty Jezebel. He honoured him in his life, and put a singular honour upon him when his work was done, by sending a fiery chariot to fetch him home to himself. "This God is our God for ever and ever." The God of Elijah is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The God whose word we believe, whose religion we profess, in whose cause we are embarked, and whose honour should be the great end of our lives. But, "*where is the Lord God of Elijah?*"

WHY DO WE MAKE THIS ENQUIRY? *Because so few prayers are answered.* How many prayers are put up for the world, and for the church; for pastors, and private members; for the masses, and for individuals; but how few of these prayers are answered. Oh, how few visible answers to prayer we have. The church languisheth. Our graces languish. We pray for a revival. We sigh for a change. We want to witness a great and glorious work. We want Pentecostal times, we pray for them, but they come not. *"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"* The God who answered prayer so speedily, so visibly, so wondrously, in his experience? Alas! perhaps we should ask, Where are the prayers of Elijah? Prayers full of faith, full of energy, crowned with fervour. Prayers that would take no denial, but went right to the heart of God. Oh, to be enabled to offer up "the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man," which availeth much. *So few wonders are wrought.* We know that every conversion of a sinner to God is a wonder. It is the proof that God is with us, that his power is displayed among us, that he yet hovers in mercy over us. Every conversion is the evidence of a present God. But what wonders were wrought in early times! What wonders have been wrought in later periods! A few preached the word, and great multitudes believed, and turned to the Lord. There were "mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God." "Is the hand of the Lord shortened that he cannot save? or is his ear heavy that he cannot hear?" How is it that we preach much, and there is so little effect? That we sow much, and reap but little? *"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"* *So little faith is exercised.* We have the same promises as our fathers had. The promise of the presence of Jesus, of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and that prayer shall be answered. But where is our confidence? Our living, working, pleading, expecting, confidence? Is not God faithful? Are not his promises true? Is not the gospel the same? How is it that we have so little faith? Ah, faith is the gift of God,—do we realise this, and ask for it, and cry right heartily with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith"? Faith, living faith in God, proves the presence of God, the putting forth of the power of God, and such faith prevails with God. It is the want of such faith in its fulness, energy, and results, that leads us to cry out, *"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"* that the spirit of faith may be given us, and a strong, steady, all-conquering confidence in God be produced within us! *So little concern is felt.* It is generally acknowledged that things are low with us. That little is done by us. That whether we look abroad over the mission field, nearer home into our village vineyards, or at home on our own lovely gardens, things are in anything but a satisfactory state. We are not making inroads on the territory of the prince of darkness, we are not cultivating the waste lands, we are not building "up the old wastes, the desolations of many generations," we are not taking possession of the world for Christ. Many churches languish. Many pulpits want men full of faith, fervour, and the Holy Ghost. Our schools want teachers, and our village stations want right-hearted, and right-headed, preachers. Who does not admit this? And yet who feels it, so as to stir up himself "to take hold upon God"? Does it keep any of us awake at night? Do we rise up, as Jesus did, "a great while before day," specially to plead with God? Do we gather together, as Israel did, "to ask help of the Lord"? Souls are going to hell by millions. Thousands of professors are at ease in Zion. Many are pleased with themselves, and their puny efforts. Few feel deeply; few are properly concerned for the present state of the world, the church, the ministry, and the school. *"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"* Oh, to feel the present state of things, so as to de-
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termine, in the Lord's strength, to carry out the Lord's own words, and "give him no rest, until his righteousness go forth as brightness, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth." Are we not very much like Israel, during the dreadful "three years and six months,"—*we have no rain?* We seem to be just kept alive by a little dew, or a trickling stream at the foot. There is no downcoming of the Holy Spirit in power, in demonstration, and with much assurance. "*Where,*" oh, where, "*is the Lord God of Elijah?*"

WE WILL GLANCE AT THE ENQUIRY. *Where is he?* Has it not happened to us, as he threatened Israel of old, "I will go and return to my place until they acknowledge their iniquity; in their affliction they will seek me early." Is not the presence of the Lord, and the power of the Spirit, very much withdrawn from us? Surely no one will deny this. He has returned to his place. What brought him out of his place at the Pentecost? Was it not the intercession of our newly ascended High Priest before the throne, and the prayers that ascended for ten successive days from the one hundred and twenty disciples on earth? God could not rest in heaven then. The kingdom of heaven suffered violence then. Groans, sighs, cries, and tears were mingled then; and thus they were put into the censer of the High Priest, before the golden altar. Oh, for such prayers and such prayer-meetings now! Oh, to ~~my~~ the Lord's people so stirred up, that there shall be no rest on earth, ~~nor~~ rest in heaven, without a revival, a glorious revival, of pure and unfilied religion! "*Where is the Lord God of Elijah?*" Hear his own testimony: "Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, *with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit*, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Does not this testimony speak to us? Does it not say, "Ah, you are not humble enough! You do not lie low enough! There is not deep, daily contrition and sorrow for sin! You need stripping, emptying, humbling, and bringing low, before the Lord God of Elijah can work wonders among you. You would rob him of his glory. You would ascribe much of his work to yourselves. You would boast of the works, and neglect to give glory, all the glory, to his most holy and ever blessed name. "Brethren, in all lowliness of mind, with deep searching of heart, I ask, Have we not thought ~~more~~ highly of ourselves than we ought to think? Have we not been proud of our colleges, schools, talents, and varied means of usefulness, and trusted in these rather than in the preserving power and operation of the Holy Spirit? May we not have provoked the Lord to jealousy? Are ~~there~~ not with us, even with us, sins against the Lord? Is it not possible that some image of jealousy is set up in our hearts, our homes, or our temples? May the Lord discover it to us, and help us to say,—

"The dearest idol I have known, whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne, and worship only thee."

"*Where is the Lord God of Elijah?*" In the devoted, active, zealous, unworldly, single-minded church. But where are such churches to be found? Where? Alas, there is a great want of devotion in our worship, and devotedness to God's cause and service in our members. The late attendance of many, the irregular attendance of others, and the want of realising God's presence in more, must be displeasing in the eyes of the Lord. We have *some* active souls; but are the majority of our church members active? Blessed be God we have some zeal; but is it zeal enlightened by knowledge? Are the mass of professors zealous? Are we unworldly? Look at our dress, at our ornaments, at our spirits, at our customs, and our habits. Have we obeyed the divine mandate, "Come

out from among them, and be ye separate, and I will receive you; and will be a father unto you; and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." The spirit of the world influences the church; the pleasures of the world please our members; and the fashions of the world lead multitudes astray. Where is our practical testimony to the world, that its spirit, course, and end, are evil? Are we single minded? Is it our one object, aim, and end, to pluck sinners from the fire, to build up ourselves on our most holy faith, and to bring back God into his own world? Is it? If we were thoroughly devoted to God, alive and active for God, zealous and earnest in the work of God, distinct and distinguishable from the world, and singly bent on one thing, even our vocation to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," we should not long have to cry out, "*Where is the Lord God of Elijah?*"

TO WHAT SHOULD THIS ENQUIRY LEAD US? *To deep and serious self-examination.* Every one of us should examine into the state of his own heart, and into his own motives, which influence his religious actions. *To earnest, fervent prayer.* Personal prayer. Private prayer. Public, social, united prayer. Nothing is so likely to bring back God to us, as heartfelt, confiding, and persevering prayer. *To doing our first works.* The Lord is saying to us, as he did to the Ephesian church, "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works." How was it with us in the closet, in the family, in the world, and in the church at first? Let us reflect, remember, and seek grace, to return to the days of our youth. *To deep humility and penitence before God.* Surely we ought to lay low before God, and be sorry, very sorry, that we have "vexed and grieved his Holy Spirit," causing him to depart from us, or at least to withhold the special manifestation of his presence, power, and love. *To bury our idols, as Jacob did.* When commanded to go up to Bethel, he collected all his household gods, and buried them under an oak. Oh, that we may receive grace to detect, to despise, to bring out, and to bury every idol, every image of jealousy, whether found in the heart, the house, or the church of God. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," is an immutable law, to which we profess to agree, but by which we are not always ruled. May we never be too evangelical to be moral, or pervert doctrine to the neglect of duty. Finally, it calls upon us to *attempt great things in God's name as Elisha did.* This was his first miracle. It was a great act he sought to perform. He had faith, and he prevailed. Jordan obeyed him, when he acted in the name, and appealed to the power of, Elijah's God. May we look around us and see what needs to be done, and aiming simply at God's glory and the honour of Jesus, let us "attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God," exclaiming, "*WHERE IS THE LORD GOD OF ELIJAH?*"

Cheltenham.

THE SILENT SABBATH.

Old *Asthma* having paid his annual visit to the writer, and on this occasion being accompanied by an equally unwelcome guest, named *Influenza*, they, by their combined force, rudely took away the gospel trumpet from his mouth, and inflicted upon him a *silent Sabbath*. The two were irresistible; nevertheless, submission softened into acquiescence upon reflecting that, notwithstanding their uncourteous manner, they were only messengers obeying the mandate of Him who "doeth all things well," and the rising rebellion soon yielded to the exclamation, "It is good to be here."

Upon this followed a train of meditation, the outlines of which are now submitted to the reader.

1. *It is a "new thing under the sun" for God's ministers and people to have silent Sabbaths.* The prophet Jeremiah was silenced when "the princes were wrath with him, and smote him, and put him in prison, and detained him there many days." David, also, had his silent Sabbaths, when banished by the rebellion of his son Absalom "he went up the ascent of the Mount of Olives, and wept as he went up;" and it is well worthy of remark, that on none of those silent Sabbaths did he write a Psalm expressive of his lament for his crown, his palace, or his kingdom; but he did pour out his soul within him,—the ruling passion was strong upon him when he wrote, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." The poor captives in Babylon, too, had their seventy years of silent Sabbaths. Well might they hang their harps on the willows, and weep when they remembered Zion, her sacred songs, her divine ritual, her heaven-ordained priests, her beautiful temple, and her solemn assemblies. And many have been the captives since that time, from the "prisoner at Rome" to the dreaming captive at Bedford, who, blessed be God, though tongue-tied, were not always pen-tied, but have given from their dungeon-walls words of inspired truth and spiritual genius, which are destined to instruct and comfort the church of God as long as time shall last. And as to silence produced by ordinary affliction, every Sabbath is a silent Sabbath to many, who can, notwithstanding, look up to their heavenly Father with filial affection, and say, "We have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth."

2. *Silent Sabbaths teach us that God can do without us.* They are lessons of humility. How apt are all christians to "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think." We must "occupy till our Lord come;" but when he is pleased to call us from the field of warfare to the land of rest, let us not vainly suppose his cause will suffer from our absence. He sustained it before we were born, and he will be at no loss to carry it on when we are dead. If, therefore, such a proud thought as—"What will the church do without me if I am long laid aside, or when I am gone?" should ever possess our minds, we have only to analyze it, and we shall discover therein two great evils—unwarranted notions of our own importance, and dishonouring views of God's all-sufficiency. "My Father! my Father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," was the unbelieving exclamation at the removal of Elijah. But Israel were gainers instead of losers, inasmuch as a double portion of the ascended prophet's spirit fell with his mantle on Elisha. In New Testament times it is upon record, that "they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more:" all seeming to say, "Alas, what shall we do without him?" Paul, however, had no such self-exalting thoughts, he had crucified them on his Master's cross long ago. His *growth* in humility is truly striking, and should be exemplary. A few years after his conversion he writes, "Unworthy to be called an apostle." As he advanced in years—"Less than the least of all saints." A short time before his death—"The chief of sinners." Thus the corn bends as it ripens,—the sun looks most glorious at its setting,—and the christian must stoop lowest as he enters the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Let the gaudy poppy lift its showy head on high; but the unassuming violet will conceal itself under its own leaves, only to be discovered by its fragrance. If the cause of Christ still prospers, when prophets and apostles are removed,—if his kingdom is still extending, although the

Fallers and the Careys, the Halls and the Chalmers, the Hills and the Jays, who occupied the high places of Zion, are no more, surely we, whose sphere of labour lies in the nooks and corners of the field, need not pique ourselves on our importance. The Master can do without us!

3. *Silent Sabbaths prepare us to sympathise with the afflicted.* The visitation of the sick is so great and so blessed a part of the pastor's work, that he may well hail every event that may better instruct him in that department, as a welcome teacher. We are especially exhorted to confide in the sympathy of Christ under our trials, on the ground that he was tried and "tempted on all points, even as we are." In our humbler degree, therefore, when we have had to take the nauseous draught, to feel the surgeon's knife or lancet, to endure the wearisome days and wakeful nights of affliction, we shall be the better prepared in visiting the sick to comfort them with the same comfort as we ourselves have been comforted of God. Every true minister of Jesus has two special places of pulpit preparation,—his study at home, and the sick chamber abroad; and the writer has often found, when he has been toiling in the former like the ancient fisherman and caught nothing, on trying the latter he has "cast his net on the right side of the ship." May it never be our infelicity to be addressed with that fearful rebuke, "I was sick, and ye visited me not."

4. *Silent Sabbaths, with their attendant affliction, are designed to deepen our piety.* Woe be to us if they do not. If instead of being like the wax which softens under the sun, we resemble the clay which hardens, our afflictions, which are designed to be a blessing, will be perverted by us into a curse. This it is obvious applies alike to christians and christian ministers. Sanctified afflictions break the box of spikenard, and fill the house of sorrow with the fragrant odours of the Holy Spirit, whose graces all whisper consolation to the afflicted saint. Faith says, "All is well." Hope, "I shall yet praise him." Peace, "Be still, and know that I am God." Love, "Kiss the rod." Patience, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Thus the sister graces cheer our silent Sabbaths with their heavenly minstrelsy, and give us "songs in the night." The winter is not so pleasant as the summer, but it is as needful. The stormy winds which howl among the branches, only make the roots strike the deeper. And thus affliction deepens our experience, and both our people and ourselves ought to be the better for them. That good minister of Jesus Christ, John Newton, truly said, "A christian without trials, would be like a mill without wind or water. The mechanism within would be unnoticed and unused without the force to impel it from without; nor would our graces be exercised but for those trials and afflictions which put them in motion, and so make the whole "work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

5. *Silent Sabbaths awaken joyful anticipations of eternal rest.*

"There no tongues will silent be,
All will join the harmony."

Not that heaven will be a rest from work, but from sin. It will not be inglorious indolence, but joyous service; not sloth, but unwearied and unwearrying activity. Thus we may all regard the present state, with its working or its silent Sabbaths, as the training-place for a nobler service in the temple above. Here our particular stations, whether in the pulpit or the pew, are often vacated by illness; there we shall never be missed from our places in the glorious ranks above." Here in sad silence our

harps are often on the willows; but there will be no willows on the banks of the waters of life,—no emblem of weeping there;—

“For there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;
There—there the day never is closed
With shadows, or darkness, or night.”

These thoughts on a silent Sabbath are written with a trembling hand, but with the prayerful hope they may tend to cheer some afflicted brother or sister, by their companion in tribulation,

Bury St. Edmunds,

CORNELIUS ELVER.

Lord's-day, Jan. 14, 1855.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

“Contemplate more the good you can do than the evil you can only lament. Allow yourself to see the loveliness of nature amidst all its imperfections, and employ your moral imagination, not so much by bringing it into contrast with the model of ideal perfection, as in gently blending some of the fainter colours of the latter with the brighter hues of real experienced excellence; thus heightening their beauty, instead of broadening the shade which must surround us till we awaken from this dream in other spheres of existence.”*

It is very certain that, if a man will look only and continually at the evil about him or in the world, he will become sad either in real grief on account of it, or in misanthropic hatred of man and life. He may look at the intemperance, in its more than single form,—the irreverence, the selfishness, the oppression, the superstition, and all the darkness that exists in its multiplied, and wide-spread, and most hideous forms, and grieve. He might, like Carey (though with different aim), look at the globe, and, pointing, say, “These are Pagans,—these are Pagans,—and *only these are Christians!*” and weep. And looking only at this, it would be easy, I suppose, to raise another gloomy mountain of doubt of the Divine goodness, and so have sadness induced, not only by the fact that the evil is, but also by doubt as to whether it is controlled by the Great Father.

Indeed this is possible without going so far. Perhaps many a minister even, zealous in his work, ardent in his hopes, longing for spiritual good, about his own home, may see such coldness, such inconsistency, such self-seeking and grasping, and such utter destitution of the Christ-like spirit, and aim, and working, even amongst those who bear his name, to say nothing of the hardened indifference and open sin of those who do not, as often to fill his heart with grief, not only because it is so, but also because of the suspicion that will cross his mind, that religion with such is but a sham; and the temptation that will come upon his soul, saying that Christianity itself is no better, else its power would be greater.

As an antidote against such feelings, some might say, “Look more on the ludicrous side” of evil even; and others, “Meet and battle it with satire.” But the first might tend to too light a view of sin; and the second, whether it proceeded from mirthful ridicule or indignant wrath, might be found very expensive to the mental and spiritual economy, and might not in either case prove effectual in destroying the evil. But surely there is much that is better in the way prescribed by Sir James Mackintosh. It was written to his friend Robert Hall, after the temporary aberration of intellect which had befallen him; and though we cannot say the writer was right in his conjecture as to the cause, yet he

* Sir James Mackintosh.

was a physician and metaphysician, knew his friend well, and possibly he was right. At least we must admire the delicate, the generous, and noble spirit with which he wrote, and the profound and beautiful character of his suggestions.

It is better to think of the good we can do, than of the evil we can only lament. It is better to see the loveliness of nature than its seeming imperfections; and it is better to clothe excellence with more excellence, far rather than darkening the shade that is about us, and must here hang over us. We know not the hearts of any, and often may there be not only evil but good—good we cannot see—where it is little suspected, and which, if discovered to us, would be like bringing gems from the deep. And, as a general thing, it must be better with all to look on the “bright side;” for whilst the darker might often prejudice and repulse, and that mistakenly and unwarrantably, the brighter might increase our charity, make our communion sweeter, and give us better faith in humanity. It is indeed blessed that there are some good people, possessing the graces of the christian, showing forth the real excellencies of a child of God, and a heavenly character. They are the fragrant flowers, the majestic trees towering to heaven, the bright stars in the firmament of our spiritual world. It may be as flowers amid weeds, trees with surrounding desolation, stars in a dark night, or oases in the desert; but it is good to have them even so. They are fragrant with heavenly perfume, aspiring in God-like character, bright with celestial light, and refreshing to all, as diffusing the Holy Spirit’s influences all around. And to look on these, to study them, to mingle with them, will not only show us the possibility of their being such—and so of heaven, in a sense, on earth—but it may bring us to partake of their character; it may increase our faith in the powers of God’s truth, in the worth of Christ’s religion; it may bring to us heart-experiences, life-manifestations, glorious examples, to and in the service and defence of that truth; and it may cheer us on in our labours in its cause, with the conviction that it is never powerless, and that not only a few, but eventually all, shall be the Lord’s, “and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

THE PROMISED LAND.

We mortals spend our strength, our life, for nought!
 If we have gained the object that we sought,
 We’re not content with all the glitt’ring heap,
 But Alexander-like we turn and weep!
 Our life through on some Pisgah’s height we stand,
 But never enter on the promised land!
 When we aspire above this transient earth,
 When we esteem it at its proper worth,
 When to the heavens we lift our sin-wet eyes,
 When in immortal strength our souls arise,
 When far off from our earthly hope we stand,
 Then are we nearest to the promised land!
 We hope to live,—and all around us death;
 We seek to sing,—but sorrow stops our breath;
 Scarce can rejoice,—again are called to mourn;
 From dust created,—and to dust return!
 Till wearied at eventide we know,
 Our life-sought promised land is not below!
 Then when the God-appointed time draws nigh,
 With joy shall we ascend the hill to die,
 And gladly close on earth our glazing eyes,
 To ope them never more beneath the skies,
 Before the throne we’ll join the ransom’d band,
 When we have entered on the promised land!

Deconport.

T. W.

Tales and Sketches.

THE SYRIAN DISCIPLE.

A STORY OF OLD.

A Syrian home stood beneath its palm trees. High in air their long boughs waved like royal banners, while below the wind dallying with the slender leaves of the olive, and the glossy foliage of the orange, now tossed them aside to let the sunbeams in upon their stems, and anon closed them as suddenly above the deep, cool shadows. Around the eaves fluttered multitudes of sparrows, bees made a pleasant murmur in the creepers which hung their tendrils far up the roof, and flocks of doves, strong in their very weakness, alighted softly upon the grass, or as lightly rose again at approaching footsteps. Here and there might be seen peaceful hamlets encircled by groves and vineyards, on the slopes little children frolicked with the lambs and kids, and laughing maidens gathered the purple-edged laurel flowers, those sweetest of "incense breathing" blossoms. Sweet tones came from a court, where a bride sang to her bridegroom, for Ackla had wedded the fairest of the Syrian maidens. The young man heard, but not with that rapt attention he had so often accorded, for the beauty of the singer fascinated equally with her song, and he might now without rebuke gaze into her dark eyes, and read therein her treasured secrets. In their clear depths lay an expression of trusting love and profound content, a something which seemed almost audibly to say, "My lot is indeed blessed." So the husband looked and listened till there sprang up within him a passionate fear of death, an unutterable longing for a lengthened span of life. Quick in his resolves as in his impulses, he exclaimed, "This very night, Hillia, I will seek the Mountain Hermit and his magic stream."

"Nay," answered Hillia, "the way is long and difficult; and how canst thou cope with dangers which thou dost not understand?"

"Thou art fearful from thy love; nevertheless, let me drink of the fountain, and bring of its waters also unto thee."

So with little preparation Ackla departed. Sometimes the lovely valley scene inclined him to linger, sometimes the sublimity of snow-crested summits, or the distant sea

stretching out like a blue vapour, made him pause in his ascent. Sometimes the precipice grew steep and stern, and sometimes a dull, cold fear, generated by often-felt suspicions, crept chillily to his heart; but above all gleamed a lovely face, floated fond home tones, and the loiterer again pressed on. The last height was won, and the dim cavern was just before him. As he stopped, uncertain how to address its inmate, there came forth a man of gentle aspect, who spread some dried fruit upon a rock, beside a limpid spring. He knelt a few moments, and then began to eat, but seeing the wayfarer, he beckoned him to come forward. "You are welcome, my son," he said, "to my frugal fare."

Thus bidden, Ackla took a handful of dates, and then said, "It pains me to reduce the scanty measure of your little stock, when I have myself enough for my necessities, though, perhaps, for men speak wonderful things of thee, thou canst at will multiply thy substance by a thousand fold."

"No," said the hermit; "such power is not given me, but there are those who would not willingly permit me to suffer."

"Thou hast then benefited them! Perchance the deep buried gold comes to thee at thy bidding, and flashes in thy coffers as a call."

"I have benefited those I spoke of, but not with gold."

"Thou hast, it may be, given them rank, influence, or command over the elements, to stay the rushing wind, and to call forth the pealing thunder."

"No, my son, thou hast not yet reached the secret of my benefactions."

"Then, oh, venerated sage! thou must have given them of that fountain of unending life which men say wells so brightly in thy dwelling. Oh, if thou wouldst give one draught only unto me!"

"I do, indeed, teach the way to a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. I can give thee to hear its gushing, but not to drink of its crystal flood."

"I have jewels, great magician. The chrysopease, sparkling with imprisoned sunlight, pearls with a faint rose-tint lying upon their snow, and sapphires blue as the sky at midsummer, and glowing as its

depths. They were part of the dowry of my bride, who sent them to exchange for thy wondrous treasure."

The hermit looked on the excited countenance of his guest, long and sadly. At last he asked, "Hast thou found this world so full of happiness that thou wouldst fain dwell here for ever?"

"My home is the loveliest in the valley, and my bride is fairer than the day star; and her voice is sweeter than the tones of the lute heard from afar in the midnight. Life is glorious to us, father, and we would grasp its cup to the very last."

"And all thou askest is the *life here?*"

"Aye; for me and for my bride, *the life here.*"

"Thou wouldst then pass by the fountain even though I should lead thee to its very brink, for the life it gives pertains to another world, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, neither buying nor selling, neither wealth nor poverty."

So the two talked far into the night, but the younger heard all the while the bleating of his great flocks, the lowing of his oxen, mingled with the rustling of vine leaves, and the songs of his merry bride; and when the grey dawn was visible he rose, saying, "Farewell, for the present, father, I will come again."

"Yes," said the hermit, "thou wilt come again. Not as thou now art, but thou wilt surely come again."

"Dost thou then see so much darkness in my future that thou so certainly countest upon my return?"

"No," replied the sage, "I see in thine only what I see in that of others,—weariness of the world's best gifts, sickness, disappointment, and sorrow; and running through all, lessening the brightness and deepening the gloom, a vague, haunting dread of the unknown hereafter."

"Ten years from this I will come again," answered the youth. "Thy blessing, father, and now once more farewell."

Ten years! It seemed a long, long time to the young man as he dashed down the mountain steeps, yet when they had gone by, he said sadly, "Are they fled so soon?" The valley home was enlarged and decorated with the luxury of a palace. More heavily hung the vine branches over the high trellises, broader were the shadows of the mulberry and the pomegranate, wider the fields of grain, more numerous the

train of obsequious attendants. Wealth had accomplished its little all for the felicity of Ackla, yet true to his appointment, he again sought the mysterious cavern.

"I have expected thee many days, my son," said the hermit.

"Yes," answered Ackla, "I have come; wilt thou forget my former coldness, and indeed tell me of that other home?"

"Gladly, my son; but first tell me, said I not truly when I prophesied of the years thou hast left behind thee?"

"Aye, but too truly, father. Wealth came, and power, which open such bright prospect of accomplished good; but with them came base homage instead of friendship, envy and calumny, and perfidy unscrupulous of crime. Because all is wearisome, fleeting, and uncertain, I am here."

"And thy bride?"

"She weeps for her two buried prattlers, and with me asks only for the second and better life."

Then the hermit took a manuscript from its hiding place in the rock, and read of the risen Saviour. And the great want which had so long been gnawing at his hearer's heart was satisfied. Again at the early dawn he took leave of his teacher, and with the precious scroll in his bosom hastened back to the valley. Not content that the infinite glory should light up only his own dwelling, he went forth to impart of his new knowledge, and soon gathered from rural hamlets and neglected bye-paths, a little church of believers.

Once more Ackla sought the hermit's cell. The marks of care and suffering were thick and deep upon his brow, his figure had lost its robust development, and his foot its elastic tread. He needed sympathy, and kneeling before the sage, he laid his head upon his knee and wept. The old man remained silent, marking the white hairs which had mingled with the curls of glossy black, in the little time since his guest had last left him.

At last Ackla rose and said, "Pardon my weakness, father, but the hand of persecution lies heavily on my people, and my flock is scattered, I know not whither."

"And thy wife and child, the boy thou toldest me of, the heir to thy wealth and honours?"

"They have been taken from the evil to come. I mourned bitterly for them at first, but the pestilence is more merciful than

the fire, and I thank God that I alone am left to walk that terrible pathway."

The hermit looked up enquiringly.

"Yes," answered Ackla, "there have been many martyrs among my flock, and few days will have passed ere the shepherd will be stricken with the sheep."

"Syria is not all the world, my son, and the fury of the enemy will be at last appeased."

"Nay, father, but the teacher must suffer with the taught. For me, there is no way to my Master, but by the fagot and the flame."

The next morning the old man offered to accompany his guest. Many times Ackla entreated him to return, but in vain. His strength sustained by some lofty purpose did not falter. Now leaning on his staff, and now on his companion's arm, he lightened the toll of the descent by pleasant histories of his converts. As they neared the plain, however, he perceived a light wreath of smoke, which by degrees grew and deepened into a dense black column. He knew that at least one Syrian martyr was then passing upward to glory, and gradually turning to sacred topics he drew from his vast stores of divine truth, such fulness of instruction, such abundant consolation, such incentives to duty, such ground-work for hope, that Ackla divined his purpose, and pointing to the fearful signal, asked in a low choked voice, "Thou, also, my father?"

"Yes," said the hermit. "Many years ago I fled from a like fate. My faith is now stronger, my hope brighter, my spirit more obedient. If God so wills, we will die together."

When the sun on the next Sabbath flooded the earth with its golden rays, fierce lurid flames shot upward to meet him, and the breeze that followed played with the ashes of the hermit and his disciple, as it careered across the plain.

THE PRAYING BANKRUPT.

Some twenty-five years since, in a town of some maritime importance, there resided a deacon, who was engaged in lucrative business. Although of prudent habits, his benevolence led him to endorse largely for one who had won his confidence as a christian brother, but who afterwards proved to be a designing knave. This issued in the good deacon's failure, when, with scrupulous

integrity, everything that could be claimed by his creditors was given up. A winter of great severity and of general business depression followed. His wife and young children looked to him for a subsistence which he knew not how to furnish, as his most diligent efforts for employment were unsuccessful.

A debt incurred with no prospect of payment was in his estimation sin; and he sadly saw the little stock of provision they possessed rapidly diminishing, with no way to obtain more. He was a man of prayer as well as action, and carried the case to Him who feedeth the ravens. Yet long, weary weeks passed, and no succour came. At length the morning dawned when the last piece of coal was on the fire, and little Hatty told her father that the candles were all gone; "and how," asked she, "shall we take care of dear mamma to-night?"

The question went to the father's heart with dagger-like poignancy. The vision of his suffering wife gasping her life away in the last fearful stages of consumption, her comfortless sick-room, unwarmed, unlighted, and the thick darkness which he knew would enshroud her mind, when made aware of the extent of their destitution, would have driven him to distraction, were it not that he yet had hope in One mighty to save. He fled to his closet, and there in an agony of prayer besought the Lord for help; and, forgetting all other wants, pled and pled again for the two articles now specially needed, specifying them with reiterated earnestness. He arose from his knees in full assurance of faith and with heavenly tranquillity, and went forth expecting deliverance, looking for it, however, in but one way,—through his own earnings. But, after a fruitless day of seeking employment, gloomily he returned home.

He entered his gate, and was startled to see before him a generous pile of coals. Little Johnny opened the door, clapping his hands, exclaiming,—

"Oh, pa! we've got some coals and some candles!"

"But where did you get them? Are you sure they were not left here by mistake?"

"Oh, no, pa!" interrupted Hatty, "they were not left by mistake. A man knocked at the door with his whip, and when I opened it, he asked if you lived here. I told him you did. Then he said, Here are some candles and a load of coals for him."

"I asked him if you sent them; and he said, I rather think your pa don't know anything about it."

"Who did send them, then?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "I mustn't tell, but you may say to your father that they are a present."

But to what instrumentality they were indebted for the relief was a mystery. And what particularly interested Deacon P—— was the character of the anonymous presents, that the very things so much needed, and no others, should be sent; and he was sure he had mentioned his want of them to no human ear.

He questioned the children anew. They described the man who knocked at the door, the horse, and the truck he drove. A new thought struck him. "Why," said he, "that team belongs to my old enemy, Graff. Can it be possible he is the donor? If so, surely the finger of God has touched his heart." Deacon P—— was, however, so convinced that he was their benefactor, that he resolved on an immediate call on that gentleman.

But who was Mr. Graff?

Some years before, the sacredness of the Sabbath was openly violated by a brisk trade in fish. The hundreds of boatmen, sailors, and their friends, engaged in this desecration, were so potent in influence that nobody thought of risking interference. Deacon P——, though a man of peace, was also a man of moral courage. He determined to put a stop to the iniquity. His friends warned him that his life would be endangered, but at first alone, and afterwards with a brother deacon, he would take a walk along the wharfs of a Sabbath morning to ascertain who broke the laws by traffic on that day. Men swore at him like fiends, fired his dwelling at several different times, and at last "bound themselves with an oath" to kill him. Yet they feared his presence, and at his approach stores would be deserted of customers and closed with great celerity. This species of Sabbath-breaking was at length broken up, after various hair-breadth escapes on the part of Deacon P—— and his compatriot, the authorities being shamed into action by their fearless zeal.

The brutal drunkenness of the sailors, and the degradation and suffering of their families, with which Deacon P—— was in this enterprise brought into contact, opened his eyes to the evils of the liquor traffic; and,

turning over his Sabbath reform to the legal authorities, he became known as a temperance advocate. This also brought him enemies, sometimes changing even friends into foes. Distiller Graff was among the latter, from a warm friend becoming bitterly alienated. In vain did the grieved deacon strive to conciliate by explanation and personal kindness. Even the trifling civility of a bow was rudely unnoticed by Mr. Graff.

Deacon P—— entered the distillery of his old friend.

For the first time for years its proprietor looked up with a nod and smile of recognition. It was evident something unusual had softened his heart.

"I have called," said the deacon, "to ask if you can tell me who sent some coals and candles to my house to-day?"

"Yes, Sir, I sent them."

"You are very kind; but pray, tell me how you came to do so?"

"But first let me enquire if you really needed them?"

"Oh, I cannot express to you how much!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must explain," said Mr. Graff. "It's all very singular, and sometimes seems very foolish. This morning, about ten o'clock, as I was busy at my work, suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, 'Send some coals to Deacon P——; he is in want!' I was astonished. I could not believe you needed it. And I could not send it to you of all others. I tried to banish the thought, and went to work again more earnestly. But the voice,—it seemed within me,—said again, with painful distinctness, 'Send some coals to Deacon P——; he is in want!' I scouted the idea as weak and silly,—a mere phantasy of the brain; but it was of no use; I had to succumb. The more I ridiculed and fought it, the more vivid and irresistible was the impression, until to purchase peace, and in some awe, I confess, I bade John load his team with wood, and leave it at your door."

"For a moment I was at rest; but only for a moment. The imperative whisper came, 'Send some candles!' Said I to myself, This is too absurd; I will not gratify this whim. But again I was so beset with the mandate, and so distressed and baffled in repelling it, that as a cheap way to get out of torment, I handed John a package of candles also."

"This matter has been in my mind ever since. Sometimes I have thought it almost

a freak of insanity, and then again, such was the strange character of the impression, so unexpected, so solemn, and powerful, and such the singular peace following compliance with its dictates, that I almost believe it to be supernatural."

"It is indeed the doing of Him who is wonderful in working," replied Deacon P—. "It was about ten o'clock, I well remember, that I pled with God for the very articles you sent me. It was then, too, that my soul was filled with the conviction that my prayer was heard and relief would come."

Since hearing a venerated relative relate this incident in his own life, we have often wondered how the sceptic can dispose of such occurrences. While it would be presumption for the believer to expect to live by prayer alone, to be fed without his own co-operation, as was Elijah, yet are there not events happening all along the history of the church, in the experiences of individual members, to be accounted for only on the ground of a special Providence, regardless of the emergencies of the believing, suffering people of God? Surely, "light is sown for the righteous," and to them,

"The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope."

"LEFT!"—WHY?

This little word is suggestive of very melancholy reflections to every superintendent of a Sunday school. Whether it be found opposite to the name of a scholar or teacher, it makes us very sad.

With regard to Sunday school children we do not propose to say much of them. Some leave because the poor in large towns are continually changing their residence, and of course their children must go with them; some because they are led away by bad companions; others because they get tired of the teaching and the task. Our principal concern now is with the teachers, for whom this paper is directly designed, and opposite whose name from time to time this word is found.

"Left!" Why? Because the work was commenced in his own strength, and he very soon became tired. In this case the person entered unthinkingly into the responsible position of a Sunday school teacher; he did not think it required any particular exertion; it never occurred to him that for such a little work as teaching a few children, so awful an instrumentality

as the energy of the Holy Ghost was required; and so he soon found himself unequal to what he had undertaken, and dropped away. And what else are we to expect? We cannot hope that men will thrive apart from God, or that he will honour the toils or the intentions of any who do not put him in his proper place. As you commenced teaching without consulting the Lord, so you are very likely to leave off, also, without seeking what is his will; and, having put your hand to the plough, and not only looked back, but even left it altogether, is there not too much reason to fear that you will be pronounced "unfit for the kingdom of heaven"?

"Left!" Why? Because he grew tired of the sameness of his work. Sunday after Sunday there were the same dull and heavy boys. Very little progress did they make; very little variety was there in the school routine; our teacher first grew discontented, then tired, and at last he went away. And yet the children were not altogether so dull but that he might have not only succeeded in interesting them, but in interesting himself with them. Some of those boys have turned out very well under a teacher who took pains to bring out their faculties, who did not spare himself, for he had a right good heart for his work; but this teacher had neither patience nor energy, and so he left. And should these few lines meet the eyes of any one who is now beginning to get tired from any cause, I would entreat him to pause and reflect before he makes up his mind to leave his post. If a man gets tired of his profession, is that considered a sufficient reason for his leaving it? Does not the sheer force of necessity make many a man continue in a position which in itself he does not like? Want stares him in the face if he gives up his means of bread; and, forasmuch as employment for God is higher than any employment for self, can we suppose that so miserable an excuse will be accepted, that we have such a right over ourselves as to leave because we feel tired? Think, dear friends; you cannot surely intend, when God calls you to account for deserting his work, to tell him that you were tired of it! The bare thought of being obliged to make such an acknowledgment makes you instinctively shrink back; and yet if you leave because you are tired, you must say so,—you must speak the truth. What future anguish may be involved in the

record, in the simple Sunday school roll, of the little word, "Left!"

"Left!" Why? Because he was offended. Some of his class were moved up; he was not consulted in such and such an arrangement that was made; he thought that some one was put above him, and so his pride was hurt. And because of this he left; to gratify his own vanity he deserted his Lord's work, and by trying to make himself something, he became worse than nothing. It never struck such an one that the interests of the school were to be placed infinitely above all others, and especially above all personal considerations; that the Lord's people are in service, and should therefore think of their service, and not of themselves; that in the school as well as elsewhere, a christian must be content to take the lowest room. Think, dear reader, if you ever feel inclined to become a deserter on this account, how very sad a spectacle you must present in the sight of God. He sees you as one who prefers a position of honour amid his fellow-men, to one in the vineyard and the sight of the Most High; as one who would rather allow souls to perish, than abate one jot or tittle of his dignity; as one neither knowing nor practising the example of the humble Christ. What have we, as hard working men in the vineyard, to do with earthly honour, or earthly praise? If our work were of the world, or for it, then, indeed, there would be some sense in striving for a foremost place; but our work is not of the world, the world has nothing to do with it; to the future, and the future alone, should we look for position and reward, for then shall every man have praise of God. Never, then, think even for a single moment of deserting the army of the Lord, because your self-love, or your pride, or vanity, is wounded. Have you not received infinitely above your merits in being allowed to do anything for Christ at all? To leave for such a cause as this is to put self above Jesus, and the

gratification of one's vanity above the salvation of immortal souls; we can imagine few things more awful than for such a cause as this, to have written after any teacher's name this one word; "Left."

"Left!" why? Because he got married, and thought his wife had more claim upon him than God. Until he was married he was a most excellent and regular teacher; but after that, he first became irregular in the hour of attendance, then he was absent about once in three weeks, and then he "left." How can we hope to be blessed in our new relationships of life, if we allow them to make us less active for the Lord than we were before? Is there not too much reason to suppose that the Lord will reckon with us in the very quarter in which we sin, and that we shall have no real, no abiding blessing, in that which we are making a curse to ourselves, by allowing it to keep us from his work? We cannot forget what was said of one who made this very excuse—"I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

And thus we might go on, giving reason after reason for all these melancholy entries in the rolls of our Sunday schools; but we forbear. Let us earnestly hope that what we have said may help to keep some of our readers steady to their post and work, when the tempter comes and tries to tear or seduce them away. We would affectionately remind you, dear friends and fellow-labourers, that you are not your own, but bought with a price; that you possess no inherent power to discharge yourself from the warfare in which you have engaged; that it is he who endures to the end that can hope to receive the promised crown. We remind you, that however voluntary your work may be, your responsibilities are not voluntary, but are on you, whether you will or no; and we would pray you to take all this into account before you finally determine to have appended to your name, in the Sunday school roll, this word "Left!"

"The Freeman."

At the time we write we have not seen the first number of "The Freeman," which will, nevertheless, have been seen by most of our readers before this magazine reaches them. So much superior for quickness of communication is the weekly over the monthly press; though both have their part to fill, and it

would be wrong to neglect the one any more than the other. We trust the paper will have fulfilled all our expectations and those of our friends, though we must again caution them against expecting too much of *first numbers*. It is a matter of congratulation to us that so large an amount of support has been given to the project, and that at the time we write its prospects are so encouraging. From every direction we hear of the necessity that has long been felt of a journal that Baptists can call their own: not one conducted in a narrow sectarian spirit, against which the promoters have received many times repeated cautions; but one through which denominational intelligence may be conveyed, by which denominational institutions shall be aided, and which shall be the means of invigorating the spiritual and active life of the whole body. May "The Freeman" be and do all this! Many prayers have been presented at the throne of grace that it may be a power for good, and we know that it *will* be a power for good, if it becomes a power at all. Its present promoters would have nothing to do with it if it were to descend to petty squabbings, or if it needed for an existence to pander to a vitiated and debased taste. But it will not do this. It will be suffered to die rather. Once more we ask the help of our friends, in a scheme in which from the ~~first~~ we have taken the deepest interest, so that "The Freeman" may soon be placed on a firm footing, and so that its conductors may be enabled to prosecute their work with the vigour which can only be induced or justified by success.

Notices of Books.

INFIDELITY: ITS ASPECTS, CAUSES, AND AGENCIES. *The Evangelical Alliance Prize Essay.* By the REV. T. PEARSON. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co.

It is rather late in the day to notice a work which has already been circulated in thousands,—which has been read by persons amongst all classes, from the peer to the artisan, and which has been the means of producing a deep impression on many thoughtful minds. It is a complete exposition of Infidelity in its various aspects, stretching from Atheism on the one hand, to Spiritualism on the other; and there is no kind of Infidelity which it does not thoroughly analyse, and fully and ably overthrow. It is, besides, fair in its tone, and unexceptionable in its spirit. We should not fear to put it, as we should *some* works on the subject, into the hands of an Infidel. —Infidelity, to use a mercantile phrase, is just now rather below *par*. We never sympathised with the *fear* of it which disturbed many minds some time ago; but the bold and manly stand against it which has been

taken by christians of late,—that following it into its strongholds, and contending against it with its own weapons, which have characterised recent years,—have done more than anything to expose its weakness, and dissipate what was perhaps its growing power. Infidelity will never have a *dog* seating in the English mind: would that we could say the same of Indifferentism and Formalism!

GOD'S MATCHLESS LOVE TO A SINFUL WORLD: DISPLAYED IN SEVERAL SERMONS. By JOHN MOORE, of Northampton. First published in 1772. A New Edition. London: James Paul.

Those of our readers who are fond of something "savoury" will find this volume very much to their taste. It contains many good things, and is rich in scripture quotations and expositions. There are readers to whom it will be a treat. The editor says, that in his long ministerial life he has done what he can to "resuscitate old *Divinity*." "Modern things," he adds, "won't do for me." As having to do so

much with "modern things" ourselves, we can scarcely be expected to unite with him in this opinion. There is much in the old divines, including such men as "glorious John Howe," and Bunyan, and many more, that no one can read without increased vigour both of intellect and piety: and there are too many "modern things," no doubt, which are poor, feeble, and "twaddly." But it must be remembered that of the "old divines," most of the poor and feeble has long since gone the way of all poor and feeble things, while the good and strong only, for the most part, remain to us. We are disposed to think, that for vividness of illustration and vigour of thought, to say nothing of polish of style and adaptation to present circumstances and tendencies, modern divinity, by which we mean modern sermons, would compare favourably with the similar productions of any former age. Let us beware of thinking things good and great simply because they are old. We will not part with the great works of the "grand old masters" on the one hand: neither will we disparage the works of our own friends and brethren on the other. There are hundreds of sermons preached every Sunday,—aye, even in village pulpits, and by men unknown to fame,—that John Howe and John Bunyan would have listened to with delight and profit.

EXCELSIOR: HELPS TO PROGRESS IN RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE. Vol. 2. London: Nisbet & Co.

The second volume of this periodical well fulfils the promise of the first. It contains much beautiful writing, adapted to the more cultivated minds amongst us. It is just the

thing for our better educated and more thoughtful young men and women, and will help them in the attainment of higher views of divine truth and of human life and duty. The six volumes, which are to complete the series, will, if edited as well as the first, furnish a library for which many will have cause to thank the accomplished editor.

THE THREEFOLD CORD; OR, MUSINGS ON FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. By JAMES BUTTFIELD. Pp. 144. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This little volume, as is intimated in its title, consists of three poems on the three cardinal virtues of Christianity. We cannot say much for the poetry, which is rather too prosaic for our taste: it is, in fact, prose put into rhyme: but the prose would be very good; and it will be read at least for the spirit which it breathes, and the pleasing sentiments it expresses. The writer, who is evidently a modest man, deserves commendation for his effort to extend the practice of virtues, the value of which he has himself experienced, and the power of which he has evidently felt.

TWO ROADS TO HEAVEN; OR, THE OLD ROAD, AND THE NEW AND LIVING WAY. By HUGH ANDERSON. Pp. 32. London: W. Allen, Paternoster Row.

A very forcibly-written little tract, calculated to give clear views of Gospel truth, and adapted to impress that truth upon the mind and heart. The Religious Tract Society could not do better than get the excellent writer's permission to print and circulate it in thousands over the land.

A Page for the Young.

LUCY, THE CHILD-MISSIONARY.
CHAPTER II.

The Christmas I have told about was my first and last with cousin Lucy; and since then I have seen many more, but none happier or so fraught with gentle influences as was that one long bright holiday.

When spring came, we planted a beautiful little flower garden in the midst of grandpa's, and in this small enclosure were gathered the prettiest and choicest varieties which we could find. Grandpa built us, too, a fine and substantial swing, and we

would sometimes, accompanied by some older person, take a lovely sail on the beautiful river which ran directly through Whitefield. Once that stream had for me a thousand charms, both on account of its own beauty, and for the delight which had often filled my heart as I sailed on its beautiful bosom; but now, even to this day, I cannot look upon it with just that pleasure, and why, I am going to tell you.

One afternoon in the heat of July, accompanied by our man-servant, Tom, we prepared for our usual sail. By some ac-

cident, the boat upset, and, although we all escaped drowning, Lucy took a severe cold, from which she never recovered; yet she lived until the leaves fell in autumn, and these seemed to me then, just like my dry and withered heart.

When Lucy had recovered her senses, her lips moved for a short time in prayer, and it [was then that I remembered that God alone had preserved our lives, and that I should thank him, too, for his great and undeserved mercy.

Weeks passed on, and Lucy was able after a while to walk about a little, but this exercise was soon denied her, and to sit up in bed with her head resting on pillows, was all the position which she could comfortably take.

One afternoon, near the close of summer, as I stood by her bed-side, I thought and thought about her dying, till the large tears dropped on her pillow, and were gently wiped from my cheeks with her own emaciated hands.

"Charles," said she, "don't cry because the doctor says I cannot live, for I am going home, and my mother used often to tell me that the christian had no home on earth, but that this life was only a traveller's road to the next."

Just as she said this, the door opened, and her father, who had himself been confined for two months with severe illness, arrived. He was accompanied by my cousins—both strangers to me—and feeling like an intruder, I made my escape from their presence to weep alone. As I sat on the stairs with my face buried in my hands, some one touched me; I looked up, and saw that it was my aunt Milly.

"Charles," said she, "you must try to be cheerful now, for the sake of others. Jack Jones is waiting to see you in the kitchen; go and hear what he wishes to say, and if he asks to speak with Lucy, tell him she is tired now, that her friends have just come, and that she will see him in the morning."

Judge of my surprise, children, on entering the kitchen to see—not a dirty, ragged, forsaken-looking boy, but Jack Jones, respectably dressed, and by his side a large Newfoundland dog, so like my own Carlo, whose body I had buried under "the old elm tree," with sobs and tears, that I could hardly be sure that his death was not all a dream.

"Charles," said he, "here's another dog for you, as much like your own as two

peas, and since your cousin Lucy has been so kind to me I've been sorry enough that I killed the other; and it wasn't really right, but I thought you acted proud and ugly, and I meant to pay you off for it. How's Lucy? Can't I speak to her?"

While Jack Jones had been talking, I stood petrified with astonishment, and when he had finished, I could scarcely speak, but at last my thoughts found utterance.

"That's a noble dog, Jack, and I thank you for him; but really I never expected a return, and although I thought at the time that you were very unkind, I have since almost forgiven you in my heart, but not quite, for every time I passed the 'elm tree,' I could not help wishing that he was back again, and feeling sorry that you killed him. Perhaps this one will make you happier now than it ever will me, for if Lucy dies I shan't care for anything else that."

"No, take him, Charles, for in a few months I am going to sea, and may very soon go to the bottom, so he'd better stay on land."

"Oh, don't talk so, Jack,—don't speak so lightly of death, when it seems to me such a dreadful thing to die."

"Because you've got plenty of friends, and a good home to leave when your time comes; but no one cares for me except Lucy."

As he said this, a large tear fell on his cheeks, which he quickly brushed off with his coat-sleeve.

"Lucy would like to see you in the morning, Jack; but now her friends have just come, and she feels tired."

Jack made no reply, but giving the dog orders to "lie down," he hastily quitted the house.

This dog's name was *Bosc*, and I was not sorry, for Carlo had his own place in my heart, and I did not care to have this filled by a stranger, much as I might love him.

My new friend diverted my mind from its sad thoughts, and hearing the voices of my cousins, Robert and Mary, approaching, I called out to them to come and admire my dog. They were both some years younger than myself, and evidently did not realise what was before them, so that while a burden oppressed me, I tried to shake it off with efforts to amuse them.

The next morning as soon as I could obtain an interview with Lucy, I told her of

Jack Jones's present, and of his altered appearance, how kindly he had spoken of her, and how much he appreciated her love.

"When I am gone, Charles," said she; and her face was suffused with joy, "I want you to be the firm friend of Jack. Follow him, even if the boys laugh at you for doing it, with every possible kindness; they have friends enough, and do not know what it is to be left an orphan and friendless in the wide, wide world; but Jack does; and then, Charles, if we meet in heaven, as I trust we shall"—here emotion almost choked her utterance, as she faintly added, "I hope Jack will be there too."

Perceiving her excitement I hastily withdrew, to give vent to my own feelings, and as I passed out of the door, met Jack Jones, who, with aunt Milly's permission, was just going in.

What passed between them, then, I have never heard, yet doubt not that Lucy spoke many words of instruction, hope, and comfort, for that almost friendless and forsaken boy.

I had often read in my Bible about that glorious place called heaven, and that there God himself lived to receive and comfort all those who pass through sufferings and trials in this world, that they may be made honourable and glorious there. Still I did not bid these great and comforting truths a hearty welcome, until Lucy spoke of them as the foundation of all her peace and joy; and now as my steps are growing feeble with age, and the windows of my clay tabernacle are darkened, that once far-off country is drawing nigh, with its brilliant walls, its golden streets, and crystal gates; but above all, its loving, pitying Redeemer, no longer a Judge, but a Friend.

When Robert had been with us for some weeks, the leaves on the forest trees no longer looked green, but had changed their summer hues for rich autumnal colours; and while the squirrels were hopping gaily about among their branches, as if they enjoyed the change, and our own home looked more cheerful because Lucy seemed to be reviving, my cousin and myself prepared for a day's enjoyment in the woods. We set out in fine spirits, after kissing Lucy, and promising to bring home some red berries and gay leaves, for her gratification and amusement in forming them, together with running-pine, into beautiful wreaths.

The sun shone brightly, and as we passed out at the garden-gate, we met with farmer Scott's cart. The driver was a good-natured man, and gave us leave to jump in. He was going to a village a few miles beyond, and as this would take us far on the road to Grey's woods, we eagerly availed ourselves of his kindness. In a basket at our feet lay two or three beautiful lambs, with snowy fleeces, and I whispered to Robert that I wished that I had one of these to carry to Lucy. I thought how much she would like one with a blue ribbon about its neck, to play with, when she felt able, but I did not know that the owner heard me until as we were getting off the cart, he said that if we would meet him, when he was going home at night, at a certain time and place, I should have one of the lambs for Lucy. My heart bounded with joy, and I thanked him many times for a kindness which I had not even thought of asking.

When we reached the village where our conductor was to stop for the day, Robert and I jumped off, and after looking about a little, and visiting a paper-mill in its vicinity, we struck off in the direction of Grey's woods, which, on reaching, we found to contain more boys, seeking for pleasure, than I had at all anticipated. On this account I was not sorry; for Robert was too young to enjoy or appreciate all that I could, and according to the old saying, I thought, "The more the merrier." Yet while all around me were full of life, business, and fun, there was still on my heart a weight which seemed like the presentiment of coming evil. I remembered, too, the last happy spring-time, when Lucy and I watched the leaves as they put forth, and the flowers as they sprang up and blossomed; and how she said once, that as they died in autumn to be renewed in the spring, so she and I must one day be planted to grow up again in God's great spring-time, the end of the world. Her mother had taught her this resurrection truth, and she had dwelt upon its reality and beauty until death seemed as natural an event to her as the decay of the flower, or as the coming of some long, quiet sleep to the expectant labourer, who looks for renewed vigour in the morning.

"Charles Gregory, what do you sit there moping for? come and eat your dinner," said several voices to me as I reclined, buried in thought, on a moss-grown stone,

and quite apart from my companions. Startled from my reverie, I saw in the distance an abundance of eatables, and eagerly approached to assist in their disposal.

After dinner, we went to look for squirrels, and at last secured two. In our joy at becoming their possessors, we perhaps forgot too much their natural love of freedom, and did not stop to enquire whether their home in the woods, among green trees and sheltered from ruthless hands, was not far preferable to captivity within bars and fences.

Soon there arose a dispute as to whose personal property they should eventually become, and at last this question was decided by lot; but neither of the squirrels falling to Robert or myself, we, of course, yielded up all claim to their possession, and began to look about for red berries and beautiful leaves with which to gratify Lucy.

This being done, we set out to meet farmer Scott's cart, and arrived in time to receive the lamb, and enjoy a ride back to Whitefield.

When we arrived there, we found Lucy worse. She was never able to thank us for her beautiful lamb; yet what she did not say she looked, and her appreciating smile assured us of the pleasure which she felt in being thus kindly and tenderly remembered.

At last the hour came when death was to finish his awful work. But her own was done. She had been one of Jesus' family in this world, and she knew that he would care for her, when that poor wasted body had returned to dust.

Her lamb lay asleep on its bed of down, and as she laid her hands on its little head for the last time, she spoke of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world for guilty sinners like herself.

"Ah!" said I, "Lucy, if you are a guilty sinner, what am I?"

"One whom He died to save, Charles, and, oh, do not forget his love to you and to us all."

The little treasures which had been dear to her in life were all disposed of to those poor children who she thought had few friends, and to Jack Jones she gave her purse, with the considerable sum which she had saved out of her weekly allowance.

When the throes of death came on, I could not bear the sight, and rushed wildly from the room, with exclamations of distress.

I had never seen any one die before, and when I saw one whom I loved, trembling beneath its icy and cruel touch, my heart rebelled against His will, who has suffered "death to pass on all men," because all have sinned, and who has also brought life and immortality to light through the gospel of his Son.

In the midst of my distress, I heard a sweet, clear voice, singing in a low tone. Startled, I listened, for I knew it was aunt Milly's, and I wondered how she could sing, even hymns, at such a time; but I afterwards learned that Lucy had requested that some one, in her last moments, might sing her favourite hymn,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave."

Quieted by this soft, sweet music, coming as it did from the chamber of death, I felt a desire to receive one more expression of Lucy's recognition, but going toward her room for that purpose, I heard them say, "She is at rest." Yes, Lucy, thou hadst at last reached thy spirit-home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are indeed at rest!

In my grandfather's house, the best parlour was open only on special occasions, but a large room opposite it answered as a usual place of reception both for family and friends. This was now occupied with those who came in or went out, to make enquiries, or to assist in preparing Lucy's body for its last earthly resting-place. When this was done, the closed, dark room was opened, and on two low stools they rested the coffin of my cousin. Oh, how I shuddered at that white dress, and those fixed features, which could never again relax into a loving smile for me, which could never with their glad expression approve me when I had done right, or be clouded with grief when I had done or suffered wrong.

Poor Bess, by that strange instinct which dogs so wonderfully exhibit, pined and grieved, and refused the food which was offered him, again and again, while he

would lie for hours beside me, occasionally looking into my face with an expression of real sympathy, as if he knew what I had lost.

Mary and Robert seemed deeply grieved at first, but after the dying scene, with its cries of distress, was past, the bustle around them seemed to divert their thoughts, and even Aunt Milly moved about with her accustomed self-possession and a look of quiet joy and submission which made me greatly wonder. And at this day, as I look back upon the years of my youth passed beneath her watchful eye, and where I could scan her daily life, I can account for her remarkable demeanour only by saying that she had a heart full of love to God and to her fellow-men, and thus entire submission of mind

to that unerring Wisdom which "doeth all things well."

I saw that narrow coffin lowered into its grave, and heard breaking on the stillness those beautiful words of our Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

When the winter had past and the spring time came again, my heart had grown lighter, and while Bose watched our movements and wagged his tail approvingly, Jack Jones and myself planted beautiful flowers above Lucy's grave, believing that if God renewed the flowers, and could animate decayed nature by his almighty word, he would call Lucy forth in his own blessed time to die no more!

Miscellaneous.

LOOK AROUND YOU AND SING.—Think not that your mercies lie wholly either in the past or future, Look around you. Even to the suffering saint the present is fragrant with love, and he can sing in the house of his pilgrimage,—

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

In respect to earthly things, have you not, day by day, food and raiment? This was St. Paul's standard of sufficiency and content. "What!" said a poor aged saint, with her crust of bread, "what! all this, and Christ besides?" And when once set upon the task, the ingenuity of a grateful heart finds manifold love-tokens, besides a bare subsistence; the alleviations of medical skill in suffering, the affectionate attendance of friends who are near, the prayerful remembrance of those far away, the welcome ministrations of fellow christians, who remember the word, "Sick, and ye visited me." These things, the gifts of Jesus, and Jesus himself beside! For the gospel treasures you possess are not only the title-deeds of a future inheritance, but precious and present realities. You daily feed on Christ by faith; you live upon his dying love; you now lean upon him and find rest; you look to him and are comforted. Thus it was that the prophet Jeremiah, in his piteous lamentations, broke out into praise: "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning." These fresh, unfailing mercies are yours. It was after the patriarch Jacob had seen in a vision the close connexion betwixt heaven and earth, that he made that vow of singular sobriety and faith, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give

me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God." The christian needs no more, if only he have God for his friend, a sufficiency for his wants, and a safe arrival at his Father's house in peace.—*Bickersteth.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Many say the Lord's prayer that do not pray it; they, like Austin, before his conversion, when he prayed for chastity, are afraid lest God should hear them; they do not care that God should say, Amen, or, So be it, though they themselves will say so. They say, "Our Father," but if he be their Father, where is his honour? They say, "Which art in heaven," but did they believe it, how durst they sin as they do upon earth? They say, "Hallowed be thy name," yet take God's name in vain. They say, "Thy kingdom come," yet oppose the coming of his kingdom. They say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," yet will not stand to their words; for this is the will of God,—their sanctification; but they want none of that. They say, "Give us this day our daily bread," yet mind not the feeding of their souls with "the bread which came down from heaven." They say, "Forgive us, as we forgive others," but, alas, if God should take them at their word, how undone were they whose hearts burn with malice and revenge. They say, "Lead us not into temptation," yet run into it, and tempt Satan himself to tempt them. They say, "Deliver us from evil," and yet deliver themselves to evil, and give themselves up to "fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Yea, it hath been observed, that they sin most against this prayer who stickle most for the saying of it. Reader, how often hast thou been guilty of such

vain petitions and repetitions? Wonder not, if thou prayest in such a manner as this, that thou receivest nothing. Labour to get a deep sense of the majesty of God, and of his mercy, upon the mind, that thy prayers may be fervent and earnest, and God will bless thee.

"Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee."

SWEET THOUGHTS.—How sweet the thought that Jesus sympathises with all our joys and sorrows! The great demand of human nature is the demand for sympathy. Men must have it, or they cannot be happy, however extensive their possessions, or high their rank. But how little sympathy is to be found among men! How precious the thought that our Saviour sympathises with every joy and every sorrow! Christians, do you sometimes feel that you are alone, and that there are none who care for you? You are mistaken. You forget that Jesus is ever by your side; that he approves every innocent smile, and notices every falling tear, and feels for you a love and sympathy that no finite mind can measure. How sweet the thought that God reigns! The nations are perplexed and troubled, the foundations of the earth are out of course, the wisdom seems to be of no avail, and the strong man is a child; still we can look upon the troubled scene without fear, for God reigns. Amid all the confusion and uproar, his counsel shall stand, and he shall do all his pleasure. Not only is he the Governor of the nations, but he governs and directs in all matters pertaining to our individual interest. Not a hair of our heads falls to the ground without his notice, and the resources of Omnipotence are pledged to cause all things to work together for our good. How sweet the thought that death is going home! He who has been an exile in a strange land, rejoices at the sight of a vessel which is to bear him to his native shores, where he shall again enter the paternal mansion, and receive the welcome of loved ones there. Death rightly viewed, is the messenger who is to conduct us to our home in heaven, where brethren who have gone before us are waiting to welcome us,—where Jesus is, who has gone to prepare a mansion for us. How sweet the thought, in a few years

more, perhaps in a few days, I shall be safe in heaven!

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.—

"There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and waiting, listen—
Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own."

Why weepst thou, fond parent, over the precious remains of thy darling infant? Why dost thou shrink from the thought that it must soon rest beneath the sod? Thinkest thou that this is the last that thou shalt ever see of thy darling treasure? Seest thou not by the eye of faith, that brighter world, where the pure spirit, transported by the holy angels, will ever dwell, where it will raise unceasingly the songs of joy and praise? Then why dost thou bow thy head, and in bitterness of heart pour out the soul in grief, sobs and lamentations! Listen! heardest thou not that anthem which echoes through the high arches of heaven? Heardest thou not the voice of thy treasure, mingling with the holy angels? What greater joy canst thou ask than to have thy lovely flower thus early transplanted to the garden of Paradise? Dry thy tears, and with joy yield up the beauteous casket, for the gem that filled it sparkles in the heavenly Jerusalem.

GLORIFYING GOD IN AFFLICTION.—Perchance it may be with you the season of trial, the chamber of protracted sickness, the time of desolating bereavement, some furnace seven times heated. Herein you may sweetly glorify your God. Never is your Heavenly Father more glorified by His children on earth, than when, in the midst of these furnace-fires, He listens to nothing but the gentle breathings of confiding faith and love,—“Let Him do what seemeth good unto him.” Yea, you can there glorify Him in a way which angels cannot do in a world where no trial is. They can glorify God only with the *crowns*; you can glorify Him with the *cross* and the prospect of the *crowns* together! Ah, if He be dealing severely with you,—if He, as the Great Husbandman, be pruning His vines, lopping their boughs, stripping off their luxuriant branches and “beautiful rods!”—remember the end!—“He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit,” and “*herein* is my Father glorified!” Be it yours to lie passive in his hands, saying, Father, glorify Thy name!

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

But one subject continues to occupy the national mind, nor can it well be otherwise. Our feelings of humanity, our desire for justice between the nations, our hatred of an accursed and ambitious despotism, our sympathies with the down-trodden, and our hopes for the ultimate advance of European freedom, all combine with a feeling of

national honour, also to stir up the heart of the nation to its utmost depths. It ought to be so. We undertook to repel the aggressor on the peace of Europe, and to lessen his future means of disturbing it, to take a “material guarantee” against a convicted robber;—it was a grave responsibility, and the success of our efforts must be a subject to us of overwhelming interest.

In the language of Prince Menschikoff, "there is nothing new at Sebastopol." The allies, indeed, can do nothing during the winter but maintain their position, and, as the weather permits, gradually advance their works. They are now very close to the town, and their policy seems to be to prepare for a tremendous cannonade and bombardment, and then to carry it by assault. The most painful part of the story is the proved incapacity of our administration. It is heart-rending to think that the utter incompetency of the war administration in England has destroyed more soldiers than the guns of the Russians. Those connexions of the aristocracy who crowd three or four independent war departments, and their titled superiors in the ministry, are all alike unacquainted with business, mere men of the desk and routine, of the opera and the turf; and such is their management, or rather mismanagement, that nothing is foreseen which every man of business habits would foresee; that urgent clamours come home for good clothing and shelter, for nurses, doctors, and hospitals,—and then when at any cost whole cargoes are sent off, the ships are wrecked for want of the commonest prudence, and the ports crowded with all our poor shivering, dying soldiers want but seven miles off, while they cannot get their cargoes landed, and what is landed lies spoiling on the shore. There is no one at home competent to provide supplies, no one when they arrive there too late to arrange for getting them to the camp. We might fill pages with details of the most inexcusable blundering,—blundering resulting in the homicide of thousands of our brave fellows, and all due to our aristocratical system pervading, as it does, the army and the navy, and its management at home. At the time we write, the news is announced that Lord John Russell has retired from the ministry. Whether his retirement arises, as it probably does, from differences with his colleagues on the conduct of the war, will be known to our readers before this reaches them.

At one time it was thought there was some prospect of peace, and that Russia had accepted the allied interpretation of the "four points." These hopes, we are sorry to say, are nearly gone,—sorry, did we say, we might change the word to thankful,—since we feel quite certain that Russia was merely plotting to stop the vigour of our measures, and then to turn upon us afresh. Austria seems more likely to be driven into action, at last, but we have not the slightest faith in her. Selfish, cowardly, perjured, with no sense of honour, though plenty of pride, what can be hoped from such an ally? Our ministers appear to have obtained no foreign mercenaries yet; and the Foreign Enlistment Bill appears likely to be, therefore, a failure. The most interesting fact, perhaps, since our last, is the adhesion of Piedmont to the alliance, and her readiness to place fifteen thousand men at the disposal of our Commander-in-

Chief. Piedmont has been steadily and successfully imitating our constitutional policy; is now engaged in putting her clergy into their proper places; and is, perhaps, the most really free State on the continent of Europe. She stands in noble contrast now with the meanness of Prussia especially, and of all Germany.

INSKIP, NEAR PRESTON.

A public recognition service and tea meeting took place at Inskip on Tuesday, January 2nd., in token of the settlement of the Rev. J. Compton as pastor of the church in that place. The Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, put the usual questions to the church and the pastor. Mr. John Catterall, the senior deacon, satisfactorily replied on behalf of the church. Mr. Compton then detailed the circumstances of his conversion and call to the ministry, and stated his views of the leading points of christian belief; after which Mr. Williams offered the recognition prayer. The Rev. W. Walters, of Halifax, then delivered an impressive and affectionate charge to the pastor, and the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, preached a sermon of characteristic excellence to the people. In the evening, upwards of three hundred and seventy persons partook of a social tea, and a very crowded public meeting followed, over which the newly recognised minister was called to preside. Effective addresses were given by Mr. Williams, Mr. Walters, Mr. Brown, Mr. Catterall, of Inskip, and Mr. Lamb, of Preston.

PITHAY, BRISTOL.

On Monday, the 8th of January, the members and friends of the Pithay Chapel, Bristol, held a tea meeting, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the Rev. E. Probert's ministry in that place, when upwards of six hundred were present. After tea, H. O. Wills, Esq., occupied the chair. The Rev. B. Nicholson having offered prayer, Mr. B. Pratten, senior deacon, presented to Mr. Probert, on behalf of the church, several valuable works, as a token of their affectionate esteem, and appreciation of his earnest labours for their good: Kitto's Pictorial Bible, Scott's Commentary, Christian Cyclopædia, T. Watson's, Howe's, Foster's, and Fuller's Works, and Rogers's Essays. The Rev. E. Probert having acknowledged the present, addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. S. Pearsall, J. Jack, F. Bosworth, J. A. Pratt, T. Jenkins, N. Haycroft, R. Morris, and H. Clark.

ROADS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

On the 1st of January, 1855, services were held in the Baptist meeting-house, in the above village, for the purpose of recognising the Rev. W. Sutton (late of Bythorn, Hunts), as the pastor of the church assembling in that place. In the afternoon, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, from the words, "Rejoicing in hope." After the service, between two and three hundred friends took tea; and in the evening, a public meeting was held, in which the Revs.

J. P. Haddy, of Ravensthorpe; T. Lea, of Moulton; J. Litchfield, of Kingsthorpe; J. Pywell, of Northampton; T. Marriott, of Milton; and Mr. Sutton, took part.

PARADISE CHAPEL, CHELSEA.

On Wednesday evening, January 3rd, 1855, a social meeting of the church and congregation connected with the above place of worship was held, when addresses on the importance of christian efforts, and kindred topics, were delivered by Messrs. Whimper, Stagall, Robinson, and Ash. Mr. Gusterson, the senior deacon of the church, presented the pastor, the Rev. T. J. Cole, with a purse and its contents, as a small token of the esteem and christian affection of the people of his charge.

HALIFAX.

An elegant General Baptist Chapel, in the modern style, has been opened at Halifax. The opening services were on the 21st, 24th, and 31st of December, concluded by a tea meeting on the 1st of January, 1855. The chapel has been erected under the superintendence, and to the credit, of Mr. J. Simpson, architect, Leeds. Collections at the opening have amounted, with some subsequent donations, to the noble sum of £230.

NEW PARK STREET, LONDON.

New Park Street Chapel being closed for enlargement, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach in the large room, Exeter Hall, Strand, on February 11th, and seven following Lord's days. Services, a quarter before eleven, and half-past six.

DARLINGTON.

Mr. J. Green, son of the late Rev. John Green, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Darlington, to become their pastor, and commenced his stated labours there on the second Sabbath in December.

WINCHCOMBE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The members and friends in this town having repaired the Baptist Chapel, have invited the Rev. Robert Grace, of Harpole, to become their pastor. Mr. Grace has accepted their cordial invitation, and entered on his engagements the third Sabbath in January.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

At the annual tea meeting of the English Baptist church, held January 4th, an elegant purse, containing twenty guineas, was presented to the pastor, Rev. W. Altheson, as a mark, on the part of the church and congregation, of their regard and esteem.

SMARTON, KENT.

On December 31st, 1854, the Baptist church at Smarton, presented the pastor, the Rev. William Syckelmores, with a purse containing £10, as a token of their love and esteem for him. Mr. Syckelmores is now in the eighteenth year of his pastorate.

HOUGHTON REGIS, BEDS.

The Rev. J. Lewes, formerly of Darlington,

Durham, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at the above place, and has commenced his labours with encouraging prospects of success.

Obituary.

THE REV. C. NEW.

Died, on Lord's-day evening, Jan. 7th, 1855, the Rev. Chas. New, Baptist minister, of Penzance, Cornwall. The event was very sudden. The congregation worshipping at the Clarence Street Baptist Chapel had assembled, and the hour appointed for the commencement of service had only been passed by a minute or two, when the startling intelligence went round that Mr. New had unexpectedly breathed his last. On some of his friends hastening to his residence, they found him sitting in an easy, reclining posture in the arm-chair of his study; the book he had last perused lying open on its face, as if laid down for a moment while its possessor thought,—a cup which had been removed by him from the tea-table an hour previously, emptied of tea it contained, also on the table,—his head a little reclined over the left shoulder, and, though still warm, and looking placid as if in repose, quite dead.

For some years Mr. New had been in a declining state of health. During the week he had been under the care of his medical attendant. But on the Sunday morning he preached. In the afternoon he retired to his study, and at four o'clock partook of tea, taking a cup of tea with him to his study. Mrs. New was about to put one of her children to bed, and entered the study to allow the child to wish its father "good night," when the reverend gentleman was found in his chair as stated. The summons had not reached him unprepared, and this is the only, while it is the best, consolation of his bereaved widow and children, of his afflicted friends.

THE REV. C. E. BIRT, M.A.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. C. E. Birt, M.A., of Warrington. The event occurred on the 13th December last, after confinement to the house, from cessation of ministerial engagements, about three weeks. Although the friends were not prepared for so speedy a separation, it had been painfully evident that the health of this valued servant of God was gradually declining for some years prior to his removal. Mr. Birt had been in the ministry for about thirty-eight years, the last ten of which were spent at Warrington. He had successively laboured at Dulwich, Portsea, and Bristol. Through his labours many have been converted to God. For many years his name has appeared as a member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society; and it would be difficult to find a more zealous and steady friend to that Society, and a more earnest advocate of missions in general. By the death the church of Christ has lost a valued and honoured minister, and the regret at his departure will be great and extensive.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

MARCH, 1855.

ELIJAH ON HOREB.

BY DR. FRIEDR. STRAUSS.*

1 Kings xix. 4—18.

The narrative of these verses leads us into the desert of Arabia. Let us follow. In that lonely and simple region of nature our heart will be nearer to itself. Its frailties and its sins will become more distinctly visible. Those who falsely accuse us, and those who still more falsely excuse us, are afar. With itself and with the Lord it is alone; and thus what it is in itself, and what the Lord works in it, will be shown to us more clearly. Let us, then, withdraw for a moment from the busy throng, from the haunts of men and the pressure of artificial life, and follow a man of God into the still and silent wilderness, and there learn what the Lord teaches him. It is the lesson we also require to be taught—the *operation of the Word of God*—which always begins by turning our wisdom to shame, and then, by revealing its own mysterious nature, calling forth a new activity in us.

The man whom we now follow in the most important journey of his life, is the terrible Elijah of Thisbe, the prophet with the rough hide over his shoulders, and the leathern girdle about his loins, who, through half a century, had been known and feared by the people, from the king to the child. The father of the prophets we cannot call him, but the prince of the prophets he may well be styled; for in no one did the power and energy of the Divine Master shine more conspicuous. Truly there was need of it in his day. Scarcely had the kingdom of Israel stood a hundred years, when already the circle of her apostacy was complete. Ahab, the worst of the kings who had sat on Jeroboam's throne, the husband of the imperious Jezebel, had suddenly taken the unhappy step from the image-worship of Dan and Bethel to undisguised idolatry. On all the heights of that mountainous country altars to Baal were raised, all the highways of the plain swarmed with priests of the sun and moon, and in every place flowed the blood of the prophets of Jehovah. Then the Lord stirred up Elijah of Thisbe to declare, by testimony and by miracle, that he alone was God, and all the idols nothing. Early had the prophet predicted a famine of several years' continuance, and now it is come. But while the widow of Sarepta, though a heathen, recognized in Elijah the prophet of Jehovah, the people remained in darkness and impenitence. Their distress was now at its height, when Elijah summoned Ahab and eight hun-

* A Translation of a Sermon preached on Lord's-day, 22nd of February, 1824, by Dr. Friedr. Strauss, Court Chaplain and Preacher in the Chapel-royal of the King of Prussia.

dred and fifty idol-priests to the summit of the ever-verdant Carmel. Fire from heaven consumed the offering of the prophet, while Baal could neither hear his halting and self-tormenting priests, or avenge their blood which stained the Kishon, flowing at the foot of the mount. Then fell a reviving rain on the parched ground, and suddenly was the calamity removed. Still, neither Ahab nor his people recognized the hand of the Lord, but went after their idols again. All, it seems, was in vain; and Jezebel sought with eagerness to avenge on Elijah the blood of the priests of Baal.

In those circumstances our text presents him to us. Hopeless over the stubbornness of the people, which could not be subdued by such a miracle, he betook himself to flight, and hastened into the kingdom of Judah towards Beersheba. This was on the border of that terrible wilderness, in which rugged rocks project themselves from the soil, naked sand-hills arise and are dissipated, the forked lightning plays, distant thunder rolls, and the deadly storm-wind roars. Thither he hastened, for what he saw there was a faithful picture of his inward feelings. Like the distant thunder growled his swelling heart; like the death-bearing tempest raged the resultless passions of his soul; and as that naked sand-hill is torn up, borne aloft in a moment, and then dashed upon another, so his thoughts tower over each other, now are bent upon some new enterprise, and now fall into hateful inactivity. In this distracted state he throws himself under a juniper bush: "It is enough," he cries in his unbelief; "now, Lord, take my soul; I am not better than my fathers." Doubtless it was unbelief, but an unbelief such as only exists in noble souls. Heart-felt pity for the calamities of their brethren,—clearest perception that nothing but their sins had precipitated their ruin,—ardent impulses to deliver and to bless them, have they had; all that could be done on their behalf, by word and deed, they have done; but though for them they have sacrificed time, talents, and property, they see that there is no improvement. Alas! they anticipated with certainty the reward, the enjoyment, of the fruit of their labour; with this they flattered themselves, and amid their toils and privations this kept their spirits up. But what they aimed at is not attained. They are self-deceived. Instead of humbling themselves before the Lord, they roll the blame on another; intense affection becomes hatred, and unwearied activity becomes hopeless inaction. Behold, ye philanthropists, ye cumbered sages and teachers, ye self-sacrificing leaders, your image in the hour of depression here! But it is the image not only of your sharpest smart, but also of your unbelief and self-dependence, which only in the failure of all your hopes becomes obvious to you. We also, as well as you, see our image here, all we who have been in earnest with our own reformation, who have striven with glowing resolution to be virtuous, who have resorted to many self-sacrifices, and made countless struggles, yet perceived in the end that we had made no advance, and had arrived neither at true peace nor unblemished virtue. Was it not with us, in those dark moments, as it was with Elijah in the wilderness? What he desired for his people we desired for ourselves, and what he did for his people had we done for ourselves, and now—no result. "It is enough, Lord," we exclaim, "let us no longer live." We think to attain that with despairing rashness which we could not reach with hopeful earnestness; and in the lowering thunderstorm of our soul, our former zeal, resolution, and struggles, become almost ridiculous to us. Yet there have we learned, and there may every one learn, that this frame of mind is still under the guidance of an eternal and pitying Love. Elijah, overcome with disappointment and chagrin, fell asleep. His own strength, his human energy, must appear in all their

nothingness, and his own wisdom be brought to shame, for that is the first operation of the Divine Word, and in such a manner a sense of need is always the first beginning of salvation. Human energy, thus we see, conducts not to its object, and, therefore, must be laid aside.

The angel of the Lord called twice on Elijah, bade him eat and drink, and strengthened him to take a distant journey. Elijah obeyed. Forty days and forty nights wandered he on through many a byway, and fell on many a false track, in which he recognized a likeness to the former byways and wanderings of his own spiritual impulses; yet through them all he reaches Horeb, that holy spot in the desert, at which, six hundred years before, the Lord spoke to Moses out of the burning bush; in the vicinity of which, amid the sound of the trumpet, and the thunder's roar, the law was given; and, standing on the summit of which, Moses, with outstretched arm, smote Amelek below. Elijah had erred, both on life's journey and on his desert road, but he had erred unwittingly, and by such errors the Lord overrules his wanderers, and brings them at last to their Horeb.

In one of the many hollows of the mountain, the weary wanderer lays himself down to rest, before whose spirit, while asleep as while awake, pass in review the grand events of which this had been the scene; when, lo! again comes the Word of God to the weary one, and speaks, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Then burst forth what had formerly engrossed and embittered his spirit in Jezreel and in the wilderness of Beersheba, and he answers, "I have been jealous for Jehovah, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, and broken down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; I alone survive, and they pursue me to take away my life." Blessed be that open and honest acknowledgment of the inmost feelings of the heart! In him comes forth what had otherwise lain hid, and in fair procession pass the secrets of his soul before us. Elijah would express his own zeal, but while he does so, discovers, too, what sort of zeal it is. It comes short of true love, for the danger of his own life most affects him. It comes short of true faith, for he distrusts the Word of God as having no friends but himself. Distinctly is expressed the secret pride, that he alone of those surviving was righteous;—that dangerous pride, which still in the present day betrays itself in uncalled-for censorship, and passionate reprehensions of others' sins. Reverence for God's law, perhaps, lies at the bottom; but God grant us humility to beware, lest, with all our reverence, we inflate ourselves with spiritual pride. The angel of the Lord makes no reply to Elijah's complaint, neither commends nor commiserates him,—and this is ever the right way to deal with such,—he only bade him leave his gloomy cavern, and stand forth before the Lord on the mount.

There now stands the prophet. Thither turn your gaze, and learn with him the great lesson of the nature of the Gospel, and the surpassing gentleness of Divine Grace. There stands the prophet, with his rough garment, his leathern girdle, and his strong staff, in the midst of the waste wilderness, on the holy summit of Mount Horeb, and God will talk with him. There he stands, and the Lord draws nigh. Before him passes a great and strong wind. Furious it rages by, uprooting the solitary trees and bushes, rending the hills, driving the sandbanks against each other, forming them anew into bolder cliffs, and breaking in pieces the very rocks. The prophet imagines it is the power of the Lord, and thinks he perceives him. But the Lord was not in the wind. A silence succeeds. Then comes an earthquake. The summit reels, the bowels of the mountain are rent, the earth opens, and the ground upon which the prophet stood seems as if it would swallow him up. Surely the Lord is there,

might Elijah think,—“He looketh on the earth and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills and they smoke.” But the Lord was not in the earthquake. There is stillness again. Is the Lord neither in the storm nor in the earthquake? might Elijah ask himself. Shall something mightier come? Yes, something still mightier comes. A fire came. It bursts out of the earth; it falls from heaven; a scorching glow breathes through the air; flame and smoke fill the heavens and the earth. Can anything more terrible succeed? Truly, this is Horeb, the mount of the burning bush! Elijah, thou wert counted worthy of a nobler sight than Moses! But the Lord was not in the fire; not in the most terrific convulsions or dreadful scenes of nature. Once more stillness ensues. Yet grander, nobler, more violent, more awful, yet to come? might Elijah ask himself; but he knew not what to answer. Astonished, his whole soul is on the stretch. It can endure the great, and is familiar with the terrible. Let there only come the grander and more awful. As it comported with the wrath of the Lord, so it accorded with the heart of Elijah. He waits,—he looks,—his whole soul is in his eyes. There came a still small voice. An air of peace springs up; soft zephyrs are wafted round him; a breeze of mildness and of mercy breathes upon him. What is that? A tremor comes over him, pierces his soul, breaks his heart—a heart which distress and enmity could only harden. He is speechless. Yet that still small voice speaks on. He trembles inwardly. The depths of his soul are moved. Suddenly a light springs up. He understands the sign, and—that face, once so fearless, he wraps in his mantle!

Hast thou, too, understood it, church of the Lord? Hast thou understood it, and felt in thy heart that gentle yet powerful movement, and a light sprung up in thy spirit? Hast thou understood the divination of the Gospel, the omnipotence of love, of all-conquering grace? O that thou hadst! Then wouldst thou happily distinguish the Law from the Gospel; then wouldst thou have found the only true relief for all the troubles of life; then wouldst thou know what it is to live in grace and upon grace: the mysterious operation of the Word of God would unveil itself to thee! Not in the storm of the chastising word, not in the earthquake of destroying judgments, not in the fire of consuming zeal, or of wasting repentance, is the Lord; and the kingdom of God comes not with outward observation, but in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. The violent, the terrible, that which makes an outward show, is not the means which the Lord loves. His going is in the still small voice. Before him, indeed, may the law, and the scourge, and repentance proceed. But repentance is only sin becoming alive, the scourge disheartens, and the commandment kills. In the still small voice is the Lord. In the voice which breathes from the Cross, in the still small voice in which He came to thee, when full of cares and troubles, and heavy laden, thou didst cast thyself before him. In the still small voice when He passed by, beheld thy tears, heard thy sighs, and said, “Peace be with thee!” In the still small voice, when He breathes over the dry bones, and life rises within thee, and thou dost stand and walk a new-born soul! On grace and faith rests the new life. Before it is forgiven thee, perhaps thou hast fought against sin; perhaps thou hast wrought and worried thyself ere the inner joy of faith is fulfilled; perhaps thou hast striven with all thy heart and strength ere thou art acquainted with the grace of God. On the Jordan stands the second Elijah, and preaches repentance, and cries, “The axe is laid to the root of the tree.” But He who hangs on the cross supplicates forgiveness for his enemies, thirsts, and cries, “It is finished!” And on the day of Pentecost stands Peter, and preaches, “Beloved brethren, to you and to

your children is the promise; be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sin." And in the jail at Philippi stand Paul and Silas before the self-murderer, stay his purpose, and cry, "Believe, so shalt thou be saved, and thy house." This is the simple way of the Gospel. The world uses much art, gives a thousand counsels, makes the simple and easy hard and intricate, and falls short of its aim. But go thou, poor and needy as thou art, with all thy poverty, with all thy sins, and thyself with thy unbelief, to Christ, tell him how it stands with thee, ask for grace, and in the still small voice shall it come, and make its abode in thy soul!

It is hard to leave, even for a moment, the sum and substance of the Gospel, and the blessed peculiarity of its announcement, but we do so only to return to it with more assurance. Whenever the Word of God operates in this way on ourselves or others, the objection presents itself, "What then, by such a doctrine, will become of active life? The still small voice lulls asleep; a spiritual sluggishness will come over all, when we require only grace; at last on our death-bed, when all is over, the eye dim, and the arm powerless, then we have only to yield ourselves to the grace of God; but as yet we have an eye to see, and an arm to work, and duty to perform." What shall we say to this? What shall we say, dear hearers, but that we must first be poor, and always becoming poorer through our whole life, and then, when all is over, seek salvation. "But is not duty a great word, and the law of God a still greater?" Yes, they are so, indeed; but true fidelity to duty, and right obedience to the law, requires new eyes and new arms. The law shall be fulfilled, but with new knowledge and new power. This Elijah teaches.

"What dost thou here, Elijah?" spake the voice. Darest thou think of resting? Imaginest thou that separation from the people to whom the Lord sent thee is obedience to his will? Thinkest thou that He can pause because thou art desponding and inactive? Elijah has been taught *how* grace operates. He shall have a new commission, and instead of one he receives three charges. He must proceed to Damascus, and anoint Hazael to be king over Syria; he must go to Ramoth-gilead, and anoint Jehu to be king over Israel; he must go to Abel-meholah, and anoint Elisha to be a prophet. The work of the Lord shall begin anew, and on three sides shall it be advanced by his hand. So little can our exertion, our philanthropy, our service in the cause of mankind diminish when we are born again, that the commission will increase much more than threefold. The earlier obligation remains, but we see new ones where we formerly saw none, and we discover in the former weak points which till now we had overlooked. Let the light increase, and the eye will become sharper.

But the power and the pleasure also increase. Elijah hears that the Lord had reserved in Israel seven thousand whose knees had not bowed to Baal. He knows now that he had only deceived himself, when he thought he was the sole believer who survived in Israel; he sees seven thousand companions, who, as well as he, had come under the power of grace. Must not his courage and delight have increased at this? Must he not have put a more joyful hand to the work, when he learnt that seven thousand companions hold up his hands by their prayers? Must he not have felt an unspeakable strengthening in such society, when his work is also their work, and both theirs and his the work of the Lord?

Oh, happy condition into which he who is born again enters, when he has known the work of the Lord in the still small voice! His labour may indeed increase threefold, but he sees seven thousand companions

around him. Yet let us not forget, when our self-seeking exertion is turned to shame before our eyes, and we have recognised in the work of the Lord, both in our own heart and in the church, the mysterious and mighty power of his Word, that *both* take place together. Great, violent, and striking changes, which the world wonders at and admires, we will not seek. Should the Lord bring them, we implore him to enlighten our eyes, that we may see in the *outward* only the *inward*, and so fortify our hearts, that in the *outward* we may love the *inward* alone. But should his Word take the silent and sure method of the still small voice, we will rejoice the more, and doubt not but that it will prosper in the thing to which He sends it. The human heart requires such a message of peace as the gospel affords it; it longs in its extremity for such a salvation as is held forth in Christ; it longs for such a happiness of faith as is found in his church; and it feels this indigence, this aspiration, this longing, when it permits them not to be heard, or even to be well known to itself. Therefore the ministers of the Word, conscious of this, need only appeal to yourselves; and while they set forth the wants, the pains, the miseries of life, and the longings of the heart, or the drawings of preparatory grace, they would always of new beseech you, Be ye reconciled to God! Only reconciliation, only grace, only faith! Let this stand as the one and the ever new before the soul, and it can never fail of producing genuine humility, and lively exertion, and ascriptions of praise to our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be glory now and for ever!

DAVID IN THE WOOD.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"And Jonathan Saul's son arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God."—1 Sam. xxiii. 16.

The word of God is full of important instruction and choice consolation. It meets every case, and suits us in every condition. Read where we will, there is something for the soul, something upon which we can feed. But it is profitable not only by what it directly states, but also by what it suggests. If the mind is spiritual, if we are lively in the Lord's ways, we shall often see Jesus, when others see him not, and enjoy spiritual blessings while reading literal histories. The history of David is specially profitable to the Lord's people. We have often found Jesus, while reading of David; and traced out christian experience, while following him through his trials and troubles. Let us now look at one incident in his story. He was hated by Saul, pursued by the enemy, and betrayed by the Keillites. His life was in imminent danger, and he went for safety into a wood. "And Jonathan Saul's son arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God." We will,

First, look at David and his situation. David was typical of Jesus, of honoured saints, and of the faithful servants of God. We will not now consider him as representing his Lord, but as typifying his brethren. His very name indicates his greatest privilege,—he was beloved of God. The eye, and the heart of God, rested upon him with complacency and delight. His name was registered in heaven, and his interests were in the hands of Jesus. Just so every believer is beloved of his God. God loves him distinctly, personally, infinitely. He loves him with an everlasting love. A love, the beginning of which can never be traced out, and which has no end. A love vast as infinity, tender as the heart of Jesus,

and durable as eternity. A love, which prefers its objects to everything beside, and never did, never will, never can part with one of them. Oh, the honour, the happiness, of being beloved of God ! But every christian, the weakest, the poorest, the most infirm, is as really, and as much beloved of God as David was. David was appointed to the kingdom, he was chosen to this honour by God himself: and we, beloved, are appointed unto a kingdom too. As Jesus said to his disciples, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my father hath appointed me." Not a carnal, but a spiritual, not an earthly, but a heavenly kingdom. We shall be kings and priests unto God. And when the days of our pilgrimage are ended, when our work is finished, and our testimony completed, Jesus will say unto us, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then the crown of righteousness will be awarded us, the crown of life will be bestowed upon us, the crown of glory will adorn us for ever. David was consecrated with the holy oil. It was taken from the tabernacle by Samuel, conveyed to Bethlehem, and there poured upon the young shepherd's head. That oil represented the Holy Spirit, in his gifts, graces, and operations. We have received no natural oil, no literal anointing, but we "have an unction from the Holy One." "The anointing which we have received of him abideth in us." If we have not the sign, we have the thing signified. Jesus hath given unto us his Holy Spirit, and we have experienced his softening, soothing, and solacing influences in our souls. That Spirit is the earnest of the inheritance. It is the proof that we are appointed to the kingdom. Brought from the holy place by Jesus, the gift of God, it has been poured, not upon our heads, but into our hearts, and there it abides and works. David was hated and persecuted by Saul. And they who are born after the flesh still persecute those who are born after the Spirit. Satan hates and persecutes all God's anointed ones. He always follows the oil, and begins to vent his malice and his rage; and just in proportion to the consistency of our course, the clearness of our testimony, and the usefulness of our lives, will be the strength of his opposition. "If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution." Poor persecuted christian, cheer up; though hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, the kingdom is sure, the crown will be glorious, and the mansion grand and magnificent. David was the friend of Jonathan, the king's son, and we are the friends of Jesus, the Son of God. He calls us his friends, and he shows himself friendly to us. Blessed Jesus, I had rather be thy friend than the conqueror of the globe, or king of kings !

The situation of David was trying. Driven from the city, he was obliged to hide in the wood. A wood indicates loneliness, perplexity, and privation; and very aptly represents our state at times, in reference to providence and grace. How many of the Lord's Davids are in the wood now, as it respects their temporal affairs ! They are lonely, for they cannot open their hearts to any one. They are perplexed, for they know not what to do. They are in privation, pinched, pierced, and troubled, by claims they cannot meet, circumstances they cannot control, and wants they cannot supply. There they are startled by the roaring winds, the howling wolves, and the rocking trees; they feel alone, they are perplexed and troubled. So in reference to grace, how many of the Lord's people are in the wood ! They fancy that their experience is singular, no heart was ever so foul, no corruptions ever so black, no blasphemies ever so dreadful, as what work or sound in their souls. They feel so hard, so stupid, so prayerless, that they are sure no christian is like them. They

are in the wood. They do as Jeremiah said, "He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, he putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope." They are filled with perplexity, they dare not go back, they cannot go forward, but, like a person lost in a wood, they wander about, weary, forlorn, and wretched, coming back again and again to the old spot. They start at every sound, and misinterpret every voice. There are no bright views, no cheering rays, no sweet flowers, only trees. They feel bewildered, like David in the wood. They suffer many privations, for they cannot enjoy the ordinances, they have no sweet fellowship with God, they can hold no satisfactory communion with the saints; pinched with hunger, parched with thirst, and drenched with night dews, they sigh, groan, and grieve, but see no path, no way of deliverance, no friend; they are in the wood. We will now,

Secondly, notice Jonathan and his kindness. "He arose and went to David in the wood, and strengthened his hand in God." Jonathan, like Jesus, was the king's son, and David's best friend. Hidden from him, his heart still glowed with love to him, and he arose to go to him. He sought him, he found him, he strengthened him,—his heart, his hand, in God's power, providence, promise, and protection. He strengthened him by reminding him of past achievements, by referring him to future prospects, by assuring him of safety, and by bringing forward the Lord's marvellous dealings with him. Just so, Jesus, when his people are in the wood, comes to them; by his blessed Spirit, by some friend, or by his own sent ministers, he finds them out, and strengthens them. The heart is strengthened, and so the hand, which now lays hold afresh on God's gracious character, precious word, and covenant relations. Outward circumstances may remain the same, a wood; but inward emotions and sensations are all changed. The soul can now rest upon divine power engaged for it, upon a special providence working on its behalf, upon the precious promises assuring it of deliverance and supplies, and upon God's faithful care, as its protection from all real evils. Faith becomes strong, hope lifts up its head, and confidence finds a centre in God's glorious perfections. One hour, one moment, with our spiritual Jonathan in the wood, turns the wilderness to Eden, and the wood itself into a delightful residence. O Jesus, whenever brought into a wood by thy providence, or by thy dealings with us in grace, come, come and visit us, and strengthen our hands in God!

When Jonathan comes, we are reminded of the past; we remember how we were delivered out of the jaws of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, how Goliath fell before our sling and stone, and come to the happy conclusion, "He that hath delivered, doth deliver, and in him we trust, that he will yet deliver us." We are referred to our future prospects, and beyond the wood we see the fields of waving corn, the silver brooks, the sunny plains, the goodly mountains, and the everlasting hills. We see the end of our doubts, fears, misgivings, sorrow, conflicts, privations, and sins; we have before us the rest that remaineth, the hopes laid up for us in heaven, the city that hath foundations, and the house not made with hands. This mightily strengthens both heart and hand in God. We are assured of safety, for God's promise is pledged, his hosts encamp around us, and his own potent arm is raised up to defend us. He will never leave us; but in wood or city, on the mountain or the plain, in conflict or at peace, he will be with us to defend and secure us. We now remember the days of old, the years of ancient times. We call to remembrance our song in the night. We remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. These things soon dry up the cold damp dew, chase away our fears, silence the winds, and we see our way out of the wood clearly.

We perceive that no temptation hath taken us, but such as is common to man, and that God is faithful, who will with the temptation make a way for our escape, that we may be able to bear it. Blessed, for ever blessed, be our condescending Saviour, for coming to us in the wood, and strengthening our hands in God!

Now, beloved fellow-traveller, let us observe, first, that the way to the throne is through trials and dangers. David found it so. The apostles and martyrs found it so. All, more or less, have found it so; and so must we. It is through much tribulation that we must enter into the kingdom of God. Secondly, the useful and the honoured will be sure to be hated and opposed. Every christian has his foe; but the most useful, the most honoured, will have a Saul,—the king over all the children of pride. The chief foe will be his foe; and the bitterest malice of the prince of darkness will be vented at him. Thirdly, God will be sure to raise up a friend in the hour of need. As sure as we are driven into the wood by Saul, so sure will Jonathan arise and come unto us, to strengthen our hand in God. When the three Hebrews were in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, the Son of God was with them. When Daniel was cast into the den of lions, the Lord sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths. So, poor, tried, troubled, dejected, and perplexed believer, the Lord will raise up and send some faithful friend to thee. He will deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven shall no evil touch thee. Fourthly, whatever wood we may be in, Jonathan will find us out, come to us, and comfort us. He *may* send his servant, but he *will* come himself. He has said, "I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him, I will set him on high," on the throne, "because he hath known my name." Finally, through the wood of difficulty, danger, and perplexities, we pass to the kingdom. It seems a strange way to flesh and blood, and often, very often, we conclude that it is not the right. We fancy we have missed the road. What! a road so lonely, covered with briers and thorns, where there are fiery flying serpents and scorpions, traps, snares, and pitfalls in every direction, is this the way to the kingdom? Yes, this is the way, walk ye in it. But if you would walk in peace, in comfort, and with courage, you must "walk by faith, not by sight." You must travel by your map, for if you trust your eyes, your heart will faint, your courage will droop, and your enemy will gain an advantage over you. Go on, my christian brother, however lonely thy road, however perplexing thy path, however many thy privations; remember thou art in the wood now, but soon thou wilt reach thy kingdom, thy crown, thy palace; and then thou wilt subscribe right heartily to the fact, that he led thee forth *by the right way*, that thou mightest go to a city of habitations!

Cheltenham.

OUR LIFE PILGRIMAGE.

A favourite representation of the life of the believer, in both the Old and the New Testaments, is that of a pilgrimage,—forming no interests or attachments with a view to permanence in this world, but passing carefully and diligently through this world to a home in the future. Herein the life of Abraham is a symbol of the life of every believer;—not mindful of the country whence he came, having no fixed abode in any of the several lands he visited;—evermore seeking a city which hath foundations;—desiring a better country, that is, an heavenly. The life of faith is a pilgrimage. "I am a stranger, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were."

The first christians realised this. Driven here and there by the storms of persecution; with everything in government, in society, in art, in literature, and in the recognised religions of the world, utterly hostile to them and their cause; daily expecting to seal their testimony with their blood; they felt that they were but strangers and pilgrims, and lived as not of the present world. The apostolic letters are full of the recognition of this fact, and of exhortations and counsels based upon it.

Most significant, also, is the style of the early fathers and of the primitive churches in their inter-communications as fellow-sojourners in an evil and hostile world. Thus the epistle of Clement to the Corinthians begins on this wise: "The church of God which *sojourneth at Rome as a stranger*, to the church of God which *sojourneth at Corinth*." So that of Polycarp to the Philippians is addressed to the church which *sojourneth at Philippi*. The same phraseology occurs in the Circular Epistle of the Church of Smyrna to the churches generally, concerning the martyrdom of Polycarp.

A beautiful and touching sentiment underlies this style of address. These several associations of believers are so many detachments of the grand army of Faith, encamped in a hostile territory, liable to ambuscades, sorties, assaults, in the treacherous and impregnable Crimea of the Arch-enemy. Not only are individual believers pilgrims and sojourners, but the churches themselves do but sojourn in a world with which they can have but few sympathies and interests in common. Separate from the world in character, in principles, in the hopes and aims of life, in the grandeur and glory of their destiny, they recognise in each other a holy fellowship, and sing together their pilgrim-song as they journey to the New Jerusalem.

Have not christians of later times lost this lively sense of their pilgrim state, and entered into alliances with the world that tend to engross them with its spirit, and to embarrass their action as the disciples of Christ? Is there not a strange forgetfulness of the transitory nature of all earthly things, whether they be pleasures, possessions, institutions, or affections? Is there not an eagerness to obtain earthly good, altogether unworthy of those who profess to be not of the world, but to have their home and their inheritance in heaven? Do not the christians of this age need much more than did the saints of the dispersion, the exhortation of Peter, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, *abstain from fleshly lusts*, which war against the soul, having your conversation *honest* among the Gentiles."

That Pilgrim-life depicted by Bunyan, how much of an allegory is it, to the pleasure-loving, money-seeking christians of this age,—a tradition, a myth, not to be matched by our every-day experience, but to be enjoyed as a poem of the past. Yet is not the life of Faith ever a Pilgrimage? Must not the christian walk by faith, and not by sight? Must not he live as seeing Him who is invisible? Must he not vet his affections upon things above, and not on things on the earth? Must he not seek that heaven where Christ is, at the right hand of God? Can he be a christian who does not so live? Oh, if in this eager, panting race for Mammon that marks our times, the christian should appear in the spirit of the true pilgrim, neither courting nor disdaining earthly sweets, neither seeking the world's friendship nor fearing its enmity, but steadfastly pursuing his high and heavenly course, how marked would be the testimony of his life to the truth and the power of the Gospel. There is a calm and holy beauty in such a life that nothing can gainsay. Let each day remind us of our Pilgrimage, and call us to a daily walk with

God. Let our prayer be, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

"Who knows, when he to go from home
Departeth from his door,
Or when, or how, he back shall come,
Or whether never more?
For some who walk abroad in health,
In sickness back are brought;
And some who have gone forth with wealth,
Have back returned with nought.

"Lord, therefore now I go abroad,
My guard I thee confess,
And humbly beg of thee, O God,
My going forth to bless.
Go with me whither I would go,
Stay with me where I stay,
Do for me what I ought to do,
Speak Thou what I should say.

"From thinking wrong, from doing harm,
From thoughts and speeches ill,
From passion's rage, from pleasure's charm,
Vouchsafe to keep me still.
But let my going out and in,
My thoughts, my words, and ways,
Be always safe, still free from sin,
And ever to Thy praise."

WAITING ON GOD.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"My soul, wait thou only on God,—for my expectation is from Him."

One of the greatest sources of bitterness in this life is the constant disproportion between expectation and reality. In particular is this the case with persons of an imaginative, excitable temperament, for such are both vivid in expectation, and keen to feel the difference between silver hopes and leaden realities. Hence, probably, the greatest enjoyments of life are its unexpected ones. It is seldom the favourite child of the family, or the favourite project, or the most coveted possession, which, in fact, makes a man's happiness. While in them overwrought expectation defeats itself, enjoyment rises suddenly from unexpected sources. The butterfly, which we spend hours in chasing, comes to us at last with wings all blackened and shattered from the rude eagerness with which we have seized it; but in some listless hour, when we do not seek, comes another, and settles down before us, confidently fanning its starry wings, and bringing to our unexpecting eye just the beauty we lost by pursuit. The party of pleasure designed and executed in the same hour, has a vividness of enjoyment which that we have been months anticipating falls short of. So also of celebrated persons, places, and things. The expectation that precedes almost always overlays and destroys them. The artistic and enthusiastic soul has constantly to combat a secret sense of his disappointment in view of the most grand or beautiful objects of nature or art. Often there has been more true, vivid emotion of the beautiful, excited by little unexpected touches and passages of natural scenery around our own homes, than by the full view of the most celebrated and long-desired scenery of foreign lands. A line of golden sunlight slanting under the dark boughs of an orchard,—a sudden smile dropped from some cloud on the distant mountain,—the winking and glitter of wet leaves after a shower,—the sudden apparition of the crescent moon and evening star in the flush of twilight,—such things as these, seizing the soul while it lay

at anchor like a moored barge on a glassy sea, have filled it full with a freight of pleasure that it would have missed had its sails been up in expectant pursuit.

The very attitude of the mind in expectation is as unfavourable to satisfaction, as that of a racer for enjoying a prospect. Hence the world is full of complaints, echoed by generation to generation, on the vanity of human expectations!

But now, if a way could be found to stop this exacting current of desire, to check expectation, to anchor the soul in some calm and silent cove, where, with sails furled, she might look out on life without eagerness, much might yet be made of it. For, undeniably, there is much of good, and beautiful, and true, in life,—only not as much as we expect and desire.

How, then, can we give up the world, and transfer our expectations from it? Here is a man has an estate, which is his only means of subsistence; if that fails he has nothing. How feverish, and anxious, and exacting, become his expectations and disappointments in regard to it. But now some one leaves him another, worth a thousand times as much, and he at once transfers to *that* all his interests and hopes. *That* is his portion,—his expectations are from *that*,—the other now may pass for what it is worth. One can see now that this former estate which, while the only one, was, from its narrowness and insufficiency, a constant vexation, has now risen to be a pleasure and ornament. It was a poor dependence, but a very desirable accessory. Unembarrassed now, the man looks at it and says, "On my word, it is a pleasant little place;" and it is astonishing, now he ceases to expect much from it, how many pleasing surprises it brings him.

So is it with a man when he has actually come to that state when he can say, "My soul, wait thou *only* on God, for my expectation is from him."

While his expectations were set on men and earthly things, he was restless and irritable—loud and vehement in his vexation and in his censure. His soul was becoming sharp and morbid, full of bitter sarcasm and contempt, and his words fell stinging like frost. But now, like a river flowing in unseen channels, his whole soul pours itself out in rest and trust in God, and now that he needs the world no longer, how great the change in its aspect! Now he can be tolerant of human frailty,—he expects so little, that what he gains is a pleasurable surprise!

When a man's heart is thus established in God, the whole world seems to be restored to him, and it explains Christ's seemingly mystical words, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The traveller in a foreign land, who knows that he has a happy home with wealth and friends, is invisibly buoyed up by this thought, so that his mind plays like a child with every flower and tree shadow, and none with so frank a gaiety joins the social circle. But suppose he should hear that his home, and wealth, and friends were gone, would he enjoy the "wayside flower and tree shadow"?

So is it with him whose heart has passed from its rest in earthly things to rest wholly in God. His home and portion are from hence,—life is only a journey. His enjoyment of the wayside flowers becomes like that of a child. His mind is so steady and assured in God, so clear of care, that it enjoys the smallest trifle with a relish which a divided heart cannot know. The picture, the tree, the flower, the cloud, the rock, and stream, the social circle, are all full of a fresh and hearty present pleasure, which sometimes may seem like worldly-mindedness to those who know not its source. The world sometimes comes to such a man in the shape of success, riches, honour, and he receives and enjoys it with a frank and

childlike joy. Again it goes from him, and he rejoices still, for his joy no man taketh from him. For when the soul has fully surrendered itself to God, expectation, which before was always baffled and driven about like a dove bewildered in a storm, now soars calm and clear and finds rest in his bosom. From thence she looks forth in the time of the windy tempest, waiting till the rain be over and gone, and the time of singing of birds be come!

THE EVENING PRAYER.

I know three little children—and at my side they kneel
When o'er the western mountains the twilight shadows steal;
So trusting and so truthful the words they utter then,
My heart goes back and is with them a simple child again.

They are a merry trio—throughout the live-long day
I hear their happy voices in glad and noisy play;
Two brothers and a sister—from frolicking and mirth
They gather, when the evening falls, about our household hearth.

Oh! not with man's mock reverence, nor yet in childish fear,
Do they approach the "King of kings," these worshippers sincere;
But hushingly and holly from out those lips so fair
Is breathed, in tender, earnest tones, that solemn evening prayer.

I know it reaches Heaven, I know 'tis heard above;
Such gem must find its setting where all is light and love;
And bitterly it grieves me, that, in this world-wide fold,
The hearts of these dear little ones must selfishly grow cold.

Ye tell me that they measure Life by the years that o'er us roll,
But childhood hath a wisdom in't that speaketh of the soul,
All perfect as it came from Him, who, blessing the forgiven,
Said, "Suffer them to come to me, such are the blest of Heaven."

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-SONG.

Friend, if there be any near,
Is the blessed summer here?
Is 't the full moon, are they flowers,
Make so bright, so sweet the hours?
Is 't the wind from cowslip beds,
That such fragrance o'er me sheds?

Oh, my kindred, do not weep;
Never fell so sweet a sleep
Over mortal eyes. At night,
All the hills with snow were white,
And the tempest moaning drear—
But I wake with summer here.

Haste, and take my parting hand!
We are pushing from the land,
And adown a lovely stream
Gently floating—is't a dream?
For the oarsman near me sings,
Keeping time with snowy wings.

Stranger, with the wings of snow,
Singing by me as we row,
Tell my dear ones on the shore,
I have need of them no more;
Weeping will not let them see
That an angel goes with me!

Alice Carey.

Tales and Sketches.

THE LITTLE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Supper was not ready when Abraham Munday lifted the latch of his humble dwelling, at the close of a long, weary summer day. He was not greatly disappointed, for it often so happened. The table was on the floor, partly set, and the kettle over the fire.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Mrs. Munday, fretfully: "home from work, and no supper ready. The baby has been so cross,—hardly out of my arms the whole afternoon. I'm glad you've come, though. Here, take him, while I fly around and get things on the table."

Mr. Munday held out his arms for the little one, who sprang into them with a baby shout.

Mrs. Munday did fly around in good earnest. A few pieces of light wood thrown on the fire, soon made the kettle sing, and steam, and bubble. In a wonderfully short space of time all was ready; and the little family, consisting of husband, wife, and three children, were gathered around the table. To mother's arms the baby was transferred; and she had no very easy task in pouring out her husband's tea, preparing cups of milk and water for the two elder of the little ones, and restraining the baby, who was grappling the sugar-bowl, then the milk-pitcher, and next the teapot.

"There!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Munday. And two quick slaps on baby's head were heard. Baby, of course, answered promptly with a wild scream. But what had baby done! The whole surface is covered with milk. His busy, fluttering hands, had overturned the pitcher.

Poor Mrs. Munday lost her temper completely. "It's of no use attempting eating with this child," said she, pushing her chair back from the table. "I never have any good of my meals."

Mr. Munday's appetite failed him at once. He continued to eat, however, but more hurriedly. Soon he pushed back his chair also, and, rising up, said cheerfully,—

"There, I'm done, Lotty. Give me the baby while you eat your supper."

And he took the sobbing child from the arms of its mother. Tossing it up, and speaking to it in a lively, affectionate tone

of voice, he soon restored pleasure to the heart, and smiles to the countenance, of the little one.

Mrs. Munday felt rebuked for her impatience. She often suffered from these silent rebukes. And yet the trials of temper she endured were very great. No relish for food was left. The wants of the two children were attended to, and then, while Mr. Munday held the baby, she busied herself in clearing off the table, washing up the tea things, and putting the room in order.

An hour later, baby was asleep, and the other children with it in the land of dreams. Mrs. Munday was busy sewing a little frock, and Mr. Munday sat with his face turned from the light, in a brown study.

"Lotty," said the latter, waking up from his reverie, and speaking with considerable emphasis, "It's no use for you to keep going on in this way any longer. You are wearing yourself out. And what's more, there is no comfort at home for anybody. You must get a woman to help you about the house."

"We can't afford it, Abraham," was Mrs. Munday's calm but decided answer.

"We must afford it, Lotty. You are killing yourself."

"A woman will cost seven shillings a week, and her board at least as much more. We can't spare that sum, and you only get fifty shillings a week."

The argument was unanswered. Mr. Munday sighed, and was silent. Again his face was turned from the light, and again the hand of his wife piled quickly the glittering needle.

"I'll tell you what we might do," said Mrs. Munday, after a lapse of nearly ten minutes.

"Well?" Her husband turned toward her, and assumed a listening attitude.

"We might take a small girl to help in the family. It would only cost us her victuals and clothes."

Mr. Munday mused for some time before answering. He didn't just like the proposition.

"Anything," he at last said, "to lighten your labour. But can you get one?"

"I think so. You remember poor Mrs.

Barrow, who died last month? She left a little girl, about eleven years old, with no one to see after her but an old aunt, who, I've heard, isn't very kind to the child. No doubt she would be glad to get her into a good place. It would be very easy for her here. She could hold the baby, or rock it in the cradle, while I was at work about the house, and do a great many little things for me that would lighten my task wonderfully. It is the very thing, husband," added Mrs. Munday, with animation. "And if you agree, I will run over and see Mrs. Gooch, her aunt, in the morning, before you go to work."

"How old did you say she was?" enquired Mr. Munday.

"She was eleven in the spring, I believe."

"Our Aggy is between nine and ten." Something like a sigh followed the words; for the thought of having the little Aggy turned out motherless, among strangers, to do the drudgery and task-work, forced itself upon his mind.

"True. But a year or so makes a great difference. Besides, Anna Barrow is an uncommonly smart girl of her age."

Mr. Munday sighed again.

"Well," he said, after being silent for a few minutes, "you can do as you think best. But it does seem hard to make a servant of a mere child like that."

"You call the position in which she will be by too hard a name," said Mrs. Munday. "I can make her very useful without over-tasking her. And, then, you know, as she has got to earn her own living, she cannot acquire habits of industry too soon."

Mrs. Munday was now quite in earnest about the matter, so much so that her husband made no other objections. On the next morning she called to see Mrs. Gooch, the aunt of Anna Barrow.

The offer to take the little girl was accepted at once.

When Mr. Munday came home at dinner-time, he found the meal ready, and waiting his appearance. Mrs. Munday looked cheerful and animated. In a corner of the room sat a slender little girl, not much larger than Aggy, with the sleeping baby in her arms. She lifted her eyes timidly to the face of Mr. Munday, who gave her a kind look.

"Poor motherless child!" such was his thought.

"I can't tell you how much assistance she is to me," whispered Mrs. Munday to

her husband, leaning over to him as they sat at the table. "And the baby seems so fond of her."

Mr. Munday said nothing, but before his mind was distinctly pictured his own little girl, a servant in the house of a stranger.

On his return from work in the evening, everything wore a like improved appearance. Supper was ready, and Mrs. Munday had nothing of the worried look so apparent on the occasion of her first introduction to the reader. Everything wore an improved appearance, did we say? No, not everything. There was a change in the little orphan girl, and Mr. Munday saw at a glance, that the change so pleasant to contemplate, had been made at her expense. The tidy look noticed at dinner-time was gone. Her clothes were soiled and tumbled; her hair had lost its even, glossy appearance, and her manner showed extreme weariness of body and mind. She was holding the baby. None saw the tears that crept over her cheeks, as the family gathered around the tea-table, and, forgetful of her, enjoyed the evening meal.

Supper over, Mrs. Munday took the baby and undressed it, while Anna sat down to eat her portion of the food. Four times, ere this was accomplished, did Mrs. Munday send her up to her chamber for something wanted either for herself or the child.

"You must learn to eat quick, Anna," said Mrs. Munday, ere the little girl, in consequence of these interruptions, was half through her supper. Anna looked frightened and confused, pushed back her chair, and stood gazing enquiringly into the face of her mistress.

"Are you done?" the latter coldly asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was timidly answered.

"Very well. Now I want you to clear off the table. Gather up all the things, and take them out into the kitchen. Then shake the table-cloth, set the table back, and sweep up the room."

Mr. Munday looked at his wife, but said nothing.

"Shall I help Anna, mother?" enquired Aggy.

"No," was rather sharply answered.

"Have you studied your lesson?"

"No."

"Go about that, then; it will be as much as you can do before bed-time."

Mrs. Munday undressed her baby with considerably more care than usual, observing all the while the proceedings of Anna,

and every now and then giving her a word of instruction. She felt very comfortable, as she finally got back in her chair, with her little one asleep in her arms. By this time Anna was in the kitchen, where, according to instruction, she was washing up the tea things. While thus engaged to the best of her small abilities, a cup slipped from her hand, and was broken on the floor. The sound startled Mrs. Munday from her agreeable state of mind and body.

"What's that?" she cried.

"A cup, ma'am," was the trembling answer.

"You're a careless little girl," said Mrs. Munday, rather severely. The baby was now taken up stairs and laid in bed. After this, Mrs. Munday went to the kitchen, to see how her little maid-of-all-work was getting on with the supper dishes. Not altogether to her satisfaction it must be owned.

"You will have to do all over again," she said,—not kindly and encouragingly, but with something captious and authoritative in her manner. "Throw out the water from the dish-pan, and get some more."

Anna obeyed, and Mrs. Munday seated herself by the kitchen-table to observe her movements, and correct them when wrong.

"Not that way. Here, let me show you the way. Step! I said it must be done in this way. Here—that is right. Don't set the dishes down so hard; you'll break them; they are not made of iron."

These, and words of like tenor, were addressed to the child, who, anxious to do right, yet so confused as often to misapprehend what was said to her, managed at length to complete her task.

"Now, sweep up the kitchen, and put things to rights. When you've done, come to me," said Mrs. Munday, who now retired to the little sitting-room, where her husband was glancing over the paper, and Aggy engaged in studying her lesson.

On entering, she remarked, "It's more trouble to teach a girl like this, than to do it yourself."

Mr. Munday said nothing; but he had his own thoughts.

"Mother, I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed," said Fanny, younger by two or three years than Aggy.

"Wait until Anna is done in the kitchen, and she will go up and stay with you. Anna," Mrs. Munday called to her, "make haste; I want you to put Fanny to bed."

In a few minutes Anna appeared, and, as directed, went up stairs with Fanny.

"She looks tired. Hadn't you better tell her to go to bed also?" suggested Mr. Munday.

"To bed!" ejaculated Mrs. Munday, in a voice of surprise; "I've got something for her to do besides going to bed."

Mr. Munday resumed the reading of his paper, and said no more. Fanny was soon asleep.

"Can't Anna go with me now? I'm afraid to go alone," said Aggy, as the girl came down from the chamber.

"Yes, I suppose so. But you must go to sleep quickly. I've got something for Anna to do."

Mr. Munday sighed and moved himself uneasily in his chair. In half an hour Anna came down; Aggy was just asleep. As she made her appearance the baby awoke and cried.

"Run up and hush the baby to sleep before he gets wide awake," said Mrs. Munday.

The weary child went as directed. In a little while the low murmur of her voice was heard as she attempted to quiet the baby by singing a nursery ditty. How often had her mother's voice soothed her to sleep with the self-same melody. The babe stopped crying, and soon all was silent in the chamber. Nearly half an hour passed, during which Mrs. Munday was occupied in sewing.

"I do believe that girl has fallen asleep," said she, at length, letting her work drop in her lap, and assuming a listening attitude.

"Anna," she called. But there was no answer.

Mrs. Munday started up, and ascended to her chamber. Mr. Munday was by her side as she entered the room. Sure enough Anna had fallen asleep, leaning over the bed where the infant lay.

"Poor motherless child!" said Mr. Munday in a voice of tender compassion, that reached the heart of his wife, and awakened there some womanly emotions.

"Poor thing! I suppose she is tired out," said the latter. "She'd better go to bed."

So she awakened her, and told her to go up into the garret, where a bed had been made for her on the floor. Thither the child proceeded, and there wept herself again to sleep. In her dream that night she was in her own pleasant home; and she was still dreaming of her mother and

her home, when she was awakened by the sharp voice of Mrs. Munday, who told her to get up quickly and come down, as it was broad daylight.

"You must kindle the fire, and get the kettle on in a jiffy."

Such was the order she received on passing the door of Mrs. Munday.

We will not describe, particularly, the trials of this day for our poor little maid-of-all-work. Mrs. Munday was a hard mistress. She had taken Anna as help, though not with the purpose of overworking or oppressing her. But now that she had some one to lighten her burdens and take steps for her, the temptation to consult her own ease was very great. Less wearied than in days past, because relieved of scores of little matters about the house, the aggregate of which had worn her down, she was lifted somewhat above an appreciating sympathy for the child, who, in thus relieving her, was herself over-tasked. Instead of merely holding the baby for Mrs. Munday, when it was awake, and would not be in its cradle, and doing for her "odd turns," as first contemplated, so as to enable her the better to get through the work of the family, the former at once began to play lady, and to require of Anna, not only the performance of a great deal of household labour, but to wait on her in many instances where the service was almost superfluous.

When Mr. Munday came home to supper, he found his wife with a book in her hand. The table was set, the fire burning cheerfully, and the hearth swept up. The baby was asleep in its cradle; and as Mrs. Munday read, she now and then touched with her foot the rocker. This he observed through the window, without being seen. He then glanced into the kitchen. The tea-kettle had been taken from the fire,—the tea-pot was on the hearth, flanked on one side by a plate of toast, and on the other by a dish containing some meat left from dinner, which had been warmed over. These would have quickened his keen appetite but for another vision.

On her knees, in the middle of the room, was Anna, slowly, and evidently in a state of exhaustion, scrubbing the floor. Her face, which happened to be turned towards him, looked wan and pale, and he saw at a glance her red eyes, and the tears upon her cheeks. While he yet gazed upon her, she paused in her work, straightened her little form with a wearied effort, and clapping

both hands across her forehead, lifted her wet eyes upward. There was no motion of her wan lips, but Mr. Munday knew that her heart, in its young sorrow, was raised to heaven. At this moment the kitchen door opened, and Mr. Munday saw his wife enter.

"Eye service!" said she, severely, as she saw the position of Anna. "I don't like this. Not half over the floor yet! Why, what have you been doing?"

The startled child bent quickly to her weary task, and scrubbed with a new energy, imparted by fear. Mr. Munday turned, heart-sick from the window, and entered their little sitting-room as his wife came in from the kitchen. She met him with a pleasant smile, but he was grave and silent.

"Don't you feel well?" she enquired with a look of concern.

"Not very well," he answered, evasively.

"Have you felt ill all day?"

"Yes; but I am heart-sick now."

"Heart-sick! What has happened, Abraham?"

Mrs. Munday looked slightly alarmed.

"One whom I thought full of human kindness, has been oppressive, and even cruel."

"Abraham! what do you mean?"

"Perhaps my eyes deceived me!" he answered; "perhaps it was a dream, but I saw a sight just now that makes the tears flow."

And as Mr. Munday spoke, he took his wife by the arm and led her out through the back door.

"Look," said he, "there is a poor motherless child, scarcely a year older than our Aggy."

Anna had dropped her brush again, and her pale face and tearful eyes were once more uplifted. Was it only a delusion of fancy, or did Mrs. Munday really see the form of Mrs. Barrow stooping over her suffering child, as striving to clasp her in her shadowy arms?

For a few moments the whole mind of Mrs. Munday was in a whirl of excitement. Then stepping from the side of her husband, she glided through the open door, and was in the kitchen ere Anna had time to change her position. Frightened at being found idle again, the poor child caught eagerly at the brush which lay upon the floor. In doing so she missed her grasp, and weak and trembling from exhaustion, fell forward, where she lay

motionless. When Mrs. Munday endeavoured to raise her up, she found her insensible.

"Poor,—poor child!" said Mr. Munday tenderly, his voice quivering with emotion as he lifted her in his arms. He bore her up to the children's chamber, and laid her on their bed.

"Not here," said Mrs. Munday; "up in her own room."

"She is one of God's children, and as precious in his sight as ours," almost sobbed the husband, yet with a rebuking sternness in his voice; "she shall lie here!"

"Mrs. Munday was not naturally a cruel woman, but she loved her own selfishly; and the degree in which this is done, is the measure of disregard toward others. She forgot, in her desire for service, that her little servant was but a poor motherless child, thrust out from the parent nest, with all the tender longings of a child for love, and all its weakness and want of experience. She failed to remember that in the sight of God all children are equally precious.

But the scales fell from her eyes. She was rebuked, humbled, and repentant.

"Anna must go back to her aunt," said Mr. Munday, after the child had recovered from the brief fainting fit, and calmness was once more restored to the excited household.

"She must remain," was the subdued but firm answer. "I have dealt cruelly with her. Let me have an opportunity to repair the wrong she has suffered. I will try to think of her as my own child. If I fail in that, the consciousness of her mother's presence will save me from my first error."

And Anna did remain, to be Mrs. Munday's little maid-of-all-work. But her tasks, though varied, were light. She was never again overburdened; but treated with a judicious kindness that won her affections, and made her ever willing to render service to the utmost of her ability.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

About fifteen years ago, a Baptist minister, now labouring successfully in the United States, was the zealous and laborious secretary of one of our public societies in England. Considering the whole world as his parish, wherever he went in his almost incessant travels, he found something to do for his Great Master, and was

not unfrequently in the habit of making direct enquiries of christians as to the extent of their personal exertions for the advancement of the Divine glory. He one day called on an old lady, who had been a member of a church of Christ for fifty years, and asked her if she could recollect how many persons she had brought into the christian church. She looked at him with astonishment, as if she thought he had placed her in the situation of a minister of the gospel, and at length said that she did not recollect that she had introduced any one individual into the church. Could she, reader, think you, have been a very active, or a very happy christian? Yet how many, alas, are just like her!

Now let us look at a contrast. He next called on a young lady, who had been a member of the church but a very few years, and proposed to her the same question. With great diffidence and modesty she replied that she hoped she had been useful in bringing many to the knowledge of the truth. She said that she had at present in her class four children, two boys and two girls. One Sabbath morning she missed them from school, and on Monday she went in pursuit of the fugitives. On arriving at their home, she found that their mother had been ill, and had died during the past week, which had prevented the children from attending the school on the Sabbath-day. She also found their father sitting by the fire-side, and when he found that she was the teacher of his children, he rose and thanked her for having imparted to them the lessons they had brought home and taught to their dying mother, and which had been the means of sustaining her mind in her departing moments. The young lady then said to the father, "How is it that I never see you at a place of worship?" To which he replied, that he was very deaf, and could not hear the preacher. The fact was,—the man's heart was wrong, so that he did not love the truth, and was therefore unwilling to hear it.

The young lady promised him that if he would come the following Sabbath, she would ask the minister to speak loud, and would place him in a situation where he would be sure to hear. He promised to be there, but failed in keeping his word. On the following morning our young teacher went in pursuit of her aged scholar. The same excuse would not do. She told him she had at home a hearing-trumpet which she would lend him, if he would

come to hear the gospel. The old man caught at the idea, because he thought that if he had the trumpet, he could hear other things as well as the gospel! He adjusted the instrument till it exactly fitted his ear; and, blessed be God, the gospel through it exactly fitted his heart. He afterwards united with the church, and died in the faith of Christ. The young lady further added, that the two girls became members of the church; that one of the boys also was a member, and the other a preacher of the gospel. Thus, in addition to many other instances of usefulness, this young lady had given her, as a reward of her faithfulness and holy love, a whole family.

Reader, what, as it relates to such matters, have *you* done?

THE FIRST BORN AND THE SECOND.

The first born! Oh, other tiny feet may trip lightly at the hearth-stone; other rosy faces may greet us around the board, with tender love we soothe their childish pains, and share their childish sports; but "Benjamin is not," is written in the secret chamber of many a bereaved mother's heart, where never more the echo of a childish voice may ring out such liquid music as death hath hushed.

At the window of a large hotel in one of those seaport towns, the resort alike of the invalid and pleasure-seeker, sat Ruth; the fresh sea-breeze lifting her hair from temples thinner and paler than of yore, but stamped with a holier beauty. From the window might be seen the blue waves of the bay leaping to the bright sunlight, while many a vessel, outward and inward bound, spread its sails, like some joyous white winged sea-bird. But Ruth was not thinking of the sapphire sea, decked with its snowy sails; for in her lap lay a little half-worn shoe, with the impress of a tiny foot, upon which her tears were falling fast.

A little half-worn shoe! And yet no

magician could conjure up such blissful visions; no artist could trace such vivid pictures; no harp of sweetest sounds could so fill the air with music.

Eight years since the little daisy withered! And yet to the mother's eye she still blossomed fair as Paradise. The soft, golden hair still waved over the blue-veined temples; the sweet, earnest eyes still beamed with their loving light; the little fragile hand was still outstretched for maternal guidance, and in the wood and by the stream they still lingered. Still the little hymn was chanted at dawn, the little prayer lisped at dew-fall; still that gentle breathing mingled with the happy mother's star-lit dreams.

A little bright-eyed creature crept to Ruth's side, and lifting a long, wavy, golden ringlet from a box on the table near her, laid it beside her own brown curls.

"Daisy's in heaven," said little Katy, musingly; "why do you cry, mamma? Don't you like to have God keep her for you?"

A tear was the only answer.

"I should like to die, and have you love my curls as you do Daisy's, mother."

Ruth started and looked at the child; the rosy flush had faded away from little Katy's cheek, a tear stole slowly from beneath her long lashes.

Taking her upon her lap, she severed one tress of her brown hair, and laid it beside little Daisy's golden ringlet.

A bright glad smile lit up little Katy's face, and she was just throwing her arms about her mother's neck, to express her thanks, when stopping suddenly, she drew from her dimpled foot one little shoe, and laid it in her mother's palm.

'Mid smiles and tears Ruth complied with the mute request, and the little sister-shoes lay with the twin ringlets, lovingly side by side.

Blessed childhood; the pupil and yet the teacher, half infant, half sage, what a desert were earth without thee!

Correspondence.

THE SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

To the Editors of "*The Church*."

Dear Sirs,

I felt much pleasure, as usual, in reading the contribution from Mr. Smith,

in the January number of "*The Church*," which led me to think upon the special providence of God. Within the last month three illustrations of it have come to my own knowledge; and thinking that at this season of the year, when many of the chil-

dren of God, in common with others, are feeling the severity of the weather, and the pressure of the times, the communication of these facts might tend to strengthen faith and confidence in God, I feel induced to give them, and may God bless them, to the comforting and strengthening of some of his children.

About a fortnight ago I was travelling by omnibus to London, when a gentleman, a good minister of the gospel, whom I know, and have often listened to with delight, entered the 'bus.' Our conversation, as it often had done, led to the topic of God's providence, and especially his particular and special providence. "Now, brother," said the good man, "I will give you an instance: some years ago, my family, fast rising around me, and my church and people by no means large and wealthy, I felt greatly the pressure of circumstances, and saw not in what way I could be relieved from those pecuniary embarrassments, which seemed now to press upon me. I prayed to God, took my cause to the throne of grace; I prayed and prayed for two years, before any special answer appeared to be sent to my petitions, but at length it came. A rap at the door,—the postman,—a foreign letter,—a letter from Calcutta,—who in Calcutta can have written to me? I opened the letter, and to my utter astonishment read, that a lady had died in Calcutta, leaving me legatee for five hundred and sixty pounds! And what was the more remarkable, I had never seen the lady, nor had she seen me, but had heard of me and my character, and had heard a good report of J— L—. To get this money cost me seven shillings. The letter I have now, and often look upon it with pleasure and gratitude, and exclaim, 'Jehovah Jireh,—the Lord will provide.' The fact has furnished me with many a text, and fired my heart in preaching many times, on the love, the goodness, and providence of God. Who, with that fact staring him in the face, could deny, said he, "the special providence of God?"

The second case occurred also to one whom I know, and very highly esteem for his work's sake, my pastor. At one period of his life (this I had a few days ago from himself) he was in business as a watch-maker. "I had," said he, "given a bill for ten pounds. The bill became due,—the day arrived,—and I, alas, had not ten shillings with which to meet it! What

could I do, but go and tell my Lord? I prayed, and that most earnestly, that God would, in some way, help me. At length, twelve o'clock came, and I was no nearer meeting the bill. Again I went to my chamber, and prayed earnestly to God for help. While on my knees, my apprentice called me. I rose, went down into the shop, a carriage was at the door, a lady in the shop, she said, 'I wish to look at that small gold watch. What is the price?' Ten guineas. She examined it, laid it down, again took it up, and decided upon taking it. I took the money, the stranger (for such she was) took the watch, and in ten minutes I was, with the money in my pocket, and a light and grateful heart in my breast, in a boat, and on my way to London to meet the bill; thus did God in my extremity provide for me."

The other case is one in which a poor old widow, in an almshouse near me, experienced the manifest interposition of God in supplying her temporal necessity. This poor old widow has one son only now living. A little before Christmas he came home very ill, apparently consumptive; all she could do and get to minister to his comfort she did. One Saturday she was without anything suitable for his dinner for the next day, and was without money. "Never mind, mother," said the son, "you can make me a little pudding." However, she determined to get a little piece of meat for him if she could. "No, mother," said John, "don't go in debt for me." However, she went to a butcher's near, and asked for about a pound of mutton, "Now," she said, "I must ask you if you will give me credit for it." She said, "he turned on his heel and refused me." She returned to her house sad, not on her own account, but on that of her son. "Well, John," she said, "I have not got the meat for you." "Never mind, mother," said he, "we shall have a dinner." "While I was gone to the butcher's," said she, "a parcel came from one of the places where my son had lived. On opening it, I found it contained two fine rabbits and two shillings. Thus God amply provided for me and my son food to eat, and money to procure other necessary things for his use."

And now, lest I should prove tedious, I will close, leaving these facts to speak for themselves, and show the power of God, as well as his goodness, in providing for his

people under the most trying and pressing circumstances.

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

HABAKKUK.

February 10th, 1855.

SABBATH AFTERNOONS.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Sirs,

The old custom of morning and afternoon services seems likely, in most places, to be superseded by the substitution of the evening service for that of the latter; this has caused a departure from the practice which formerly prevailed, viz., the assembling the household for a service of a domestic religious character, which generally took place in the majority of the Puritan families, and those of their immediate successors.

Instead of enquiring whether the change will be an advantageous one, it will be more to the present purpose to enquire *how* the Sabbath afternoon is usually passed, by way of suggesting the possibility of making it a more profitable portion of time. There are many, even christian persons, who perhaps take a little rest, and then turn to the religious magazine of the day, and, having turned over its pages, and perhaps having looked over an oft-read book, scarcely know how to employ the time till the hour arrives for the public re-assembling. There can be no objection to an extra amount of rest on the Sabbath; it was one of the reasons for which it was given to the many who are most truly "sons of toil" during the six days; but then this rest, having been enjoyed, should surely fit the mind for more active exertion, for a more thorough entrance into that opportunity of *spiritual* renovation, which it is the peculiar privilege of the Sabbath to afford. Every christian should endeavour to seize a portion of the Sabbath as a time of peculiar *private* retirement and devotion. All good men must desire every day to have some immediate communion between God and their own soul; but the actual labour of many, the busy engagements of others, and the family circumstances of a large multitude, form a great barrier to prolonged, or very congenial opportunities of devotion, while there are few who, on the day of rest, may not have

an opportunity of securing a season of that spiritually "sweet repose,"

"Which none but he that feels it knows."

It is not from the public services alone that the christian can expect to grow in grace. There must be the preparation for the truth which is to come, the meditation on that which has been heard, in order that the heart may gain all which the service might afford. And what season so favourable for this as a solitary hour or two on the Sabbath afternoon?

It might be suggested, too, that with many, a part of this time might be well given to those visits of consolation which are eminently Sabbath work. Daily work, business, the manufactory, the profession, often take away the power of devoting the week-time to such employ; but because persons cannot go, then is there not the more need to give *personal* comfort and aid when they can? And what scenes of Sabbath-breaking and sin are to be found near the houses of most christians, which might be changed into scenes which would give joy to angels, were many of our christian friends, now passing the hours of the Sabbath afternoon in useless inaction, to resolve that they would give themselves no rest till they had found some plan for checking the abounding of sin around us.

It may be well to urge the many who at this time engage in Sunday-schools, not to be content with active labour and outward service, but to resolve, that while they willingly give up some hours which most profitably for themselves they might spend in retirement, they will by no means lose the valuable means of grace which retirement affords; but only the more earnestly *seek* some time in which to water their own souls, while endeavouring to water others; and to keep their own vineyard, while they labour to produce much fruit to the glory of the Great Master.

Trusting that you will give some suggestions which will call further attention to this matter, believe me to remain, with sincere good wishes, yours, very truly,

A LOOKER-ON.

PRAYER ABOUT THE WAR.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

I have long been thinking there ought to be a day set apart for public prayer, that the war may speedily termi-

gate, and that we may have peace again. Now, as we look to you as the heads of our denomination, you are the most likely to set about it. Perhaps the services would be better attended if they were on the Lord's-day, but that is for your consideration. I have no doubt, if all the churches were to unite in sincere prayer to God, they would do more good than all the parliaments in the world, and the blessing of God would be sure to follow. I hope the Baptists will set the example.

I remain yours sincerely,

J. M.

[We must say, in reference to the above, that we think the present time particularly demands the earnest intercessions of the people of God. Why should we wait for the appointment of a day, by an authority

which in religious matters we disown, to present a special appeal to God for his interference in a crisis which is causing so much and such general anxiety? Without venturing to dictate, or to interfere at all with what may be done by those to whom we look as the heads of the denomination, in the metropolis, we venture to suggest the *second Lord's-day in this month*, as a day on which such special prayer may be conveniently offered in our congregations. Many, no doubt, will approve the suggestion, and act upon it; so that those who do, will have the assurance that many beside themselves are appealing to God for his gracious interference, in this solemn crisis in the affairs of this country and the world.]

A Page for the Young.

HARRY AND HIS MOTHER.

A TALE FOR BOYS.

I have seldom seen a little boy who had so many noble qualities as Harry Dayton—one who was capable of being a better boy, or growing up to be a better man.

I have seldom known a little boy who had a better mother—one who so prayerfully and perseveringly studied to train him in the way he should go. And very dearly did he love this mother, and really mean to obey her and do what was right; and usually, if in a moment of passion he did wrong, he was very sorry, and wept bitterly.

But, oh, the wicked things little boys learn, playing in the street; what naughty words they hear, and what naughty habits they get! Yet it seems impossible to prevent it, as they must go out of doors, and must run and drive their hoops and roll their balls, or else they will not be strong and healthy.

So Harry's mother felt obliged to let him go into the street; and one afternoon he had been playing very long, and I presume was very tired, at least he was very much excited; and from the parlour there were heard children's voices talking very loud and angrily, and some of them were calling each other names, and striking, and their faces were red with passion.

Harry was among them; and his aunt

Mary seeing him from the window, thought it best to call him in; besides, it was dinner-time, and his hands and face must be washed; so she went to the door and kindly requested him to come to her. But he refused, and, though it seems impossible he could have been so impudent, he did call her such names as I should not like to put upon my paper. She went to him and took hold of his hand, and he screamed, and struck, and kicked her, declaring he would not mind her, he would do what he pleased.

But he did not dare to disobey his father, and when he heard his voice, he subdued his anger and came in. He had been alone but a few moments before he began to cry, for he knew his mother would know how wicked he had been, and he feared, too, that he should be punished. "Oh, dear," said he, "don't tell mother; I will tell her all myself," and he sobbed as if his little heart would break. Soon his mother came to him, and patiently listened to his story, but she had heard it first from his aunt Mary, and knew he did not tell the truth. "Did you not strike little Ellen in the street, and did you not call aunt Mary names?"

"No," said he, but he did not look up frankly into her face, like an honest boy—the blush of guilt was on his cheek. But when he struck and talked so wickedly, I do not think he knew what he was doing, because he was in such a passion, and now

perhaps he did not remember it all. Yet he knew he did not tell it as it was. His mother thought it best to say no more to him till he was cool and rested, and he went to dinner.

But he did not appear like a little boy who was sorry for what he had done. He was evidently determined to brave it out. He talked very loud and boldly,—very much as I have seen grown-up men, when they had done wrong and would not own it, and were determined to go on sinning.

Harry was only seven years old, but he knew a great deal more than many boys at that age, because he had had a great deal of pains taken with him, and God had given him more mind and a stronger character than are given to some little boys, and this should have made him better; but I think he sometimes felt that he had better care and was better educated than some other little boys, and therefore he tried to rule them, which they did not like, and so they had many a quarrel which otherwise would not have happened.

When he went to bed at night, his mother again talked kindly and gently with him, but still he would not tell the truth. She told him that she should punish him for being so naughty in the afternoon; but she should wait till the next day, which was the Sabbath, and should punish him more severely if he told a lie. Still he persisted in telling what was not true; but that little voice that spoke in his soul continually kept calling to him, "Harry! Harry!" and made him so unhappy he could not sleep. Yet he would not heed it, and as I passed by the door of his room, I heard him calling his mother wicked names, and saying he did not love her, and he meant to run away and not live with her.

There he was in his nice little bed, where she had tucked him in, and arranged every thing for his comfort, in a raging passion, doing all he could to make her wretched; and so he talked and cried till he fell asleep in this angry spirit.

If any body had told me Harry Dayton could be so wilful and obstinate, I should not have believed it; for I had seen him act so nobly, and so quickly confess if he did wrong, that I did not suppose he would ever go on from wrong to wrong, and then deny it to save himself any punishment his mother might inflict. Oh, I wish he could have seen that gentle mother as I did that night, when I softly opened the door, not

knowing she was there, and she was kneeling by his side, with her head bowed upon his pillow, which was wet with her tears, praying that God would forgive him, and teach her how to lead him in the way of piety and truth. It was a beautiful sight, and I thought, Surely He who hears the prayers of the humble will give her strength and wisdom: her son will yet grow up to love and honour her.

The next day was the Sabbath, and very early in the morning, Harry was above in the room with his little sister, when she did some serious mischief, and when questioned about it, she said Harry told her to do it.

"No," said Harry, "I did not."

Here was another wrong story, and which of her children had told it the mother did not know. Each persisted in saying that the other was guilty, but on minute enquiry it proved to be Harry again. This is always the way with children, and grown people too; when they will not repent, and freely confess that they have done wrong, they seem to feel a sort of determination to show that they do not care, or to make others believe that they do not, so they will repeat what they have done, or indulge in some new act, and thus the heart grows harder, and the little voice speaks not so loudly. They feel very miserable, and really wish they had not sinned; but pride, a very foolish, weak, and wicked pride, prevents their saying so, and perhaps they live on a whole life in misery and sin, when one half hour of real contrition and cordial confession would relieve their bosoms of a great burden, and make themselves and all around them happy.

Oh, how sadly did this mother feel when she saw how little Harry had become hardened. What should she do? how should she punish him so as to do him good?

She told him she would not punish him so severely if he told the truth, but still he would not tell her. She led him to a lonely room where there was nothing to interest him, and after talking with him a long while, and trying to impress his heart with the nature of sin and disobedience, telling him that God had made her his mother that she might watch over him, and that He would not forgive her if she did not punish him, she whipped him, and left him to think alone.

He soon stopped crying, and drummed

on the window to let her know that he did not care; and when she went to see him an hour afterward, he was watching the people in the street as composedly as if nothing had happened. He could not run to meet her, or look up cheerfully into her sorrowful face; but he might have thrown his arms around her neck, and kissed and begged her to forgive him. No, he was not ready to do this. His proud heart was not yet softened. Oh, what was it made of that it could so long grieve that gentle mother? He could hear his little sisters' glad voices in the nursery and in the parlour, and he really wanted to join them; but, as he could not till he had shown that he was truly sorry, he preferred to stay there alone.

A plain dinner was sent to him, without any dessert, and when he had finished he rang the bell for more! Oh, then the tears came into his mother's eyes, for she feared he would never give up. She thought, What will he grow up to be, if he is so obstinate and cunning now? How her heart ached, as she thought of the temptations which would surround him as he grew older, and how she trembled as she thought of guarding him if he was so easily led astray!

He had in his hand a book full of good thoughts, which his mother hoped he would read; and, after awhile, he did become very weary staying alone, and opened the book. It was one that called up the little voice again, and made it speak louder than ever, and his little heart grew soft and began to beat very fast, and then the tears came, and very soon he was honest little Harry again, and ready to say he was sorry and tell the truth. His mother heard him sobbing, and her heart began to beat more lightly, for she felt sure he was truly grieved for his sin.

When she went to him he said, "Oh, mother, I have been so wicked! What shall I do? I have been so wicked!"

This was a pleasant sound to his mother's ears, and she folded him to her bosom again and again, unable to utter the gratitude of her heart that he was still her noble boy. Now he told her all the truth, and begged her to forgive him, and knelt by her side to pray his own little prayer that God would forgive him too.

He was far happier than he had been for many, many hours; but he was still sad. His papa greeted him very kindly, and his little sisters jumped for joy when he came

into the nursery, but he did not feel like playing,—he seemed almost afraid lest he should be tempted to be naughty again. And when his mamma told him that for a whole week he could not play with the children in the street, he did not cry or get angry, but quietly yielded to what he knew was right.

How much better it was for Harry to be good, than to be naughty. I dare say, my little reader, you have often found it so too?

THE BOY WHO GOT UP TO PRAY.

It was night. Black heavy clouds were scudding across the sky. The wind blew loud and fierce. It howled around the parsonage as if it would vent its rage on the sleepers within, and then, baffled in its attempts, it would retire into the distance with a low, ominous growl. Presently it would return with increased rage, and blow its mighty breath against the house, until it tottered on its foundations.

Under one of the gables of the parsonage, a little boy was sleeping. He was only six years old. The soft, flaxen curls fell over his fair forehead. His head rested on a plump little hand. His long eyelashes drooped over his rosy cheeks, and around his mouth played a smile, as if his dreams were peaceful and happy. His father and mother were both dead. Perhaps as ministering spirits they were watching over him, and in his dreams he may have imagined himself on his father's knee, receiving his warm caress, or pressed to the bosom of the mother who used to soothe his troubles by her words of gentleness and love. He slept quietly and soundly. The howling of the storm did not disturb him, although it was continually growling louder and fiercer.

There came a tremendous gush of wind against the gable. It creaked, snapped, and fell. The wind had triumphed. The roof crushed through the ceiling over the little sleeper, and filled the room with mortar, bricks, and broken timber. Everything in the apartment was covered with the ruins, except the bed on which was the lone orphan. An immense timber had fallen across the pillow, from which he had slipped down while sleeping.

Arthur—for by this name I shall call the child—lived with his uncle and aunt. His uncle was a minister. They loved him

very much, and did everything they could to make him good and happy. When they heard the falling of the timber, they ran affrighted to his room, but the door could not be opened, so much had been thrown against it. The gentleman immediately knocked out one of the panels, and crawled through. He seized Arthur in his arms. Before he could get out of the room, another fall from the ceiling covered the bed from which the child had just been rescued.

His aunt took him, wrapped him in a blanket, and clasping him close to her heart, carried him to her own room. Arthur was not at all alarmed for himself. He was too young to know the greatness of the danger he had escaped. When he heard the timbers falling, he feared his uncle and aunt would be killed; and when he found they were safe, his first wish was to get down from his aunt's arms, and on his knees thank God for saving his dear friends.

After doing so, in his simple words, he told her that he was so cold when his nurse undressed him, that he got into bed without saying his prayers. But he could not

go to sleep. He thought his Father in heaven would not give him his daily bread if he did not ask for it, so he got up in the dark, after the nurse had left him, and said them.

"Oh, aunty! I am so glad," he continued, "that a good spirit put it into my heart not to be afraid of the dark and cold, for if I had not said my prayers, that timber would have fallen on my head."

What a lesson this dear boy learned of the protecting care of his heavenly Father! I trust he will never lose his confidence, which, as the Bible says, has great recompense of reward. It is sweet to trust in God, to feel that his eye is ever upon us, to watch over us, and keep us from evil.

I suppose most of those who read this story about Arthur, have learned to repeat the Lord's prayer. Do you say it as a mere form, because your mother has taught you it? or do you think what you are saying? Do you believe God is really listening to you, and will answer your requests?

Arthur evidently had faith in God. He believed he would hear and answer his prayers; and God did hear his prayer, and delivered him from evil.

Miscellaneous.

GOD'S TENDERNESS IN HIS DEALINGS WITH HIS PEOPLE.—How soothing in the hour of sorrow, or bereavement, or death, to have the countenance and sympathy of a tender earthly friend! My soul, there is one nearer, dearer, tenderer still,—the friend that never fails, a tender God! By how many endearing epithets does Jesus exhibit the tenderness of his affection to his people? Does a shepherd watch tenderly over his flock? "The Lord is my shepherd!" Does a father exercise fondest solicitude towards his children? "I will be a father unto you!" Does a mother's love exceed all other earthly types of affectionate tenderness? "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you!" Is the apple of the eye the most susceptible part of the most delicate bodily organ? "He keeps them as the apple of his eye!" "He will not break the bruised reed!" "When the shepherd and bishop of souls" finds the sinner like the lost sheep stumbling on the dark mountains, how tenderly he deals with him! There is no look of wrath, no word of upbraiding; in silent love "He lays him on his shoulder rejoicing!" When Peter falls, He does not unnecessarily wound him. He might have repeated often and again the piercing look which brought the flood of penitential sorrow; but he gave that look *only once*; and if he reminds him again of his threefold denial, it is by

thrice repeating the gentlest of questions, "Lovest thou me?" The gentlest earthly parent may speak a harsh word betimes,—it may be *needlessly* harsh,—but not so God. "He may seem, like Joseph to his brethren, to speak roughly; but all the while there is love in his heart!" The furnace will not burn more fiercely than is absolutely required. A tender God is seated by it, tempering the fury of its flames!

VANITY OF POSTHUMOUS FAME.—It is singularly mortifying to reflect how little, in a very short period, any man, however eminent may have been his reputation for wisdom, is missed in the world. For a while a blank is felt. He is the theme of public praise, and the tear of regret is shed, and the voice of lamentation is raised over his tomb. But he is no sooner out of sight than he begins to be out of mind. He is less and less spoken of. The world appears to go on without him, much as it did before. New objects of attention and admiration arise, and the old ones are gradually forgotten. Of the thousand eminent in their day, who must have lived in ancient times, how few, comparatively, are there whose very names have come down to us! And even as to those that have been saved from the wreck of time, how very circumscribed is the circle of their fame! By the great mass of human society, by the immensely larger proportion of the

population of the world, they have never been heard of; their names, their works, and their sayings are alike unknown. The wisdom of Joseph saved the land of Egypt from impending ruin; yet soon "another king arose which knew not Joseph." Whilst the salutary effects of his counsel continued to be felt, the counsel itself and the man who had given it were forgotten, and were miserably requited; and, but for the inspired record in the Holy Scriptures, it is probable we should scarcely have heard of his name, even amongst the fables, and uncertainties, and confused and mutilated acts, of remote tradition.—*Wardlaw.*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—There are those who tell us that the work of redemption will be looked upon in a future state as nothing more than one of the ephemeral acts of the Godhead! Never was assertion more gratuitous or more unfounded. Independently of the sublime mysteries of the Cross, there could have been for fallen man neither grace nor glory; neither purity nor moral perfection; neither rest nor blessedness, nor a joyous life of immortality. It is from the Cross that redemption, in all its plenitude of freedom and happiness, is derived; and from the Cross will come all the light which is to illumine the great wide field of eternity. For ever standing in this light, we shall gather up the vast designs of the Godhead in all the perfection of their character, and in all the grandeur of their results; and viewing them in all the harmony of their plan, and in all the blessedness of their end, thought will heighten into wonder, and wonder into praise, and sweet, and pure, and seraphic will be the worship of the redeemed church. Theirs will be "the new song." While being lasts, or immortality endures, we shall never lose the freshness and the interest of that one sublime, unending strain: "Thou art worthy, for thou hast redeemed us unto God."—*Ferguson.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.—In the sermon on the Mount, our Lord says, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain." We can all of us easily understand the other part of this command, that when struck on one cheek, we should in humility offer the other; because, unfortunately, we know what striking is. But many must have wondered what can have given rise to the command of going a second mile with the violent man who has already compelled you to go one mile. Nobody now, in this country, is ever injured by such treatment. But we learn from coins and inscriptions, that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of travelling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling upon the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plough to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was

the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription on the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia, mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance; and a coin of Nerva's reign records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demand for one stage's "vehiculation," to go willingly a second stage.—*Eclectic Review.*

INTERCOURSE WITH THE WORLD.—We are obliged to an intercourse with the world in our different callings and professions, which intercourse we are not at liberty to decline on any pretensions of exalted spirituality. Do you meet with men of genius and literature, of easy address, and polite manners, who are under the influence of no nobler principle than that wisdom which is earthly and sensual? Are you susceptible of pleasing impressions from the brilliancy of their wit, and their attainments in science? Give them the praise due to their accomplishments, but be not charmed into their errors and vices. Learn not from this quarter to contemn revelation as an irrational or superstitious system, or to take those liberties in conduct which are inconsistent with the purity of the Christian doctrine. Stand on your guard, lest you be prejudiced in favour of those practices which disgrace the most amiable of such characters. In your converse with them, never lose sight of religion, and the eternal obligations of moral virtue.—*Crabb's Sermons, 1750.*

PREACHING.—Of all things, the most pitiable is when a man preaches to please himself, and when an audience listens to be pleased with the minister. And the most glorious thing below is, when the minister's preaching, and the people's hearing, lead to this conclusion: not, "How well the minister spoke to-day!" "How comfortably did we hear to-day!" but, "How glorious is that Saviour! how precious this soul! how weighty our responsibilities in the prospect of eternity, and of a judgment-seat!" We may always judge of what has been the nature of the sermon, or what has been the mood in which it was listened to, by the first remarks we hear as we retire; when people go home, criticising the words of the discourse, instead of dwelling on, and speaking of, the lines of the subject, there is something wrong in the people's hearing, or in the minister's preaching. May God grant that all that I preach, and all that my people may hear, may lead them to lift their hearts far beyond the temple, and to leave them nowhere except where our heart and our treasure should be,—beside the throne of the Lord Jesus.—*Dr. Cumming.*

PRAYING TO SAINTS.—Adam Clarke thus comments on the account of the rich man calling upon Abraham: "He cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me," &c. "There was a time when he might have prayed to the God of Abraham, and have found mercy; now he dares not approach that God whom in his lifetime he had neglected, and addresses a creature

who has neither the power nor authority to bless. This is the only instance in the Bible of praying to saints; and, to the confusion of the false Popish doctrine, which states it to be necessary and available, let it for ever be remembered that it was only practised by a damned soul, and then without any success."

PRAYER.—Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of cares, and the calm of our temper: prayer is the issue of a great mind of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

Month after month rolls on, and still the record must be of WAR. The news of bloody war abroad are indeed varied by cabinet and parliamentary war at home; yet the eyes of the country are turned chiefly, and with intensest interest, to the scenes of suffering and trial in the Crimea; and events in England, which ordinarily would seem of the utmost importance, are as nothing when compared with the great tragedy which has been going on in the East. What a winter must this have been in the tents and on the plains in front of Sebastopol. God grant that Englishmen may never be called to spend another like it!

It is matter of thankfulness that the latest news from the seat of war have been somewhat less painful than those to which we have been accustomed for some months past. We have still proofs enough of the mismanagement of those to whom the direction of affairs was entrusted, and we have still to hear heartrending accounts of the results of that mismanagement; but death appears to have become at last satisfied with the fearful harvest he has reaped, and "things are better, therefore, in the Crimea." The mismanagement has, however, come home at last to those to whose charge it has been laid in our country. The coalition ministry, once so famous, and from which so much was expected, has fallen before the just indignation of people and parliament. The ministry which has succeeded it, comprises, indeed, many of those who occupied places in the old administration; but there is another, and a more vigorous head; and the war office, in which the chief responsibility now rests, is filled by another. At the time we write, too, other changes are taking place, indicating, we trust, that Lord Palmerston intends to conduct the affairs of the nation with more of vigour, and less of bondage to old routine. It may be that the time has come, when statesmen will fling off the trammels which have so long enfeebled our government, and act as the statesmen of a free people should. If so, it will be worth while to have been brought into the crisis in which we have lately found ourselves,—worth while to have been brought, as we have been, to the brink of national ruin and disgrace.

The Congress which is to open in Vienna in a few days will be attended by

Lord John Russell as the plenipotentiary of England. We cannot help hoping something from that Congress, at which the questions between the Allies and Russia are to be once more discussed. The great call upon English Christians now is for PRAYER; that He who has the hearts of all men in his hands may direct the discussions of the Conference so as to lead to peace, and that even now,—for nothing is too hard for Him,—war with its miseries and evils may be put an end to. There is some talk of a day being appointed by Government for national humiliation and prayer: we need not, however, wait for this; our God is ready to hear us now; he has power to help now: let us try him, and see whether he will not even yet listen to us, while we utter the cry, which in our circumstances is peculiarly appropriate and touching, "Give peace in our time, O Lord: for there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God."

HORTON COLLEGE, BRADFORD.

The Rev. John Mackay, late of Horton College, being about to sail for India, he and his fellow-students met together on Wednesday evening, February 21st, to take leave of each other. The senior student, Mr. Davis occupied the chair, and began the business of the evening by presenting to Mr. Mackay, on behalf of the brethren, "Bagster's Comprehensive Bible," richly bound in morocco, on the fly-leaf of which was the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. John Mackay, by his fellow-students, on the occasion of his leaving Horton College, to labour amongst the heathen in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, as an expression of their sincere attachment to him, and of their high estimation of his character; with the earnest prayer that the God whom he serves in the Gospel of his Son, may richly endue him with his Holy Spirit, and may render his labours greatly conducive to the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom on the earth." In acknowledging this mark of his brethren's esteem, Mr. Mackay assured them that he should never forget the days he had spent in Horton College,—days which had been among the happiest of his life, and which he should always look back upon with peculiar pleasure. He then referred to some of the reasons which had led him to become a missionary, dwelling especially upon the duty of every Christian to spread the glad tidings of

salvation, and of the universal church to fulfil the great commission of her Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." After several of the students had expressed their hearty sympathy with the brother who was leaving them, and their earnest wishes for his prosperity, the meeting was concluded by singing Kirke White's beautiful and touching hymn,—

"Come, christian brethren, ere we part ;"

and by commending Mr. Mackay to the care of Him who has been the dwelling-place of his people in all generations.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL, NUPEND, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
OLD SCHOLARS' MEETING.**

Every friend of Sabbath schools, while grateful to God for the success attending such efforts, must lament how much good instruction is lost by so many of our older scholars leaving school just when they most need christian advice and direction. In order as far as possible to supply such need, the teachers and friends of the above place have, for years past, held a special tea meeting, when the old scholars are invited to attend. Such a meeting was held this year on the evening of the 17th of January, when about two hundred met together, and after tea a most interesting service was held in the chapel. In reporting the state of the school, the superintendent stated it to be in a prosperous condition. Many of the young were evidently under deep religious impressions. As an encouragement, he stated that one young person dated their conversion from a former meeting of this kind. After this, several of the teachers, who were formerly scholars in the school, addressed some pointed and appropriate remarks to those present, who, though they had enjoyed a long course of Sabbath school instruction, had not yet decided for God. We cannot but hope that appeals thus coming from those who once were fellow-scholars with them will, under God's blessing, be effectual in reviving former impressions, and thus leading them to the Saviour's feet. If such an example should be thought worthy of imitation by other churches, and our Sabbath schools be thus rendered more useful, the object of this communication will be answered: and God shall have the praise.

HOPE CHAPEL, DEVONPORT.

This place of worship, erected for the Rev. Thos. Horton and friends, was opened for divine service on Tuesday, Jan. 16th, when two appropriate and powerful sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Brock, of London. The devotional portions of the services were conducted by the Rev. S. Nicholson, of Plymouth, Dr. Allott, of the Western College, and the Rev. John Pyer, of Devonport. There was a goodly number of ministerial brethren present on the occasion. The next evening a party of about eight hundred persons took tea on the occasion at the Mechanics' Institute. The company was addressed by Peter Adams, Esq., of Plymouth, the chairman,

James R. Jeffery, Esq., of Liverpool, and the Rev. W. Brock. On the following Lord's-day, the Rev. S. Nicholson preached in the morning, and the Rev. Eliezer Jones in the evening. A communion service was held in the afternoon, at which the Rev. Dr. Allott presided, assisted by the pastor of the church.

Obituary.

THE REV. JOSEPH SEAMAN.

On Thursday evening, February 8th, the Rev. Joseph Seaman, Baptist minister, of Waltham-le-Willows, in the county of Suffolk, died in the peace and hope of that glorious gospel which, for more than thirty-three years, he delighted to proclaim to others. Mr. Seaman was instrumental in raising the cause and forming the church at Waltham-le-Willows, over which he presided till the time of his decease. He was eminently a "man of God," of holy and unblemished character,—plain and unassuming, but faithful and affectionate. Next to love to his divine Master, his ruling passion was love to the people of his charge, and his dying prayer was, that they might remain a united people. During his life he had frequently spoken of having a fear of the article of death, but "at evening time it was light," so light that he said he could not describe the happiness he enjoyed in the prospect of heaven; and as expressive of his holy confidence, he requested that Mr. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, who preached at his ordination, Jan. 2nd, 1823, should also preach his funeral sermon from 2 Tim. i. 12: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Never was the language of the Psalmist more appropriately applied than to our beloved, and now glorified brother. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

MR. JOHN RENNISON.

Died at North Shields, Jan. 19th, 1855, Mr. John Rennison, in the sixty-first year of his age, and upwards of thirty-four years a deacon of the Baptist church in that town. Mr. Rennison was called at an early age to know the Lord, and was baptized and united to the church at Newcastle, under the pastorate of Mr. Pengilly. A few years after he removed to North Shields, and was transferred to the membership of the church there, where he remained an honoured, very much beloved, and useful member till his death. He was a warm friend to every religious and benevolent object, a constant attendant on the means of grace, and one who made it his daily study to promote the peace and happiness of both pastor and people. To this it may be added with much propriety, he was held in the highest estimation by his fellow-townsmen, who, with a numerous circle of friends, unite in deploring his loss.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

APRIL, 1855.

THE PRAYER FOR FAITH.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.*

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."—*Mark ix. 24.*

Here we see an instance of a man's trying every means of relief, going to the disciples, endeavouring to do something for himself, and at last being obliged to come to Jesus. It is affecting to see a state of mind like this,—a man coming humbly to Christ, after he is convinced that other means are useless. Consider the disposition that is pre-requisite in coming to God,—his willingness to have faith,—his earnestness and simplicity, &c.; he was perfectly sensible that God had a right to make faith a pre-requisite,—that he had no business to come merely as an experiment, to see whether *this* being that all men so extolled for his miracles could really cure him. He came sincerely believing, sincerely wishing to believe,—he was sensible Christ had a *right* to expect this belief should rest on him,—he knew there was sufficient power in the universe, but he was to believe that the *man* despised and presented before him was the possessor of this almighty power,—in short, that he was God. Observe his faith in Christ's goodness and beneficence,—when at first he came to Christ asking for his cure, and when Christ mentioned this indispensable requisite, faith, he did not say, "*Well*, I will go away till I get this faith, till I create faith;" he was content to receive it also at Christ's hands, willing to receive all as a gift. He did not think of obtaining the benefits Christ had to impart, by any negotiation of desert on his part,—he came empty handed. He who thinks that he can come to Christ with his intellectual wealth, the worth of his mind, who thinks he wants only the top stone to complete his edifice of self-righteousness, will find that it is all in vain, that his building must fall. "Help thou mine unbelief." He who can say *this*, will receive an answer to his petition, because it implies, pre-supposes, a degree of faith already imparted. He may be sure of obtaining what he asks for, because he has received what he asked not for. The very asking implied faith, he had the *principle*, and it was then working in him to ask for and expect *more* faith.

There are many who have received the principle of faith who have need to utter the prayer, "Help thou mine unbelief," because there may be a large mixture of unbelief, great alloy in the true gold,—indeed all have more or less of this. There are endless diversities of this state of mixture; we read of some "strong in faith," some "weak in faith." Some whose faith was strong have gone through a great deal, through death

* The Rev. John Foster's own Notes of a Sermon.

itself, and death in all its most horrid forms; they would endure all possible evils except the wrath of God. All are not thus tried, and many must feel thankful sometimes when they hear or read of the trials some have gone through, that they are not exposed to such trials of faith. But though there is this deficiency of faith, it will cause great sorrow to a good man; he will not be satisfied, for he will consider what he loses by it. Little faith will obtain little converse with God, the author of faith, the source of happiness. It *dishonours* God also, as well as *not honouring* him; it ought to be proportioned to its object; consider the *object* of faith. A faith in miracles does not imply saving, genuine faith; but we cannot consider the person in the text anything but a true believer,—that *earnestness* and *sincerity* does not belong to an infidel; and Christ, who reads the heart, knew that he was a true believer in him as the Son of God. We may take the words in a wider sense, as applicable to all sincere enquirers after faith.

How often has the text been repeated as a prayer. If it could be registered how many times it has thus been used, what a volume it would fill, certainly much larger than the Bible. How many pious souls have said it in private, in trials, when they have felt the stings of the old serpent. How many blessings have been drawn down from heaven by this prayer, how much spiritual wealth, &c. How earnestly will a good man say this when he feels the desperate evil of unbelief, has a full view of its enormity. He sometimes says, "*I do believe*;" but what a vast economy is presented to me for my belief. Truly he may say, "Help thou mine unbelief," when he considers, first, the glory and magnificence of the things revealed to him, and *then*, how it is shrunk and shrivelled in his mind. What a faint exhibition of this vast assemblage! My mind ought to be a mirror to reflect all this brightness, and yet *how little* of all this I take in, and how bedimmed and beclouded is that which *is* there, through the influence of this unbelief. If all could be made to stand before me, world upon world, as it were—the extending glory which no tongue could express—if I could take it all in, what need should I then see for this prayer, when I could see this difference between what *I am* and what *I should be*! Deliver me from this unbelief, which makes all these glorious representations sink to the size of the mind, instead of the mind continually expanding to meet them.

He says, "It is true, *I do believe all, one by one*, but then they are soon gone;" and he entreats the Spirit of God to send away those clouds that intercept the great light—the bright manifestations of divine truth. *The length of time* that passes between these reviews constitutes a species of unbelief, during the suspension of belief; and a good man will say, "When I think of a certain truth, I am obliged to recall it to my mind, it is not always present. Oh, that it might be more constantly before me! I do believe; but there sometimes *arises a doubt*, a surmise,—Can these things be so? I never saw anything like them,—Can they belong to a world like this? Such, for instance, as the truths, that there is a God that fills all space,—that it was *really the Son of God* that came down on such an errand to this world." A man need take care how he touches a surmise of infidelity, unless with fervent prayer to God.

Again, how little gratitude! What a revelation has God given us of his attributes, of our own state, and the means of happiness. If, now, *all* should be taken away, all this grand enlightening scene,—if a cloud should fall and hide from us the character of God *so blessed*, what a loss would be sustained! Then we should have some idea of the cause we have for thankfulness. This want of gratitude, amidst so much cause for its exercise, is certainly the result of some unbelief.

A good man will say, "I should more value the object of faith, if faith were stronger; I should never look at a truth without thinking of God." For instance, what a mercy it is that there is a revelation granted by Him concerning the future state,—that there is a light on the edge of eternity, that when a man arrives there he may boldly launch on the waters of death.

"I do believe, but I have received a great many evil prejudices and impressions. I was educated in the world with an aptitude to fall in with it. When I try to follow the right channel, to trace the same line, to turn where it turns, these old notions stand in my way. *I do believe, but still they are there*, and who shall get them out?" There is still so much old writing not traced by the finger of God, which sometimes appears quite clear and legible,—like some of those temples that were once devoted to Pagan rites and Pagan worship, and which were afterwards consecrated to the worship of the true God, and where sometimes the mortar has fallen and disclosed some vestige of idolatry, some representation of Pagan deities. So it is too much the case in the heart of the believer,—there are still Pagan affections which sometimes break forth and show themselves. The Spirit superinduced right principles, but the old, inherent, depraved dispositions will sometimes appear. A man may give his judgment for the truths of God, but his active feelings may still be embarked in the pursuit of the world.

He may say, "*I do believe, I cannot help it;*" but when thinking on these things, up there comes a deep antipathy, like a blasting curse, and drives off his affections. It is melancholy to think that there is no truth of God against which there is not a principle in direct opposition. It bears generally on the whole system, and also against every particular point; and it takes a long while to destroy these malignant manifestations of the old corrupt nature.

Again, this belief in the truth of Scripture does not rest with influential weight on the mind. A person may say, "I believe in God's justice—awful attribute! that He is also omniscient; that He knows all sin that I commit—awful fact! To believe that the whole world is under his cognizance and law, that the sun does not dart more rays on this globe than there are emanations of his perfection! And should not this cause me to have a right feeling against sin, to cherish a decided hatred against it, instead of cherishing it in direct opposition to the will of God, especially when it is considered that he not only abhors sin, but that, in consequence of his justice, he punishes it,—to think that God is here present in all his justice, seeing all, punishing all, that is in opposition to himself? All his concentrated attributes seem to bear against sin, and shall I cherish it? And yet, perhaps, through this species of unbelief, the judgment is coldly correct, and the feelings are unmoved. *Divine mercy?* yes, I believe in that; also that God will be merciful through Jesus Christ." Here, if the heart were free from unbelief, the person would say, "I will not stay a moment here, on this ground of sin, but go where the mercy of God is displayed in all its brightness,—the lightning of Divine wrath is falling everywhere else but there." *Unbelief*, then, in this view, is the *inefficiency of belief*. *Faith*, consequently, is the *efficacy of belief*. The living soul must be there. It must have a proper commanding influence on the affections. Should not the emotions of the mind attend a corresponding truth? it should be taken within the soul,—as it were, mingle with the current of the soul. The feelings should tell what the faith is; they should continually regulate the tone of the mind.

"I believe, but what are my actions? Christian faith is full of acting principles. When trials and temptations arise, my soul should have a

hero's spirit, should expand to a giant, instead of shrinking to a dwarf. In prosperity I could not have thought I could have acted so meanly." People are too apt to accuse God when they are tried, wonder why he should distress them, instead of submitting all things into his guidance and appointment—*this is unbelief.*

What a sublime state of mind should Faith, under trials and disappointments, produce: an indifference to the world, a superiority to it—to its trifles and allurements,—not a romantic, absurd indifference, but holding it light comparatively: a disposition to acknowledge the hand of God in afflicting as well as gratifying dispensations, is the consequence of this state of mind. And this consists in a longing, engrossing desire and preference for God's presence, not in any misanthropy merely; so that if all other things were equal in the two states of sin and holiness, yet the favour and communion with God, which is the result, and indeed the cause, of the latter, gives it such an immense superiority, that, when the mind is fully occupied by faith, the world is entirely lost sight of. Does not the whole tendency of Christianity go that way? So that the greater the faith the more the world is overlooked. And when a man who has the principle of faith in him is convinced of this, he will say, "Alas, how far am I from this; what has unbelief done in me, seeing it prevents this; what an immense injury has it done me, in depriving me of the communion of God, making me so engrossed with the world, that I am not in a fit state to meet death. Unbelief takes hold of this world and lets go the other,—prevents my aspirations from ascending after a better state,—will not let my desires go into another world,—not only so, but makes me content with this."

And God will attend to the ardent aspirations and supplications against this unbelief, for he regards the first principle which is implied in the entreaties and desires against unbelief. But beware of being content with this small measure of faith. What is it worth at all but to unite me to Christ, to heaven,—in short, to give me happiness? How can you be content with a small measure of this? How can a person that has felt the blessing of faith at all, be content with a small measure of this blessing? How can they lay the blame of this deficiency on their depraved nature? And so nature is to be the scapegoat to bear off its own sins, and your subsequent want of faith! We may, indeed, complain of our natures, but not thereby to extenuate our neglect of seeking after faith. Faith is to counteract this feeling, to give an edge to the mind, to quicken its desires, and give it new life, that we may not be content with just such a quantity as shall be a *sufficient passport for life,—just have sufficient for this,—to keep it, as it were, in a corner of the soul,—but to love it for its own sake,—for the sake of Christ,—on account of its power of delivering from the bondage of sin,—to let it expand and fill the whole soul,—to desire that all should be under the influence of faith,—not desire to have as much of the world as is consistent with safety, but to wish to expel the world altogether.*

Is there not cause to cry mightily, "Help thou my unbelief," when so many other things engross the passionate ardour of the soul,—things more vain and transient than the flowers of spring, or the hues of the rainbow? Think of all the desires and wishes of the heart,—how far should they go? All worldly desires should fall ere they reach the third heaven; but this prayer, though uttered in ever so small a degree of faith—if it is indeed a desire of the heart, a kindling spark from the slumbering embers of right principles in the soul—*can never be lost.* Angels will prevent it from falling; and though the greatest operations, the most important events, are going on in heaven or earth, it will safely reach the

throne of the Almighty. Whatever else is attended to, *that will be*, and diffuse as much pleasure through the courts of heaven as the brightest and most powerful address from the soul of the strongest faith. A full and free communion with God,—a hatred of sin,—love, peace, and joy,—this is the state of mind which faith only can produce. Think what there is within the reach of faith—*heaven itself*.

And when a good man feels the curse of unbelief like a weight *bearing down*, preventing him from rising to his own element, he will cry, "Lord, take away this unbelief, that, like an evil spirit, carries me away when I come in sight of the promises; help me by manifestation, instruction; let me see the evil of unbelief more fully." And God can do this without any apparent medium of communication, by his Spirit inexplicably sometimes,—without any apparent connexion with means; and if we trust to God arbitrarily to do it as he likes, he can make the truth bright in the mind, show sin in its proper colours; and he has already imparted some faith ere the desire for more faith originated; for the soul that makes this petition, must feel some confidence amidst the despondency and backwardness he may feel in the act.

CHRIST IN SOLITUDE.

BY THE REV. C. J. MIDDLEDITCH.

The same scenes may be desired by different men under the influence of very different motives. The crowded city may be visited by the man of enterprise in order that he may put forth his greatest energies; it may be sought for by another man in order to alleviate the wretchedness of living without purpose and without employment. Retirement may be desired by the evil and the good; the bad man may fly to the desert in order to escape the reproachful glance of any human eye; and thither may the good man go, not as one driven from the haunts of men by a terror-stricken conscience, but as one drawn into converse with the spiritual and divine. Lord Bacon said, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild-beast or a god;" and there is truth under-lying that saying; solitude may be desired by the ferocious and debased, or by the ennobled and refined.

How natural does it seem that one like our adorable Lord should have his seasons of retirement. The purity and innocence of his character cannot always be confined to the city and place of concourse. A spirit like his must sometimes leave the human, and commune with the divine. We hail him on the mount as the Great Teacher, we acknowledge him in the temple as the Divine Lord; but we are constrained to stand aside in sacred silence when we see him as the incarnate Son, holding converse with his Father amid the stillness of the desert. All nature seems then to have been hushed into silence befitting the intercourse that obtains.

Solitude exerts a powerful influence on the *human mind*. Occasional withdrawal from the activities and excitements of the social state is agreeable, and even necessary, to every healthful mind. The jaded citizen often delights in the calm quiet of the country village, and is strengthened by it for the stern demands of commercial life. The hermit's cell is an absurdity; it weakens and contracts the mind; and uninterrupted excitement, whether of business or of pleasure, must also injure. He who is always alone will become restricted and narrow in his range of sympathy and knowledge; he who is never alone will become dependent, crippled, and unhappy. "A good man shall be satisfied from himself."

The *manner* in which solitude influences the mind will greatly vary. What a beautiful picture we have of serious, thoughtful *reflection*, in the case of Isaac, when he "went out to meditate in the field at eventide." The thought of the simple-minded, reflective man, would fix itself upon the wondrous-working ways of God; the marvellous, supernatural, divine call of Abram from the land of idolatry, to be the chosen friend and witness of Jehovah among men; the future destiny of that people who were raised up in fulfilment of divine promises, and for the accomplishment of divine purposes; thoughts and sentiments were thus awakened, such as probably would never have occurred to him, if he had tarried amid the busy hum of social life. Some of our best and happiest thoughts are among those which arise in solitude, and do not wait on us, that they may have expression given to them for other men to become acquainted with them too. The *calm and soothing* influence of solitude has often been acknowledged. The reader himself has known what it is to retire from some exciting scene, and after a season of quiet thought, has wondered that he should have been so greatly flurried and disturbed by the things which had happened unto him. Sometimes, dear reader, there has been a *pensive, saddened* cast of feeling experienced by you in your solitude. It seemed as if you had gone alone that you might weep. The remembrance of endearments once possessed, but now lost, constrained you to do so. The solitude where none could hear, and none could see, excepting only the great Invisible, seemed a befitting scene for sighs and tears like yours:

"Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load."

At another time a sense of *awe* has been awakened; a strange mysterious kind of feeling; deep, solemn, and overwhelming; a feeling near akin to that of a child, who, being found in tears, in a lonely place, where no form was seen, and no sound was heard, was asked why he wept? "*I am afraid of the silence*," he replied. There must have been a soul in that child, of deepest sympathies, thus to commune, weeping as he did so, with the solemn mysteries of a world hushed into stillness enough to awe the human mind. And sometimes solitude has exerted a *fortifying, strengthening* influence on man. He has been withdrawn for a season from the society of fellow-men that he might be fitted for a mission in the name of God. So did the leader of Israel return from the solitude of Midian, and the Baptist from the Judæan desert. So many have come forth, nerved with new power; mightier, stronger men; men of nobler purposes and braver hearts than they had ever been if the stern rigours of those solitary scenes had not been looked upon, and braved by them. A man who has had high destinies to fulfil will commonly be found to have fetched some measure of his qualifications from the secret, silent communings of his own spirit in the calm solitude that has been witness to his thoughts, his aspirations, and his resolves.

Solitude was often resorted to by *our Lord*. Seclusion was in his case entirely voluntary; his own act; not a necessity to which he submitted; but the dictate of a spirit rising to the full dignity of the mission which he had to fulfil.

The purposes which his retirement had to effect were sometimes *prospective*, and sometimes *retrospective*; in some cases preparatory, in others restorative; *now* to prepare for the future, and *now* to recover from the exhaustion of the past. He did not need, as we do, the chastening influence of retirement to preserve or to deliver from evil; but in

the anticipation or review of any unwonted event he did frequently retire to the solitary place, there to mingle reflection and prayer; the meditations of his own mind with invocations of aid from his Father. See him *about to send forth his twelve Apostles*. "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." A fearfully solemn duty is about to be fulfilled, and he prepares for it in a manner correspondent with it. What a sublimity rests upon that mount! The shades of night have gathered around and have settled on it; everything below is hushed to silence; no voice is heard among the habitations of men except that of those who proclaim, "What of the night?" but the solitude of that mountain height, and of that midnight hour, is witness to the wakeful thought and the fervent zeal of God's incarnate Son. The morning comes; the light of heaven breaks again on the dwellings of men; and Jesus comes forth prepared to give their great commission to the Apostles, as ambassadors of God to man. Thus, when he would give to his chosen disciples more than ordinary insight into the *doctrines of the Gospel dispensation*, he would take them aside from the ever-busy scenes of earthly pursuits, and then unfold to them the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. When he would hold more than ordinary *communion with his Father* he retires from the society of men. Seasons of special devotion are to him seasons of withdrawal from the uncongenial scenes of earth. When *earthly honour* is about to be thrust upon him, and men would fain take him by force to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain by himself alone. When about to receive the imposing witness to his mission which his *transfiguration* supplied, he withdrew from the abodes of men, and, attended by Peter, James, and John, went into a high mountain apart. When *bereavement* came, the loss of one like John the Baptist, the herald of Himself, a man of whom he had said, that "among those who are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist," he said to his disciples, just returned from their journey of evangelic ministration, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." And, last of all, see how he prepared for *suffering*. Looking forward to his fearful struggle he had said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it shall be accomplished!" Days roll on, and the time for its accomplishment has come. And *where* did that holy sufferer pass the hours immediately preceding the time of woe? *Where* could that night of sorrow have been better spent than in the mournful stillness of Gethsemane? And *how*, than in prayer to his almighty Father? Earth had never seen a sufferer like him. Heaven had never listened to such a suppliant before. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Not my will, but thine be done." Meet place and time for prayer like that! The stillness of the night; the sadness of Gethsemane; so Jesus strengthens for the dread conflict on Calvary.

Christian reader, copy after Christ, the christian's model. The pressure of worldly business renders retirement needful to the maintenance of the christian life. It is favourable to self-knowledge and self-discipline. And it is often blessed by the communication of divine grace. The Almighty can make his voice to be heard, and his hand to be felt, even in the busiest and most tumultuous scenes; but our warrant to expect the manifestation of his love is to be found in the precept and the promise, "Enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Frome.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

John xx. 11—17.

This is that Mary Magdalene who had been possessed by seven devils, and who was delivered from the powers of darkness by the Saviour's word. This is that sinner, it is generally supposed, who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Unquestionably her heart must have been knit to him with stronger ties than other hearts; for when Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and the other women from Galilee, who went out with her to the sepulchre, hastened from the empty grave back to the disciples, she remained standing there alone, weeping out all her sorrows. How strong the faith of those whom the Saviour drew to himself, and this even before the outpouring of the Spirit. It puts us all to the blush! A Nicodemus, who dared not venture to go to Jesus, except by night, when the great teacher was alone, takes courage now that a death of ignominy might seem to annihilate the hopes by which he was attached to the great Prophet "sent from God;" it was at this very time that he had the boldness to ask from Pilate the body of Jesus, that he might lay it in the tomb, and declared thus to all the world that he was a follower of the despised Nazarene. Mary, too, what a conflict of faith must have raged in thy heart as thou stoodest at the door of that sepulchre! Thou canst not venture to believe as yet, that He whom thy soul lovest has burst the gates of the tomb, and come forth a victor; but far less canst thou believe that he has passed away from the earth helpless and for ever, leaving not a trace behind! But in such like ebbs and flowings of the heart, her love continues strong and constant; yea, though her every hope should fail, her love would never. I conceive, however, that she had not lost hope. It would be with her as with the disciples who journeyed to Emmaus. "We hoped," said they, "that this was he who should deliver Israel, and yet this is the third day since these things came to pass." This is the language of men who hope still. The wick still flickers, although wellnigh extinguished. "Something may occur even yet,—perhaps it will,—although I know not how nor what." They could not believe that he, who at the open grave had cried, "Lazarus, come forth!" should be himself engulfed for ever in it. Oh, thou heart of mine, heart of little faith. Many believed, although the stone closed up the mouth of the grave, believed at the open empty grave, and shall it be difficult for me to put faith in exercise, standing as I do before the open heavens, upon whose throne the conqueror of death has for ever sat down? They are pitifully mistaken who can bring themselves to believe, that while life and death, heaven and hell, are struggling with each other in our hearts and in our streets, there is no heavenly eye standing near us, keeping its silent watch. Yes; there is not only one eye which gazes thus with a deep concern upon our struggles here below; there are many, many such. We see this in the prompt and willing service with which the heavenly spirits, the while their Lord and Master tabernacled on earth, hastened to serve him and his. The children of our day imagine that it is unbecoming a great and unshackled mind to know anything of an intercourse of love between our poor earth and the realms of the blest. But this is a little, narrow, contracted spirit; while wide and free is the spiritual faith which believes that there is a bridge between this earth and yonder regions of light. To them this

* From 'Stunden Christlicher Andacht.'

earth's story seems too insignificant for glorious spirits to feast their eyes and ears upon; but we know that there is one story at least which the angels desire to look into, and on which the princes of heaven look down, wonder, and adore. Thus greatly ennobled is my soul when, in unison with these heavenly beings, I think upon the history of the kingdom of God upon earth; and how ashamed and confounded shall I be when I think that a story which moves the very angels in heaven can often exert so little influence upon me.

He is still her Lord, and as she is no longer permitted to cling to his living heart, she will not allow his body at least to be stolen away. Deeply impressed with this, she stands looking into the open grave, distracted with grief, gazing down into the deep night, while behind her back the sun has already risen in all its glorious splendour. And how often is this repeated in *our* life's experience! How frequently do I stand distracted with grief, my looks directed away into the cold, hopeless night! In such a time, good Lord, do thou recall to my mind Mary's tears, and that comfortless gaze into the grave! If prone to despondency, how often does my heart look tremblingly into the darkness, as if afraid the sun would never more arise, and all the while he has risen behind me in all his glory.

Was it excess of grief which held her vision so that she could no longer recognise the Saviour, Him by whose mouth she had been healed, in whose eyes she had gazed a thousand times, sometimes with an enquiring, sometimes with a grateful, look? It might be so. At least it is often the case in spiritual experience, that although the Saviour stands before us in all the brightness of his glory, the tears of despondency which we are weeping are like a rain-cloud that prevents us from recognising him. But as soon as we wipe our tears away we immediately recognise him. We see, however, from some other passages, that a change possibly may have taken place in the external aspect of our Lord; there must have been something supernatural in his expression,—something of the mien of a king, who having served for many years as a servant is now about to reoccupy his throne. The disciples, who used formerly to talk to him with child-like confidingness, are now restrained by a reverend reserve. Perhaps in her grief, the dim-eyed Mary had not looked so much into his face as upon his external appearance. Those who were crucified had a piece of cloth wound round them, like that which was worn by field-labourers, and possibly it might be this which suggested the supposition of his being the gardener. At all events, we know for certain the reason why *we* are not able to recognise the Saviour. It is this,—we do not look into his countenance,—we do not hear his voice.

He says nothing extraordinary to her. He merely repeats her name; anybody might have done that. But what cannot the Saviour breathe into a name, when He names it? Mary! thus had He called, reprovingly, when base lust yet held her in its chains. Mary! thus had He called, authoritatively, when he commanded the evil spirits and they departed out of her. Mary! thus in blessing, his voice called, when he proclaimed, "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" All this suddenly presents itself before her inner eye, together with the thought, He is thine once more! Thou hast him back a victor! and exclaiming, "My Lord," she sinks upon her knee. As often as I read this passage, my soul seeks to paint to itself the rapture which awaits us too, when for the first time we shall see and hear Him before us, whose voice, now in threatening, anon in blessing, we now hear within us. Yes, the rapture of that resurrection morning is laid up in store for all of us.

It is somewhat obscure why the Lord should say unto her, "Touch me

not;" but I think it will be less so when we picture to ourselves the might with which that call of the Lord, "*Mary*," must have fallen upon the heart of this tender disciple. The other women who met Jesus in the way fell down before him, and we cannot conceive that Mary, a disciple so full of feeling, could have heard the call without sinking on her knees. Thomas, convinced, had exclaimed, "My Lord, and my God!" Mary, convinced already, kneels before him as before her Lord and her God. This the Lord does not himself signify, but he immediately proceeds to point out to her, that still greater things are about to take place, than all that she has yet beheld. According as he had said before, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go to my Father, for my Father is greater than I;" and so he now announces, "I go to my Father," and implied in this, "I go away to sit down at the right hand of his glory, and to receive that royal name of which it is written, He has given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Thus, then, the Saviour explains that his resurrection was verily a glory, although not yet the full glory. And how beautiful, how comforting the affection, that at the very time when he proclaims to them his exaltation and glory, he adds, "But go to my brethren, and say to them, I go to my Father and *YOUR FATHER*; to my God and *YOUR GOD*." Just as if he would say, "This is not yet the highest point in my exaltation, but even when my glory shall be complete, I shall not be ashamed to call you my brethren, for where I am there shall my servants also be."

These words, from the mouth of the risen One, are inexpressibly dear to my heart. When he became in all respects like us, when he wore our poor humanity, he was not ashamed to call us brethren. But now, after death has been swallowed up in victory, after he has sat down on the right hand of glory, upon the throne of the world, to reign for ever and evermore, can we ever dare approach him except in the attitude of suppliants? But even upon the throne of the worlds he is not ashamed of his brotherhood; in him the weakness of humanity has come to honour; and what he has gained, that will he confer on us. A brother's heart upon the throne of the world, the sovereignty of all things in the hands of one who calls us his brethren in the very midst of his glory; here lies a comfort and an exaltation so immeasurable, that its boundlessness ever and again evokes unbelief! But immeasurable as is the thought, so is the blessedness of the heart which believes it!

"LIVE AS YOU LIKE."

BY THE REV. C. ELVEN.

Conversing the other day with one who was opposed to the doctrines usually called the Doctrines of Grace, my opponent waxing warm, somewhat abruptly closed the argument by saying, "Oh, then, I see how it is; you may *live as you like*, you are sure of going to heaven."

Left to my reflections, the words, "*Live as you like*," stuck fast in my mind, and I thought, "Well, here is the motto for an article in '*The Church*,' many of whose readers not only love the doctrines of grace, but also the grace of the doctrines."

It is not the first time the enemies of truth have undesignedly given us words, which, though otherwise employed by *them*, have, like arms taken from the foe, been turned effectually on their originators, and done good service in the holy war: as when Pilate wrote what was intended

as an accusation, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," he placed over the cross a glorious truth, for the despised Nazarene was "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" or as when "The Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, 'This man receiveth sinners;'" for, however undesignedly, they enunciated a great and blessed truth; and what they intended as a brand of infamy, we hail as worthy of being displayed on the gospel banner, wherever it is unfurled.

"*Live as you like*," in the antinomian sense, is from beneath, and proclaims its own parentage. For a godly man must be a god-like man,—a christian must be like Christ. He can no more like sin than a burned child can like to play with the fire, or a fish would like to live out of water. True grace and practical godliness are as inseparable as God and holiness. For it is not only true that believers are predestinated, but they are predestinated to be "conformed to the image of Christ." It is not only true that they are effectually called, but they are "called unto holiness." What God, therefore, hath joined together, let no man put asunder. The woman who in the presence of Solomon would have consented to have the child divided was not the true mother; nor is he a true christian who would separate justification from sanctification, divorce the work of Christ on Calvary from his reign in the heart, and thus dash the sceptre against the cross. If any such a graceless professor should cast his eye on this page, let him take solemn warning that he turn not "the grace of God into licentiousness;" for such as have knowledge without love, resemble Nebuchadnezzar's image, with its head of gold and feet of clay, and, like it, they also shall be "broken in pieces, and become like the chaff of the summer threshingfloor, which the wind carrieth away."

My design, however, is to show (though not as the speaker intended) that there is truth in the remark, that the christian may "*live as he likes*;" and the whole matter hinges on this one question, What does the true christian like? which now we proceed to show. And,—

First, *he does not like sin*. It is his daily, hourly burden, that he cannot live without it. He is engaged in deadly warfare with it, and he can neither hoist nor regard any flag of truce. Diplomacy, negotiation, compromise, or peace with sin, are words not found in his vocabulary. Nothing short of its utter and everlasting destruction will suffice. It crucified his Lord, and he feels that his sins inflicted sharper pangs in the Redeemer's heart than the nails in his hands and feet, and like Bunyan's pilgrim at the cross, "he looks again and again upon the crucified Jesus, till the springs that are in his head send the waters down his cheeks," and roused to a holy indignation, he cries,—

"Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I will wage eternal war
With every darling sin."

But, further, the christian may "*live as he likes*," because *he likes to make the Word of God his rule*. He loves his Bible, and he may indulge his liking,—

"By day to read its wonders o'er,
And meditate by night."

Others prefer and read the novel, the romance, the tragedy, the comedy, and they do as they like! Surely, then, the child of God may do as he likes, and make the Bible his companion to cheer him, his staff to support him, his comfort to solace him, and his guide to direct him, till, his pilgrimage ended, all its promises will be realised in "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

Again, *the christian delights in communion with God.* And if he could live as he liked, he would always walk in the light of his countenance. His Lord has said, "Enter into thy closet," and he likes to be there, to pillow his sorrows on the loving breast of Him "who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities." Christians have much to say to Him who is their bosom friend, that they cannot reveal to any one beside,—secret sorrows of the inner man, with which He alone can be trusted. We all like sometimes to be alone with a dear and faithful earthly friend, how much more so with that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." We "live as we like," when in secret prayer the silent dews of grace descend upon our souls; we then go forth from the audience-chamber of the King, all radiant with his smiles; we are as "giants refreshed with new wine," as warriors from their armoury, exclaiming, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

The christian likes *all the appointed means of grace.* He is "glad when they say unto him, Let us go into the house of the Lord." If he could "live as he likes," he would never have a dull and unprofitable Sabbath. In his right mind, that hallowed day is the best of all the seven,—the jewel in the ring of the week,—the "Elim" of his pilgrimage, where are the "wells of salvation," and the palm trees of divine ordinances, under which he sits and regales himself with delight. It is the day on which the spies return with the fruits of the promised land, and as he tastes, he sings,—

"And now I've tasted Canaan's grapes,
My soul desires to go,
Where Jesus does the vintage keep,
And all the clusters grow."

Once more, if we could "live as we like," *we would be more like Jesus;* for the culminating point of all our hopes will be to "be conformed to his image." It is not less the end of our predestination, than it is the desire of our hearts. We gaze upon Him as the "altogether lovely," till our souls are all on fire to be like Him.

We should like to resemble *His tender compassion.* We want to have more of the mind of Him who sympathised with the poor lone widow at the gate of Nain, who "stood still" at the cry of the blind Bartimeus, who took little children in his arms, who paid such welcome visits to the family at Bethany, and wept at the grave of Lazarus; what christian but must say,—

"Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine."

We should like to have *more of His zeal,* who "went about doing good,"—who, wearied and toil-worn, must needs go through Samaria to seek the lost sheep that were wandering on the mountains of Gerizim,—who from early dawn to evening twilight, exhausted beneath the sultry beams of noon, or bathed in the cold mountain dews of night, never once faltered in his course, never thought of rest or ease till he exclaimed, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.

If we could "live as we like," we would have a larger measure of *His universal benevolence.* Then how cheerfully we should visit the abodes of sorrow, and soothe with words of kindness and deeds of heavenly charity the sufferings of the destitute and forlorn. How then should we "devise liberal things" for the spread of the gospel, and seek to supply our sin-stricken world with that precious "balm of gilead," which alone can heal the wounds and bind up the bleeding, broken heart of our fallen humanity.

We should like to bear more of the impress of His holiness. Oh, that, as the wax is faithful to the seal, we exhibited more truly the image of his purity! The consideration of his sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love, so far from relaxing our morality, so far from suggesting the accursed thought of "sinning that grace may abound," will make us loathe our sins, nailing them to his cross; and teach us that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world;" that while Christ is representing us in heaven, we may represent Him on earth; and thus by the sanctifying and maturing influences of the Holy Spirit, we shall be meetening for that sinless world, where as "priests unto God" we shall wear for ever on our mitred heads the inscription, "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

Bury St. Edmunds.

IGNORANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"Not knowing the things that shall befall me."—*Acts xx. 22.*

Though the apostle was inspired by the Holy Spirit, there were some things which he could not do, and some things which he did not know. He could not heal Trophimus, so he left him at Miletus sick, and he was now going up to Jerusalem, but he did not know what would befall him there. He knew in general, that in every city he would suffer persecution, but with the particular results of this journey he was not acquainted. It is just so with us, for we know not what a day may bring forth.

WE ARE IGNORANT OF THE FUTURE. It may be prosperous, or, it may be adverse. We may suffer much from sickness, or we may enjoy good sound health. We may meet with accidents, or we may be graciously preserved from them. We may be losers by fire, or water, or wicked men; or God may set a hedge about us, as he did about Job. We may be bereaved of our children, other near relatives or dear friends; or we may soon be summoned by death to appear before God ourselves. What may be our lot in future we know not. We are profoundly ignorant of it. But all is arranged, and arranged by our good, gracious, and infinitely wise God. Nothing is left to chance. Still, all is hidden from us, and this is in order to prevent security on the one hand, and despair on the other. We should never feel secure, or say with Job, "I shall die in my nest." Nor with David, "My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved." But rather attend to the admonition of Paul, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall." Neither should we despair, for the darkest night may usher in a bright and beautiful morning. The late and cold spring may introduce an abundant and glorious harvest. The sharp winter may end in a lovely summer. To despair, is to sin; whether it be in reference to providence or grace. The God of providence is abundant in goodness; and the God of grace is rich in mercy unto all that call upon him. To doubt the goodness of God is to question the excellency of his nature and the truth of his promises; to despair of the mercy of God is to reflect upon the merit of Jesus, and the love, the infinite love of the Father's heart. All events are so ordered by our God as to encourage confidence, hope, and prayer. God alone, as revealed in Jesus, should be the object of our confidence. We may trust in him. We ought to trust in him. We must trust in him, or be wretched. We should hope, for our God requires it, encourages it, and rewards it. We never can sink too low to hope. Our circumstances can never be such as to forbid hope. We should pray; pray for all we need, and against all we

fear. Prayer will be found to be a relief in trouble, a solace in sorrow, and a medium of blessing to our souls. Whatever may happen in the future, into whatever circumstances we may be brought, we should exercise confidence in God, hope still in his mercy, and plead earnestly at his throne for grace, believing that he has ordered all things in love, arranged all in infinite wisdom, and will overrule all for our ultimate good.

WHAT SHOULD OUR IGNORANCE OF THE FUTURE PRODUCE? It very frequently produces what it ought not. As for instance, it produces anxiety. Because we do not know exactly what is appointed for us, or for our families, we are full of anxiety respecting them. This is wrong, decidedly wrong. If God were not infinitely good, or if he were not a father to us, or if he had not made so many great and precious promises, or if he had not bidden us cast all our cares upon him, we might have been anxious. But to be anxious now is to sin. The holy apostle says, "I would have you without carefulness." Because we are ignorant of the future, we sometimes become depressed, and give way to gloom or despondency. Nothing can be more dishonourable to God, or injurious to us. To despond, when perhaps the future may be bright and beautiful. To give way to gloom, when we are assured that the grace of Jesus is sufficient for us, and that his strength shall be made perfect in our weakness. *It should produce simple dependence upon God.* Realizing the fact, that I know not what is before me, or even what would be best for me, I should lean on the Lord's arm, trust in the Lord's word, depend on the Lord's faithfulness, and leave all to the Lord's love. I may well depend on him, after he has led so many through the roughest paths and the greatest difficulties, safely to the city of habitations. I may well depend on him when I know that he has never failed or forsaken them that trust in him, and has pledged his word that he never will. Yes, I should exercise a simple, child-like dependence on God every step of my journey through this desert land. *It should check presumption.* We are prone to speculate and presume. We are often misled by appearances. We sometimes lose sight of our own weakness. We forget that our adversary the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, or that we are ignorant of his devices. Like Israel we go up the hill without a divine warrant, we go against the foe in our own strength, or we fancy we can manage our concerns by our own wisdom; here is presumption, and such presumption as our ignorance of the future is calculated to check. *It should prevent foreboding.* I know not God's purposes, but I should judge of them from his perfections; if I know not his pre-appointments I do know his promises; and therefore I should never give way to foreboding. My Saviour forbids it, and the prohibition flows from the tender love of his heart. He says to all who believe on his name, "I say unto you, take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things; but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." *It should fix our attention on present duties.* Every day brings its own duties with it; and our concern should be, to perform the duties of each day in the day. Many persons, while endeavouring to pry into the future, neglect the present. The happy man lives by the day. Whatever appears to be a present duty should have present attention. Could you visit any sick person to-day? do not put it off until to-morrow. Could you relieve any poor person to-day? delay not to do it. Could you speak or write for Jesus to-day? let it be

done to-day. Beware of delay. Never postpone if you have an opportunity to do, for you know not what will be on the morrow. You know not what things may befall you. *This should lead you to prepare for the worst.* If you are prepared for the worst you may calmly and quietly meet all the rest. See to it, that you are cleansed from all guilt, that you have your wedding garment on, that your lamp is bright and burning, and then let what will befall you by the way, all will be right at the end.

Now observe, first, if we know not what may befall us, God does; and he is our Friend, our Father, and our God. As our Friend he will watch over us; as our Father he will care for us; and as our God he will supply all our need. Whatever may happen we shall never be friendless, fatherless, or godless; and, therefore, we can have no reason to be dejected or cast down. Secondly, though we know not what may befall us, we do know that it shall be well with us. This should satisfy us; more, it should fill us with gratitude, and excite in us the strongest confidence. Thirdly, if we know not how it will be with us in time, we know it will be well with us in eternity. All will be well, and well for ever, then. However rough the road, however trying the journey, the rest, the peace, the pleasures of home will more than make up for all. There are no long, dark nights in that better land. There are no sighs or sorrows in our Father's house. There are no trials or troubles in our Saviour's glorious kingdom. There are no wants or woes before the throne. "I beheld," said John, "and lo, a great multitude whom no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It is well with *them* now, and so it will be well with *us* when we have done and suffered the will of God below. Fourthly, nothing shall happen but what God has appointed, and will overrule. He fulfilleth the thing that is appointed for us. There may be accidents with us; there are none with God. Our plans may be frustrated; his never can be. Our purposes may be broken off; but his counsel standeth for ever, and the thoughts of his heart to all generations. Everything happens under his eye, and is ruled and overruled by his wisdom and power. Finally, let the worst that can happen, we are still in union with Christ, and beloved of our God. Suppose the worst, the very worst. Enemies, trials, troubles, crosses, sickness, death itself, we may yet ask with Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Glorious persuasion this! Blessed, thrice blessed confidence, thus forcibly expressed! Beloved, let us then go forward into the future,

leaning on our beloved; and let us rejoice in the fact that though we know not what may befall us, yet he knows; and so deep is his interest in us, so strong is his love to us, that he will not allow anything to harm us, but will cause all things to work for our good. To suffer as Paul did, supported by the assurance that "our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal; for we know that if our earthly house, which is a tabernacle, were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Cheltenham.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

When is the hour of prayer?
 When morning's light appears,
 And opening flowers wet with dew
 Smile through their diamond tears;
 When birds amid their branches sing
 Their early, holy hymns,
 And earth, reviving, joys beneath
 The rising sun's bright beams.
 Shall nature's incense only rise?
 Up, lift thy praises to the skies!

When is the hour of prayer?
 When noonday's heat hath come,
 And in thy heart a voice is heard,
 "Think on thy heavenly home."
 It calls thee from the cares of earth,
 Its perils and its strife,
 To turn thy thoughts upon the Lord
 Of everlasting life.
 Go, seek thy closet; bend in prayer,
 And thou shalt find a helper there.

When is the hour of prayer?
 When twilight stealeth on,
 And noise hath ceased, and in the west
 Low sinks the golden sun;
 When crimson clouds are floating round
 The glorious orb of day,
 And dimness hovers over all,
 Then is the time to pray;
 Then bend the knee in gratitude,
 While nature whispers, "God is good."

When is the hour of prayer?
 When midnight's veil is thrown
 Above the earth, and quiet stars
 Are looking brightly down;
 When gentle breezes fan thy brow,
 And holy angels nigh
 Rejoice to hear the voice of prayer
 Ascending up on high,
 Then kneel, and think upon the might
 Of Him who rules the day and night.

When is the hour of prayer?
 Whene'er thy spirits bend
 Beneath the crushing weight of woe,
 Then seek thy heavenly Friend.
 Whene'er the siren voice of sin
 Allures thy soul to stray,
 And Satan stands to block thy path
 Along the narrow way;
 Alone, with men, at home, abroad,
 In every season, seek thy God.

H.

Tales and Sketches.

"CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

"Cast your bread upon the waters, for after many days ye shall find it again." Thus murmured sweet Ina Clayton to herself, as she gently pressed through a gang of boys, who were clustered together and laughing loudly at the cursing and swearing of a drunken man who was reeling in the street. The village boys all loved Ina, for who else would sit hours and tell them interesting tales? and what other teacher ever thought of making children's parties, and interesting the bright-eyed girls and boys with descriptions of the good and noble? She had for several years been a teacher there, and her presence would still a boisterous revel among the juveniles much more quickly and effectually than a dozen policemen, and as many watch-houses. "Hush, hush!" she whispered, as they made way for her to pass between them. All was instantly quiet, and she stepped forward and extended her hand to the erring man. He gazed on her a moment, and then turned away with a curse. "Come with me," she said, "and the boys shall not trouble you." Still he hesitated, but she spoke again softly, and at last he suffered her to lead him as if he were a child. She led him to a beautiful white cottage, where the poor outcast might ever find a home. As they ascended the steps, he stumbled and fell, and his arm was broken. Ina's father immediately came and bore him into the house, and a surgeon was instantly called, and the broken bone set. The effects of the brandy soon passed away, and all night Ina watched beside him, and administered to his every want with sisterly care. When he fully came to a sense of his situation, the past was like a dream; but he avoided asking any questions on the subject. The next morning Ina left him in her mother's care, to attend to her school duties. On her way she met a friend, who, after the compliments of the morning, exclaimed,—

"Why, Miss Clayton, what could induce you to take such a fancy to that wretched drunkard last night?"

"Do not speak so, Miss Morris," said Ina, "for we know not what temptations caused his fall from virtue."

"Well, Miss Clayton," she answered, "I should not have thought you would have been seen in the street with such a person. You know your success in your occupation depends on your reputation, and you should be careful with whom you associate, at least before the public."

"He is not one of my associates," replied Ina; "but I believe every christian ought to possess enough moral courage to aid the needy, and speak a gentle word to the erring, in any place. I believe, dear Mary, that were this a more conspicuous part of our religion there would be fewer go to ruin."

"Ha! ah! Ina," said Mary, in a tone of slight sarcasm, "you do not expect to reclaim Clarence Jefferson, do you?"

"Cast your bread upon the waters, for after many days ye shall find it again," said Ina, smiling, and hastened onward.

Nothing was known in the village of Clarence Jefferson, save that he entered his name as such at the hotel, regularly paid his bills, and was in the habit of becoming intoxicated. He was young, not apparently over twenty years of age. He possessed a tall, large, well made figure, and when not intoxicated seemed extremely thoughtful and intelligent. It was rumoured that he was an infidel, which report was strengthened and believed because he was never seen at chapel. Ina had seen him several times, and she marked that noble brow, and thought a mind of uncommon brilliancy was lying dormant, and sighed deeply that one so talented should go down to ruin. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton had taught Ina, their only daughter, to ever speak kindly to the erring, and relieve the suffering; and when she became a member of the church of God, it seemed the only object for which she wished to live was to make others good and happy. None ever went hungry from Mr. Clayton's door, and the outcast was received with hospitality. Though not wealthy, the family lived in easy circumstances, and Ina had received a superior education.

Time passed, and Mr. Jefferson had nearly recovered. He had never spoken to any of the family of his former life, nor did he allude to the circumstance of his being where he was. He generally seemed wrapt

in deep thought, and when spoken to, would start as if from a dream. One morning, before he was able to leave the house, Ina hastily entered the room where he was, to see if anything was wanted, and found him reading.

"May I ask what interests Mr. Jefferson so much?" she asked.

"A few passages from Voltaire," he answered, without raising his eyes.

"Voltaire!" she exclaimed, "and do you love his doctrine?"

"I think some of his ideas brilliant," he replied, smiling.

She was silent a few moments, and a tear sparkled in her eye as she turned to leave the room, when suddenly turning, she said, slowly,—

"I'll tell you a tale sometime if you'll listen."

"With the greatest pleasure, Miss Clayton," he replied, and he was alone.

The evening following Ina stole away from her books into the parlour, and, throwing back the shutters, seated herself at the window to gaze upon the beauties of the night. "Beautiful, beautiful!" she murmured, as she gazed with admiration approaching reverence on the silvery-lighted heavens. Hearing a light footstep, she turned, and saw that Clarence had softly entered the room, and had stolen to her side.

"Miss Clayton," he said, "will you please to tell me that promised story now?"

"Certainly, if you desire it," she said; "now listen," and continued:—"My mind now wanders far back, far into the past, and methinks I see a young mother bending over a lovely infant. She knows it is a sacred charge, and that the infant is destined to a holier work than ever mortal was, and her prayer is raised to heaven that Divine assistance may aid her in nurturing the little one. Wise men come from far to fall down and worship the Holy Child. Jealousy is excited in the breast of one of earth's great kings, and he sends forth to slay the Holy One, called Jesus. But the ways of God are far above mortal's thoughts, and his mighty power defeats Herod. Even while all the children of the land fall beneath the blow destined to slay the 'Child,' yet He lives in safety. Several years pass, and while yet in the early bloom of life the Holy Child confounds the learned and wise. Questions such as mortal may not answer fall from his lips, and even then he speaks

of a higher and holier mission. Still time passes on, and the Child has attained to the age of manhood; but surely man was never like him. No selfish feeling ever pervades his breast, no sinful act has his hands ever committed, and his heart is unstained by vain thoughts. In word, deed, or action, has he never wronged mankind, but with a sacred devotion his life is consecrated to his Father in heaven. Methinks I hear him in plaintive accents thus address his Father: 'Father, thy law must be fulfilled, which condemns man for his transgression; but I will be his mediator. I will suffer for the world, that all who come for mercy may inherit eternal life. Lay their multiplied sins on me, Holy Father, and if it be thy will I will yield up my life for them. My first and only desire is to benefit poor fallen man, and thy will only be done.' He commences his work of love, and unceasingly he wanders up and down the earth with no resting-place, healing the sick, raising the dead, and teaching the way of eternal life. The afflicted are comforted, and the poor and lowly receive his attention. The erring he gently chides, forgives, and points to the way of truth. But the world loves not perfection, and looks upon him with jealous hatred. Their first step is to attempt to destroy his influence, but failing to accomplish the design, his life is sought. He eats his last supper with his disciples,—a few who loved him,—and even then speaks mysteriously of something to follow. Alas, poor human nature! one of the band that sat with him at supper had been tempted in an evil hour to sell his Master for gold, and with a kiss did he betray the HOLY SON OF GOD to those who sought his life. Willingly he yields himself into the hands of his persecutors, and becomes a Saviour. His loved ones forsake him in that hour of trial, and scornfuls gather around him, and in the most aggravating manner mock him. Great power is in his hands; but he willingly dies for the sinful. His prayer is, 'O Father, if possible let this cup pass by; but, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.' To the cross he is nailed, and there he dies. But even now he listens to the prayer of the dying thief, and promises him a home in Paradise. With his last breath he offers a prayer for his persecutors, and the work was finished. His blood is spilled, and, with deep groans of agony, he dies. Heaven and earth felt the terrible shock, and the sun refused to

shine. The Lamb of God was laid in the tomb, but the sepulchre could not hold him, and he rose again and ascended to heaven, where he pleads with the Father to save the penitent wanderer. He pleads with those he came to save to give their hearts unto him, that he may redeem them." Ina Clayton paused, and raising her tearful eyes to her listener, saw his face was buried in his hands, and a stifled groan escaped his bosom. In a few moments he raised his head, and, brushing aside a tear, said,—

"Ina, do you believe all this?"

"I have evidence of it in my own bosom, for I feel his grace would lure me from evil, and buoy my soul up in the hour of trial," she replied. Another silence, and he rejoined,—

"Ina, my father never taught me to read the bible, either by precept or example. He pretended to believe this life all of man's existence; that the bible is a mere fiction, causing fanatics. My mother died when I was an infant, and I had no guardian save my father, who was too stern to reason with me on anything. Books of the most corrupting kind were thrown in my way, and I was taught to believe infidelity. After leaving college, I learned to love the wine-cup in fashionable company, and my first lessons in gambling were given at a fashionable card-table by a lady. Oh, could she know her unholy influence, she might pause! No gentle voice whispered to me of danger, and I madly rushed on to ruin. But, oh, the longings of my heart at times for some higher and holier happiness! When my father knew how I was disgracing him, his anger knew no bounds, and giving me a few hundred pounds, bade me go where he never should see me again. I needed no second command, and came to this village, and now many, many long miles separate us. But I needed kind words and good examples more than the money he gave; but being denied this I sought to drown my thoughts in the bowl. Oh, Ina, I never shall cease to bless the angelic hand that led me here; and since I've been in this house, such beauties I've seen in virtue, I fain would be like its inmates. In my father's house I never witnessed family devotion, and it has had a strange effect upon me. I shall soon go away, but I shall not forget the tale you've told me to-night, and your example plainly tells me it is true. Pray for me, Ina, oh, pray for me when

I am gone, that I may be enabled to reform."

Years had passed away, and Ina Clayton was still a teacher in the village seminary. She had continued to "cast her bread upon the waters," and in some cases had found it again; but the effects of many acts of kindness she will never know while on earth.

No tidings had the family ever received of Clarence Jefferson since he left their roof, and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton supposed that, in some evil hour, he had again fallen; but Ina's faith wavered not, and she attributed his long silence and absence to sudden death. It was Saturday night, and arrangements had been made in Mr. Clayton's cottage for the Sabbath. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and the family waited in anxious expectation for a visitor. The night was cold, and the winds whistled around the windows, vainly seeking entrance. A new minister was to preach at the village chapel, for the aged pastor had suddenly died, and of course Mr. Clayton's must be his home until further arrangements could be made. Hark! the engine's whistle is heard, and of course the minister will soon be here. Mr. Clayton had forgotten his name, and Ina and her mother were just discussing his probable appearance, when a ring at the bell announced his arrival. So completely was he enveloped in fur that his face could not be seen, and so violently he trembled that it seemed he was completely chilled. After fully revealing his face, he turned to Ina, who advanced to greet him kindly; but her lips became strangely pale as she gazed upon his noble features, and half breathed,—

"Clarence Jefferson!"

"Oh, Ina," he exclaimed, clasping her hand, "can this be my benefactress?"

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Clayton had rushed forward to welcome him, and the scene was one of joy. Tears of gratitude fell around that fireside that night, for the wanderer had been reclaimed, and heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving ascended to the "throne of grace." The next day such words of eloquence from the text, "Cast your bread upon the waters," &c., fell from the lips of the new minister, that the congregation was enchained, and each resolved to act his part toward settling him as pastor. A few weeks, and things were arranged, and he commenced his labours ardently and

successfully. A revival of great interest rewarded his efforts, during which a traveller, stopping at the hotel, to gratify his curiosity, entered one of the prayer-meetings. When the minister arose and engaged in prayer, the stranger seemed strangely uneasy, and ere it was concluded was in tears. At the close of the meeting, he pressed through the crowd, and rushing forward, exclaimed,—

"Clarence, Clarence!"

"Oh, my dear father!" and they were encircled in each other's arms. The old and young soon gathered around, and tears dimmed their eyes. The effect was so great on the old man that they were obliged to carry him from the house, and never did he go out again. During a lingering sickness his son was ever by his side, and he died cheered by religion and faith given him, as to the "dying thief." At his death Clarence felt both deep joy and sorrow—joy that his father had been redeemed from infidelity, and sorrow at parting with him. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton lived but a few years more, when, from a raging fever, they were laid in the churchyard at once, and Ina was alone. But she remained not thus long, for the winds of but one winter sighed a requiem over their graves, ere she became the pastor's bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson soon removed to a distance, but they untiringly laboured on until called to fill a higher sphere in heaven.

Reader, shall I say one word to thee ere I lay my pen aside? Methinks thou art indulgent, and I venture. Live not for thyself alone. There are those around thee that claim thy sympathy as a christian. Those who have fallen from the path are near thee; and wilt thou let them madly rush on and breathe no warning? Wilt thou thus stand unmoved while a soul is going down and down still lower to endless misery? Wilt thou smile scornfully upon the poor outcast, and still call thyself a follower of Him who came to save the lost? Remember that He who forgave thy many sins requires thee to arouse thyself to action. Live for the world. Possess enough moral courage to fearlessly fulfil thy mission of love at all times and in all places. Thou mayest not know the result of thy acts of mercy here, but thy deeds are recorded; and if thou wouldst be useful and happy, labour on in faith, and unceasingly "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

PARSON SURELY'S EXPERIMENT.

BY AUSTIN C. BERWICK.

The small parish of Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were all farmers, and they had not much money to bestow upon the support of a minister; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree upon him.

"I don't see any use in having a parson," said Mr. Smith, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. If we've got any money to spare, we'd better lay it up for something else. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this was answered, that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to the younger people, and a source of real good to all.

"I don't know 'bout that," said Sharp, after he had heard the argument against him. Sharp was one of the wealthiest men in the parish, and consequently one of the most influential. "I've heard tell," he continued, "of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now if we could get such a parson as that, I would go in for having him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to engage Parson Surely, upon condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished for it, and on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Towasend were deputed to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while the messengers went upon their errand.

When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a graceful bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request to me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal; but I can do it only on one condition, and that is, that your request for change of weather be unanimous."

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become pastor of Fallowdale, and that he should give the people rain whenever they asked for it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astounded at learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into; but the pastor only smiled, and bade her wait for the result.

Time flew on, and at length the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people bethought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and some of them hastened to his dwelling.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want some rain. You remember your promise."

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Surely. "If you will call a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with you this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

The hour for the meeting came, and Parson Surely met his people at the church; they were all there, most of them anxious, and the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, rising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," bluntly spoke farmer Sharp; "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Aye—rain, rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now, when will you have it?"

"This very night. Let it rain all night long," said Mr. Sharp, to which several others assented.

"No, no, not to night," cried Deacon Smith, "I have six or seven tons of well-made hay in the field; and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck.

"We won't have it rain to-night."

"Then let it rain to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Mr. Smith.

Thus objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have it rain in just four days. "For," said he, "by that time all the hay that is now out can be got in, and we need not cut any."

"Stop, stop," uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband smartly by the sleeve.

"That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It mustn't rain then!"

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, then resuming his seat. But this would not do. Many of the people would not put it off so long. "If we cannot have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds upon this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the place.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day that Mr. Sharp and his wife were to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in right good earnest. Sharp lost his visit, but he met the disappointment with a good grace, for his crops smiled in the rain.

Ere another month had rolled by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but this time the result was as before. Many of the people had their land to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted the rain immediately, some in one, some in two, and some in three days, while others wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had not yet occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and down to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if the inhabitants could govern it. While they had been longing for a power they did not possess, they had

not seen its absurdity, but now that they had, in good faith, attempted to apply that power under the belief that it was theirs, they saw clearly they were getting beyond their sphere. They saw that Nature's laws were safer in the hands of Nature's God than in the hands of Nature's children.

On the last Sabbath of the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break his connection with the parish, but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him and to the meetings, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract in regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Mr. Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be christians and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eyes, as he looked for an instant into the face of his own happy wife, "All things above our proper sphere we will leave with God, for '*He doeth all things well.*'"—From an American Paper.

Notices of Books.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THOMAS HENRY HULL, LATE STUDENT AT STEPNEY COLLEGE, LONDON. Pp. 71. London: S. Bagster & Sons.

When "such an one as Paul the aged" says, "The time of my departure is at hand," we gaze upon him with profound interest, and, though regretting that the "crown of glory" with which his venerable years have wreathed his brow is to cease sparkling before us, we bow to the dispensation as infallibly wise, as divinely good. But when a Timothy, with all the freshness of youth upon him, glowing with zeal, radiant with intelligence, and full of the most delightful promise, is removed, we feel disposed to "ask the reason why;" until on the ear of faith there falls the high command, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" Such was exactly our state of mind after reading the brief memoir before us, which, by the way, is enriched with a sketch of the intellectual character, and with two of the sermons, of the now sainted one. He seems to have been brought at an early age to a knowledge of the truth,—to have been called to the ministry by the church over which his excellent father presides, in the lovely village of Blockley,—to have proved in his occasional ministrations eminently useful,—to have entered Stepney College, where he secured the esteem of his tutors and fellow-students,—to have matriculated in London University in 1853, while he was prepared to go for graduation in 1854; but in September last, ere he had attained the twenty-first year of his age, he heard the heavenly summons, "Come up hither," and smiled assent, and died. Henry's career was short

but auspicious. He was no ordinary youth. His mental power was above mediocrity. His piety was fervent,—his faithfulness striking,—his spirit lovely,—and his manliness great. We knew him, though not intimately; yet from what we saw of him, and from what we have learnt respecting him from some of the most intelligent and pious in the church at Blockley, as well as from others, we are not surprised at the remark of a Lancashire gentleman to his father, "We saw in your son a bright renewal of the late Spencer of Liverpool." Neither do we wonder when we are told, in reference to the village that witnessed his worth, "There has been no death in the neighbourhood for years which produced among all parties so deep a sensation." His childhood and youth, his life and death, set forth, in beautifully touching phases, the glory of Him who, while he lights up the human intellect and renews the human heart, "giveth no account of his matters." May the parents be abundantly sustained under the bereavement with which they have been visited, and may they have the high gratification of learning that this worthy memorial of a worthy son proves an eminent and lasting blessing to many souls! Let it be perused by all our readers, especially by our young friends; it will richly reward them.

JULAMERK: A TALE OF THE NESTORIANS. By Mrs. J. B. WERN, Author of "*Namomi.*" Pp. 416. London: Clarke and Beeton.

We do not regard it as a good sign that there is so much exciting imaginative reading published now-a-days. Apart from

such reading being to so great an extent a waste of time, it has, when excessive, a by no means healthy action on the spiritual, the moral, or the intellectual life; and if long continued, and largely prevalent, it must ultimately affect the strength and moral character of society. Not that all such reading is to be interdicted, but that too much of it is, and we fear that there is sadly too much of it amongst the young of this generation. But if such books are to be largely published, and largely read, we are especially anxious that they should be free from impurity, nay, that they should enforce, as they may, high moral and christian lessons; and every book of this class which does so we are therefore ready to welcome, and to do our best to bring into prominence. Mrs. Webb's "Naomi" has long been known, and it has captivated the hearts of thousands. "Julamerk" is a cheap edition of a more recent work by the same authoress. It is a beautiful tale, full of lively incident and touching narrative, and it is thoroughly christian throughout. Its claims as a literary work are very considerable. All who have read "Naomi," will be delighted to read "Julamerk" too.

JOSEPH KINGHORN OF NORWICH: A Memoir. By MARTIN HOOD WILKIN. With Introductory Chapter, Preface, &c. By SIMON WILKIN, F.L.S. Pp. 475, 8vo. London: Arthur Hall & Co.

"Biography is a feeble struggle with Death." Such was the remark of the late Dr. Hamilton of Leeds. It is full of beauty and pathos. It pictures to the mind's eye a bereaved one, sensible of the loss he has sustained, bending over the grave of a valued friend, as if he would do battle with the last enemy, and pluck from the ruthless aggressor's grasp all that can possibly be rescued of the precious prize he has been permitted to seize. Highly pleased we are to discover such a conflict going on,—even after the lapse of more than twenty years,—at the vestibule of St. Mary's Meeting-House, Norwich, where sleep the mortal remains of JOSEPH KINGHORN. "Better late than never," is the language with which we hail the volume before us, while we tender to its respected editors our cordial thanks for the manner in which they have acquitted themselves in an engagement that results in the presentation to the christian church of a trophy so valuable as that which here meets our eye. They have not, we are glad to say,

fallen into what is now becoming the *vice* of biographers, viz., spinning out to very tedium, and into several volumes, that which would prove more acceptable to readers, if tastefully and judiciously condensed into one.

This is virtually, though not professedly, an autobiography. Its pages teem with letters from the excellent man they commemorate, as he passed successively through the varied stages of his beautiful career. That career, though not abounding with striking incident, is nevertheless replete with much that is fitted to interest, enlighten, and improve. Surrendering ourselves to its current, we are borne into the presence of departed worthies, whose memories we love, whose very names we venerate;—our Evanses, our Halls, our Stennetts, our Rylands, our Pearces, our Fullers, our Sutcliffe's, our Fawcetts, our Hinton's, and others. "There were giants in those days."

At an early age Mr. Kinghorn "received the truth in the love of it,"—was baptized by his father at Bishop Burton,—held a clerkship for a considerable time in New-castle, until his desire for the Christian ministry became so intense, that with parental consent, and to his heart's own joy, he entered, while yet under nineteen years of age, Bristol Academy. There he laid the foundation of those scholar like attainments, which then, and during subsequent years, secured for him the esteem of all who understood their value. On accepting the charge of the church at Norwich, to which he had been unanimously invited, he did not merge the student either in the preacher or the pastor. He never felt as if he had "*finished* his studies," but prosecuted these with exemplary ardour to the close of life,—excelling preëminently as a Hebraist. As a Preacher, he was said, when only a youth, to aim less "at words than things, and he aimed well;" and he did so to old age. Edward Irving, no mean judge, was *struck* with his power of illustration; and one who knew him, well declares, that every sermon which he preached resembled the sea of glass mingled with fire, while the "plain and practical" character of his appeals rendered him very impressive. As a Pastor, he was devoted, revered, and beloved. Though invited to leave Norwich for other spheres he declined. Our colleges at Bradford and Stepney respectively endeavoured to secure him as their president, but in vain. "He dwelt

among his own people." As an Author, his works on Public Worship, and the Divinity of Christ, his reply to Peter Edwards on Baptism, and his treatises on Communion, in which last he broke a lance with the redoubtable champion of open views on that subject (whose proceedings as an antagonist are here placed under stricture), all, to mention no others, prove him to be worthy of no mean place on the shelves of our denominational literature. As a "Man of God," his name "shall be in everlasting remembrance." His countenance, serene, intelligent, and expressive (as supplied in the beautiful portrait prefixed to this volume), resembles that of "the seraphic Pearce," whom, after a laborious and successful pastorate of upwards of forty years, he was permitted to join in the world "where death-divided friends meet at last." He was, indeed, "a faithful man, and feared God above many." "If any one," said a young friend, "had told me that Mr. Kinghorn had been one of the apostles, I should have believed him;" and what must have been the influence and the worth of the man, the report of whose death led an intelligent clergyman in Norfolk to exclaim, "If half Norwich had died, the loss would not have been so much felt!" Well might Mrs. Opie, in lines tributary to his memory, write,—

"He lived, whom christian hearts deplore,—
And hence the grief,—he lives for us no more;
But faith, exulting, joins the general cry,
He, fit to live, was greatly fit to die."

DOES CHRISTIANITY SANCTION WAR? An Essay by the REV. J. JENKINSON, Oakham. Second Thousand. Pp. 24. London: Benjamin L. Green.

The esteemed author of this tract knows that we do not agree with the view he takes of his subject. We have more than once stated the grounds of our difference, which it is not needful to repeat. Though his arguments have not altered our opinion, we cannot withhold from him the praise of candid statement and fair, though, we may think, insufficient reasoning. The pamphlet will, no doubt, gratify those who agree with the writer in condemning all war as anti-christian; and we can recommend it also to all who wish a concise, yet able statement, of the arguments in favour of that view.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE REV. JOHN WHITTAKER, CONSISTING OF A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY THE REV. JOHN STOCK, AND TWO OF HIS SERMONS. Pp. 40. Leeds: J. Heaton and Son.

A memorial of a good man,—one who was esteemed by all who knew him, and was blessed for much usefulness in his day. His life was brief, but his memory is fragrant. Mr. Stock has done the work of memorialising with the hand of a friend. The sermons are very characteristic, and contain several beautiful and striking passages.

A Page for the Young.

MAMMA'S STORY.

"Oh, Mamma, do tell us a story!" exclaimed four or five little voices, as we were gathering around the cheerful fireside, just at that twilight hour when books and work are laid aside. Taking the youngest,—the "petted-lamb of the household,"—on her lap, and surrounded by the rest, with listening ears and sparkling eyes, she commenced the wished-for story.

"Elmwood Hall stood in the centre of a beautiful grove, which afforded a fine playground for about twenty boys, whose parents had committed them to the care of Mr. Woodbury, the teacher and resident of this lovely spot, who having two little boys of his own, and regarding it not only his duty but pleasure to instruct them himself, at the solicitation of others opened a select

family-school, admitting a certain number of boys, and educating them with his own. Early one morning, as the boys were playing at ball, they espied a carriage driving up the avenue, and as it neared them saw a pleasant-faced boy in company with a gentleman, who seemed quite as intent on observing them. They were met at the door by Mr. Woodbury, and, to all appearance, warmly greeted. Such an arrival was enough to make little thoughts and tongues busy till they were summoned to the house by the ringing of the bell. On entering the school-room, they found their teacher already there, and by his side the little boy who had arrived only a few moments before, and whose sorrowful face as he had just taken leave of his dear father, his now only parent, made large

demands upon the sympathy of that bright group of boys.

"Little William amused himself that first day by looking at pictures, and making pencilings on his slate, occasionally looking round, and becoming acquainted with the faces of his new friends, and thus by degrees feeling more at home, and apparently forgetting his morning leave-taking. At the close of school, the teacher called Martyn, one of the elder boys, and committed to his care and kind keeping the new comer, until he should feel as much at ease as the rest of his play-fellows, and desired him to be with him as much as possible, as he had never been away from home before. It was not difficult for Martyn to acquiesce in these requests, as he was one of those unselfish boys I wish it were not so seldom we meet with, who take more real enjoyment in making those around them happy and comfortable, than in thinking of their own ease and self. William was carefully watched and cared for by his kind friend, who seldom left him, either in the house or grove, without his own company. You will not wonder Willie loved Martyn, for who but he told him a story every night, and heard the prayers and the hymns repeated which a mother's lips taught him, and then after he had lain down to sleep give him the 'good night' kiss! Poor Willie sometimes drew a long sigh, and tears would fill his eyes, for he could not banish from his memory the loving mother who cared for him in this same way, and although he sorrowed for her that was gone, he felt grateful that his heavenly Father had given him such a friend in his room-mate. The love and attachment was not only on one side, for Martyn's quick perception led him to appreciate such a truthful, generous little boy, and he could not but mourn with him in the loss of her who had been such a tender guide to his innocent years.

"When the summer term had about half expired, Willie one day left Martyn, who was busily preparing his lessons for the ensuing day, for the play-ground. He had been absent but a short time when he entered with eyes red with weeping, and sobbing, threw himself into the arms of Martyn, who was much surprised to see him in such grief. In a few moments he recovered sufficiently to tell his story,—his troubles with Tommy Beers. It appears

that just beyond the farthest extremity of their play-ground there was a large orchard of fruit trees, and the ripe peaches had tempted some of the boys beyond their limits, and even to shake the trees and pocket the fruit. When Willie saw what they were engaged about he turned his steps homeward, not wishing to be in the company of those who were willing to take what did not belong to them. Before he had retraced his steps very far, he was overtaken by Tommy Beers, and not only beaten, but called 'tale-bearer,' 'coward,' and several other epithets very trying even for such a little boy to bear. In Martyn's love and sympathy he soon forgot his sorrow. Soon after you might have seen Martyn and Willie playing at ball, as if nothing had happened. By night Willie had forgotten this day's experience,—his first grief at school, and away from his once happy home,—and most likely would not have remembered it again, had not Mr. Woodbury the next morning, at the commencement of school, requested silence for a few moments, stating that he had just received a call from farmer Jones, whose orchard had been visited, and some of his choicest trees robbed of fruit. Mr. Woodbury could not believe any under his charge guilty of such a deed, particularly as no one owned it. Wishing, however, to ascertain, if possible, he commenced questioning each boy, who replied in the negative, till he came to William, who, to his surprise, said, 'I cannot tell a lie, Sir,—I do know about this affair, although I took no fruit myself.' The remainder of the boys were then questioned; but nothing appeared to be known about this affair by any of them save Martyn, who had heard of it through William the day before. Mr. Woodbury then called William to his desk, and desired him to give a strict account of all he knew relative to this sad affair. At this Willie burst in tears, and replied, 'Oh, Sir, I cannot, I cannot! I took none myself, and I am sure those who did will never do so again; do forgive them.' The generosity of this dear little boy towards his companions moved the heart of Mr. Woodbury, and, after a moment's thought, he said he would let the matter rest till the guilty ones would have the magnanimity to come out and confess their wrong. At the close of the school Martyn, at the solicitation of his teacher, gave him an account of the proceedings of the day previous, and, oh, how

noble William then appeared in his eyes!—how much more in the eyes of Him who ‘seeth in secret.’

“Poor Willie had indeed a burden to bear! He could forgive his own injuries from Tom; but to think that after stealing and ill-treating him, he could deny it all,—this was too much! As he lay for some time busy with thoughts after going to bed, he finally called to Martyn and said, ‘I have been thinking all day what a blessed thing it is to forgive one who injures us. This is the first time I ever had such a trial, but I do not forget what my dear mother used to talk about so sweetly, ‘Forgiving others as we hope to be forgiven.’” He soon fell asleep, and as Martyn stood gazing at that peaceful face, he well remembered those words of Jesus, ‘Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’

“Not many days passed before Willie was missed from his accustomed seat, and low whisperings might be heard from one to another, ‘How is he; better or worse?’ Every heart was sad and every countenance

was sorrowful, as day after day brought tidings of increased illness, and when at last ‘No hope’ was uttered by the physician, grief seemed to rest on every heart. If you could have entered that chamber of sickness and death, whom would you have seen bathing Willie’s fevered brow?—who watched him by day and night?—and who, when reason for a moment dawned, might be seen praying that dying boy for forgiveness? Who, but the now penitent Tommy Beers! The lessons taught him by the example of that now angel boy, who was reunited to that mother who had taught him while here ‘to love and forgive,’ were inwardly instamped upon his heart, as well as upon all those who composed that boyish group. When the funeral services were ended, and the coffin lid about to close for ever in this world upon that lovely boy ere he was borne to his last resting place, you might have seen poor Tommy steal quietly up and enclose a little flower in that waxen hand, the last gift of a penitent and sorrowing heart!”

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTIANS AND THE WORLD.—We are commanded not to conform to this world; that is, not to accommodate ourselves to the corrupt customs of the world. The christian must not be of such a complying nature, to cut the coat of his profession according to the fashion of the times, or the humour of the company he falls into, like that courtier, who, being asked how he could keep his preferment in such changing times, which one while had a prince for Popery, another while *against* Popery, answered, he was not a stubborn oak, but bending osier, that could yield to the wind. No, the christian must stand fixed to his principles, and not change his habit, but freely show what countryman he is by his holy constancy in the truth. Now, what an odium, what snares, what dangers, doth this singularity expose the christian to? Some will hoot and mock him, as one in a Spanish fashion would be laughed at in your streets. Thus Michael flouted David. Indeed the world counts the christian, for his singularity of life, the only fool. Many lose heaven because they are ashamed to go in a fool’s coat thither. Again, as some will mock, so others will persecute till death, merely for this non-conformity in the christian’s principles and practices to them. This was the trap laid for the three children; they must dance after Nebuchadnezzar’s pipe, or burn. This was the plot laid to ensnare Daniel, who walked so unblameably, that his very

enemies gave him this testimony, that he had no fault but in his singularity in his religion. (Dan. vi. 5.) It is a great honour to a christian, yea, to religion itself, when all their enemies can say it. They are precise, and will not do as we do. Now, in such a case as this, when the christian must turn or burn,—leave praying, or become a prey to the cruel teeth of bloody men,—how many politic retreats and self-preserving distinctions would a cowardly unresolved heart invent! The christian, that hath so great opposition, had need be well locked into the saddle of his profession, or else he will be soon dismounted.—*Gurnall*.

DON’T BE DISCOURAGED.—It is a fine remark of Fenelon, “Bear with yourself in correcting *faults* as you would with others.” We cannot do all at once. But by constant pruning away of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues, we shall grow towards perfection. This simple rule,—not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persevere, overcoming evil habits one by one, such as sloth, negligence, or bad temper; and adding one excellence after another,—to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity,—will conduct the slowest christian at last to high religious attainments.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

It seems somewhat strange to mention as *news*, what has been on the lips of every man in England for weeks past,—what has formed the subject of conversation equally in palace and cottage,—what has occupied space in every newspaper,—and what has furnished a theme for discourse in many pulpits. The most solemn event that has occurred for many years must not, however, pass without record in our monthly summary. Scarcely had our last number reached our readers before the thrilling announcement was made which resounded through the whole land—"The Emperor of Russia is dead!" The statement seemed too strange to be credible, and for some time it was scarcely believed. But so it was. The mighty man of valour had bowed his head before one mightier than himself; and he who had defied empires, and sent millions out to war for him, was reduced to a heap of dust, from which even the cringing courtier turned away in disgust!

Succeeded by his son, now Alexander the Second, the question immediately occurred, What effect will the change in the occupant of the throne have upon the politics of Europe? That question is not yet satisfactorily answered. Alexander is, it is generally believed, more peaceful in disposition than his father, but how far that disposition may be controlled in its action by that popular opinion which is mighty even under a despotism, it is impossible to say. It is certain that since the death of Nicholas we have all looked with more hope to the Conference which is being held by the representatives of the great powers at Vienna. Up to the time we write, too, the result of that Conference seems to have been favourable to the restoration of peace. Let us pray that peace may be restored, at the same time that the honour of the nation is preserved. Nothing would be, on every account, a greater cause of rejoicing in England than the announcement of a peace—only, however, if on terms not inconsistent with the rights of the nations whose interests have been involved in the great struggle.

The reference to prayer reminds us of the "Fast Day" which was held on the 21st ult., at the command of the sovereign. The day seems to have been generally observed, by Nonconformists as well as those connected with the Establishment,—the importance of the object apparently outweighing for once almost all other considerations. Still a "command" to pray by the Queen, especially under the almost blasphemous threat of "the wrath and indignation of almighty God," could not be made without suggesting considerable discussion, and many thought it their duty to disregard a command so made. For ourselves we rejoice that the day was generally observed. The thing done was certainly right, though

the way in which it was appointed was as certainly not in accordance with our principles. It is for Dissenters to see that a form of command so offensive and foolish as the one used on this occasion, and handed down as one of the follies of a darker age, is not used again.

The siege of Sebastopol still continues, success being apparently as distant as ever. According to the last account, the fortifications of the besieged city are being daily increased, and every street, and every wall, bristles with cannon. If the citadel is taken at all, it will only be after a loss of life that it is fearful to contemplate. It is a comfort to know that the state of things in the army is decidedly improved. The enquiry which is being made by Mr. Roebuck's committee has disclosed a fearful amount of inefficiency and mismanagement in the past, but it is also producing greater activity and zeal now.

Parliament has been engaged for the most part during the month, in voting money for the war. This it has done with the more ease, the veteran economic reformer, Joseph Hume, having gone from amongst the living. Million after million has been voted almost without a question! The Newspaper Stamp Question has been under discussion, as has also the Sabbath Question,—a strange one indeed for parliament to meddle with. But the action of the House of Commons in regard to it, has been decided enough. By a large majority the House decided not to join in the recommendation of Sir Joshua Walsley, to open the British Museum and the National Gallery on the Lord's-day. So that for the present, at least, the "Pearl of Days" is preserved to us. May it be long before the people of England are robbed of the precious treasure!

KING STREET CHAPEL, BRISTOL.

An interesting service was held at the school-room connected with the Baptist Chapel in King Street, Bristol, for the purpose of taking farewell of Mr. Wm. Sampson, who has just sailed for Calcutta, there to engage in the missionary work. The proceedings were preface by a tea, at which there was a large and influential company. After tea, the chair was taken by the pastor of the church, the Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A. Prayer having been offered up by Mr. Jas. Smith, the chairman made a few appropriate observations, and then called upon Mr. George Ashmead, who was superintendent of the school at the time Mr. Sampson was a scholar. Mr. J. Edwards, deacon, the Rev. R. Morris, of Clifton, the Rev. F. Gotch, M.A., the Rev. W. Foote, of Honiton, and Captain Dyer, likewise addressed the meeting, and offered a few words of encouragement and advice to Mr. Sampson. In the course of the evening Mr. Wm. Smith, who was Mr. Sampson's Sunday school teacher, presented him, on behalf of a few friends connected with the

church, with two handsomely bound volumes of "Dr. Kitto's Biblical Encyclopædia;" and at the same time, Mr. Bull, one of the students at the Baptist College, Stokes-croft, where Mr. Sampson was instructed, presented him with the two published volumes of "Macaulay's History of England," subscribed for by his brother students, which Mr. Sampson suitably acknowledged.

Obituary.

THE REV. ALEXANDER KIRKWOOD.

Died, Feb. 21st, 1855, aged seventy-eight years, the Rev. A. Kirkwood, of Berwick-on-Tweed. A faithful labourer in his Master's work for half-a-century, his unobtrusive modesty, and his quiet, happy temper, shut him out from a wider sphere than his sterling merits would otherwise have secured for him, and left him during the whole of his long service (with a short exception at Beverley, in Yorkshire) the pastor of a small church in a remote corner of the kingdom. Yet were there many to whom he was well known: and to know him was to love him. As a preacher he was remarkable for the clear, logical, and argumentative character of his style. His taste did not lead him to the rhetorical adornments of a sermon, and they were not much cultivated in the school where he was trained (Mr. Haldane's, of Edinburgh). There was nothing flowery in his sermons; and throughout a long course of his ministry it was rare indeed that he ever ventured upon a metaphor. But there were two things in which he excelled. One was the grasp which his masculine intellect took of every subject he handled, exhibiting it not in one light only, but in every variety of aspect, and developing its relation to the several parts of revealed truth. Sometimes, indeed, he carried this to the verge of excess; and in the prodigality of intellectual wealth he would lavish upon one sermon thought so full and so redundant, that they became skeletons rather than full discourses, though even then their bareness of illustration only served the more to set off their massy framework. His other excellence was his knowledge of the human heart. There was, perhaps, scarcely ever a preacher—we have heard none—who had more thoroughly anatomised human depravity,—was more able to trace it through all its windings,—to detect it in all its disguises,—and to lay bare, in all its deformity, before the eyes of the astonished hearer, the vice which he had unconsciously been cherishing as a virtue. We remember a series of his sermons on the commandments, in which he forced his auditors to understand more fully than they had ever done before David's character of them—that "they are exceeding broad," which, if they were recovered, would do good service both to the church and to the world.

In private life he was a most delightful and instructive companion. He did not seem to know what envy or bitterness of feeling meant: he was free even from denominational jealousy. Every minister

of every evangelical denomination was welcomed by him. Quarrels and divisions occasionally took place among neighbouring congregations, leading occasionally to the starting of new chapels, which, in so small a country town, naturally excited jealousy. In such cases, Mr. Kirkwood maintained his friendship with the old minister, and extended his welcome to the new comer. The language of his life was "Grace, mercy, and peace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." It would be difficult to describe the charm of his private conversation. His keen perception of character, his knowledge of man and his motives, rendered his parlour talk, as it rendered his pulpit discourses, ever fresh and interesting; while his spirits, never perhaps high, but singularly equable, rendered him always ready for the pleasurable excitement of company. Especially was he a favourite with the young. The charm of his manner speedily set them at home with him; and as he encouraged them to pour out before him, without constraint, all their youthful hopes and aspirations, he would listen with a benevolent smile, then convey his advice so pleasantly and so wisely, and with such a fund of rich, quaint humour, that the listener felt his vanity rebuked without being himself mortified. Ah, how pleasant were those evenings, now long gone by!

Mr. Kirkwood's church was never a large one. For this it is not difficult to account. Baptist principles are not popular in the North; and his opinions, though so mildly tolerant of other men's, continued through life to be strongly and deliberately in favour of the Scotch Baptist system. Further detraction from his popularity was some uncouthness of manner, which marred his usefulness, because it repelled strangers, till it was overcome, and even converted into a charm, by the superior excellence of his matter. Added to this, he and his church experienced the fate which befalls so many of our country ministers, who are, in fact, the training masters for their brethren placed in our large towns, sending annual draughts of the young, spirited, and enterprising members of their churches to the larger centres of population. But if not a largely successful minister himself, he was something more—he was the maker of successful ministers. To his culture and forming mind the churches owe the late Mr. Mann, of Jamaica, whose memory, at the distance of a quarter-of-a-century, is still green in that island; Mr. John Clark, late of Western Africa, and now of Jamaica; and Mr. James Hume, also of Jamaica; and in the wives of these two last gentlemen he gave two daughters to the mission-field. Other ministers still labouring at home proceeded from his church; many more of various denominations have profited by his sagacity and practical knowledge of mankind; and this slight notice of his character is written by one who gratefully traces all his success in life to the early privilege he obtained of his cordial and enduring friendship.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

MAY, 1855.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities."—*Psalms ciii. 3.*

While a strong and complex argument for the existence of the living God is to be derived from outward nature, a clearer argument, both for his existence and character, is to be derived from the inward creation of spirits, the world of human souls. Conscience in every man reveals and implies a divine authority, a MASTER IN HEAVEN. It points to the throne of God; as the needle points ever to the pole. The instinct of gratitude, bursting forth on sudden accessions of prosperity, or in preservation from sudden danger, the instinct of prayer that cries aloud in storm and shipwreck, in agony and death, alike bear testimony to the Benefactor and Preserver of men. And in the same manner, the universal instinct of worship, the tendency of mankind to rise in thought towards an Intelligence which comprehends all things, or to bend in adoration before a superior Power, proves that there is some such living and eternal Power towards which the soul of man bears a natural relation, just as the broad mirror of a great reflecting telescope bears a natural relation to the starry firmament.

The Book of Psalms, therefore, as an ancient expression of gratitude, supplication, and adoration, which has given voice to the deepest feelings of mankind through thirty centuries, may be taken as a profound argument for the existence, power, wisdom, holiness, and goodness of the eternal God, the Author and Governor of this surrounding universe. The praises of thankful hearts ascend to God; the "unutterable groanings" of travailing humanity find their object and their answer in God; and the most aspiring thoughts and feelings of human souls ascend to the threshold of the "High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;" for the name of GOD is written in characters of fire upon the very walls of his own spirit's habitation.

In the opening words of this psalm, David calls upon the immense chorus of his spiritual faculties and affections to stand up and bless the Lord God for all his mercies. And he mentions first the greatest,—the forgiveness of sins. "Forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities. O all that is within me, bless his holy name." As the spiritual nature of man is the noblest portion of his being, so the spiritual mercies of God are his noblest bestowments. How few are they who do

not reckon that the earthly and temporal blessings are the superior. He has already learned much who has learned the comparative worth of his mercies.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS is one of those familiar phrases in religion which so much require, and so well will bear and repay, the closest meditation. What do we exactly mean when we speak of, or ask for, the forgiveness of sins? We may say, first, that it is evidently a phrase having reference to the past, and to our present being as affected by that past. We *are* that which we *have been*. Our character does not consist of our outward history, but of that assemblage of principles, habits, and impulses which we have gathered or manifested during our progress through the outward history. And in that character the past has become an ever-present reality within us. As we carry about in the body the health gained by previous consumptions of food, or bygone activities, and also the diseases and scars contracted through former neglects or injuries, so the soul carries the past within itself as a portion of its present life. It cannot destroy the vital connection between its present and former self. That terrible unity and identity of consciousness forms an inseparable bond betwixt the two. The body changes daily, even to the bone; and in longer or shorter periods is all removed to make way for fresh materials; the mind changes many of its views, impressions, and feelings; but, amidst all these mutations, there is a living somewhat that abideth the same continually, one and immutable, so that it is impossible for the present to be aught except the transmitted past. In this view it may even be said—as in one of the late Justice Talfourd's tragedies—that "the murderer has no past,"—the image of his act, and of his bleeding victim, is for ever before him. What awful misery this haunting of the recollections of a sinful lifetime sometimes occasions, as if a legion of furies were commissioned to chase the criminal out of the world! Thus it was with Judas. But the far commoner case is for conscience to be so stupefied that although there is a dim and confused remembrance of past actions, there is not sufficient spiritual insight or feeling to awaken any acute suffering on the review. There is nothing beyond a dull aching of the heart when there is any considerable break in business or amusement, which, however, is enough to show what pains would arise if ampler leisure for reflection should occur, or if there should be any remission of the opiates.

In most of us the past is a history of imperfections and sins. How different the character of an angel's memory, who can look back only upon a history, it may be, of millions of years of righteousness; who never knew what it was to have disobeyed and offended God, or to have been guilty of a wrong; whose retrospections a good conscience for ever illuminates, as the full moon throws an extended flashing lustre over the wake of a vessel sailing on the seas at midnight.

As for us, when our minds are fully enlightened, we learn how awfully reasonable is this deep sense of sin in the soul, accompanying a life of undisciplined passion and godless impulse; and how well founded the apprehensions of a miserable future which arise on the review of the ever present past. For it cannot but become evident to such an awakened spirit that, in one sense, and that the nearest, closest, which the words will bear, all our sins have been committed "*against God*." We have offended not simply against a distant authority (as the Russian fraudulent functionaries say, God is in heaven, and the Czar is far off); nor against a mere delegated oracle in the breast, such as Reason or Conscience; but we have sinned against God in person, against his omnipresent Spirit, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. In every

sinful thought, or extravagant passion, or evil word or work, or instance of obstinate neglect, we have "grieved," "vexed," "resisted," his Holy Spirit, working within us to will and to do according to His good pleasure. In every case we have committed an assault upon the Infinite Will, saying, as we struck against it, Give place to mine! What a consideration is this, when we come to reflect upon the multitude of our offences. Well may a bad man's life be summed up as "the provocation." (Heb. iii.)

But past sin is a living power in a sinful man (that is, a man full of sin), as well as a remembrance and a stain. A wicked or careless person is not only visited, from time to time, with unexpected glimpses of the details of his past life, showing that the history of it is all written within the vast library of the memory, so that at any moment any of "the books" may "be opened," and the strong light of Conscience, as the candle of the Lord, thrown upon its pages in the dark chamber; but sin is within him as a power, governing and directing all his present life; as habit, as a vital law in his members, "warring against"—what? all that is good in the universe! gathering strength from age,—yet punishing while it tyrannizes. For it is a power which not only gives the law to the outward life, but positively forbids the presence of happiness in the heart. It prevents the repose of the soul,—keeps its waters, like those of an inland lake, in incessant agitation,—it poisons present enjoyment, and inflicts a sense of shame and degradation, which not even the most exciting pleasures of sense can avail to dispel.

But the worst remains. While a man stands or walks forward in life with his back turned upon the Sun of Spirits, the Everlasting Light of truth and holiness, the black shadow of his own character is projected always before him, and it is the shadow of death. He cannot move without seeing it, and it points to futurity. Sin, *when it is finished*, bringeth forth death. There are few things which God does "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Nearly all his works require time for their completion, and among them his "strange work" of judgment, the operation of the laws which determine the consequences of sin, and the destiny of sinners. But sin will be finished, and when "the iniquity of the Amorites is full," the hour of condemnation will come. "Thou thoughtest that I,—keeping silence,—was such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes." The scenes of thy life shall one day slowly pass before thee in dreadful succession, lighted up by the blazing countenance of an angry God. "Son, Remember!" will be the words of Heaven, which will kindle the "furnace" of hell.

Such is sin in its past, present, and future. And law is powerless to redeem us from its bondage. "When the law came, sin revived, and I died." The sunbeams warmed and animated the deadly serpent which enfolded me in its crushing coils, and hovering over me aloft with eyes of fire, it stung me to the heart. The clearer the revelation of evil in the soul by the law, the more desperate and deadly it becomes. Hence the common hatred of religion, and of all that concerns it, among those men of the world who know of it only under the character of law.

But here is Redemption, Forgiveness, Remission, which is an act of God freely and graciously changing the place and relation of the soul with respect to himself, removing it from under the darkness of his displeasure into "the marvellous light" of his love; effecting thereby a corresponding change in its prospects in all futurity, from a state of exposure to all the fire of his judgment to one of peace, prosperity, and eternal sonship. It is a passing from death unto life everlasting,—a change in-

volving all the difference between HELL and HEAVEN. The condition on which it may be enjoyed is simple and suitable to all men. They must repent, and believe in the glad tidings of God, who has reconciled the world unto himself, by Jesus Christ. "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold *your God!*" The reason for so great a salvation is not found in man, but solely in the depths of the Divine mercy. Looking at man, the salvation "so great" is indeed improbable. But it is neither impossible nor improbable with God, for God is love. And "the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in *them that hope in his mercy.*" There is nothing that we ourselves more highly esteem than confidence, and God requires it from man as the sole condition of salvation. If, in the words of some old manuals of devotion, a "*perfect and thorough victory over all sin,*" at the very beginning of the christian course, were essential to the enjoyment of God's mercy and forgiveness, it is hard to see how any foundation of peace could be laid in the soul. But the scripture is never thus exacting or precise. Such demands defeat their own object, and send the sinful spirit for its salvation within rather than to its Saviour God. Peace is designed,—yes, peace with God, for others beside the perfect. If there be but a general genuine turning of the soul towards God, a hearty reception of God's offered affection and pardon, all will be well. Many clouds may accompany the sunrise, but the path of the just grows brighter for ever. And what becomes of the past under this dispensation of forgiveness? Before, the sinner, with his back turned towards God, saw his own black shadow always before him. In repentance and faith he turns round towards God, and sees only the sunbeams of pardoning love. The past is now behind him, and since God has forgotten it, he needs contemplate it no more. His new life looks southward to the God of glory, the Father of Light, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift.

And this forgiveness of sins is a great power, as well as an infinite retriement. Repentance from dead works needs not be preached as a legal precept to him who believes. It is the spontaneous movement of the delighted spirit. The soul, like a swan resting upon the calm crystal depths of the Divine love and pardoning mercy, cleanses her white plumage and snowy wings with the same waters on which she peacefully floats towards the glowing west of the heavenly Glory. We thus judge, "that if One died for all, then were all dead, and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for us and rose again." Law and terror strike us to the dust. God's boundless love to his lost children in Christ endues the believer in it with a strength sufficient to trample even Satan underfoot. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Can we enjoy a well-founded persuasion, then, that our sins are forgiven us? It is assuredly one of the chief designs of God that we should enjoy it. Many doubtless are forgiven who do not know it certainly. The babe in Christ is alive in the Lord, though possessing no reflective spiritual consciousness. But as the joys of reason are intended for adults, so are the joys of assurance intended for men in Christ Jesus; the reflective consciousness of our possession of eternal life within us. And this assurance, the foundation of David's joyful song of praise, is to be attained by three methods. First, by an earnest exercise of the soul upon the outward promise of God to him that draws near and asks for mercy with a true heart, whence the soul will derive a deep persuasion of the fidelity of God to his declarations in his dealings with repentant sinners. Secondly, by an inward feeling and sense of the Divine favour diffused over the soul by the action of the Comforter, besought

and obtained as a special gift in answer to persevering prayer and diligent search; "the love of God is shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Spirit which is given to us." And, thirdly, by a conscious perception that we possess the spirit of love, towards our brethren and all mankind. The Scripture speaks more of the assurance derived from love, than either from faith or hope. "He that loveth is born of God." Thus shall we "assure our hearts before him," for as no parent could destroy the child that loved him, and no child could be brought to believe it possible, so we, when love is in vital exercise, either heavenwards, in joyful thankfulness or willing obedience and resignation, or earthwards, in affectionate sedulous concern for the temporal and eternal happiness of those around us, can never think that we are of the number of those whom our Father will consign to the doom of his foes. The spirit of sonship is its own prophecy of a glorious immortality.

Thus has God provided for the exercise, on his part, of incessant forgiveness, for the pardon of our "old sins," and of our daily offences; until, being perfectly vanquished by Divine love, and super-abounding grace, the last relics of sin will be buried in the grave with that body which the Resurrection will reunite to the soul in a common and undestructible PERFECTION !

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

BY DR. FRIEDR. STRAUSS.*

Genesis xxii.

What shall we say of this narrative? Truly, that in reading it the *man* must be astonished, and the *christian* ashamed. The *man* must be astonished at the lofty, powerful, and elevating constancy and assurance of the faith which rises higher and higher from beginning to end of the narrative, and renders that credible which were otherwise incredible, and that possible which were otherwise impossible. The *christian* must be ashamed that he discovers in himself so little of this constancy and assurance, and hence that so much weakness and wavering are apparent in his faith. Since such certainty of faith is at once enjoined on, and promised to us all, let our wonder and shame resolve themselves into the enquiry, How can such a living assurance of faith be attained? Our text teaches us that the way to this immoveable confidence springs out of unquestioning obedience, with unutterable help from on high.

This is the centre point of the patriarch's history in its whole connection, respecting which we would now treat. May the Lord, to whom many of you complain of a want of this assurance of faith, and to whom others of you render thanks for the gift of it, bless the exposition of his Word to both, as to all here assembled.

Abraham is at once the most widely known and renowned character of antiquity. Far as the christian church has extended its pale, far as the children of Israel have wandered in their dispersions, far as the sons of Ishmael have carried their conquests, has the fame of Abraham resounded from east to west. The sacred Scriptures show us the foundation of this fame. They call him the man of great spirit, the friend of God, and the father of the faithful. He is the first in the night of the early world, in whom faith assumes a definite, distinguishable, and peculiar aspect. The earlier heroes of the faith, as Seth, Enoch, and even Noah, are only

* A Translation of a Sermon, preached on the 10th of July, 1825, by Dr. Friedr. Strauss, Domestic Chaplain to the late King of Prussia.

noticed in the Scripture narrative relative to their inner life. We cannot trace their faith through their whole life, and the single event in which it comes to view is almost lost in the general circumstances and indistinct features of their age. In Abraham, his faith comes to view clearly, both in single events and in their entire development. Thereby he stands at the head of a new era, and of a mighty nation; and the promises which were given him assume a definite form. Thus Abraham's faith is become proverbial, and from it the condition is expressed under which we are assured that faith shall be reckoned to us for righteousness. This faith of Abraham has already appeared in drawing him to a distant country which the Lord would show him. It has come to light in the victory over Chedorlaomer, and in the magnanimity and piety of his conduct after the victory. After this, it developed itself more fully at the announcement of the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and at the birth of the child of promise. Everywhere it is seen in its individual elements, in the great and small events, in the joy and grief, in the weaknesses and advantages of the patriarchal life, and sets before our eyes a hallowed picture of itself, so that we descry it, now in the paternal government of his numerous servants, now in his marches over the hills and plains of the beloved land, now in his heroic wars, and now in the peaceful charge of his flocks. But yet "*after these things God did tempt Abraham.*" He put him to the severest proof, that he might lead him to a consciousness of the constancy and assurance of his faith, such as he had never yet had. He had possessed this constancy indeed in his earlier leadings, as without it he never could have stood this trial. Faith in itself is this confidence. But that he may know this, he shall attain to the assurance of faith; but that can happen only when this confidence shall have been drawn out by the Lord most definitely in such a trial. Let us see how that was.

"*The Lord said to him, Abraham.*" The patriarch knew the voice. It was the same that called him out of Mesopotamia, which spoke to him on the plains of Mamre, and had oft directed him in domestic difficulty. He recognises this *direct* address of the Lord, as a pious man under the written Word recognises the *indirect* address of the Lord to him, and by its peculiar strain is reminded of the happiest and deepest experiences of his life, and answers not seldom as Abraham answered, "*Here am I.*" That is the expression of the willingness of a soul prepared to do and to suffer the will of the Lord, which, when it hears the call of the Lord, confers not with flesh and blood, and anew is convinced of this, that what God wills is its salvation, which replies to him who stands before the door of the heart and knocks, "*Here am I.*" Still, it does not end in words. How oft the lips express that from which the heart shrinks when called to act. The Lord graciously accepts the promise, but he also requires the performance. "*Take Isaac,*" said he to Abraham, "*thine only son, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering, upon a hill which I will show thee.*" You recoil with horror, dear hearers, from this requirement of the Lord. Still, perhaps, it is only the recoil of the natural feelings from the sacrifice of the child; but let us look into the history of Abraham, and learn from it how much deeper a meaning that command conveyed to him. Isaac, the child of promise, the son of his laughter, in whom were wrapped up so many anxieties and promises,—his only son;—fathers! mothers! ye who know what it is to have a son of your old age,—and ye who have lost all your children but one,—and ye who have had but one from the first,—ye feel what that means;—this son whom he loves, on whom all his hopes for the future hang, him must he take, and go to the distant

land of Moriah, and offer him up,—has not God, then, forbidden human sacrifice?—and there offer him up on a mountain which will be shown him. The will of God is clear, as it ever had been. The most beloved on earth must be offered up to the Lord. But the circumstances are dark, and that makes the trial the harder. This darkness opens a wide field for apprehension, gives free room to the play of our distracted thoughts, and stirs up our folly to increase tenfold the burden which the Lord lays on us, by conjectures and exaggerations.

But how did the father of believers? "Then arose Abraham early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took with him two servants, and his son Isaac, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and arose, and went toward the place of which God had spoken." What said he? What thought he? How acted he under this clear command, and these dark circumstances? He rises up, and though, as the narrative indicates, it is painful to him, he goes forth, and—is silent. He is silent before God, for he knows that to *act* is to speak to him. He is silent before Sarah and Isaac, for he knows that converse with others at such a time makes the trial severer still. He is silent even before himself! That is the deepest and holiest silence! He will not hear the remonstrances of his own heart. He bids his cares be still. He represses his own thoughts. He hears the will of God alone, and is lord of his own thoughts. Thus he travels on till the third day. Three days! Three dreadful days! Three days, dreadful in their tedious, lingering, wearisome hours, during which he travels from Beersheba to Moriah! Their duration increases the pain, but also the faith. O Lord, if it be possible, let this cup of protracted sacrifice pass us by! But if thy wisdom sees that it is for the best,—if we cannot otherwise be blessed,—if nothing but a long, lingering sickness, which binds us, day after day, and night after night, to the couch of disease, can lead us to Thee, teach us to be silent, as Abraham was, that, instead of speaking, we may only hear thy Word, and, amidst the restless clamour of complaint, the extensing and pleading of our hearts, be still! "On the third day, Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off." All has hitherto been mere preparation,—that anguish, those tears, that strife, mere preparation. Pondering, depressed, and silent he goes forth, till on the third day he looks up, and his eyes light on the place of sacrifice.

"He saith to the servants, Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder, and when we have worshipped, we will come again to you." How? Must this hero of the faith feel, for a moment, his own weakness? Is he betrayed into an untruth, as once before, when he spoke with another? Has he felt this weakness, and on that account kept silence? Oh, if it were an untruth, who among us would be the first to cast a stone at the patriarch? Who would not much rather weep over the infirmity of the human heart? But it is not so. It was no untruth. The New Testament resolves the difficulty, when, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are told that "he believed God could raise him from the dead." God had promised that in Isaac his seed should be called. Abraham believed this promise, and although up to his time none who died had ever been restored to life, still, he so rested on the Word of God, as to feel assured that though Isaac must die, he could not remain in death, considering that God was able to do what was unheard of before, and raise him from the dead. Hence it was in the sure and certain hope of the return of both that he spoke to his servants. In that case, some will say, the severity of the trial passes away. Now, we need only refer the objector to you, ye bereaved children, parents, and partners, who are

as assured as Abraham was, that in the resurrection God will restore your departed parents, partners, and children, whom you addressed as confidently on their death-bed, and at their grave: "We shall see each other again;" yet who reckoned that hour in which you witnessed their death-strife, their struggle for breath, their fixing eyes, and the departure of the soul from the much-loved body, as the most painful of your existence. But Abraham was not only to be a witness of the death of his only son,—he was himself to sacrifice him with a father's hand. Hence, though he had faith, it does not follow that his faith was not tried. "*Abraham took the wood for the burnt-offering, and laid it on his son Isaac,*" as though he would, by a single touch, present the type more fully of his greater Son, who bore his own cross to the place of sacrifice. "*Then took he the fire, and the knife in his hand, and they went on both together.*" Father and son together! Parents and children, let this example sink deep into your souls! Abraham and Isaac are now above. Yet another and severer trial for thy fatherly heart, Abraham! "*Isaac said to his father Abraham, My father.*" Truly, as a sword, at such a moment, must that name, so sweet to human hearts, have pierced Abraham's soul. "*He answered, Here am I, my son.*" Ah, in these bitter hours, as to God, so to man, he has but one word, "Here am I, my son!" Surely, in the hour of birth, when trembling with joy and gratitude, he first took the child in a father's arms, and called him son, he could not have pronounced that word more tenderly! Unrestrained, the child goes on to ask, "*See, here is the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?*" Have you not observed that the more simple and unrestrained the words of children are in their little difficulties, the more they lacerate the parent's heart? "*Abraham answered,*" and overcame this painful question, as he alone can do who refers the questioner to God, "*My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.*" Astonishing faith, which reposes on the invisible event as if seen, and thus, while expressing itself only in the most natural and straight-forward manner, utters a prophecy! "And they went both of them together. And when they came to the place of which God had spoken,"—now, since none of the external appointments have failed, though the struggle has reached its height, the surrounding circumstances are no longer dark,—"*Abraham built there an altar, and laid the wood thereon,*"—ah, how the hand must have trembled, and the heart beat!—"and bound his son Isaac,"—the son is silent before the father, as the father before God; and the child obeys the parent, as the parent obeys the Lord,—"*and laid him upon the altar, upon the wood,*"—struggles more resolutely with the deepest emotion, perhaps averts his eyes from the child's face, full of dread and death-anguish, and is ever looking on this side and on that, and praying, he conquers,—"*and stretches forth his hand,*"—sees once more the look of the son, as if enquiring whether the father could do this; and looks to heaven, and prays for strength, and suppresses, with god-like might, the struggling emotions of his bleeding heart, and seizes,—"*and seizes the knife to slay his son.*"

No, we can no longer pursue the exposition here! We are silent. We admire the victory of faith. We are astonished, and, when we have recovered from our astonishment, we acknowledge that a living faith alone could produce so implicit an obedience in preparation, in silence, and in performance.

A DESERT PLACE; OR, THE TEST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

BY THE REV. W. P. SALFERN.

"And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—*Mark vi. 31.*

All the incidents in the life of Christ are pregnant with instruction. His whole life is, indeed, a beautiful panorama of moral beauty and spiritual loveliness. He speaks, and we are enlightened; he moves, and we are instructed. No life like his; and happy the man who is so familiar with it, that each scene of which he is the centre object has been photographed upon his mind by the Spirit of God,—whose memory has become a chamber, the walls of which are overspread with pictures from the life of Jesus, hung up by the fingers of omnipotent love, for the purification of the affections, and the illustration of important principles. Well would it be for us to imitate the enthusiastic connoisseur, who spares neither labour nor money to procure all the paintings of his favourite master; and seek to have our minds so impressed with every incident in the history of Christ, that wherever we sojourn there might be within us a spiritual gallery of illustration, to which we could constantly repair for meditation. Observe, believer, the man of taste, the lover of art, how carefully he selects those articles of *virtu* to which his predilections attach value; the antiquary, too, see how he burrows among rubbish, both by night and day, hoping to discover some relic which may illustrate his lore, and assist his enquiries after truth. Let us imitate them; and let our spiritual taste and education appear in a constant study of the inspired biography of Him who is "the altogether lovely." From it may we get materials to adorn our conduct, and facts for the confirmation of our faith. May we ever remember, that Christ is the diamond stone of truth, upon which the law is engraven, and seek to have it set permanently in our affections, that we may walk correctly in the light which it emits, and our lives become attractive exponents of its beauty and power.

We need not dwell upon the literal bearing of the fact above recorded, but shall proceed to make use of it to our spiritual advantage.

The religion of Christ is altogether a practical religion,—a religion of life and influence. The very first step we take under its direction involves an act of divine power, and is expressive of spiritual perception, feeling, and decision on the part of ourselves. Had our Saviour taught men that they could follow him in silver slippers and gay attire, retaining the friendship of the world, and leaning upon its help, as well as his own, he would have had many disciples; but because he pointed them to a desert, lying between this world and that which is to come, held out to them but little to encourage them which carnal reason could approve, and called upon them to count the cost before they commenced the journey, numbers were driven back, and there were but few of whom he could say, "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptation." And as it was in the days of Christ, so it is now; many would like to reach the promised land above, and to eat of its delectable fruits, but the wilderness which *must* be passed turns them aside, nor is the promise that Jesus will accompany them, and give them the victory, sufficient to induce them to go forward. The words of Christ never fail, but they cannot simply venture upon *them*; and their faith is shown to be worthless, by its being conquered by sense. Thus all who hear the gospel of Christ are by him tried, and their true state declared. His language is too simple to be misunderstood; he deceives not by fair speeches, nor hides

the rough features of the path of life in a blaze of rhetorical splendour. To all who essay to follow him he says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." True it is he also points to a throne and a crown; but the dreaded cross hides their lustre, and the fear of a desert place in their circumstances drives many back again to the world, who, for a time, seemed to promise well for the kingdom of God. And this, indeed, will ever be the course pursued by those whose first movements towards heaven proceed from mere excitement or impulse, and not from that faith which works by love, and leads those in whom it is implanted to cleave to Christ as their portion, and to follow him through evil report and good report, whithersoever he may lead.

But does this meet the eye of one who has thus turned his back on Jesus and refused to follow him, because it was feared the path might lead to a desert place? What, and is this desert place, which perhaps, after all, may be but the creation of thy fears, more dreadful than the frown of God? Is it more bleak than the confines of despair? More terrible than His wrath who has said, "But if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him"? Is it, indeed, more barren than the burning lava of hell, less prolific in comfort than the stings of a guilty conscience, the death-bed of an apostate, or the regions of darkness destined to be the final dwelling-place of all who are ashamed of Christ, and who, while they would have the crown he gives, despise his cross? Oh, think again before you forsake him of whose people it is written, "That the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." What, shun a desert place with him of whom it is written, that his smile turns "the shadow of death into the morning!" what, refuse to follow him who forsook the paradise above, to traverse the cold desert of this world, to seek and to save his wandering sheep; who watered his path with his tears, and, that we might not perish, marked out the path of safety with his own blood! Oh, blush for shame, ye timid disciples, who, like Peter, often follow the Lord "afar off;" and ye who have turned your backs upon him, oh, return! Hear the kind accents of his voice once more, oh, ye wanderers! "Return, thou backsliding Israel," said the Lord, "and I will not cause mine anger to fall on you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger for ever."

Jesus, then, invites his disciples occasionally to accompany him into a desert. And how much better to be in a desert place with him, than in a palace without him; to have a poor table with him for a guest, than a rich one if he is absent.

But if Jesus invites his disciples to follow him into a desert place, he ever leads the way; and why does he conduct his disciples into such a locality?

"*There were many coming and going, and they had not leisure so much as to eat.*" Ah, this is it: there are so many coming and going around us,—too frequently such a crowd of worldly persons and things,—that the still small voice of Jesus cannot be heard for the noise; and hence it is, that the disciple often finds "a desert place" in a chamber of sickness and sorrow. Why, it was needful: we could not find time; so Jesus would make time for us; for there must be a cessation from worldly toil, sufficient at least to eat and digest our spiritual provisions, to think, to meditate, to pray. There must be times of separation from the world; periods of holy solitude, when the truth of the gracious declaration is realised; "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him."

Thus the solitude of the desert is required by the true disciple that he may eat and drink with Christ; that he may enjoy sweet and holy intercourse with him; that he may receive special tokens of his love; and that his faith may be increased in his allsufficiency, faithfulness, and care. For while false faith, like an exotic, dies amid the pinching blasts of adversity, true faith is often nourished by the storms which beat upon it, and never appears more green and strong than when it shoots forth amid the winter of tribulation. In the desolation, too, of a desert place how sweet are the words of Jesus; words, which in times of prosperity and ease have been overlooked, are now pondered over, again and again, until their important lessons become engraven on the memory. The promises which before seemed to be closed against the soul's embrace, now open their breasts of consolation, for the mind being sufficiently humbled, consolation can now be safely imparted. Oh, how, in the midst of the thick darkness of a desert place, do the precious promises of Jesus sparkle like jewels before the eye of faith; and the Word of God, which seemed so barren before, now appears like an orchard full of delectable fruits. But not only are the words of Christ seen, redolent with meaning, nourishment, and beauty, but Christ himself. When surrounded by the gay flowers of prosperity, luxury, and pride, the rose of Sharon attracts but a passing glance. It is in the solitude and silence of a desert place, that it commands the closest attention; and while its hidden beauties are discovered, how welcome is its sweet fragrance to revive and invigorate the soul. It is said of a certain great orator, that he dug a hole in the earth in which to study, that his attention might not be distracted from the object of his pursuit by external objects. And though the Lord does not communicate grace to his disciples to make them anchorites, yet does he often isolate his people that he may impart such instruction as they will not easily forget. A desert place of itself, however, is of no service to the believer. The presence of Jesus must light up the scene, and his words must fall like dew upon the heart, through the gracious influence of the Holy Comforter, in order to the soul's being profited. In every desert spot, therefore, in our experience, may we ever seek for the presence of Christ; a favour never denied to those who seek earnestly and in faith. This realized, good will be accomplished in us and by us; for no place is so barren but that we may be blessed, and made a blessing. Pride will be more completely subdued; self increasingly crucified; fellowship with a suffering Saviour realized; his tender and loving spirit will be imparted; while from these lowlands of famine and spiritual destitution, our steps will be quickened towards our Father's house, where there is ever bread enough and to spare,—where our sun shall no more go down, and the days of our sorrow will cease.

Let not, then, the believer be surprised should his Lord conduct him into a desert place to test his integrity and prove his love; for thus it was that the Lord led his disciples of old; and of Abraham it is written, that "after he was tried he received the promise." And let not the disciple who may be occupying a desert place now, forget that the Lord can make even it a fruitful spot; fraught with the most hallowed enjoyment of himself, and pregnant with those divine instructions which sanctify the soul and fit it for a paradise above. And let those from whose path, in temporal things at least, a desert place seems at present to be far away, remember, that if the heart becomes cold, and the Lord forgotten, that if their engagements become so multiplied that they have but little time and less disposition to find a secret place for communion with Him whom they profess to love and serve, that the Lord who is jealous of his glory, and concerned for their welfare, will be sure, sooner or later, to make a desert place for

them, where they shall have to mourn their folly, and find time for those acts of devotion which are essential to their spiritual health and comfort: for still it is a truth, "That whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." And ye secret disciples, whom wealth and respectability, it may be, have held back from a public profession of the Lord, and a visible identification of yourselves with his humble people, beware, lest he who led his disciples into a desert place of old, should send a rough blast from the wilderness of tribulation to remove your golden impediments, to sweep away your conventional difficulties, and to make you as unmistakable in the public exhibition of your love to him, as is his determination to be glorified in the conduct of all whom he saves.

CALEB A PATTERN OF DECISION TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

BY THE REV. A. ARTHUR.

"And Moses swore on that day, saying, Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord thy God."—*Joshua* xiv. 9.

Amid numerous melancholy instances of departure from the Divine will amongst the ancient Israelites, it is refreshing and stimulating to our minds, to meet occasionally with those who "followed a more excellent way." The one class is presented before us for admonition and warning, the other for our encouragement and imitation.

The nine-and-a-half tribes were now to receive their allotted portions of Canaan, on the west of the river Jordan. Previous to the distribution, we have here an interesting appeal made by Caleb, who himself belonged to the tribe of Judah, and who had been one of the number sent to spy out the land. We observe here,—

1. The manner in which he was distinguished from others of his brethren, *in steadfastly adhering to the Lord*. "Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me, made the heart of the people melt; but I wholly followed the Lord my God" (verse 8). A very considerable period had elapsed since the memorable circumstance occurred to which he alludes. The whole generation of Israel, against whom the divine sentence of exclusion from the promised rest had passed, were now swept away. He and his venerable friend Joshua were the *only two* who survived of all who had attained to the age of twenty years. They had witnessed the many and various scenes in the wilderness, the miracles of mercy that had been often wrought, the ungrateful rebellions of the people, and the mortality which every year had thinned their ranks, until not one was left concerning whom the Lord swore in his wrath, "They shall not enter into my rest." The transaction he mentions is recorded in *Numbers* xiii. and xxvi. The evil report of the spies depressed the Israelites, produced weeping and lamentation, and excited to strong murmurings and complaints against God. "Nevertheless," says he, "my brethren that went up with me, made the heart of the people melt; but I wholly followed the Lord my God." We here mark the influence of an example of unbelief and sloth upon others. Those men imparted their own state of mind to the congregation of Israel. They sunk down into distrust of Jehovah, and criminal fear. Their hearts rose in opposition to him who had guided them hitherto by his almighty arm (*Numbers* xiv. 3, 4). By their conduct they provoked the Holy One of Israel, and incurred the forfeiture of the promised land.

And so, we here learn, that we ought to guard against exemplifying this want of confidence in God,—this heartless desertion of his cause, and inactivity in duty. Who can calculate the injurious effects of these on others? How many in the churches of Christ have suffered a blight in their souls, from observing a want of decision and lukewarmness in professed brethren; by refusing to follow Christ when personal inclination opposes his will. Let us beware of casting stumbling blocks in the way of any by an untender walk, or by discouraging them because of the difficulties of the conflict. Let us rather lead them to a dependence on divine grace, and encourage them to pursue an onward course, by *ourselves* acting in the spirit of Caleb, “who wholly followed the Lord.” He wholly followed the Lord by implicit confidence in his word. He was an exception to the number of those “who believed not,” being persuaded, that “what God had promised, he was able also to perform.” But the faith of Caleb was *influential*. It led him resolutely to obey. It determined him to comply, in the most unhesitating manner, with the divine command; hence the earnestness of his remonstrance (Numbers xiii. 30), and also in connection with Joshua (Numbers xiv. 8, 9), “If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us; their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not.” With unbending firmness did he follow the Lord; there was on his part no unworthy compromise; the will of God was his rule, and his promised presence the source of encouragement and hope.

Let us seek to follow this pattern of decision, in following the Lord fully. It stands opposed to mere partial compliance with his commands. There must be a surrender of the heart wholly to him, without any secret reservation, or an attempt to unite the friendship of the world with the friendship of God. Such is the demand which the Saviour makes of all who would be his constant and true disciples. Whatever he says must be cordially received. Whatever he enjoins conscientiously obeyed. “Who-soever will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.”

2. This decision of character “in following the Lord wholly,” is the *object of divine approval*. Caleb makes an appeal to Joshua in regard to what the Lord had spoken by Moses, in reference to them both. At Kadesh Barnen it was said by divine authority, “Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance and thy children’s for ever; because thou hast wholly followed the Lord thy God.” The place where this was spoken, we find in Numbers xiv. 24; “But my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit in him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went; and his seed shall possess it.”

The same expression of approbation was bestowed on Joshua (verse 30). Another spirit than that of the unbelieving, and disobedient, and fearful Israelites, pervaded these two men. We have seen that the principles of holy love and confidence in God actuated Caleb. The very same had been manifested by his aged friend Joshua. When sorrowing over the defection of many, he nobly said, “But as for *me* and my house, we will serve the Lord.” “The Lord has pleasure in those who fear him, in those who hope in his mercy.” He himself spoke of Caleb, and also through his servant Moses, that he would give him the land, because he “had wholly followed the Lord.” The tokens of the divine favour had rested on these two devoted followers of God’s will. One became the successor of Moses, and received the high honour of conducting the Israelites to the promised

land. The other recounts the blessings he had received from him whom he served (verse 10): "And now, behold the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness: and now, lo, I am this day four score and five years old." Forty-five years had now rolled away since the words of divine approbation were uttered. How many events! What numerous changes occur during this period of human existence! All who can look back this day to such an extended period of their pilgrimage, find many dear friends gone from the present scene; a new generation performing their part on the theatre of life; mercies mingled in the cup; delivering and sustaining grace enjoyed; and the unmerited goodness of the Lord preponderating, and calling for the tribute of gratitude and praise. Caleb had seen much; he beheld the commencement and termination of Israel's journeyings in the wilderness, with all the displays of the Lord's goodness, mercy, and power there; he had witnessed the carcases of the unbelieving fall in the desert; but himself had been kept alive by the Lord, as he said; his natural strength still unabated, and brought to that good land, of which God had said, "I will give it thee."

We learn from this, that Jehovah will never fail in his faithfulness; that he regards constancy in following him wholly, and will reward it with his promised favour. To do so, we may have to meet with desertion on the part of men; with difficulties in maintaining a course unspotted from the world; with disfavour from those who make not the will of God their supreme law. But He on whom our eternal happiness depends will be with us, and give us to realize in his approbation that safety and blessedness which the smiles of the whole unbelieving world cannot supply. "Whosoever confesses me," said Jesus, "before men, him will I also confess before my Father and his holy angels."

3. *The final result of the divine approbation*, in the inheritance which Caleb obtained in the land of promise. That portion for which he applied, was received (verse 13): "And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh, Hebron for an inheritance. Hebron, therefore, became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenazite, unto this day, because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel." We are not told how long he continued personally to enjoy this earthly inheritance, or the time and manner of his death. But we may infer that having been a true and faithful follower of the Lord God of Israel, he would but regard it as a type of that "heavenly and better country,"—the inheritance free from all the defects of worldly possessions, "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Such will be our end if we fully follow the Lord to our journey's close. The one is inseparably united to the other. "Let us hold fast, therefore, the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful who promised." If we cleave with purpose of heart to the Lord, he will never forsake us, "He will be our guide, even unto death," in death, and for evermore.

Seeing, then, that there is so glorious an inheritance in prospect,—

"A land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;"

a land which casts all the glory of this passing world into the shade; "let us fight the good fight of faith, that we may lay hold of eternal life." To retreat would be most dangerous, to take part with the enemies of Christ, fatal to our peace. Let us hear the voice of the Captain of our salvation, the Leader of all his people to glory, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Follow me fully, and "where I am, there

shall also my servant be." Let us listen to the exhortation given by Paul to the Corinthians, after expatiating on the certainty and glory of the resurrection from the dead. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Edinburgh.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

BY THE REV. H. BOMAR.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—*Isaiah xxxiv. 10.*

Where the faded flower shall freshen,—

Freshen never more to fade;

Where the shaded sky shall brighten,—

Brighten never more to shade;

Where the sun-blaze never ceases,

Where the star-beams cease to chill;

Where no tempest stirs the echoes

Of the wood, or wave, or hill;

Where the morn shall wake in gladness,

And the noon the joy prolong;

Where the daylight dies in fragrance,

'Mid the burst of holy song,

Brother, we shall meet and rest,

'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,

Where life's vain parade is o'er;

Where the sleep of sin is broken,

And the dreamer dreams no more;

Where the bond is never severed,—

Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,

Midnight waking, twilight weeping,

Heavy noontide,—all are done.

Where the child has found its mother,

Where the mother finds the child;

Where dear families are gathered,

That were scattered on the wild.

Brother, we shall meet and rest,

'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,

Where the blighted life re blooms;

Where the smitten heart the freshness

Of its buoyant youth resumes;

Where the love that here we lavish

On the withering leaves of time,

Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,

In an ever spring-bright clime;

Where we find the joy of loving

As we never loved before;

Loving on, unchilled, unshaded,

Loving once and evermore.

Brother, we shall meet and rest,

'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten

Underneath a bluer sphere,

And a softer, gentler sunshine,

Sheds its healing splendour here;

Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,

Putting on her robe of green,

And a purer, fairer Eden,

Be where only wastes have been;

Where a King in kingly glory,

Such as earth has never known,

Shall assume the righteous sceptre,

Claim and wear the holy crown.

Brother, we shall meet and rest,

'Mid the holy and the blest!

Tales and Sketches.

THE CLOAK LEFT AT TROAS.

Philip Grey was a hard working man who loved his Bible. In the evening, when his labours were over, and he sat himself down to rest for an hour or so, his usual companion was a large printed and well-used copy of God's Word. And Philip was not satisfied, as some persons are, with simply reading the Bible; he always tried to understand what he read, and to receive the truths which it taught him.

One evening he had been pondering over Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, and he lingered a long time over one verse. It was this: "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee" (ch. iv. 13). Nothing very difficult, you think, in that simple and straightforward message. No; and yet it seemed to puzzle Philip. I will tell you why. Joe Wilkins, his fellow-workman, who did not like the Bible, and therefore endeavoured to disbelieve it, had brought forward this passage as one proof that the Scriptures were not inspired. "For if they were," he argued, "such a trifling matter, such a domestic detail as this, would have been omitted."

"Well," said Philip to himself, as he gazed upon the words, "it does seem a rather insignificant and unedifying subject for the apostle to mention. I don't think there is anything instructive to be gathered from it."

Just then there was a gentle tap at the half-opened door, and the next minute Mr. Howard, the minister, came in. When he came to see Philip, he always called in the evening, because he knew that Philip was quite at leisure then; and they often had very nice conversations together; and Mr. Howard was always ready and glad to explain anything which Philip wanted to know. So, as you will imagine, this verse about St. Paul's cloak was soon alluded to, and Philip's little difficulty frankly stated.

"Well," said Mr. Howard, "this verse, Philip, appears to me a most touching and instructive one. St. Paul had lost everything. In his youth he was great among men; favoured by princes, admired of all,—but he left all for Christ. During thirty years and upwards he had been poor; in

labours more abundant than others, in stripes above their measure, and in prisons more frequent; of the Jews he had five times received forty stripes save one; thrice he had been beaten with rods; once he had been stoned; three times he had suffered shipwreck; in journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils in towns, in perils in deserts, in perils by sea, oft in watchings, in hunger, in thirst, in nakedness. These are his own words. (2 Cor. xi. 28—37.) He is now Paul the aged, in his last prison at Rome, expecting sentence of death; he has fought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; but he is suffering from cold as the winter sets in, and lacks clothing. Thrust into a dungeon of the prison, he bore a name so vile that even the Christians of Rome were ashamed to acknowledge him, so that on his first arraignment no man stood with him. Ten years before this period, when a prisoner at Rome, and loaded with chains, he had at least received some relief from the Philippians, who knowing his miserable condition, had, notwithstanding their own need, laid themselves under restraint in order to minister to his wants. But now he is almost friendless; Luke only is with him; he is forsaken of all others; and the winter is about to set in. He would need some additional clothing; he had left his cloak with Carpus at Troas, two hundred leagues away; there is no one in the chilly dungeons of Rome to lend him one. How affecting the picture! I was myself in Rome last year, and at the commencement of November, on a cold and rainy day, I recollect with what vivid reality I imagined the apostle Paul down in the deep dungeons of the Capitol, dictating the last of his letters, regretting the absence of his cloak, and begging Timothy to bring it before the winter!"

Philip's honest sunburnt face expressed the emotion which he felt on listening to this account. "I never thought of all this, sir!" he exclaimed; "I had no idea that the apostle, when he wrote to Timothy, was in such want and distress. Oh, how different the verse looks to me now! It brings St. Paul in his prison, cold and friendless, right before me. What a noble character he was!"

"Yes, Philip; and these few words of his, thrown as it were negligently among the closing commissions of a familiar letter, shed a glancing light upon his ministry; and a passing remark enables us to see the character of his whole apostolic life."

"They do, indeed, sir; and it comforts and encourages me to think how patient and cheerful the apostle was in the midst of his poverty and privation."

"And who can tell, Philip, the power and consolation which this portion of his history has imparted to many of the Lord's tried and even martyred servants? I remember hearing twenty years ago, of a christian pastor in Switzerland, who was refused a blanket in the prisons of the Canton de Vaud. There is also the instance of Jerome of Prague, who was immured during three hundred and forty days in the dungeons of Constance, at the bottom of a dark and fetid tower, which he only left to be transferred to the hands of his murderers. And you have read yourself, Philip, of Bishop Hooper, led from his damp, unwholesome cell, covered with tattered clothes and a borrowed cloak, passing to the stake resting upon a staff. Ah, such men would doubtless call to mind their brother Paul, shut up in the dungeons of Rome, suffering from cold and lack of raiment, and asking for his cloak! *They* would not consider this verse too trifling or too undignified for the page of Scripture."

"Nor do I now, sir," said Philip. "And I am much obliged to you," he added, earnestly, "for helping me to see so much meaning in it. I shall never forget, I think, in future, that *'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness'*" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

"I hope you will not, Philip. Settle it down in your mind that there is not a chapter or verse in the Word of God, from first to last, which is not in some way profitable. If you and I do not see its use, it is because we have not eyes to see it. But all, we may rest assured, is precious. All is 'very good.' Well said Bishop Jewel, 'There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, but it is written for thy instruction.'"

THE YOUNG PASTOR'S TEMPTATION.

Eleven years ago, in the commencement of his ministry, a young pastor entered his

pulpit with more than usual trembling. He had endeavoured carefully and prayerfully to prepare himself for the solemn services; and he had selected his text from one of the most interesting portions of the evangelical prophet, in which the richness and the freedom of the provisions of the gospel are foretold, in the glowing language of him "whose hallowed lips were touched with fire." The herald of mercy anticipated for his own soul "a feast of fat things," and a joyful season in preaching Christ, the bread of life, to his perishing fellow-sinners.

It was a beautiful morning in midsummer; the grove in which the temple of God was situated was melodious with the songs of birds, which dwelt in safety there; the zephyrs that played through the courts of the Lord came perfumed with the fragrance of meadow and field; the hush and quietness of the Sabbath morn were over all; nature itself seemed subdued, and a holy awe and calm serenity to impress every pious heart.

A large and solemn congregation waited upon the ministry of the youthful pastor. The service commenced; and with the anthems of praise and the offered prayer his confidence increased, his fears subsided, and with calm assurance he rose and announced his text,—"*When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue falleth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.*" (Isaiah xli. 17, 18). On reading these words he cast his eyes over the congregation, when, in a distant part of the house, he noticed the intelligent countenance of a gentleman from the city of B—, whose position in society and cultivated mind he knew were such as would qualify him to notice and appreciate the deficiencies of the speaker.

Impressed with this thought, Satan, always ready for our halting, took advantage of his weakness; and the fear of man, which bringeth a snare, took possession of his mind. He commenced his sermon with hesitancy, and although he used every effort to overcome his embarrassment, it was some time before he could rise superior to the depressing influence of fear. It was a barren season. Dissatisfied with himself as he came down from the pulpit, he felt ashamed

to look his brethren in the face as they clustered around him, lest he should discover in their looks the failure in his sermon. He was tempted to make a resolution never to attempt to preach again. But from this temptation he was mercifully delivered. The solemn duties of his office pressed upon him, and through grace he was led more humbly to preach the gospel, "not with excellency of speech," nor "with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power;" his desire now was, not to please man, but "by manifestation of the truth, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

It was not many weeks before God was pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit upon the church and congregation; believers were quickened, their graces were revived, and sinners were converted. A revival was enjoyed which extended to several of the neighbouring churches; and in the course of a few months it was the privilege of the young pastor to welcome fifty-eight precious souls to the communion of the church. Among the first converts received was Mrs. T—, the mother of several children; in giving the relation of the dealings of God with her, she stated in substance as follows:—

"I was not accustomed to attend the house of God, but on a certain Sabbath last summer, I was induced to come to this place, hoping to meet a friend that I greatly desired to see. I had no wish nor expectation to be profited by the religious services, but as soon as I entered the house I felt that God was in the place, and when the pastor named the text, 'When the poor and needy seek water,' &c., my attention was arrested by those beautiful words, and as the minister proceeded in his discourse my interest increased, for I felt that every word was addressed to me, and that the speaker knew and was describing my case; I became very uneasy; my alas began to rise as thick clouds before me, and to weigh heavily on my soul; I saw I was in a perishing condition. Oh, what will become of my poor soul? was now my earnest cry. With downcast eyes and a heavy heart I returned to my home, but not to enjoy comfort and peace; but with tears and cries for weeks I sought the mercy of God. I was almost in despair, till at length I was enabled to exercise

faith and to look to Calvary, and to yield myself to Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. Then did I find that when the poor and needy truly seek water, and turn away from the broken cisterns of this world, the gracious Lord will hear their cry, and 'open to them rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys,' for to my thirsting soul the river of life is come, and with joy have I drawn water from the wells of salvation. I praise God for having led my feet to the house of God on that blessed day, when so precious a sermon was preached, which proved to be a word in season, and the power of God to my salvation."

Then did the minister bow his head and weep, while he lifted his heart to God in prayer, that he might never distrust Him again, but that "His strength might be made perfect in weakness," and that ever after he might preach the gospel with an eye single to God's glory.

"Sow in the morn the seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give then no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

"Then canst not toll in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky."

THE INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS.

The extraordinary influence of kindness on the hearts of some persons, which cannot be reached by any other means, has often been the subject of remark; but seldom, perhaps, has it been carried so far as in the instance we are about to relate. The following narrative rests on the authority of the late Rev. William Thorpe, an eminent congregational minister of Bristol, whose own motto was, that "kindness is the key to the human heart."

In a family which Mr. Thorpe well knew, and which he often visited, there lived a servant whose name was Elizabeth. She had resided there many years, had nurtured in the tenderest manner several of the children, and was most implicitly relied on in consequence of her general good conduct. At length, however, many valuable things belonging to different members of the family were missing. Many articles of linen were stolen, not a few of the jewels of the young ladies disappeared, and much valuable property was lost. No one, however, for a very long time, suspected

Elizabeth; at length the father of the family thought that of late he had perceived a change in the demeanour of this much esteemed woman. She was less careful than heretofore in her dress, she occasionally gave pert and uncourteous answers to enquiries, and by various other incidents gave evidence of deterioration of character; he, therefore, began to suspect her, but mentioned his suspicions to no one.

One day the whole family were from home, except the master and Elizabeth; he sent her on an errand, and during her absence he entered her room, and, on opening her trunk, found nearly all the stolen property. He placed the whole of it in a very prominent position, and when she returned he requested her to follow him; and going to her room, pointed with his finger to the various articles she had stolen. On seeing that he had discovered the fact, she became violently excited with passion, and threatened him with the punishment of the law, for having entered her apartment, and broken open her trunk.

"Elizabeth," said the good man, with the utmost calmness, "you have long been to us a good servant, and I cannot forget your kindness. But for some time past I have noticed a change in you for the worse. You have not been so neat in your appearance, nor so diligent, nor so courteous, as formerly; sometimes, too, you have treated us with positive disrespect; and I have suspected that your moral feelings were changed for the worse." These remarks somewhat abated her fury, but still she declared that she would make him suffer for what he had done.

"Elizabeth," said he again, "you have purloined my property; I can swear to these things. I can have you at once placed in the power of a constable, can send you to prison, can appear against you at the assizes, and have you sent out of the country; but, Elizabeth, I shall not do so. I cannot forget your kindness to my children." By this time she was greatly softened, and began to shed tears. He continued, "You may suppose that if I do not appear against you, I shall at least send you to jail; but I will not do that. I shall be sorry to see you so much disgraced." As he uttered these words the tears fell in torrents. He added, "You no doubt dread, that if I do not send you to prison, I shall dismiss you from my family. But I shall not do that. I could not give you a good

character, and you would, therefore, be ruined; and I should be very sorry to see you come to want. You were once a kind and good servant, and you can be so again." She now fell at his knees, implored forgiveness, and promised to be more faithful than ever, if he would only fulfil his word, and pardon her past offences.

"Elizabeth," added the good man, "you shall continue in the family; and as no one suspects your honesty, no one shall do so; for I will not even tell your mistress what has occurred. If you can keep it a secret, I can do so too, and no one shall know that you have been guilty." These kind words were almost too much for her heart to bear; and her master said to himself, "If kindness can break your heart, it shall be broken;" and pointing to the stolen property, he further added, "Elizabeth, if you want these things, you may keep them. We can spare them. They are now lost, and no one suspects that they are in your possession. Take them, and do with them what you please."

This was to the poor girl overpowering. She turned from the articles as though each had been a viper or a scorpion, and begged, as the greatest favour he could now bestow, that everything might be restored. "Well," said the kind master, "if you do not wish to keep these articles, why then we will endeavour to replace them. They can be so placed as to come to hand one after another, and no one shall know that you had them."

This whole proceeding more than answered the good man's expectations. She had formerly been a good servant, but she now became a far better one than ever before. Moreover, she afterwards became the subject of true piety, and some years subsequently died very happily.

There is no power equal to that of love!

DO YOU CALL THAT PRAYER?

The late Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, was one summer's evening walking along the street, when a party of men going from work passed him; one of them was swearing dreadfully. Mr. Kilpin observed it, but said nothing. When he arrived at home he began to think how wrong it was to allow a man to pass by using such language, and not make an effort, at least, to convince him of the sin he was committing. It so disturbed him that he could not rest

during the night, and he began to think if there was any way of remedying the neglect. He resolved to rise early enough in the morning to be at the corner of the street where the man passed, if possible to meet him when going to his work. He did so, and after anxiously waiting for a time, he saw the man coming. When he approached, he said, "Good morning, my friend, you are the person I have been waiting for; I am very glad to meet with you." "Oh, Sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think." "I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you." "Oh, Sir, you are mistaken; it could not be me; I never saw you in my life that I know of." "Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night." "Sir, now I know that you are mistaken,—I never

prayed in all my life." "Oh," said Mr. Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not here been seen this morning. I heard you pray that God would blast your eyes, and damn your soul." The man turned pale, and, trembling, said, "Oh, Sir, do you call *that* prayer? I did, I did." "Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer." The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

Christian reader, is not *your* rest sometimes disturbed by the recollection of neglected opportunities of doing good? If so, let your resolution now be to make redoubled effort for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

Correspondence.

MARRIAGE OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

My attention has many a time been called to the subject indicated by the title I have given to this article; but never so forcibly as it was a few evenings since. I attended a meeting of the church, where the subject came up for consideration on a proposal to withdraw the hand of church-fellowship from four sisters who had been induced to sacrifice their religious principles, and to violate their covenant vows, by joining other connexions, through the influence of husbands, whom they had married while members of the church. It was stated that ten cases of this kind had arisen in this church in the last four years, and that but one sister had remained true to her covenant vows who had thus married.

What is true in regard to this church, is true to a greater or less extent in every church in the land, and affords food for serious and prayerful reflection.

Whenever a sister marries a member of another connexion, the rule appears to be established that she must, sooner or later, sacrifice her religious principles, and violate her covenant vows to the Creator, through the influence of her *love for the creature*. While love is one of the chief graces of the female character, it may not be indulged in to this extent, without becoming sinful. It is settled by all experience that man will

not abandon his faith and his church for the love he bears to woman. Either his nature is more imperious, unyielding, and exacting, or he sets a higher value on the religious principles he has voluntarily adopted.

A woman may not contemplate the abandonment of the cherished principles of her faith, by contracting marriage without the church. And there may not be any absolute necessity for it; but the practical necessity which exists produces the same results. If she maintains a "divided household" even for years, she loses her interest in her spiritual home, and falls back into the world, or into coldness and inactivity, through the many inconveniences to which the unfortunate connection subjects her. It is a sacrifice of spiritual good for temporal ends.

Zeal in the cause of Christ is a heavenly principle; but when it overleaps its proper boundaries, and degenerates into bigotry and persecution, it becomes sinful. Love for a husband is a heavenly principle; but when it leads to the sacrifice of religious obligations voluntarily assumed, to the abandonment of the church of our choice, and the violation of covenant vows to God, it is sinful, and may not be indulged in without a fearful reckoning in the great day of account.

All experience teaches us that in this

matter the will of the wife must, in the end, yield to that of her husband. The strong feeling of reluctance to sacrifice religious principles, and an equally strong sense of duty to God, usually prevails for a season, to prevent the consummation; but the difficulties and inconveniences of the unnatural,—spiritually considered,—relation, finally overcome everything else, and the victim is led away from the altar where she has been accustomed to worship,—from the church of God where she plighted her early affections,—at the bidding of a human passion, in a vain attempt to transfer them to a stranger altar. Will God accept of such secondary worship? Will he bless a union which causes him to be abandoned at the bidding of a mortal?

I know that many who enter the marriage relation under such circumstances attempt to justify themselves under the idea that the step does not involve a sacrifice of religious principles. Fatal delusion! Could they but lift the veil that envelops the future only a little distance, it would disclose to them a reality, at the contemplation of which they would pause, and consider long and prayerfully the consequences of such a step.

This is a matter, it is true, in which the church may not act. But it is one of solemn import as between individuals and God. He requires the full homage of the heart; but how often, in cases like these, is he put off with what is left after the human cup is full. Like the smoke from off the sacrifice of Cain, I greatly fear that it will not be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

From the results of all experience, a young person, when she proposes to herself to form a matrimonial relation without the church to which she belongs, may as well include, as a part of the arrangement, the sacrifice of all her distinctive religious principles, on the altar of her earthly love. Such has been the fate of nearly all who have gone before her, and such will, in all human probability, be hers. God must be abandoned, as he has heretofore been worshipped, at the bidding of man's imperious nature. In this connection christian parents oftentimes incur a fearful responsibility. To them, as well as to all others, would I commend the crude suggestions I have attempted here to throw together. L.

Notices of Books.

MODERN POPERY: A SERIES OF LETTERS ON SOME OF ITS MORE IMPORTANT ASPECTS. BY B. EVANS, Scarborough. Pp. 214. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to this work by our friend Mr. Evans. Most of the letters which constitute the volume appeared separately and at intervals, and we expressed our opinion of them as they appeared. They are here carefully rewritten, with fresh illustration and more extended quotation. The idea of the work is to exhibit Popery as portrayed in the writings of its own adherents; and especially to describe it as it appears in the popular literature of Romanists. This idea Mr. Evans fully realises. The book contains an amount of quotation and references to Roman writings that the author could only have been enabled to make by years of labour. But that labour has been well spent. We can conscientiously say that we know no book—not even any much larger in size—that gives such a view of Popery,

in its various aspects, as does this little volume. Rome and the Bible,—The Supremacy of the Pope,—Auricular Confession,—The Worship of the Virgin Mary,—Saints, Images, and Relics,—The Doctrines of Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead,—The Doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Mass,—and the Moral Teaching of the Romanists,—these are the subjects of the separate letters. Would that they could be read and pondered by thousands of candid Romanists!

MEMOIR OF OLD HUMPHREY; WITH GLEANINGS FROM HIS PORTFOLIO, IN PROSE AND VERSE. Pp. 320. London: Religious Tract Society.

Who has not heard of Old Humphrey? Who has not read Old Humphrey? Who has not laughed with Old Humphrey? Who has not wept with Old Humphrey? To all such the life of Old Humphrey will be a welcome book. It is interesting as the life of a man who, though his words were so good, was not good "in word only." We recommend the volume both for the

memoir and the extracts. The extracts are characterised by the usual features of Mr. Mogridge's writings. They are, alas, the "last fruits from an old tree."

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW, January to April, 1855. London: Ward & Co.

We have pleasure in introducing an old friend once more to our readers. *The Eclectic Review* has for many years been the well-known and able advocate of advanced principles in religion and politics. During the last year or two, indeed, we have thought with many others, that it did not so fairly represent the more advanced politics as it had once done, and we were disposed, too, to complain that it had lost somewhat of its old vigour. Now, however, that it has come back into the sole editorial management of our friend Dr. Price, it has, as we anticipated, regained all that it had lost. The last four numbers, for judicious and valuable criticism, and for intellectual ability, are worthy to be placed by the side of any of the Six Shilling Reviews. We shall be glad to hear that its circulation has increased this year commensurately with its merits, and that Baptists, as of old, are rallying around it.

THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY: A COURSE OF LECTURES TO WORKING MEN. BY WILLIAM LANDELS. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This little volume contains Six Lectures to Working Men, recently delivered in the Circus chapel, Birmingham, by the new minister of the Regent's Park Baptist chapel. The subjects of the lectures are, "What Christianity requires you to believe;" "What Christianity requires you to do;" "What Christianity says you are;" "What Christianity proposes to make

you;" "What Christianity will do for you now;" "How Christianity promises to reward you." The lectures are full of that captivating eloquence which has made Mr. Landels so popular in so many circles. They indicate great skill in addressing working men, and in using the arguments and appeals of the gospel. We wish the volume a large circulation. There are few volumes written with the special object of this one, so adapted to interest, instruct, and edify.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THOUGHTFUL BUT SCPTICAL MINDS. BY THE REV. WILLIAM INNES. With a Commendatory Notice, by the Rev. Dr. Brown. Pp. 63. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

We received this little volume from Dr. Innes while he was yet amongst us. Before it has been possible to express our opinion of it, the author has passed away. It is a worthy testimony in favour of the truth which it was his delight to proclaim through life, and of which he is now in the blessed enjoyment. May it be made useful for the advancement of the glory of that Saviour before whom the author now stands!

THE CHRISTIAN AT HOME: REFLECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE. Pp. 92. London: Ward & Co.

We do not know who is the writer of this volume, but it appears to consist partly of original, and partly of selected, pieces, introduced by the Lord's prayer in capital, so spread out as to fill a page. The selected pieces, as the Lord's prayer, are usually very good,—those we take to be original are but poor. Altogether, though the work is evidently well meant, we think a shilling, in these hard times, might be better spent than in its purchase.

A Page for the Young.

"IT ALMOST MAKES ME CRY."

"It almost makes me cry to think of the heathen," said Willie Dudley, as he was standing by his mother's work-table, with his elbow leaning upon it, and his head resting upon his hand. "I don't wonder missionaries go to them." His face was thoughtful and sad, and the tears stood in his eyes.

He had just been looking at two hideous idols, which had been brought from Africa,

and his mother had been telling him that the heathen thought they were gods, and prayed to them.

Little Eddie wondered that any people could think these stone images were God. His large, blue eyes looked larger and rounder than ever, they were so filled with amazement at what he heard. He could only say, "Oh, mother! oh, mother!" in tones which indicated surprise, pity, and horror.

Mrs. Dudley told her children that the heathen had not been taught as they had, that God is a Spirit, and that they had never learned the commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."

"I don't wonder that the missionaries go to them," was the feeling which impressed itself on the mind of Willie, as he thought of the ignorance and degradation of the heathen. He loved, himself, to hear about God, and our blessed Saviour, and he knew God required a pure and spiritual worship. He knew God was the creator of the world, and that his power and glory could not well be represented or conceived by man. He had often heard of the heathen, and had read about their idols; but to see a stone head which had been actually an object of religious worship, made it seem much more real to him than ever before, that there are many people who have never learned to worship the true God.

Willie has always had a great reverence for the Deity. Several years ago he was reading a description of one of the idols of the Hindoos. The picture was disgustingly repulsive. He went to Mrs. Dudley with his book, saying, "Mother, I don't like to call g-o-d God here; I want to call it d-o-g, for I don't think it is right to call such a thing God."

Perhaps Willie will some day be a missionary, and preach the glad tidings of salvation to those who are now sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death. But if he is not a missionary himself, I trust he will never forget to do what he can for those who, far from their homes and their friends, are fulfilling Christ's last command, to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

All Christians cannot be missionaries, but they can all do something to spread a knowledge of true religion throughout the world. They can contribute of their property to this noble purpose. Our heavenly Father accepts the smallest gifts, offered in

love. We, surely, who live in comfortable homes, and are surrounded by so much that is pleasant, should never forget those who, in foreign lands, are preaching the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

If our Saviour were now upon the earth, I suppose, dear children, you think it would be a great pleasure to minister to his wants, and provide him with food or clothing, or anything he might need. It is delightful to know that what we do for those who love him, he accepts as done to himself. In his Holy Word he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.

"Father, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something in the garden."

Harry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, not even disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son," said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look! We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the vines in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through at the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines, through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near the road, so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said,

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"Oh, father!" replied the little boy, "I never saw such poor looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they please. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterwards. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes, that is just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars, if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds, and they must be carefully tended, and even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you became a man, resemble the weed-covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father; your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half as much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think I would be right, if I neglected my son, as Mr. Parker does his son, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply; but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and grow, and produce plentifully. Now, which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or go to school and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry. "But, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it certainly will be, if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it too. He never again asked to stay at home from school.

Miscellaneous.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.—We see then the difference between a saint in heaven and a saint upon earth. The former may abandon himself to such feelings and such movements as come at pleasure; for he has no other pleasure than to do the will of God, and to rejoice in the contemplation of his un-potted glory. The latter cannot with safety so abandon himself. It is true that there is an ingredient in his nature, now under an advancing progress of regeneration, which is altogether on the side of godliness; and were this left unresisted by any opposing influence, he might be spared all the agonies of dissolution, and set him down at once among the choirs and the companies of paradise. But there is another ingredient of his nature, still under an unfinished process of regeneration, and which is altogether on the side of ungodliness; and were this left without the control of his new and better principle, sin would catch the defenceless moment, and regain the ascendancy from which she had been dispossessed. Now, it is death which comes in as the deliverer. It is death that conducts us from the state of a saint on earth to the state of a saint in heaven; but not till we are so conducted are we safe to abandon

ourselves for a single instant to the spontaneity of our own inclinations; and we utterly mistake our real circumstances in the world,—we judge not aright of what we have to do, and of the attitude in which we ought to stand,—we lay ourselves open to the assaults of a near and lurking enemy, and are exposed to the most humiliating overthrows, and most oppressive visitations of remorse and wretchedness,—if, such being our actual condition upon earth, we go to sleep, or to play, among its besetting dangers; if we ever think of the post that we occupy being any other than the post of armour and watchfulness; or, falsely imagining that there is but one spiritual ingredient in our nature, altogether on the side of holiness, instead of two, whereof the other is still alive, and on the side of sin, we ever let down the guardianship, and the jealousy, and the lowliness of mind, and the prayers for succour from on high, which such a state of things so urgently and so imperiously demands.—*Chalmers*.

PRACTICAL PRAYER.—In the vicinity of B— lived a poor man, depending for support upon his daily labour. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed

and the family. His means of support being thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbour near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbour's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayer. As he sat on the door-stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labours. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, for he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbour — would let him have it. With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort mourners?" "Yes; why?" "Because if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer." It is needless to add that the christian father called back his suffering neighbour, and gave him as much as he needed. Now, christian readers, do you thus answer your own prayers?

THE BLESSED COUNTRY.—So much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, and a few frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect of what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die, but so cannot their joys. And, if the blessed martyrs and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings, and their present rest, and the joys of their certain expectations, you should hear them glory in nothing but in the mercies of God, and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied with a never-ceasing numeration; days without nights, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.—All the discoveries of modern science serve to exalt the Deity; but they do not contribute a single iota to the explanation of his purposes. They make Him greater, but they do not make Him more comprehensible. He is more shrouded in mystery than ever.

It is not Himself that we see, it is his workmanship: and every new addition to its grandeur and to its variety, which philosophy opens to our contemplation, throws our understanding at a greater distance than before from the mind and conception of the sublime Architect. Instead of the God of a single world, we now see Him presiding, in all the majesty of his high attributes, over a mighty range of innumerable systems. To our little eye He is wrapped in more awful mysteriousness; and every new glimpse which astronomy gives us of the universe, magnifies, to the apprehension of our mind, that impassable barrier which stands between the councils of the Sovereign, and those fugitive beings who strut their evanescent hour in the humblest of its mansions. If this invisible being would only break that mysterious silence in which he has wrapped himself, we feel that a single word from his mouth would be worth a world of darkling speculations. Every new triumph which the mind of man achieves in the field of discovery binds us more firmly to our bible; and by the very proportion in which philosophy multiplies the wonders of God, do prize that book, on which the evidence of history has stamped the character of his authentic communication.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

DOST THOU BOAST?—Of what can we boast? See a man struggling amidst the angry waves of the sea, and where is his power? See him suddenly overtaken by accident and misfortune, and where is his foresight? See how superficial are his proudest attainments, and where is his knowledge? See him shattered in mind and body, and where is his pride? See him reeking in his vices, and where is his dignity? See him infected with a loathsome disease, and where is his vanity? See him inflamed with passion, and where is his philosophy? See him toiling for uncertain and unsatisfying worldly wealth, and where is his nobility? See him selfish, jealous, envious, and where is his humanity? See him forgetful of everything but the present, and where are his high-born hopes? See him dying impenitent, and where is his wisdom? See him driven in shame from the judgment-seat, and what is his eternity? Surely every man walketh in a vain show; he is pursuing shadows; he is grasping the wind; he is feeding on husks; he has nothing to be proud of. He never learns the true wisdom, until he learns to distrust himself, and cast himself on the mercy of his Saviour.

FAITH NECESSARY TO LIGHT.—No man shall ever behold the glory of Christ by sight hereafter, who does not in some measure behold it by faith here in this world. Grace is a necessary preparation for glory, and faith for sight. Where the subject (the soul) is not previously seasoned with grace and faith it is not capable of glory or vision. Nay, persons not disposed hereby unto it cannot desire it, whatever they pretend; they only deceive their own soul in supposing that so they do. Most men will

say with confidence, living and dying, *that they desire to be with Christ, and to behold his glory*; but they can give no reason why they should desire any such thing,—only they think it somewhat that is better than to be in that evil condition which otherwise they must be cast into for ever, when they can be here no more. If a man pretend himself to be enamoured on, or greatly to desire, what he never saw, nor was ever represented unto him, he doth but doat on his own imaginations. And the pretended desires of many to behold the glory of Christ in Heaven, who have no view of it by faith whilst they are here in this world, are nothing but self-deceiving imaginations.—*Owen*.

LOVE.—We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what would knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about my opinion; only see that your heart is right toward God, that you love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbour, walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions, I am weary to hear them, my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me solid, substantial religion; give me a humble lover of God and man,—a man full of mercy and good fruits,—a man laying himself out in works of faith, the patience of hope, the labour

of love. Let my soul be with such christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinions they may hold. "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."—*John Wesley*.

WHAT MAKES KNOWLEDGE VALUABLE.—Knowledge is valuable according to its object and its use. The knowledge of trifles for trivial ends, is itself a trifle. The knowledge of things great and necessary for great and necessary ends, is the great and necessary knowledge. And therefore how unmeasurably must the knowledge of God and our eternal happiness excel the pedantic philosophy of the Gentiles.—*Baxter*.

A REBUKE TO SLANDERERS.—"My dear friend, that man has been talking about you so again! He has been telling some of the awfulest lies you ever heard; why, he railed about you for an hour!" "And you heard it all, did you?" "Yes." "Well, after this, just remember, that it takes two to make a slander,—one to tell a falsehood by way of detraction, and the other to listen to it."

THE HAPPIEST MAN.—He is indeed the wisest and the happiest man who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition, that he may improve those opportunities.—*Doddridge*.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The two great events of the month are the visit of the Emperor of France, and the renewal of the bombardment of Sebastopol. We refer to the former somewhat reluctantly as a *great* event, but it is undoubtedly so, as a renewal of the alliance between England and France; and as such it has, we believe, been regarded both by the Emperor himself and by the thousands who thronged around him. We could have wished indeed that France had had a more worthy representative. Louis Napoleon, though the successful and therefore powerful Emperor of France, is still the hero of the 2nd of December, and the man of the *coup d'état*: and we cannot but feel humbled that so much fulsome adulation has been offered, by both the press and the people of this country, to a man whom both so recently characterised as an oath-breaker and a murderer. Such, however, is the reward of *success*. Englishmen always honour the successful man, and do not long remember the methods by which success has been secured. Probably, too, curiosity, and the presence of the Emperor, had much to do with the thronging of the multitudes during Louis Napoleon's visit. It is worth while, after all, to see a man who has had such a history as the Emperor of France; and who can tell what he has yet before him?

Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the Emperor, came the long expected news of the *bombardment of Sebastopol*. It commenced on the 9th of April, and at the time we write is still going on, though with so little of decided advantage to the allies, that it is impossible to tell what will be the result. Meantime the failure of the *Vienne negotiations*, which is, also, now almost certain, throws us back upon war as the only solution of the great dispute with the Czar. The state of affairs appears still more complicated from the fact that *Austria* seems to be falling away from her alliance with the Western powers. It is an unnatural alliance, truly, and one that must always be attended with danger. We believe Kossuth will prove a true prophet, after all.

The *Budget* of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, just presented, is letting us somewhat into the secret of the cost of war. Eighty-six millions,—a tenth of the whole amount of the national debt,—is announced as the expenditure of the country for one year of war! The only way to meet it is by a loan, which will add still more to the debt, which has all along been such a curse. Our sugar, our tea, and our incomes, are also to be additionally taxed, to provide cannon balls, and powder, and soldiers, and ships of war. Surely the pecuniary argument is not a small one in favour of peace.

Eighty-six millions! It is a sum that would take a man who should count ten hours a day, and a hundred a minute, four years to count! It is a sum that would many a time over supply all that is asked for philanthropic or religious efforts throughout the world! When will the nations learn the folly of war? Pity that one ruthless despot should have the power of entailing such fearful misery upon other nations and the world!

Our readers have already heard of the struggle that is going on for the abolition of *Church-Rates*. Sir W. Clay succeeded in introducing his bill on the 29th of March. It comes on for a second reading on the first of May (to-day). We are glad to know that many of our churches have joined earnestly in the struggle, by petitioning in favour of Sir W. Clay's bill. If any have not yet done so, there may still be time. Nothing less than the entire abolition of the Rate will now be accepted by Dissenters. We trust that the time has come when this victory is to be given to us. If not, it is evident that it is not far distant. Let us do our part to hasten it on.

The *Annual Denominational Meetings* have been held in London at the close of the last month, and they were of the usual interesting character. It is a gratifying fact that, amidst the changes and tumults going on in the world, religious effort is still not neglected. While empires are struggling for supremacy, and wars and rumours of wars are abroad over the earth, we still go on seeking to advance the peaceful reign of our one king,—Jesus. May his reign be extended! It is the one thing needed for the world, that it should be placed under his sway. The Christian is the truest patriot, and the best philanthropist. Let Christian work be everywhere successful, and, despite the failure of politicians, and the mismanagement of ministers, the world's work will be done!

GENERAL BAPTIST CONFERENCE.

The General Baptist quarterly Conference was held at Halifax, April 10th, 1855. Mr. Wood, of Salford, opened the morning service by reading and prayer; and Mr. Tunncliffe, of Leeds, preached an excellent sermon, from Isaiah lix. 1. The conference was well attended, and the business commenced at two o'clock. Mr. Ingham, minister of the place, presided, and engaged in prayer. From the reports given, it was considered by a few, that some of the churches were in a better state than they had been for some time past; others were not considered to be in a good state. Since the preceding conference, two dear brethren have been removed by death, viz., the Rev. H. Hollinrake, of Birchcliffe, and the Rev. W. Robertshaw, of Burnley,—the former had been pastor of the church at Birchcliffe nearly fifty years; the latter had been at Burnley-lane not quite four years. He has left a widow and eight children to mourn his loss. The following resolution was agreed to:—"That we express our

deep sorrow at the removal by death of our esteemed brother, the Rev. W. Robertshaw, and our unfeigned sympathy with the bereaved family of our departed brother; and that we cordially recommend every church in this district, and in the connexion, to assist the church at Burnley-lane in raising a fund for the relief of Mrs. Robertshaw and her eight fatherless children." A resolution was also passed in the conference, "recommending *The Freeman* newspaper to the notice and support of the members of the churches in the Yorkshire and Lancashire districts." Other important resolutions were passed, and the meeting closed a little before six. After tea, there was a meeting in the chapel, when several of the brethren gave short addresses.

CHELTEMHAM.

The church and congregation lately meeting in King-street chapel, under the pastoral care of the Rev. James Smith, having erected a neat and beautiful chapel, in Cambray, in that town, it was opened for the worship of God, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1855, when three sermons were preached, that in the morning by the Rev. Dr. A. Fletcher, of Finsbury, and those in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of New Park-street. Mr. Spurgeon preached also on the following evening. The services were continued on the next Lord's-day, when Mr. Smith preached morning and afternoon, and the Rev. Thomas Haynes in the evening. The chapel is built in the Italian style, is freehold, and is vested in trust for the use of the Baptist denomination. It will accommodate about 1,100 persons, and has a dwelling-house attached to it. It is calculated that the entire cost will be about £4,000. Many of the ministers of the town and neighbourhood were present, and several took part in the services. The collections amounted to £201. 12s. 9d.

WINCHESTER.

On Tuesday, April 17th, the public recognition of the Rev. J. H. Tucker, as pastor of the church and congregation assembling in the above chapel, took place. In the afternoon a public service was held in the chapel. After singing and prayer, the Rev. Francis Wills, of Eagle Street Chapel, London, gave the charge to the minister, in his own peculiarly happy, affectionate, and telling style. The recognition prayer was then offered by the Rev. S. S. Pugh, of Southampton. The Rev. T. Morris, of Whitchurch, then followed with counsels to the church, relative to the duties devolving upon them,—counsels which, for their importance and utility, ought to have been heard by many of the churches of the present day. The Rev. William Thorn, Independent, closed the afternoon service with prayer. Afterwards the friends assembled again in the chapel, and partook of a tea, which had been kindly and gratuitously provided by

friends in the church and congregation. In the evening, at seven o'clock, a public meeting was held, when congratulatory and important addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Morris, Wm. Thorn, S. S. Pugh, and Francis Willis, the pastor in the chair.

HULL.

An interesting service was held in Great George-street chapel, Hull, on the evening of April 13th, to recognise the Rev. R. Hall, B.A., late of Arlington, as pastor of the church assembling in that place of worship. Mr. Hall commenced the proceedings by an interesting statement of his faith, and of his reasons for entering the ministry, as well as for accepting his present pastorate. The Rev. B. Evans then addressed Mr. Hall very suitably on the characteristics of the christian ministry. The Rev. A. M. Stalker, of Leeds, gave an impressive and appropriate address to the church. The devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Johnston, Sibree, Bedford, and Jukes. Mr. Hall commences his ministry in this place with pleasing prospects of success.

WELLINGTON-STREET, LUTON.

On Good-Friday, the 6th of April, a highly interesting service was held in the School-room of the above place of worship, in connection with the Bible-class, when about 160 persons sat down to tea. In the course of the evening, after an appropriate address by James Waller, Esq (one of the deacons), the pastor of the church was presented with an elegant silver inkstand, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. James Harcourt, as a token of affection from the members of his Bible-class, April 6th, 1855." Several other addresses were delivered by different members of the church.

REGENT'S PARK CHAPEL, LONDON.

It has been announced that this chapel, which has been remodelled from the Diorama by Sir S. M. Peto, is to be opened to-day. The Rev. W. Brock preaches in the morning, and the Rev. S. Martin in the evening. The Rev. W. Landels, the minister of the chapel, will preach on Lord's-day, May 6th.

Obituary.

W. B. GURNEY, ESQ.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of W. B. Gurney, Esq., the highly esteemed senior treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, which took place at his residence, Denmark Hill, Surrey, on Sunday morning, March 25th, at half past six o'clock, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. For some time past Mr. Gurney's infirmities have been increasing but no serious apprehensions had been caused until within a few days of his death, and it was even hoped that he would be able to preside at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Jubilee building of the Sunday School Union, which has been fixed for the

first Thursday in May. His death was therefore somewhat sudden; but in this there is no cause for sorrow: he was not unprepared.

To the religious public Mr. Gurney was best known, perhaps, as treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society. His father was a deacon of the Baptist church in Maze Pond, then under the pastoral care of the excellent Mr. Dore. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a son who had taken so much interest in the religious instruction of his poor neighbours, should, on the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society, have thrown his energies into this branch of religious usefulness also, with so much energy as to attract the attention of its original promoters. Mr. W. B. Gurney eventually became the Treasurer of the Society; the duties of which office, in later years, he has shared with Mr. (now Sir) Samuel Morton Peto. In his hands it was no mere matter of finance. Not more for the largeness and frequency of his pecuniary contributions, than for the zeal with which he entered into all the Society's plans and proceedings, and the active part he took in exciting a missionary feeling, especially among the young, both in Sunday-schools and in private families, was it manifest that his whole heart and soul were engaged in the great work of diffusing the Gospel.

Mr. Gurney belonged to a class of pious laymen of whom but few representatives survive. His religion was intensely practical. Possessed of strong sense, and schooled in methodical habits, he always took a plain, business like view of every subject under his consideration, and approached his point of aim by the simplest means and the directest route. The acuteness of his penetration, his long experience, and the natural tendency of men less versed in affairs to defer to his sound judgment, may sometimes have given to his conduct the appearance of preferring his own opinion, with little regard to the opinions of others. But this was only in appearance. His convictions of duty were so strong, and his obedience to them so prompt and implicit, that had not the sincerity of his character given plainness and directness to his admonitions, he might, nevertheless, be said to have acquired a title to stimulate the lagging zeal of the church, as, in fact, he never hesitated to do, "with great plainness of speech." As a religious philanthropist, he united the munificence of the prince with the unostentatiousness of the peasant, and did great things with as little apparent consciousness of their being great, as if he had been performing the most ordinary acts. His name will go down to posterity with the names of Robert Raikes, John Howard, and Thomas Wilson, whose varied excellences were combined in him, with a wisdom in counsel not less admirable than his zeal in action, or his liberality in giving.

Several very characteristic articles from Mr. Gurney has appeared in our pages, under his well-known initials, "W. B. G."

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JUNE, 1855.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

BY DR. FRIEDR. STRAUSS.

Genesis xxii.

(Concluded from page 120.)

The victory is won. The sacrifice is consummated. Inwardly indeed, but outwardly too, save the last short act which alone was wanting to complete it. He has grasped the knife;—"then called the angel of the Lord from heaven." THEN! Oh, blessed THEN, when thou comest! Come thou wilt; long as is the delay, thou comest at last. And then comes the fulness of relief and joy. The angel of the Lord calls him from heaven. That voice which so late had called and required the most painful sacrifice, now calls and confers the richest joy. "Abraham! Abraham!" Twice calls the Lord, as if—obedience thus proved—he himself hastens to the rescue. "And Abraham answers, Here am I." He is there. As once for the smart, so now for the joy,—as God wills, he is prepared; and prepared for the joy, *because* prepared for the smart. We, too, are addressed daily, "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice." "Let the joy of the Lord be your strength." But we do not rejoice, or feel happy, or make the joy of the Lord our strength, because we are not prepared for the smart. We must first learn by sorrow, to be able to rejoice; and our life must be a school in which we become fitted for happiness, ere we can enjoy the foretaste of happiness itself.

But Abraham is prepared for the joy,—therefore says the angel, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him." Isaac is saved! The son is restored! There needs not an awaking from the dead! He shall not die! What joy must have quivered through Abraham's heart! Ye much-tried mothers, who have sat all day long at the sick-bed of your child, looking every moment for his death, and ten times the painful sacrifice have made, yet dread its consummation, to whom at length the physician has said, "The child lives!" or you, ye fathers, who, when lately the war raged around you, sent your son into the strife, have heard the thunder of the death-bearing artillery, and thought ye heard in that sound the death-peal of your son, then have clasped him, safe and victorious, in your arms again!—ye have experienced something akin to what Abraham felt. But no, not you, so much as you, ye pious parents, who long have mourned over the thoughtless unconcern of your child,—who oft have wept as you saw him walking along the broad road to destruction, and thus had to relinquish hopes, brighter than earthly ones, hopes for eternity, and to whom in an ever-memorable hour the son or the daughter has come and said, "Your prayer is heard ;

I was a lost child to you, but am won again; I have sought the Lord, and have found him,"—your joy and gratitude, in their depth and compass, may bear some resemblance to Abraham's joy and Abraham's thankfulness. You have learned, like him, that the Lord in infinite mercy, when we yield the sacrifice inwardly, restores it to us outwardly, because the design of the trial is attained.

But Infinite Mercy is not wont to be satisfied with this alone. It not only restores to Abraham his son, but provides a sacrificial victim in his stead. "Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns." Just at the right time he spies the ram! Had he looked round a little earlier, perhaps he might only have had to say, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering. "And he went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son." So once prayed Solomon for a wise and understanding heart, and seeking only this, God gave him not the wise and obedient heart alone, but also the good he had not sought—riches and long life. When we seek *first* the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof, all other things needful for us will fall to our lot. We, foolish men, generally seek after the latter and least with all our might, and, in our delusion, think the former and greater will not fail us at last, but bring us out of our sin to the lofty joy which Abraham felt. True, his son's deliverance was something great, but the manifestation of God's grace in it was greater, and the joy will rise higher as the fulness of this abounding grace is manifested in such externally insignificant circumstances as the leading hither of the ram. As soon as we yield implicit obedience to the Lord, his grace at once becomes perceptible in our hearts, and is felt to be divine, that is, to be infinite and overflowing. The lesser gift becomes exuberant through the grace it brings to light; both the relief and the joy becomes unspeakable, and the inward and the outward, the greater and the less, all join to render our joy perfect.

Let this, then, stand as the second lesson of our discourse, that when faith is shown by implicit obedience, it necessarily leads to unspeakable joy, and that finds us prepared, when perfect, to welcome not only the richest gift, but the smallest addition to it.

But in what was the inmost joy of this joy? In the ram appearing? In the son being restored? In the trial having passed away? No; these were but the several occasions of the joy. Its inmost kernel lay in what the angel had previously said, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." The angel of the Lord, the uncreated angel who is the Lord himself, knew from eternity of Abraham's faith, and from eternity saw that it would stand this trial; and as he eternally foreknew the victory, and set Abraham so high for this effect of his grace, he could thus and then express this his eternal foreknowledge. But he expressed it to Abraham, and the Lord's knowledge of it was now Abraham's knowledge; and his own individual state before God was clear and known from the very Word of God. We know not our own faith till we come to know it by the Word of God. But the Word of God will be understood and apprehended only when that inexpressible joy of implicit obedience is in our heart *alone*. Obedience removes what in us resists faith, and so removes it that there is room for faith and the joy it brings to fill the heart. Then when the heart is filled with the joy of faith, we feel that faith itself can only be exercised in all its fulness when accompanied with its peace and joy. Then we understand the saying of our Lord, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." The will

of the Lord must be done, we must believe and love, then the truth is felt, and assurance comes to view. Still, assurance comes not *through* obedience, but *in* it; as the apostle James teaches that the doer of the Word is blessed not *through* the doing, but *in* the doing. Obedience attains not to assurance by merit, but it removes that which stands in the way of it. The joy that follows faith is not assurance, but it is that by which assurance becomes obvious to us. The Word of God is the instrument, and the Spirit of God the agent; but the Spirit of God gives assurance by the Word of God only when implicit obedience has led to unspeakable joy.

So was it with Abraham. Long had he been a believer, but only thus did he arrive at the full assurance of faith. On this account "he called the name of the place, 'The Lord seeth;'" and our text goes on, "therefore to this day it is said, On the Mount the Lord seeth."^{*} He who knows that the Lord sees him, knows also that he sees the Lord; and the spot where we learn that the Lord looks with acceptance on our faith, is the spot to us where the Lord sees, and to which we come for assurance of divine grace. Oh, that the seat on which thou sittest, my dear hearer, the stone on which thou standest, the street through which thou passest to thy home, the closet in which thou to-day hast prayed, the chamber in which to-morrow thou wilt work, may become to thee a spot where the Lord seeth, so that whenever thou henceforth goest or standest, sittest or liest, on that spot, it may in a moment be to thee a place in which thou shalt be assured of the grace of thy God in Jesus Christ.

"So Abraham turned again to his young men." They had no idea of what had happened to Abraham and Isaac during their absence; and while these were obeying the Word of the Lord with the severest struggle, and had passed an hour the most important in its bearing on time and eternity, they perhaps were occupied in worldly things. With this moment begins a new and advanced era of Abraham's life; and Isaac can never forget that hour, nor can the whole of his future life lose the impression of the mute pain of that moment in which his father would have sacrificed him. But this hour passed over the young men as others had done, and was lost as countless others have been. You perceive, dear hearers, why we give utterance to what is at best a conjecture on the face of the narrative. Would that the application we make of it were a mere conjecture too! For we must turn your attention to the final improvement of our discourse. God's Word shall not return to him void; and your stillness, your emotion, your reverential aspect, show that these grand narratives of Old Testament times have had their influence on many of you. But how stands it with you, who have listened to this discourse as you have done to many before, and remain unblest, because you would not accept the blessing which others permanently enjoy? Alas, it was with you as it was with these young men, and we can only warn you again! Beware, lest your whole life pass away like these hours, and at the close, when the time of your departure is come, your whole day of grace be lost. Ye whose heart, like Lydia's of old, the Lord has opened, who have learned how assurance is arrived at, and betimes have taken the road that leads to it, and through God's Word have come to a personal consciousness of it, turn ye to your home as Abraham and his son. "They arose, and went together to Beersheba, and dwelt there." It is not told us what was said by the way, or how they felt as they drew near

^{*} This is Luther's version, which is as far wrong as ours. It should be, "In the Mount Jehovah will provide." The verb is the same as in verse 8.—TRANS.

to the oak under which their tents were pitched, or how Sarah welcomed them, or how they recounted in the family circle what the Lord had done for them. But we can easily fancy it all; and who has not wished to have been a listener to their discourse, and a witness of their joy? But you may enjoy it better here, than you could have enjoyed the hearing and the seeing of it yonder. Only be in earnest. Seek by prayer for the assurance of forgiveness of sin and divine grace. Tread in the path which the Old Testament heroes of the faith have taught you, and you too will reach the spot, which you can name, "The Mount where the Lord seeth;" then, born again and accepted, you will tread your family circle, and there recount what the Lord has done for you, and in the joy which his guidance inspires, shall a new bond of love arise between you and yours.

In closing our discourse with this exhortation, it occurs to us that many youths and maidens are among you, who, having come hither from the country, are about shortly to return to their native place. Oh, my young brothers and sisters! when you draw near the turrets of your homesteads,—when your mother, standing in the door, shouts your welcome home,—when hearts and arms of parents and sisters embrace you,—then God grant that you, who came to town with perhaps a mere worldly object, may return to your much-loved homes with the richest spiritual blessing, and, not only uncorrupted, but blessed like the father of the faithful of whom we have read to-day, may you arrive at your Beersheba, and dwell there in peace! Amen.

CHRISTIAN ANOMALIES.

BY THE REV. C. ELVEN.

"In which are some things hard to be understood."—1 Pet. iii. 16.

This was said by Peter, of the writings of his "beloved brother Paul." But however true it might be of the Pauline epistles, there are the professedly "living epistles, known and read of all men," which present to the thoughtful observer far more insuperable difficulties. The spirit and conduct of many who bear the christian name, are much more inexplicable than the profoundest writings of the inspired apostle. The one class of difficulties are merely *critical*, the other *moral*.

If we could suppose some enlightened visiter from another planet, without any previous acquaintance with us or our history, were commissioned to survey and report upon the condition, I will not say of the world, but of the christian church; and that his instructions should be, first, to study that book which we all agree to be the standard of our faith, and the guide of our conduct, and then to compare with it the lives of its avowed adherents and admirers; would he not find in these latter, "some things hard to be understood"? So it strikes us. But we shall better explain by suggesting a few examples.

First, then, it is very hard to understand how a *proud man can be a christian*. Pride and piety are so diametrically opposed, that it is difficult to conceive of their co-existence, for if there be one grace more earnestly inculcated by the history, the precepts, and the examples of the Sacred Scriptures than another, surely it is *humility*. The Redeemer himself, our great exemplar, whose life was one brilliant galaxy of all moral excellences, selected this as worthy of the special regard and imitation of his disciples. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of mind," &c., and on another occasion, as if he would engrave the precept upon their hearts, "He called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of

them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." How truly has history been called, "philosophy teaching by example," and surely, in this respect, the philosophy of Christianity has the preëminence. The sages of antiquity might be seen with their scholars at their feet. But in the "large upper room," at Jerusalem, Jesus, the great teacher, might be seen washing his disciples' feet, saying, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." It is admitted, that pride is one of the inherent vices of our depraved nature, and that it is not extirpated from the christian's heart; for, as Dr. Payson remarks, it is so interwoven with our mental texture, that we find it "like the coats of an onion, lurking one beneath another to the very centre." At the same time, while we admit the existence of it in the heart, we are not to allow its predominance in the life. If it lives, it must not reign. If it be an easy-besetting, it must not be an easy-setting sin. But there are professing christians *habitually* proud. There is the paltry pride of dress,—the haughty pride of station,—the vain pride of person,—and the hateful pride of gifts; and can such be the genuine disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus? They perplex us,—we cannot understand them.

Secondly; it is "hard to be understood" *how an unforgiving man can be a christian*. It is a sad caricature of Christianity, when any of its professors are so waspish and nettlesome as to be inaccessible to all who do not wish to be stung. To be a *bad tempered christian* is to present to the world an almost insoluble problem; but to be *unforgiving* is to awaken the suspicion that you have never repaired to the cross of the bleeding Immanuel. Yet there are persons whose names, though registered in the church below, we can hardly think are written in the "Lamb's book of life," of whom it is too truly remarked, "If you once offend them, they will never forgive you." Urge upon them the duty of cordial and hearty forgiveness, and with the churlishness of a Nabal, and, we had almost said, the implacability of the devil, they will in the exuberance of their charity reply, "Well, if I do forgive, I shall never forget!" No, he will not throw up all the poison that rankles in his unsanctified heart; it is a sweet morsel, and he will not relinquish it. He will not *forget*! Oh, no, the offence shall stand there in the book of his remembrance for ever, and shall never be blotted out. Hypocrite! what part hast thou in the promise of a pardoning God? "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." Thou wicked servant! thinkest thou thy Lord has forgiven thee all thou owest, and blotted it all out? Then why hast thou so mercilessly seized thy fellow-servant by the throat with a "Pay me that thou owest"? Oh, thou mocker of God! dost thou pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us"? Seal thy lips ere they are smitten with a curse. It is impossible in this frail state but that offences will come, but surely they who have been themselves at the Saviour's feet, and heard his gracious words, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven," cannot immediately leave that sweet presence, and go in wrath to exact the utmost farthing from another! We have known little children of one family, who, although they had their little child-like bickerings in the day, have notwithstanding wished each other "Good night" with a reconciling forgiving kiss, that cancelled all the past. They would not "let the sun go down on their wrath." "Go ye and do likewise." "Little children, love one another."

Thirdly; it is hard to understand how a *covetous man can be a christian*. Who can solve that problem in the face of such scriptures as the following? "Covetousness, which is idolatry." "The love of money is the root of all evil." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

"It is more blessed to give than receive." "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" This seemed too hard a question even for the apostle to answer. But, gentle reader, prepare for battle. The miser, finding himself so hard put to it, has actually stolen a weapon,—a holy text, from our armoury,—and here he is coming like another Goliath, to defend his cherished passion of *laying up money*. Oh, how he brandishes that sword of the Spirit. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel" (1 Tim. v. 8). Stay a moment, brave champion of covetousness, and we will take that sword from thine hand; a glance at the context will show, that the providing here enjoined is the *bestowing*, and not the *hoarding*, of money. It is the keeping back that is reproved,—for from the fourth verse it is obvious, the apostle enjoins the duty of children who were able to provide for their widowed mothers, and not allow them to be burdensome to the church; and in enforcing the subject he gives it not only this particular, but a general direction,—that all christians, instead of withholding, should generously provide for, that is, *impart* to others, especially to their own poor relations. Oh, what a giant-killer is the *context* to the vaunting perverter of isolated Scriptures! Pardon the digression. The "love of money" is one of the crying sins of the church, and is not to be slightly dealt with. We do not remember, that in the whole compass of the Bible, a child of God is charged with covetousness. It seems to be put entirely without the pale of true godliness,—absolutely cashiered from the ranks of Christianity. And well it may be, for it is a *heart-hardening sin*, of which the Priest and the Levite were the types. Why should they waste their oil and wine about that poor *mangled* stranger? Why should they bind up his wounds, and take him to an inn? Who would have to pay for all that? Why should they spend their money for nought? So covetousness argued, and convincingly too, for drawing their purse-strings closer, the sanctimonious ministers of the temple passed by on the other side, perhaps quoting some holy text as a flattering unction to their souls. For who made them their "brother's keeper"? Or if in some unguarded moment the smallest mite is conceded, it is not the gush of christian spontaneity, accompanied with the loving smile, which so enhances the gift, and indicates the felt luxury of doing good; but the agonising sweat-drop, wrung from a knitted brow, which more than spoils it.

It is an *abiding sin*. Other sins, like midnight robbers, may break in upon the christian's peace; but they are unbidden and unwelcome visitors, which are soon prayed and driven out. While avarice is a cherished guest, an idol in the heart, and it ejects all that will not fall down at its shrine and worship it. Oh, if all members of churches were such, what a desolation would there be. The poor would be unaided,—the sick unvisited,—the widows neglected. But it is not so. Pastors are often cheered in their visits to the sick and the sorrowful by seeing in the abodes of poverty and affliction the footsteps of others who esteem it "better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," and have left the kind memorials of their christian charity behind them.

It is a *soul-deceiving sin*; for it may consist with all that is esteemed outwardly respectable. Its very *negativeness* may aid the self-deception. But be it remembered the fig-tree was withered, not for bearing bad fruit, but for yielding none. The foolish virgins were rejected, not for any positively scandalous sins, but for having no oil in their lamps. And a most respectable company will there be (in the world's estimation) on the left

hand of the judgment-seat, whose final condemnation will be, "I was sick, and ye visited me not," &c. Let none be deluded, therefore, by the approbation of men; but rather reflect upon that singularly impressive truth, "The wicked blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth" (Psalm x. 3).

Fourthly; another thing "hard to be understood" is, how some professing christians can *habitually neglect the prayer-meeting*! We would fain ask such, a few plain questions. Did they intend, when they joined the church, only to honour us with their names? Because occupying a pew on the Sabbath-day is no more than multitudes of the ungodly do. They told us that "by this they knew that they had passed from death unto life, because they loved the brethren." And we, in our simplicity, believed them! But as we all seek the society of those we love, what shall we say of those who "forsake the assembling of themselves together"? We weep over them; but our tears will not wipe away their sin, nor heal the pastor's wounded spirit. Is it that they deliberately pay and receive visits, and knowingly make appointments, on the prayer-meeting evening, so as to prevent their attendance on that precious means of grace? Can there be any friends whose favour should be courted, before that of their *best friend*? Is it that our brethren are alarmed at the apprehension of being asked to engage in prayer? Then let them say so, and they could be guaranteed against that fear, till, animated and cheered, as they certainly would be, by the communion of saints, they had overcome it. Or can it be, we ask once more, that they have "a name to live, and are dead"? These, and various other anomalies perplex us: they are "things hard to be understood."

Fifthly; reader, can you help us out of another difficulty? Can you tell us what is to be the end of these anomalous professors? We are almost disposed to ask in the words, the pregnant words, of Mr. Binney, "Is there a purgatory through which they can pass on their way to heaven, and in which these earthly accretions can be burnt up?" Of course we do not believe in a Popish purgatory; yet so much the worse for these proud, unforgiving, covetous, prayer-neglecting professors! Well, we will not press the enquiry. It is among the "things hard to be understood;" yet, hoping against hope, we say, "May they find mercy of the Lord in that day!"

Bury St. Edmunds.

PROSPERITY ANTICIPATED.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"The God of heaven, he will prosper us."—*Neh. ii. 20.*

When God has a work to perform, he is never at a loss for an instrument; for if he cannot find, he can create, one. If he would punish Israel for their sin, he raises up Nebuchadnezzar to carry them to Babylon; and when he would free them from captivity, Cyrus and Darius shall favour them. If Jerusalem is to be restored, and the temple rebuilt, Ezra shall lead the people to their own land; Zechariah, the priest, and Haggai, the prophet, shall reprove and stimulate them; and Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, shall come forward to complete the undertaking. When Satan stirs up enemies, God raises up friends; and the opposition made eventually helps the work. It was so of old, and it has often been so in more modern times. If we are engaged in God's work, if we are guided by God's word, if we are aiming at God's glory, we may unhesitatingly adopt the language of the text as our own, and say, "*The God of heaven,*

he will prosper us." Possibility is enough to stimulate some. Probability will encourage more. But certainty will encourage any one. In our case, success is not only possible, or probable, but certain; for "the Lord of hosts is with us," his "grace is sufficient for us," and his promise is pledged to us. Let us consider,

First, **THE TITLE**,—"The God of heaven." The revelation of the Divine nature and character has been progressive. God was dimly seen in nature, more clearly in providence, but clearest of all in grace. "No man hath seen God at any time; but the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." "In the beginning God created." This is his first title. The good One. Great, glorious, good. When he created man, "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." The self-existent formed a dependant, intelligent creature, to inhabit his world, obey his commands, worship at his throne, enjoy fellowship with himself, reflect his image, and be happy in his love. The Divine nature is one,—represented by the title Lord, or **JEHOVAH**: in that Divine nature there is a plurality of persons,—represented by the title God, or **ELOHIM**. As the Lord, or the Lord God, the Creator was known, until Melchizedec speaks of him as "THE MOST HIGH GOD, possessor of heaven and earth." Then we find him entering into covenant with Abraham, and as an act of free and sovereign grace, separating him and his seed from all the people of the earth. He engaged to be Abraham's God, and a God to Abraham. From that time he was called the God of Abraham, by the covenant seed. The covenant was confirmed to Isaac and Jacob,—then he was called the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Or, the God of Israel, because they were his people; and the God of Jerusalem, because that was his dwelling-place. But during and after the Babylonish captivity, he was called "The God of heaven." He is the God of heaven, for he created it for his residence, and to be the home of his infinite glory; and he inhabits it as his house or his throne. Hence Jesus calls heaven, "My Father's house;" and the Lord himself said, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build me, or where is the place of my rest?" He came down to earth to speak to his creatures formerly, but he speaks to us from heaven now: as saith the apostle, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven." He is called the God of heaven, to distinguish him from, and show his superiority to, the gods of the heathen, who were gods of the earth. "Our God is in the heavens; he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased." He is on earth, working "all things after the counsel of his own will." "Do I not *fill* heaven and earth, saith the Lord?"—Having glanced at the title, we will now,

Secondly, look at **THE PERSUASION OR CONFIDENCE EXPRESSED**,—"The God of heaven, *he will prosper us.*" He did prosper his ancient people; and Jerusalem was built, notwithstanding opposition; and the temple was completed, though many were discouraged. And so now, if engaged in God's work, if we are hearty in God's cause, if we are ruled by God's word, "*he will prosper us.*" Prosperity is either temporal or spiritual. Temporal prosperity is no proof that man is good, or that God approves. "Behold, these are the ungodly that prosper in the world; they increase in riches." Under the old dispensation, temporal things were more plentifully promised, and yet even then the saints were "a poor and afflicted people." Under the present dispensation, which is spiritual, God hath "chosen the poor of this world;" and we still see,

that "not many rich men, not many mighty, are called." Temporal adversity is no proof of God's displeasure; for the objects of his highest love "wandered about in sheep skins and in goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented: they wandered in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth," though the world was not worthy of them. The soul may prosper and be in health, while the body pines and decays under the power of disease. As to temporals, we may doubt; but as to spirituals, we may confidently say, "*The God of heaven, he will prosper us.*" Prosperity may be personal or relative. Personal prosperity is enjoyed when the soul is happy in God. Then we make him our portion, our solace, and our delight. When we acquiesce in the will of God, then we surrender the understanding to his word, the affairs to his management, and the person to his disposal. When we are growing into the likeness of God, then we become merciful, as he is merciful; holy, as he is holy; and righteous, as he is righteous. If God is our source of happiness, if the will of God commands our approbation, and if the image of God is our model, in our every day life, then indeed we prosper. Relative prosperity is enjoyed, when, as members of the church of Jesus, we see that church thrive, flourish, and grow. Then its members are edified or polished by the Word and Spirit, until they catch and reflect on others the rays of the divine glory. Then they are united together in love. Not merely connected together by certain ties, but vitally united to each other by holy love. They form one body, influenced by one Spirit, and rejoicing together in one hope of their calling. Then they are sanctified,—internally, by the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit; and externally, by separation from the world in spirit, object, and aim. The heart is set apart for God, and the life is an answer to the apostolic exhortation, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." Then they are happy. For if the church is growing like its Head, if the members are united together, if the work of sanctification is carried on, how can the believer be otherwise than happy? Too busy to think much about his personal comfort, he enjoys tenfold more real happiness than those who are hunting after comfort day by day. For comfort is most easily and certainly found when not directly sought. But we do not think our representation of prosperity would be complete if it did not include the conversion of sinners. This is one great end of a church state, the grand design of the preaching of the gospel. When we feel the Holy Spirit to be with us, and see the effect of it in the conversion of sinners to God, the decision of seekers for God, and the union of the decided with the saints of God, then, without doubt, we enjoy prosperity. But a question arises,—

When may we feel persuaded or confident that "*the God of heaven will prosper us*"? Six things are necessary to warrant and sustain such confidence. "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say." 1. We must rest alone on Christ for our acceptance with God. Nothing must be mixed with the perfect work of Jesus as the ground of our justification, or our plea for acceptance at the throne of God. Christ alone must be the object of our trust. 2. We must depend wholly on the Holy Spirit for success. The most suitable means, employed with the greatest skill, and used with the greatest patience and perseverance, will not do without the direct putting forth of the power of the Holy Spirit. As nothing must be allowed to come between us and God, but Jesus, when we are seeking pardon and acceptance at his throne, so nothing must be an object of trust or dependance, when seeking the revival of the church or the conversion of sinners, but the presence, power, and influence of the Holy Spirit alone. 3. We must be much in prayer for the blessing. God loves to hear us

pray. *He will have us pray.* However positive his promises, however calculated to glorify his name, however beneficial to our fellow-men, he says, "I will be enquired of to do it for you." If we agree among ourselves to ask the blessing, if we meet together for the purpose, if we persevere determined to prevail, saying as Jacob did, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," then, without hesitation, doubt, or qualification, we may say, "*The God of heaven, he will prosper us.*" 4. We must keep the eye steadily fixed on his glory. This is the mark we must aim at. This is the object we must constantly keep in view. When we aim simply, singly, and alone at God's glory, "we may ask what we will, and it shall be done for us." But losing sight of this, we "ask and receive not, because we ask amiss, that we may consume it on our lusts." 5. We must actively employ every talent for God. There is a vast amount of unused talent in the church. How much speaking talent, writing talent, teaching talent, influencing talent, there is in God's church that is never used for God's glory. Never were there so many napkins in God's church, we think, as now; and they wrap up, conceal, and render useless, an extraordinary amount of talent. Our talent must be brought out, our Master's money must be put into the bank, that at his coming he may receive his own with interest. 6. We must make sacrifices out of pure love to Jesus. Who makes sacrifices now? Many give much to the cause; but do they ever sacrifice fashion, taste, or appetite, for that cause? Let our dress, furniture, and meals, reply. But are we willing to sacrifice our feelings, our tastes, our habits, our indulgences, if the cause of Christ requires it? *Are we?* If, then, we rest alone on Jesus for our acceptance with God,—if we depend wholly on the power of the Holy Spirit for success,—if we are much in prayer for the Divine blessing,—if we keep the eye steadily fixed on the Lord's glory,—if we actively employ every talent for God,—and if we make sacrifices out of pure love to Jesus,—then, without hesitation, doubt, or fear, we may say, "*The God of heaven, he will prosper us.*"

But if God prosper us; Satan will oppose us; as a serpent, he will wriggle in among us; or, as a lion, he will go round and roar at us. Man may be jealous of us, and even persecute us; but right-minded saints and angels will rejoice over us. Oh, for soul prosperity! Oh, for the prosperity of God's one church, and every separate church that goes to make up the one great whole! But if God do not prosper us, no one else can; nor shall we ever succeed. Let us then, beloved, set our hearts on prosperity. Let every christian set his heart upon the prosperity of his own soul; and let every church-member set his heart upon the prosperity of the church to which he belongs. Oh, that indifference were buried in the depths of the ocean! Oh, that every member of God's church were filled with faith, fired with love, and glowing with zeal, for the honour of our beloved Saviour. May the divisions of Reuben soon cause great searchings of heart, anxiety of mind, and distress of soul, until they are healed and done away for ever. Let us enquire, Why is it? If we do not prosper. It was a worm at the root that caused Jonah's gourd to wither. It was a Babylonish garment, and a wedge of gold, that caused Israel to flee before their enemies. And if we do not prosper, is there not a cause? If there be a cause, may it not be ascertained? If it may be ascertained, ought we not to "light the candle and search diligently until we find it"? O Lord, thou hast said, that thou wilt "search Jerusalem as with candles, and wilt punish the men that are settled on their lees;" search, oh, search thy church, and let all that hinders her prosperity be discovered, condemned, deplored, and removed! Let us carefully avoid everything that would hinder our prosperity. Paul was

very careful and very accommodating, lest he should hinder the gospel of Christ. Let us imitate so excellent an example, and take care that there be nothing in our creed, conduct, spirit, temper, or deportment, likely to grieve the Holy Spirit, or prevent the truth from having free course. Let us not only carefully avoid everything likely to hinder, but let us diligently employ every means to secure it. Prosperity flows from God; it is a free-grace blessing; but it flows in a certain channel, and is generally attracted by certain means. Oh, for such a measure of grace to be given to the church of Jesus, that there may be no rest until God arise and have mercy upon his Zion, or until we can confidently say, "*The God of heaven, he will prosper us!*"

Cheltenham.

JESUS A MECHANIC.

BY THE REV. W. A. POPLEY.

"Is not this the carpenter?" Thus asked some of Christ's neighbours. He was anxious to do them good, but they were unwilling to be instructed or influenced by one they deemed beneath them, or at best only their equal. That he possessed superlative wisdom, and performed stupendous wonders, was nothing, as compared with his not having passed through a certain routine. It is astonishing, however valuable routine may sometimes be, that the mere form of the thing should be often so much idolized.

But we quote this interrogation because it suggests the idea that Jesus belonged, in some way, to the labouring classes. All the Jewish children probably learned a trade. But it is likely Jesus needed a trade. All we know of his family would seem to intimate that they were poor. Whether Joseph was a small tradesman or a working man, we think he may fairly be classed among the mechanics; and so we imagine may Jesus.

Concerning the mechanical life of the Lord Jesus we have no information. From the way, however, in which he passed through his mediatorial life we may gather much that will possibly indicate the character of his earlier life. If as mediator he would regard some things as specially congenial to his high nature, he would also meet with much that would be uncongenial. And so, only perhaps conversely, would he find things as a mechanic. Neither as mediator nor as mechanic could his position be otherwise than a privation.

We remark, then, *Jesus as a mechanic was faithful*. He certainly was so in his mediatorial undertaking. We read that he "was faithful to him that appointed him." Nor could this have been the commencement of his faithfulness. His fidelity to Him that appointed him would methinks involve his fidelity in all matters preceding the mediatorial. Only thus would he "have a good report of them which are without." And this undoubtedly he possessed. Else how could he have challenged his malicious, eagle-eyed opponents, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Whatever the inhabitants of Nazareth felt or manifested of indignation, they alleged nothing detrimental to his moral character, to his general fidelity. As a youth he "increased in favour with God and man;" and it was only his fidelity to God in a way the people could not well understand that prevented, on their part, his continued enjoyment of that favour. He was unquestionably faithful. Only think of Jesus purloining material committed to him to be manufactured, of his promising what he knew could not be performed in the time, of his using for his own business time that belonged to parties for whom he was working,—how

incongruous the supposition ! His whole after life contradicts its possibility. He who as a teacher said, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and who was at the same time a living exemplification of his own injunction, must have been eminently conscientious, and as a workman must have been highly appreciated by those who had to do with him.

This we may also infer from the fact that *Jesus as a mechanic was industrious*. "My meat," said he during his public life, "is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." And right diligently did he toil therein. Busy days were frequently followed by busy evenings, and these by watchful prayerful nights. Did a ruler of the Jews apply for instruction even by night, he was not repulsed. It may be said he knew his day was short, the night was coming, and hence he toiled. True; and this must have influenced him who knew that *every* minute had its appropriate duty, as well in the earlier as in the latter period of his earthly existence. "Be not slothful in business," was a part of the Father's will, as much as laying down his life to save the lost, as much as manifesting God's name to those who were entrusted to him. His example could not otherwise have been complete; neither could the Father have well testified his complacency in the Son, nor the Son have said at the last that he had finished the work given him to do; for this work certainly included the example. Jesus was, indeed, a diligent workman. His later diligence must be regarded as an illustration and specimen of his earlier. And as such it was true diligence. It was not bustle. It was steady, prolonged continuance. We may warrant that if he took an order, he understood what he was doing. We may depend on it that in the sweat of his face he ate bread, rather than that such an order should be improperly executed. We may be quite sure that whatever earnest, quiet pains-taking could effect, was not wanting in aught that came from under his hand. His was a true industry.

Jesus as a mechanic was pious. It is true the human nature of Jesus was perfect. But so was Adam's. It is also probable that the divine nature in Jesus aided the human. But the man Christ Jesus was what he was, *principally* because of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Inexplicable as this peculiar indwelling may be, it is as positively a fact as anything revealed in Scripture can be, and that not for Jesus the man alone, but for any other human being seeking it. "If ye," said Christ, "know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." Working men, then, any more than other men, are not so far off from the resources for promoting piety. There is not such a disproportion in this respect between the man Jesus and themselves. In him, indeed, there having been no sin, while in them there is a corrupt disposition, there arises hence a great difference. But as far as the machinery and the agency for promoting piety are concerned, they are very nearly alike. There is the book of God. There are the opportunities for private application to Jehovah. There are the public means of grace. There is, above all, the power of the Spirit. Why, then, should not the working man be pious ! "Oh," some would reply, "we have so many anxieties to occupy our minds, so many masters to please, so much hard work to do, what time can we find for attending to religion ?" But Jesus was in very much the same position, and yet he found time. No time for seeking to be pious ! Surely working people find time for eating, for sleeping, for breathing, for thinking of those for whom they feel concerned. Why not time for piety ? If giving attention to the statements that tell us about God, his nature, and his wishes, does occupy some time, does not a right feeling

towards God, and so afterwards towards man, nerve the mind, sharpen the mind, adjust the mind? Is not the man all the fitter for his position here as well as for his destiny hereafter? Can reverence for God, love to God, obedience of God, confidence in God, together with true benevolence and integrity towards men, be otherwise than serviceable to the working man? If there are some drones among pious people, are they drones because they are pious? Does not the piety they may have rather check the evil tendency, and not in this respect only, in all others also? Ah, methinks observation and conscience testify that genuine piety is not a hindrance but a help to the party possessing it.

"It may be all very well," some are thinking, "but see what circumstances we are placed in." Was not Jesus placed in awkward circumstances? The neighbourhood in which he lived was low and bad; quite as bad, if not as badly drained and ventilated, as any that working people now live in. The *whole* of the land was occupied by a frightfully vicious population. In that land, Galilee was deemed the worst province. Of that province, Nazareth, Christ's place of residence, was considered one of the worst towns. Said Nathaniel, a native of Cana, also in Galilee, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Nor was this all. The Romans had conquered the country. Those who, under the Romans, governed the people were ever encroaching. Nothing was steady. No one was safe. Partizanship, in various forms, ran high. Working men could no more escape all these political and pressing difficulties then than they can now. Yet amid them all Christ was steady, he was pious. We have no reason to believe that he ever swerved from principle, or that he ever rushed into the arena of strife. He knew how to render to Cæsar what was rightfully Cæsar's, and to God what was really God's, and he did this. And he did it amid the common struggles pertaining to a working life. Hard as it might be while having around him unprincipled workfellows, unreasonable employers, and probably reducing wages, he did render to all their due. He was the truly pious workman.

Is not Jesus, then, just the man for working men? Little reason have they assuredly to say, he may do for the wealthy, for the great; he is the man, the exalted man, for *them*. He is acquainted with their position, he knows their needs, and, unlike many who have risen from the ranks, he can remember so as to cherish still a fellow-feeling. If, then, any may be expected to rally round the ensign of Jesus, people of the labouring classes are precisely the parties we might suppose might do it. Thus was it in his lifetime; "the common people heard him gladly." Shall it not be so still? Do they not need him? They may talk of being independent. But can they be independent of God, of Jesus? Can they do without him who came, and that first to their own class, to describe God, and to point out the way to God? Can they do better than submit to his terms? Has he not earned a right to prescribe terms? Are they not most suitable terms? What other plan but his has proved sufficient to elevate and bless the *whole* man? The intellectual part may have been otherwise improved, though even that but partially, as compared with what it might have been with his assistance, but what elevation has the moral part attained without him? Immoral people may be found among those who profess to call him Master, but are they doing more than *calling* him Master? Would they be immoral if he were indeed their Master? Can working men submit to the insult put upon themselves, that one risen from their body shall be maligned? Will they not show, by a thorough surrender to him, a cordial appreciation of him, a fair imitation of him,

what a glorious Being he is? If other classes alight, distrust, and disobey him, surely they will not. Whatever others do they will be hearty in his cause. The more readily will they do this, because he has gone back to the glory whence he came. He honoured them, by being one of them; he ever will honour them as having been one of them. Shall they not be of the number who will ever honour him by relying on him as their Emancipator, by obeying him as their Lord? Will they be too proud to accept from his hands that which they really need, and which only he can bestow? Are they not sinful, are they not exposed to condemnation, are they not likely still further to degenerate? Can any one but he secure to them pardon, purity, peace, power? Will they not say to him, "Anything from thee, anything from thee"? May He who is the working man's model be the working man's Saviour, and so may he at length present the working man faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Lymington.

TRUST IN GOD.

By David Kinghorn, father of the late Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich; written 1781.

Peace, my soul, no more complain,
 Jesus calls thee to his arms;
 Rise above all grief and pain,
 He shall keep thee free from harms.
 Trust his promise, on him rest,
 Freely he does for thee care;
 Lean upon his loving breast,—
 In his heart thou hast a share.

Should fond mothers monsters prove
 To the infants at their breast,
 Yet th' eternal God of love
 Keeps the souls that on him rest.
 Tho' the mountains should depart,
 Hills be cast into the sea,
 Still the kindness of his heart
 Yearns, provides, and cares for thee.

Why dispute his tender love,
 While he such assurance gives?
 Can his promise e'er remove?
 Can'st thou die whilst Jesus lives?
 Can'st thou want while he supplies?
 Can'st thou fall while in his hand?
 See, he listens to thy cries,
 Guides, upholds, and makes thee stand.

Should both foes and fears assail,
 Sickness waste, and sorrows rise,
 Storms descend, and rattling hail,
 Clouds and darkness veil the skies;
 On the stormy cloud he rides,
 Swift pursues his wondrous way,
 For thy safety still provides,
 Turns thy darkness into day.

Mighty God, thou great and good!
 All thy creatures wait on Thee;
 Thou provid'st them daily food;
 Shall I doubt thy care for me?
 Thou hast kept from dangers past,
 Bid my troubled soul be still,
 On Thee all my care I cast,
 Patient wait my Father's will.

Wilkin's Memoir of Kinghorn.

Tales and Sketches.

A CONVERSATION ON CONVERSATION.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

"A very solemn sermon," said Miss B——, shaking her head impressively, as she sat down to table one Sunday noon; then giving a deep sigh, she added, "I am afraid that if an account is to be rendered for all our idle words, some people will have a great deal to answer for."

"Why, cousin Anna," replied a sprightly young lady opposite, "what do you mean by *idle words*?"

"All words that have not a strictly useful tendency, Helen," replied Miss B——.

"I don't know what is to become of me, then," answered Helen, "for I never can think of anything useful to say. I sit and try sometimes, but it always stops my talking. I don't think anything in the world is so doleful as a set of persons sitting round, all trying to say something useful, like a parcel of old clocks ticking at each other. I think one might as well take the vow of entire silence, like the monks of La Trappe."

"It is probable," said Miss B——, "that a greater part of our ordinary conversation had better be dispensed with. 'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.' For my own part, my conscience often reproaches me with the sins of my tongue."

"I am sure you don't sin much that way, I must say," said Helen; "but, cousin, I really think it is a freezing business sitting still and reflecting all the time when friends are together; and, after all, I can't bring myself to feel as if it were wrong to talk and chatter away a good part of the time, just for the sake of talking. For instance, if a friend comes in of a morning to make a call, I talk about the weather, my roses, my canary birds, or anything that comes uppermost."

"And about lace, and bonnet patterns, and the last fashions," added Miss B——, sarcastically.

"Well, supposing we do; where's the harm?"

"Where's the good?" said Miss B——.

"The good? why, it passes time agreeably, and makes us feel kindly towards each other."

"I think, Helen," said Miss B——, "if you had a higher view of christian responsibility, you would not be satisfied with merely passing time agreeably, or exciting agreeable feelings in others. Does not the very text we are speaking of show that we have an account to give in the day of judgment for all this trifling, useless conversation?"

"I don't know what the text does mean," replied Helen, looking seriously; "but if it means as you say, I think it is a very hard, strait rule."

"Well," replied Miss B——, "is not duty always hard and strait? 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way,' you know."

Helen sighed.

"What do you think of this, Uncle C——?" she said, after some pause. The uncle of the two young ladies had been listening thus far in silence.

"I think," he replied, "that before people begin to discuss, they should be quite sure as to what they are talking about; and I am not exactly clear in this case. You say, Anna," said he, turning to Miss B——, "that all conversation is idle which has not a directly useful tendency. Now, what do you mean by that? Are we never to say anything that has not for its direct and specific object to benefit others or ourselves?"

"Yes," replied Miss B——, "I suppose not."

"Well, then, when I say, 'Good morning, Sir; 'tis a pleasant day,' I have no such object. Are these, then, idle words?"

"Why, no, not exactly," replied Miss B——; "in some cases it is necessary to say something, so as not to appear rude."

"Very well," replied her uncle. "You admit, then, that some things, which are not instructive in themselves considered, are to be said to keep up the intercourse of society."

"Certainly, some things," said Miss B——.

"Well, now, in the case mentioned by Helen, when two or three people with whom you are in different degrees of intimacy call upon you, I think she is perfectly right, as she said, in talking of roses and canary birds, and even of bonnet patterns and lace, or anything of the kind, for the sake of making conversation. It amounts

to the same thing as 'Good morning,' and 'Good evening,' and the other courtesies of society. This sort of small talk has nothing instructive in it, and yet it may be *useful* in its place. It makes people comfortable and easy, promotes kind and social feelings; and making people comfortable by any innocent means is certainly not a thing to be despised."

"But is there not great danger of becoming light and trifling if we allow this?" said Miss B—— doubtfully.

"To be sure; there is always danger of running every innocent thing to excess. One might eat to excess, or drink to excess; yet eating and drinking are both useful in their way. Now, our lively young friend Helen, here, might perhaps be in some temptation of this sort; but as for you, Anna, I think you in more danger of another extreme."

"And what is that?"

"Of overstraining your mind by endeavouring to keep up a constant, fixed state of seriousness and solemnity, and not allowing yourself the relaxation necessary to preserve its healthy tone. In order to be healthy, every mind must have variety and amusement; and if you would sit down at least one hour a-day, and join your friends in some amusing conversation, and indulge in a good laugh, I think, my dear, that you would not only be a happier person, but a better christian."

"My dear uncle," said Miss B——, "this is the very thing that I have been most on my guard against; I can never tell stories, or laugh and joke, without feeling condemned for it afterwards."

"But, my dear, you must do the thing in the testimony of a good conscience, before you can do it to any purpose. You must make up your mind that cheerful and entertaining conversation—conversation whose first object is to amuse—is *useful conversation* in its place, and then your conscience will not be injured by joining in it."

"But what good does it do, uncle?"

"Do you not often complain of coldness and deadness in your religious feelings? of lifelessness and want of interest?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well, this coldness and lifelessness is the result of forcing your mind to one set of thoughts and feelings. You become worn out,—your feelings exhausted,—deadness and depression ensue. Now turn your mind off from these subjects,—divert it by

a cheerful and animated conversation, and you will find, after awhile, that it will return to them with new life and energy."

"But are not foolish talking and jesting expressly forbidden?"

"That text, if you will look at the connection, does not forbid jesting in the abstract, but jesting on immodest subjects, which are often designated in the New Testament by the phraseology there employed. I should give the sense of it,—neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor indelicate jests. The kind of sprightly and amusing conversation to which I referred, I should not denominate foolish, by any means, at proper times and places."

"Yet people often speak of gaiety as inconsistent in christians—even worldly people," said Miss B——.

"Yes, because, in the first place, they often have wrong ideas as to what Christianity requires in this respect, and suppose christians to be violating their own principles in indulging in it. In the second place, there are some, especially among young people, who never talk in any other way,—with whom this kind of conversation is not an amusement, but a habit,—giving the impression that they never think seriously at all. But I think, that if persons are really possessed by the tender, affectionate, benevolent spirit of Christianity,—if they regulate their temper and their tongue by it, and in all their actions show an evident effort to conform to its precepts, they will not do harm by occasionally indulging in sprightly and amusing conversation,—they will not make the impression that they are not sincerely christians."

"Besides," said Helen, "are not people sometimes repelled from religion by a want of cheerfulness in its professors?"

"Certainly," replied her uncle, "and the difference is just this: if persons are habitually trifling and thoughtless, it is thought that they have no religion; if they are ascetic and gloomy, it is attributed to their religion; and you know what Miss E. Smith says, that 'to be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.' The more sincerely and earnestly religious a person is, the more important it is that he should be agreeable."

"But, uncle," said Helen, "what does that text mean that we began with? What are idle words?"

"My dear, if you will turn to the place where the passage is (Matt. xii.) and read

the whole page, you will see the meaning of it. Christ was not reproving anybody for trifling conversation at the time; but for a very serious slander. The Pharisees, in their bitterness, accused him of being in league with evil spirits. It seems by what follows, that this was a charge which involved an unpardonable sin. They were not, indeed, conscious of its full guilt,—they said it merely from the impulse of excited and envious feeling,—but it warns them that in the day of judgment, God will hold them accountable for the full consequences of all such language, however little they may have thought of it at the time of uttering it. The sense of the passage I take to be, ‘God will hold you responsible in the day of judgment for the consequences of all you have said in your most idle and thoughtless moments.’”

“For example,” said Helen, “if one makes ungarded and unfounded assertions about the Bible, which excite doubt and prejudice.”

“There are many instances,” said her uncle, “that are quite in point. Suppose, in conversation, either under the influence of envy or ill will, or merely from love of talking, you make remarks and statements about another person, which may be true or may not,—you do not stop to enquire,—your ungarded words set reports in motion, and unhappiness, and hard feeling, and loss of character, are the result. You spoke idly, it is true, but nevertheless you are held responsible by God for all the consequences of your words. So professors of religion often make ungarded remarks about each other, which lead observers to doubt the truth of all religion; and they are responsible for every such doubt they excite. Parents and guardians often allow themselves to speak of the faults and weaknesses of their ministers in the presence of children and younger people,—they do it thoughtlessly,—but in so doing they destroy an influence which might otherwise have saved the souls of their children; they are responsible for it. People of cultivated minds and fastidious taste often allow themselves to come home from church and criticise a sermon, and unfold all its weak points, in the presence of others on whom it may have made a very serious impression. While the critic is holding up the bad arrangement, and setting in a ludicrous point of view the lame figures, perhaps the servant behind his chair, who was almost

persuaded to be a christian by that very discourse, gives up his purposes, in losing his respect for the sermon; this was thoughtless,—but the evil is done, and the man who did it is responsible for it.”

“I think,” said Helen, “that a great deal of evil is done to children in this way, by our not thinking of what we are saying.”

“It seems to me,” said Miss B—, “that this view of the subject will reduce us to silence almost as much as the other. How are we ever to estimate the consequences of their words, people are affected in so many different ways by the same thing?”

“I suppose,” said her uncle, “we are only responsible for such results as by carefulness and reflection we might have foreseen. It is not for *ill-judged* words, but for idle words, that we are to be judged,—words uttered without any consideration at all, and producing bad results. If a person, really anxious to do right, misjudges as to the probable effect of what he is about to say on others, it is quite another thing.”

“But, uncle, will not such carefulness destroy all freedom in conversation?” said Helen.

“If you are talking with a beloved friend, Helen, do you not use an *instinctive* care to avoid all that might pain that friend?”

“Certainly.”

“And do you find this effort a restraint on your enjoyment?”

“Certainly not.”

“And you, from your own feelings, avoid what is indelicate and impure in conversation, and yet feel it no restraint?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, I suppose the object of christian effort should be so to realize the character of our Saviour, and conform our tastes and sympathies to his, that we shall *instinctively* avoid all in our conversation that would be displeasing to him. A person habitually indulging jealous, angry, or revengeful feeling,—a person habitually worldly in his spirit,—a person allowing himself in sceptical and unsettled habits of thought, *cannot* talk without doing harm. This is our Saviour’s account of the matter in the verses immediately before the passage we were speaking of: ‘How *can* ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evil things.’ The

highest flow of animal spirits would never hurry a pure-minded person to say anything indelicate or gross; and in the same manner, if a person is habitually christian in all his habits of thought and feeling, he will be able without irksome watchfulness to avoid what may be injurious even in the most unrestrained conversation."

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN:

OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

A ship bound for Madras! It is an interesting subject for reflection. How many climes she will pass through; how many winds may fill her sails; how many seas may sweep over her deck; and she may founder, and never reach her destination! And the passengers—are they all prepared for meeting the worst, and insured for eternity? Ah, no! There are some hearts there who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; but there are others who have withstood every christian influence, and are ill prepared to meet the last enemy. There were some on board who were bent on serving the Lord; but there were others joined to their idols, and determined to serve sin. Two ladies were among the former, and the Lord gave them work to do. Miss R— and Miss B— were strangers to each other; but they both knew Jesus; and after they knew that they were sisters for eternity, they loved, and wrought, and prayed as brethren. Their piety was deep; and their desire to glorify their God, by bringing souls to Jesus, was great. They agreed to spend a part of every day in searching the Scriptures together, and in united prayer. They remembered their friends at home, and also their fellow-passengers and the vessel's crew, as well as themselves and the Redeemer's cause throughout the world. But they did not rest with prayer; they were no mystics, no sentimentalists, who pray in secret, and do nothing for Christ in public. They resolved to unite exertion with prayer, and to speak seriously and affectionately to those on board as the Lord should put them in their way. Miss B— was confined for a time to her cabin by sickness; but Miss R— was able to be on deck. She did what she could, and her sick friend endeavoured to hold up her hands by prayer.

It so happened that they were both specially anxious for the conversion of one of their fellow-passengers in particular; and they remembered him with more than

ordinary fervour at the throne of grace, and watched for opportunities to converse with him about the things of God and eternity. It happened one day that this reckless youth uttered a fearful imprecation in the hearing of one of the ladies, and she enclosed "The Swearer's Prayer Answered" in an envelope, and sent it to him with her compliments. Next time they met he acknowledged his sin, and said, "I have read the tract you were so kind as to send me, and I feel quite reproved by it." The other young lady came to her friend another morning, and said, "I have had some interesting religious conversation with the young man. At first he seemed quite impatient, but by and bye he listened with apparent interest, while I urged upon him the necessity of earnestly and immediately seeking the salvation of his soul through the blood and righteousness of the Lamb of God." After a time he said, "Why, madam, you talk to me quite like my mother on this subject. She is a very religious woman; and I dare say I often grieved her much by not following her example, and giving myself to Christ, as she called it; but I prefer the pleasures of the world to the gloom of religion, and I am determined to take my fill of them; so there is no use endeavouring to change my resolution."

His mother! Oh, how deeply did they feel for her! And even though he told them he had made up his mind to follow the world, they had greater hopes of his conversion than ever. They remembered the promise, "The seed of the righteous shall be delivered;" and they believed that he would yet be made a monument of sovereign grace, in answer to his mother's prayers and theirs. But their expectation was the result of faith, and was really like hoping against hope, for the young man remained as careless and reckless as ever. And even when the ship struck upon a rock, and the passengers were anticipating instant death, and were praying and screaming, and some almost frantic, he remained hardened and impenitent. Nor did their deliverance from their perilous situation make the least impression on his heart of adamant. He was resolved to brave the worst, and die unmoved. And yet his interested friends, who were so earnestly set upon his conversion, prayed, and hoped, and believed he would yet be saved! And even when he left the vessel, as hardened as ever, and bade them adieu with indiffer-

once pictured on his countenance, they believed he would one day be laid upon the shoulder of the Good Shepherd, and brought back to his fold.

Three months had passed away after they had reached "India's coral strand;" and a missionary called upon Miss B—. "A young man," said he, "to whom you gave a tract on board ship, who has been laid on a sick-bed, wishes to see you." She made several enquiries about him, and was told that he requested her to come to hear from his own lips what the Lord had done for his soul. His words were these: "She has heard me blaspheme the name of Christ, and I now wish her to hear me confess his name, and own him as my Redeemer." Such tidings, you may be assured, were "good news" to one so deeply interested in the young man's salvation; and she accordingly accompanied the missionary. Her heart rose in gratitude to God as, with the deepest emotion, he told the following interesting narrative:—"From my earliest infancy I enjoyed the benefits of a mother's fervent prayers and holy example. Two brothers and a sister have also of late been most anxious for my conversion. But I had long since shut my heart against the affectionate and godly counsels of my loving mother; and I have told her and my brothers and sister that they should not annoy me with their admonitions, for I was determined to hold by the world, and not to be religious. The evening before we set sail for England, my mother took me into her room, and prayed earnestly for me, and asked the Lord to grant pardoning and converting grace to me, her first-born son. She also gave me a letter to Mr. —, the missionary, asking him to speak to me as often as he could about my soul's salvation, that I might be plucked as a brand from the burning. When I knew the purport of the letter, I refused to take it, to my mother's great grief; and on leaving home I resolved never to be religious, but to give myself up to the pleasures of the world. On arriving here, I joined myself to a set of very wicked young men, and we ran greedily in the ways of sin. I was laid upon a sick-bed, as the result of my dissolute conduct; and it was there my conscience awoke from its slumbers. I thought of opportunities slighted, mercy despised and rejected, and my daring defiance of God my Maker; and my mind was filled with remorse. I

thought of my mother's early and solemn instructions and fervent prayers, and I could only relieve myself by pouring out a flood of tears over my base ingratitude. I tried to pray, but I could not. Again and again I repaired to the throne of grace, but I could not pray; and I was concluding that there could be no mercy for me, seeing I had so often, so daringly, and so long refused the beseeching of pious friends, and the entreaties of the God of love. For some days I was in great agony and darkness, and unable any longer to endure the torment of soul I had; and I at last resolved to seek out the very missionary to whom I refused to carry a letter from the best of mothers, and lay my case before him. I did so; he prayed with me; he pointed me to the Lamb of God; he dwelt much upon the freeness of Christ, and his all-sufficiency to wash away even the crimson sins I had committed; and after several interviews, my mind became enlightened; my heart became filled with peace and holy joy, and I am now rejoicing in that love which has followed me throughout my sinful career, and plucked me as a brand out of the fire."

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy!" Oh, how wonderful is the mercy of the Lord! He is surely "full of compassion and gracious." "He delighteth in mercy." And how interesting and encouraging for one who had felt for the guilty, hardened youth so deeply, and had prayed for him so earnestly, to hear such a narrative from his own lips! "Prayer moves the arm that moves the universe." How faithfully the Lord fulfils his people's prayers! This young man's godly mother prayed for him without ceasing, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and sent a gracious answer. And it is interesting to notice, that the special interest the pious ladies took in her son, as they sailed over a surging sea, was itself an answer to prayer. How was it they did not become specially interested in some more likely subject than the hardened youth, who had determined to have nothing to do with religion? Why, here was the reason: his mother and a pious brother retired every day during the voyage to pray that the Lord would put it into the hearts of some on board to pray for him and care for his

soul, and speak to him about Jesus and the great salvation! "While they are yet speaking, I will hear!" "Oh, thou that hearest prayer," with what confidence may we cast our burden upon thee!" Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance." "Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us." "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

What joy and gratitude filled this young man's mother's heart, when she heard the "good news from a far country," that this her son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found. From this let us learn to pray always and not faint; let us learn to set our hearts on hardened ones, and continue in prayer until He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shine into their hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

The young man of whom we have spoken still lives and walks with God, adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things; and lately has been instrumental in the hopeful conversion of one of his former companions in sin.

"ONLY A PRAYER-MEETING!"

And so you, who have covenanted to walk in all the ordinances of God's house, remain away when prayer is wont to be made, or allow the most trifling excuse to keep you at home, while your brethren are meeting to plead the divine promises, and invoke his presence and blessing!

"No interest in a prayer-meeting," do you say? What evidences, then, have you that your tastes and sympathies are such as distinguish the new creature in Christ? What hopes have you of being permitted to engage in the ceaseless worship of the upper sanctuary, or of finding pleasure there? "The prayer-meeting dull and uninteresting!" What makes it so, except that you and many like you in the church, wholly stay away, or come occasionally with so much of the world and its cares and pleasures about you as to throw a chill over the services of the hour! Dull! Why then do you not go thither and try to add life and interest to it? Were you to go from your closet to the place of prayer, with your heart overflowing with love to

Christ and to souls, you, at least, would have no reason to complain of dullness, and perhaps your fervid prayer, or the few earnest words you might utter, would stir up some other heart, and thus rouse a flame which would be anything but lifeless.

"Only a prayer-meeting!" Yet One is there whom you hope by and bye to see face to face, and whom you profess to love above all others. And when he sends you a message, and invites you to meet him with two or three of his brethren, who have come together in his name, have you so little interest in the heavenly visitant as to be regardless and neglectful of the place where he is to be present?

"Only a prayer-meeting!" There was a time when your lips could not have uttered these words. Look back to the day of your espousals, when, in the midst of your worldliness and sin, the Spirit met you, and setting home eternal truths upon your heart, brought you to the feet of Jesus. Was any place, next to your closet, so precious then as the house of prayer? Then your lips were unsealed, and your heart glowing with its first love found a ready utterance, as you exclaimed, "Come, and I will show you how great things God hath done for my soul." How is it with you now? Has that scene of social worship lost its attractions? Are not Christ and his brethren still there? Yet you are not with them. Week after week your pastor and a little handful of faithful christians meet together to mourn over the desolations of Zion, and to pray, "O Lord, revive thy work." But your place is vacant. Your seat is filled on the Sabbath, and at the communion table, but at the prayer-meeting you are seldom seen. Yet the vows of God are upon you, the covenant into which you once entered remains, "to walk in all the ordinances of God's house." Who has excused you from this duty?

"Only a prayer-meeting!" Yet it is the very heart of the church. Where would be its life, and spirituality, and energy, without its scenes of social prayer? You would not have it given up? You would be sorry to hear that it died for want of support? Are you willing to sustain it? There is one to-night. You remember the notice of last Sabbath. It has grown familiar by repetition. It was given publicly; it was meant for you. Your brethren will meet, to pray that the service of the coming

Sabbath may be attended with the divine blessing, that the word preached may be as the hammer and the fire, and that God would "clothe his priests with salvation."

God hears prayer. Perhaps this may be the time to favour Zion. Give up the evening's amusement you had planned. Postpone the social call you had designed. Go to your closet. There renew your

vows, there repent of past unfaithfulness, there seek to rekindle your faith and love, and then go to the place of prayer. The hearts of your brethren will be encouraged. They may wonder to see *you* there, but they will rejoice and be glad; and that hour of sweet communion may be the beginning of better things for your soul,—for the church.

Correspondence.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE PILLAR OF SALT.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

Will you permit me to request insertion in your very interesting periodical for the article enclosed? I have met with it recently, and have been much interested in it. It is from a French writer probably known to some of your readers, Grandpierre. Wishing you much success, and the best recompense for your persevering and able efforts, believe me, truly yours,

A BAPTIST.

Nothing is more authentic than the fact of the overthrow of the cities of the plain. The recital of Moses is rendered probable by the very nature of the ground on which these cities were built, which, considered in a geological point of view, would have occasioned, in the event of a conflagration, their terrible destruction. It is confirmed also by numerous testimonies of profane historians in ancient times; and it has in its favour the spectacle presenting itself of a country, found four thousand years after the catastrophe which devastated it, in a condition which makes probable the narrative of the book of Genesis.

The vast plain, where were situated the cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bela, enclosed deep and extensive mines of a liquid and very inflammable bitumen. Of an epoch before the fire from heaven had descended on these guilty cities and their criminal inhabitants, the sacred historian has made in passing a very important remark, for it serves to explain the peculiar nature of the punishment chosen by Jehovah to punish an abominable race. "And the vale of Siddim was full of slime-pits." In this state of things, a rain of fire and brim-

stone (a poetical and Scriptural image of the thunder and lightning) would have sufficed to kindle the soil, always exposed to a conflagration in a long and terrible storm. Once on fire, the unfortunate inhabitants of the country were surrounded as with a circle of flames, which, gradually spreading, rendered flight impossible; by degrees the terrestrial crust of the valley, which concealed a marsh, or subterranean lake, was weighed down and broken, and opulent cities were sunken in the depth of a sea which now covers with its infectious waters the place where they once existed.

Numerous pagan historians, by their unanimous and concurring testimony, confirm the authenticity of Moses's recital. In the first rank is Diodorus, of Sicily, who, in the nineteenth book of his works, at the close of a description of the lake Asphaltites, adds, "The country around, undermined by a subterranean fire, exhales an infectious odour, which is the reason of the sickness and feebleness of the inhabitants." After him comes Strabo. He says, in his sixteenth book (page 526, edition of Casaubon), "Many indications reveal the existence of a fire in this country. For you are shown burned and pointed rocks around; then, in many places, there are calcined caverns, great drops distil from the rocks, and boiling rivers exhale a fetid odour; all which confirm the tradition of the inhabitants, that thirteen populous cities once existed, whose metropolis was Sodom. Sunken by the agitations of the ground, and by subterranean fires which have made warm and bituminous waters to gush forth, these cities have formed the lake which now exists." And Tacitus, not to mention other writers, in the fifth book, and seventh chapter, of his histories, has written as follows, "Not far thence are found fields which, once fertile and covered with populous cities, were burned by the fire of

heaven; traces of the conflagration are yet seen, for the soil is burned, and has lost all its fecundity."

The Dead Sea, or Salt Sea, is yet visited by many travellers. All agree in saying that the existence of this lake cannot be explained otherwise than by the cause that Moses assigns. Its waters are singularly salt, saturated with alum, and destructive to fishes. Immense and dismal, this lake exists as a terrible monument of the Divine vengeance armed against the crimes of men. Its noisome odour seems still to recall the odious impurities and nameless abominations once committed in the places which it bathes with its infectious waters.

The punishment inflicted upon the wife of Lot demands some explanations. Almost all our versions have thus translated the 26th verse of the 19th chapter of Genesis: "But his wife looked back from behind him, and became a pillar of salt." But this passage is susceptible of another interpretation. It can very well mean: "She remained erect and immovable, as a statue of salt;" or, "She was calcined with all the appearances of a statue of salt." The text is properly, "and she *was* a statue of salt," a Hebraism which very well corresponds with either of the two senses we have indicated. And if we read attentively the 32nd verse of the 17th chapter of Luke, we shall there see that, in all probability, the wife of Lot not only looked back, but, also, regretting divers objects left at Sodom, returned to bring them, and surprised by the conflagration, was either suffocated or burned. In either case, she remained immovable in the place where she perished; and whether she was burned, or whether animation was simply suspended by the inhalation of irrespirable gases,—vapours, and salt, and sulphurous particles exhaling from the soil, gave her the appearance of a statue of salt. If we do not admit that Lot's wife entered, or made an effort to enter, Sodom, with the purpose of seeking those effects which were precious to her, and which she regretted, the exhortation of Jesus Christ does not explain itself. It has meaning only in the supposition that she was not restricted to the turning of the head toward Sodom, but that she retraced her steps, in open disobedience to the command which she had received from Jehovah. Or if, after having wandered for some time, she approached at length the scene of the conflagration, nothing is more easy to

explain than the manner in which she perished; reduced to ashes or suffocated, she remained immovable, as a statue of salt, a monument of God's justice. This interpretation not being contrary to the Hebrew text, which appropriately takes the sense which we give to it, it will be at least useless to admit that Lot's wife was changed into a statue of salt, or became a mass of salt. At the most, indeed, we may admit with Hess, that upon her calcined body particles of salt and bitumen were heaped up, which formed a kind of natural rocky tumulus where she fell dead? But we cannot subscribe to the opinion of Michaelis, who supposes that it is here a question, if the inhabitants of the country did not afterwards construct a monument to Lot's wife, using for the purpose the salt of Sodom, with which they formed a hillock above the place where she perished. The Hebrew phrase is not at all susceptible of this interpretation, while it well supports that which we have advanced. Suffocated or burned so as to present all the appearances of a statue of salt, the wife of Lot teaches us that we ought not to covet the goods of earth, nor to regret perishable riches; that when Jehovah speaks we must obey, and go whither he calls us; that hesitation and doubt are often equivalent to refusal, and to open disobedience; and that in floating between the desire of conforming ourselves to the will of God, and the care of our personal interests, we risk being overwhelmed in the ruin of the wicked. Our Lord has said, "Remember Lot's wife."

MARRIAGE OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

You have favoured the unmarried sisters now and then with strong and salutary warnings against being unequally yoked; pray, Sirs, now, to turn the consideration of your readers to the working cause of this evil, as well as to the result which distresses brother L.; remembering that the brethren can go where they please, but the sisters must wait to be chosen. *

In the church of which I am a member, nearly three in four are sisters:—supposing that *all* the young men marry in the church, where are the larger number of sisters who remain to find husbands, seeing that all our churches have nearly the same small minority of brethren?

In case L. can solve this, as a wise student of human nature, and not only as a "righteous" man, let him then say what the *neglected* sisters are to do when half of the brethren marry *out* of the church, women in the most important respects inferior to the sisters.

And, thirdly, if sisters marrying, not from choice, but under the necessity specified, out of the church of which they are members, are to be considered *lost*, let L. say what is to be the end of brethren (pastors and deacons as well as private members)

who, *from choice*, marry from other churches, and from *no* church.

When L. succeeds in setting the brethren right, his severities will find a more kindly reception from your humble fellow servant,

A MARRIED SISTER,
whom the Master provided with a husband
in the same church.

[We have a great belief in the principle of *audi alteram partem*. We think there is great force in what a "Married Sister" says.]

A Page for the Young.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"I can't help it, there! I may as well say it as think it: Sunday is the dullest day of the week," said Harry Wilson, as he stood looking from the open window, stretching his arms at full length above his head, and gaping a very long gape.

Close beside him sat his sister Mary, who lifted her mild blue eyes till they met his, and then said, half reproachfully, "Oh, Harry, don't say that! it would trouble mother so much if she heard you, and father, too."

"I don't wish to trouble them; but you need not look at me with such a solemn face, and shake your head so wisely, Mary. I have thought of it a long time, and I do really wish there was no such thing as Sunday. It is a hard case to have to go to Sunday school every Sunday, and sit so straight by a row of boys, and say off verses out of the bible that don't interest me a bit. All the time, I believe the teacher wishes Sunday school was out as much as I do, for he keeps looking at the clock to see if it is time to put up the books. And then after that I must go to chapel, and sit with my legs dangling till they ache. Nothing but preaching and praying all day long, and a boy never gets any chance to rest. And after chapel, if I take up a book I like, why it is, 'Harry, my son, what book have you there?' and if it is particularly interesting, of course I have to lay it down, and some memoir of some wonderful child, so good I guess it never lived, is recommended to me. No, Mary, I tell you what, if I had my way there would be no more Sundays."

Again the blue eyes were lifted, and this time half filled with tears; and "Hush, Harry, hush! don't speak so loud; mother

will surely hear you, and you will make her so unhappy," came from Mary's lips. By this time Harry had relieved himself of a burden of bad feelings, but he felt no better. He knew it was all wrong, every word he had been saying. His conscience had told him all the while that he was wicked and ungrateful; but he would not listen to its reproofs, and now he stood there miserable and unhappy, displeased with himself and those who were his best friends. His mother had heard the whole of it. Startled by the tone of his voice, she laid aside her book and listened to his complainings. What could she do? She wanted to make Sunday a pleasant day to her children, and she wanted them to keep it holy.

Harry's father was a minister, and feeling deeply the responsibility of his office, he was anxious that his children (he had only two) should, by their good conduct, influence the children of his charge. So far as his little girl was concerned he was satisfied; but he often confessed to himself, that if there was a restless child in chapel it was his own Harry, and that when he most wished to have the attention of the little ones of his flock, then from his own pew,—that most conspicuous pew,—a pair of eyes were wandering to the furthest corner of the building, taking a survey of gallery, ceiling, and organ, or possibly, by an expressive glance, causing a burst of merriment from boys no wiser nor better than his own. He had talked it over with his wife,—he had prayed for the thoughtless child with many tears,—had endeavoured to win him by kind words to the path of duty, but he had never known half the opposition that

was in his child's heart to the things of religion.

For a moment, the mother raised her thoughts in prayer for divine direction, and then with a deep sigh joined her children. She knew that it would be no use to blame Harry for what he had said; she would go deeper, and if possible remove the feeling that prompted his words.

With a pleasant smile she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Come, my son, get your hat, and we will walk down to the river side to see the sunset; and Mary, get your bonnet and go with us."

They were all visitors at the house of a widowed and childless aunt of Mrs. Wilson's, who welcomed them every summer to her pleasant country-seat, and when winter came, passed much of her time in the city, under the pastor's roof.

The walk to the river was a lovely one; a shaded path by the side of the broad meadow, and then through a pleasant grove quite to the water's edge. Here they had made a little bower with rustic seats, where they could watch the last rays of the sun reflected upon the water, and in this bower Mrs. Wilson and her children often seated themselves with work or books, to breathe the pure air, and hear the sweet songs of the birds.

"How lovely it is to-day; how very sweet the new hay smells in the meadow, and how happy and grateful the birds are! We, my children, must not be the only ones who forget to thank God for his many blessings."

"I am reminded of those lines of old George Herbert," continued Mrs. Wilson,—

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew must weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

"And now, while we sit here, I will tell you a story,—not one of those good bible stories that I have so often told you, but a new one," said Mrs. Wilson. She noticed that Harry looked very sad, but she said nothing. She believed that he was suffering the consequences of his own evil thoughts and words, and that already he was deeply lamenting, but she preferred to leave him to himself at present, and she proceeded with her story.

"There was once a great king who reigned over a beautiful country, and over a people who loved him, and delighted to do his will.

"Through the whole length of this land there flowed a river as pure as crystal,—so clear that those who stood upon its banks might look down upon the pearls and golden sands far below, and so smooth that it seemed like a mirror, to reflect the glorious light that shone upon it.

"On each side grew lofty trees, whose wide-spreading branches made pleasant bowers where the people might repose, and drink the cooling waters of the river, or gather the delicious fruit that hung in profusion over their heads.

"Strains of enrapturing music were continually borne upon cool and refreshing breezes, and as they came, those who heard them with one voice joined in the chorus, which proclaimed their joyous gratitude to their king, and to the prince his only son.

"The one sole delight of the people of this happy land, was to do the will of their more than father, and of his son, their elder brother. To be sent on errands of mercy, or as messengers of love to distant provinces, was the office from time to time of many of these happy beings, while others followed the steps of their sovereign, and drank in wisdom from his lips. To search out the records of his past goodness, to listen to the story of his mercies that had never ceased, from those who delighted to relate their experience of them, were among the employments which gave them no weariness, and from which they never turned away satisfied or filled.

"But there was still a happiness far beyond any that I have mentioned,—one that could be compared to nothing else. It was to be permitted to enjoy the society of the king's son, to meet his approving smile, to have his kind glance of recognition, and to listen to the sound of his voice, which was like the sound of many waters. Every inhabitant of that land, from the loftiest peer to the lowest child, thought it a surpassing honour to be noticed by him; so kind, so glorious, so noble, so condescending, so majestically beautiful, was this royal son of the mighty king.

"In the midst of this land was a city whose gates stood ever wide open, so that all might enter and return as they would. Within were streets of shining gold, and mansions of perfect bliss. The walls were of jasper, the foundations of precious stones, and the gates were each made of one won-

derful pearl. Happy beings, with joyful faces and shining garments, walked those streets, and no sound of discord, no sorrow, no tear ever entered there.

"But this king had another country far away, an island across a distant ocean, where the people were not so good, or so happy. He had given them everything to please them,—a sun to give them light by day, and a moon to shine upon them by night,—birds to sing for them,—flowers to gladden their hearts and eyes; and rocks, rivers, and trees to vary the landscape; but still they did not love him, but murmured and complained against his laws. They had often disobeyed him and brought suffering upon themselves, and this made them the more discontented. Still, if any were sorry, and tried to please the king, he would always receive them again as his subjects, and they would have peace in their hearts. Some of them rejoiced to do his will, and if suffering came, they bore it cheerfully, because they knew it was sent to make them better in the end.

"But there was one trial that gave more sorrow than any other. It was the frequent arrival of a ship that always came unexpectedly, however much they watched for it. They could never by reckoning tell the exact time of its coming; and when it came into port, it struck terror into every heart. One solitary angel was on board, and as he entered the house of the person he had been sent to call away, loud cries and sobs were often heard from within. It was useless to resist, the one sent for must go. Whether it was a father, or mother, a child, a brother, or a sister, that one must surely go. However much they might dread to go alone, however hard it was to part with dear friends, and sail over that cold and silent sea, yet no tears or prayers could keep them, when the king sent his messenger for them.

"But although most of the people of this island went reluctantly on board that ship, yet some there were who loved the king and his only son, and looked forward joyfully to the time when they might go home and see them. There were some whose grey hairs and feeble steps showed they had long been waiting for the messenger, and some in the spring-time of life, who, from earliest years, had loved the distant home better than the land of their birth, and when the angel came to these he met a smiling welcome.

"Calmly and serenely they bade farewell to all they loved, and drew near to the shores of that vast ocean, took their seats upon the ship, and waved a last farewell as it passed out of sight.

"No one ever returned to say whither the ship conveyed them, but the angel had said that they did not all go to the same place.

"He told them that those who obeyed the king's commands, and were good and legal subjects, were wafted swiftly across the sea to the glorious land I have described; while those who loved him not, and could find no happiness in the society of those who did, were carried to another land where the light of the king's countenance never fell, where they might for ever mingle with his enemies and enjoy such pleasures as they could offer them. Once the ship brought a summons to a little boy who had never loved the king, and had often been heard to say that he would rather have no king to reign over him. He had wished to please himself, and thought the king's laws very hard to obey.

"When the birth-day of the prince had been celebrated by his friends, he had thought it very tedious to join in the songs that were sung in his honour, and had wished that the birth-days need not be kept. But now he was sent for to go into that ship, and in a moment he recollected all he had said and felt so many times. In vain he held fast to his father and his mother—the angel was calling for him, and could not wait. Shivering with fear, he turned away from those he loved, and bitter tears flowed down his cheeks, as he waved his last good-bye to father, mother, and sister.

"And they, too, wept as the ship sailed away from their sight, for they knew not if they should ever see him again. They knew not if, because he was so very young, the king would pardon his ingratitude, and take him to himself. They could never know, until their turn came, and they were landed safe on the shores of their glorious home."

Harry had listened to every word that his mother had spoken, and when she finished, the tears stood in his eyes, and his heart beat fast. He knew that it was an allegory he had heard, and that it contained a deeper meaning than at first appeared.

He thought if the "ship of Death" should come for him, surely he would not be ready for the voyage, that it would never take him to the happy land.

He thought of all the wicked feelings he had had about Sundays, and sermons, and Sunday schools,—he remembered how often he had wished he could never hear of religious things any more,—and now his heart was wrong, what should he do, how could he be forgiven?

Turning to his mother, he said, with choking tears, "Oh, mother, I am 'that little boy! I have been very, very ungrateful and wicked, do you think Jesus will

forgive me?" His mother wept with him, as she answered him that Jesus would never send away from him those who truly repented; and she knelt down with a full heart, and prayed that the Holy Spirit would renew the heart of her boy.

Harry resolved, from that time, that he would be an obedient subject to his God and King, and that he would prepare himself for his home above by living the life of a christian here.

Miscellaneous.

ON NOVEL READING.—I consider novel reading, in all the shapes which those publications assume, as very objectionable and dangerous, particularly so to young people. It is not to this or that novel, but to the *principle* to which I object, and therefore my opinion is opposed as much to what are called good novels as to bad ones. Though the plot and the details may be worse in some novels than in others, the *principle* is alike in all. They are all addressed to the imagination, to which they present a highly coloured and exaggerated statement of incidents and events, such as never occur in the actual scenes of life, from whence the novel reader is led to form a false estimate of the probable occurrences of life, to expect catastrophes which never happen, and to look for a kind and degree of happiness which is not to be met with. This excited imagination pictures everything to him relating to the future through a deceitful medium,—and what is the consequence? The common events of life, which are generally of a sober and tame kind, dissatisfy him; the realities of life are dull and insipid to him. Instead of being thankful for the many little mercies which it pleased God to bestow on him,—instead of being active and cheerful in performing the duties of life and bearing its disappointments,—he is discontented, gloomy, and dissatisfied. This is the disposition which novel reading, or the reading of any books which are exclusively addressed to the imagination, is calculated to produce; which, if you will consider it, you will perceive is directly opposed to the disposition which a christian ought to cultivate. And the false steps, errors, and mistakes, which a person acting under the influence of such a disposition is liable to make, with reference to his worldly prospects, cannot be calculated. I might mention fifty other objections, if I chose to enter into the subject more fully; but this one will, I hope, satisfy you, and every one whose reason is open to conviction, that novel reading should be carefully avoided. Even those books which we call religious story-books, I object to, because they are, I fear, too often the first steps of the pernicious habit of reading novels. When I

permitted you formerly to read such story-books, I had not sufficiently considered their tendency. I should now put my veto upon many of them which I formerly allowed.—*The Rev. H. Alford in a Letter to his Son.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER.—The efficacy of prayer, to bring light and wisdom into the mind, peace into the conscience, submission into the will, and purity into the affections; to keep our garments clean, our armour bright, and our hearts joyful; to make us strong for the conflict, for service, or for suffering; to obtain sufficiency for our place and work, and a blessing on our endeavours; to secure peace with our enemies, or protection against them; to carry every point that is truly good for us; to bring down blessings on our families, friends, and country; to procure peace and prosperity to the church, the conversion of sinners, and the spread of the gospel; and for all things which we can desire or conceive;—must be allowed by every man who reverences the Scriptures, or knows what it is "to talk with God." Did men speculate and dispute less, and pray more, their souls would be "like a watered garden,"—fruitful, joyful, beautiful, and fragrant. Prayer is the first breath of divine life; it is the pulse of the believing soul, the best criterion of health or sickness, vigour or debility. By prayer we "draw water with joy from the wells of salvation;" by prayer faith puts forth its energy in apprehending the promised blessings, and receiving from the Redeemer's fulness; in leaning on his Almighty arm, and making "his name our strong tower;" and in overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil. All other means of grace are made effectual by prayer; every doctrine and instruction produces its effect in proportion as this is attended to; every grace revives or languishes according to the same rule. Our grand conflict with Satan and our own hearts is about prayer; the sinner feels less reluctance, and meets with less resistance, in all other means of grace, than in retiring to "pour out his heart" secretly before God; and the believer will find his chief difficulty to consist in continuing instant and fervent in this spiritual exercise. If he succeed here,

all else will eventually give place before him, and turn out to his benefit and comfort.—*Rev. T. Scott.*

CHRISTIAN EQUANIMITY.—To preserve an equal temper of mind and tenor of conversation, in the various turns and changes of the present state, argues an excellent degree of holiness. The condition of men in this world is like the sea, the theatre of inconstancy. Their affections are like the winds; some are turbid, others serene and cheerful; some warm and comforting, others cold and sharp; some placid and gentle, others stormy and furious; and it is

as difficult to regulate the affections as to order those discordant spirits in the air. They are the most depraved faculties in man: there are some sparks of light and purity in the natural conscience, but the passions are the fountains of sin and folly. By their unruly insurrection, the understanding is deposed, and men are brought into a brutish servitude. They are sometimes jealous to rage, sad to despair, dead with fear, drunk with joy and fond hopes of concealed happiness. To free us from their vanity and tyranny is the most noble effect of grace.—*Bates.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The event of the Month which to our readers will be most interesting is the carrying in the House of Commons of the second reading of the *Church-Rates Abolition Bill*. This result of the efforts of the last three months is the more gratifying, inasmuch as it was gained in spite of the opposition of Lord Palmerston. The Premier's opposition came indeed somewhat unexpectedly, for he had supported the bill on its first reading, and in such terms as led to the confident expectation that he would support it throughout; but at the last moment he boldly declared the bill "impossible" to be carried, "impossible" to be worked, and, in fact, that the whole subject was an "impossible" one. He had to pay the penalty of his inconsistency pretty soon, for in a House of 406 members the majority against him was 28.—even several members of his administration, and nearly all his ordinary supporters, voted against him. The victory is manifestly the result of the earnest efforts which were made between the first and second reading of the bill. Up to the time we write, 1,537 petitions have been presented, with about 145,000 signatures. We trust that these efforts will be continued. The bill is, we trust, now safe in the House of Commons; but it is not safe to pass the House of Lords. It can only pass what has been called "the Golgotha of liberal measures, the House of the Bishops," by indications of a state of public opinion that will not be denied.

The War, alas, still continues, and the probability of its continuance increases. The state of things before Sebastopol seem to be little changed, except that the strength of the allies is daily increasing. It is supposed that very shortly there will be 200,000 of the allied forces in the Crimea. General Canrobert has given up his place as Commander-in-Chief of the French army to General Pélissier. This change is supposed to be the signal for greater activity,—possibly for some new and energetic movement.

The failure and evident mismanagement of the war has led to the formation in London of an Administrative Reform As-

sociation. Its object is, of course, to hasten administrative reform, by directing and concentrating public attention to the subject. It will find many illustrations of the necessity of reform in the facts elicited during the sittings of the Sebastopol Enquiry Committee. Meetings have already been held in support of the movement in various parts of the country, and Mr. Layard,—the conqueror of Nineveh,—has undertaken to be its organ and champion in the House of Commons. We hope that the noble member, who has already taken one "great bull," will be successful in taking also this bull "by the horns." Assuredly, he will have the sympathy of the people, however parliamentary and aristocratic place-men may try to put him down.

"Who can tell," we said last month, "what the Emperor of France has before him?" Scarcely had the words been written before the news arrived that he had been shot at in the streets of Paris by an Italian named Pianori. The man had not taken good enough aim, so Louis Napoleon escaped; though he accounted for the failure by saying that he was immortal till his mission should be accomplished. The doctrine is doubtless true,—"Man is immortal till his work is done:" we would rather, however, not hear such language from such lips: and who is to be the judge when Napoleon's mission, or any other man's, is accomplished? The assassin has expiated his crime on the guillotine, and so much, therefore, of Louis Napoleon's "mission" is fulfilled. But how uncertain are all human events! In April, Louis Napoleon was in England,—the object of universal enthusiasm,—and with his bride, the guest of England, in her royal halls! In May, he was within a few inches of falling by the hand of an assassin! It was a pale and ghastly spectre that so boldly looked the Emperor of France in the face: may it be proved that by the sight he has been led to "consider his days," and thus "to learn wisdom!"

BURNHAM, ESSEX.

Services were held on May 1st to recognise the Rev. E. Griffiths, formerly of Apwell, Norfolk, as pastor of the Baptist

church in this trading and thriving little town. The Rev. A. Anderson, of Bures, introduced the services of the day by a statement of the scriptural nature and practical advantages of congregational church-fellowship for the preservation, growth, and diffusion of the gospel. The Rev. E. Griffiths stated the principles on which he purposed to conduct his ministry, and the Rev. R. Bayne, of Langham, offered prayer on behalf of the pastor and people. The Rev. J. T. Wigner, Lynn (formerly a member of the church), delivered an address to the members from 1 Cor. xvi. 10. "See that he may be with you without fear; for he worketh the work of the Lord, as also I do. Let no man, therefore, despise him." The Revs. Messrs. Winter, of Southminster, and Nayward, of Rochford (Independents), took part in the devotional services. The services of the day were rendered still more interesting by the presentation of a purse of sixty-six sovereigns, together with an easy chair, and some other minor presents, to the venerable and beloved pastor of the church, who, on May-day, 1811, was ordained over them in the Lord, and who retires from the pastorate by reason of the infirmities of age, in his 80th year, and 47th of his ministry. The following inscription, written on vellum, and elegantly framed, was presented with the purse:—"Memorial of the presentation of a purse of sixty-six sovereigns, and an easy chair, to the Rev. J. Garrington, on occasion of his resignation of the pastorate of the Baptist church, Burnham, Essex, after forty-four years of holy life and faithful labour. The subscribers to the testimonial present it as a tribute of their affectionate regard, whilst they feel it is at best but a feeble tribute to one who has so long 'borne the burden and heat of the day,' and whose imperishable record is registered in heaven, in the many precious souls through his ministry who have through grace reached the home of the blessed, and others who are on the way thither. It is presented with sincerest gratitude to God, who has thus owned their beloved friend's labours,—to him, with expressions of real affection, and with earnest prayer that the eventide of his life may be perfectly serene, cheered by seeing the church, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. Griffiths, largely blest, and animated with the assurance of the crown of life, his eternal portion."

OPENING OF THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, HUDDERSFIELD.

This important town, although containing several strong Nonconforming churches, and surrounded in the neighbouring villages with Baptist chapels, has never till now possessed a chapel belonging to the Baptist denomination. The chapel just opened was built by the Socialists in 1839, for the promulgation of their teachings, the first stone being laid by the celebrated Robert Owen. This society, however, after occupying the place about eight years, became defunct, and the

principal shareholders leased it to the Unitarians. The Unitarians having, on the expiration of their lease, built a chapel for themselves, this place was purchased by the Baptist friends in the town and neighbourhood, at a cost of about £1,200, and put in trust for the denomination. After considerable improvements, costing a further sum of £300, the place was opened for divine worship on Wednesday, the 18th of April. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, preached in the morning and evening; and the Rev. J. Stacey (New Connexion), of Halifax, in the afternoon. On Sunday, the 22nd, the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., classical tutor of Horton College, Bradford, preached in the morning and evening; and the Rev. Robert Bruce, M.A., of Huddersfield (Independent), in the afternoon. On Sunday, the 29th, the Rev. D. Wassell, of Bath, preached in the morning and evening; and the Rev. John Stock, of Salendine-nook, in the afternoon. On Wednesday, the 2nd of May, a public tea meeting was held in the school, the tea being liberally provided by the ladies. After tea, the friends assembled in the chapel, and were addressed by several ministers and friends: William Shaw, sen., Esq., presiding on the occasion. The collections on these occasions amounted to about £100, thus leaving a debt of only £200 upon the premises. The ground on which the building stands is freehold,—rather a scarce commodity in Huddersfield. The chapel is comfortably pewed: the pews in parts remote from the centre, rising above each other somewhat in the form of an amphitheatre. There is no gallery, but a convenient orchestra with neat organ over the entrance; and instead of a pulpit there is a raised platform, with baptistry beneath. The chapel is brilliantly lighted from the ceiling, with four sunlights. The church worshipping here has been established about nine years, and formerly met in the large room over Mr. Thomas's school, in King-street.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL IN REGENT'S PARK.

This noble edifice, which, as our readers will remember, has been altered from the late Diorama, at a cost of £18,000, by the munificence of Sir Morton Peto, was opened for divine worship on the 1st of May. Sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Brock, from Acts v. 20, and by the Rev. S. Martin, of Westminster, from John i. 50. Both sermons were worthy of the occasion. Between the sermons the friends met for dinner. Ministers and friends from all parts of the country were present. The Rev. W. Landels commences his ministry in the new chapel with the sympathies and best hopes of the church.

ZION CHAPEL, DEAL.

The Rev. W. Garwood, late of Ramsgate, has accepted the unanimous call of the church in this place. He commences his labours with pleasing prospects of success and usefulness.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

JULY, 1855.

UNION TO CHRIST ESSENTIAL TO USEFULNESS.

A SKETCH OF A SERMON.*

BY THE REV. J. M. STEPHENS.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—*John xv. 5.*

These words of our Lord are true, taken in their most positive and literal sense. As the Divine Word, the world was made by him, and in him we live, and move, and have our being. Whatever power, therefore, may be possessed by his creatures, is derived from, and belongs to, him, and, naturally and physically, *without him we can do nothing.*

But it is evident that the Saviour here speaks of spiritual action,—the operation of a spiritual life. And in this sense his assertion is true. The soul is dead, except in proportion as it is quickened by him. There can be no true repentance, no faith, no love, no yearning for holiness, no hungering and thirsting after righteousness, no panting after God, no longing for heaven, no spiritual life in any of its manifestations, but as that life proceeds from him; for "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will."

But if we refer to the connection in which the words are found, we shall be led yet further to limit their application. They are addressed by our Lord directly and exclusively to his disciples, and their meaning is fully illustrated by his reference to the vine and its branches. "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me," or severed from me, "ye can do nothing." The fruits they were expected to yield, were alike those of personal holiness and relative usefulness. If we could suppose that either one of their number had been commanded to retire to the desert, and spend the remainder of his life afar removed from all communication with his fellow-men, yet still would he have been required to bring forth fruit to the praise and glory of his Lord. The exercise of deep repentance, and of a simple but firm reliance on the Saviour's infinite grace,—a ready, cheerful, and loving obedience to all his commands,—a hatred to sin, and an earnest, watchful struggle against all its motions,—a crucifixion of the flesh, with its affections and lusts,—a habit of continued communion with the Lord, and of fervent prayer to him,—together with a hearty appreciation of his mercy, and the going forth of the soul to him in gratitude and love, while with holy joy the glory to be brought to us at his appearing is anticipated,—these are fruits of holiness acceptable in

* Delivered at the meeting of the Oxfordshire Association, at Blockley, June 6th, 1855, and contributed to "The Church" at the request of the congregation.

his sight, and well pleasing unto him, which will be found in all who are truly his, in every or in any position in which they may be placed.

They, however, were not called to avoid human society, but, on the contrary, were sent forth into the midst of the world. They were required to mingle in its busiest scenes, and to court rather than shun publicity; but it was in a peculiar character, and in the fulfilment of the duties of a special office. To them was committed the ministry of reconciliation, and they were constituted the ambassadors of God to a world lying in wickedness,—messengers of divine mercy to guilty, wretched, dying men. In the discharge of their sublime office,—an office that angels might have aspired to,—amidst all the opposition which they were forewarned they would have to encounter, they would continually feel that their sufficiency was of God. Nothing but a constant recognition of their Lord's authority, of their Lord's presence, and of their Lord's coöperation, could possibly sustain them; and in the text he assures them, that without him they could do nothing. If, then, their ministry should yield any fruit, if its great end were accomplished, if the Redeemer were magnified, and sinners converted and saved, it would be by them instrumentally, but by Christ efficiently. Abiding in him they may bring forth much fruit, but without him they could do nothing.

These words have been selected as suggesting some thoughts appropriate to the occasion, and which may not be uninteresting, or, by God's blessing, unprofitable to us. It is supposed that what is particularly styled the Association sermon is designed to be addressed specially to the ministers and messengers assembled, and, therefore, though the following remarks would admit of general application, it will be excused if, by way of illustration and appeal, reference be made more particularly to the bishops and deacons of our New Testament churches.

To you, then, I address myself, honoured brethren and fathers in the work of the Lord; and the subject, deduced from the text, to which I ask your attention, is this,—

A living union to Christ essential to all holiness, and to all usefulness in his church.

We will, first, consider what is meant by a living union to Christ, and, secondly, how such union will affect our holiness and usefulness.

I. What is meant by a living union to Christ? Here I remark that a living union to Christ implies a living faith in Christ, and the reception of spiritual influence from Christ.

1. A living faith in Christ. The great and glorious Redeemer is not to us an object of sight, but of faith. How large a portion of our race to this present hour see him not, hear him not, know him not! But ye, brethren, see, and hear, and know the Lord; for he is with you, and dwelleth in you.

By a living faith we understand an operative principle, in distinction from a mere assent of the mind to a certain creed. Faith without works is dead, and profits nothing. True faith will affect the character, it will influence the conduct, it will rule the life, of the believer.

Faith in Christ embraces faith in what he was, and said, and did, while in the flesh dwelling among men. The more we study the gospel history, the more distinct and definite will be our conception of Jesus. We shall apprehend how perfectly human he was,—how entirely an example to us,—while in his holiness, his wisdom, and his mighty works, the God shone through the man.

Faith lays hold of the man Christ Jesus, as well as of the divine Redeemer of our race. It dwells over the scenes of his personal ministry, rejoicing with the angels at Bethlehem, and at length weeping with the

women at the cross, and feels that in the Holy Jesus we have a bright example of all human excellence, as well as an all-atoning sacrifice,—a divine Saviour. From his life and history she gathers many an important lesson, many an incentive to exertion, many an assurance of final triumph. The believer binds to his soul the invitations of his Saviour's mercy, the promises of his love, and the truths relating to his great salvation, as far more precious to him than thousands of gold and silver; and while gratefully acknowledging the unutterable obligations under which he is laid, he goes forth, legally *free* it is true, but morally and voluntarily the *bondsman* of the Lord, saying, "I am not my own, I am bought with a price, and the love of Christ constraineth me no longer to live to myself, but unto him who loved me, and gave himself for me."

But faith in Christ embraces not only faith in what he was, but also faith in what he is as the risen, exalted, and everliving Saviour. It views him seated on the throne of universal government, all thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, being made subject unto him. It views him there the same holy, beneficent, and compassionate friend of sinners which he was on earth; his object still the same, to seek and to save that which is lost; still in the exercise of his mercy sending forth the glad tidings of salvation to the most rebellious and most miserable children of men. Faith looks to Christ as the *living Lord*, and recognises that the Saviour whom we trust, the Master whom we serve, is higher than the kings of the earth, and that the mission he has entrusted to us, as the ministers of his gospel, is greater and more glorious than that of kings and emperors, in as far as the salvation of one soul which he has purchased with his own blood is far more precious to him than the deliverance of a mighty people from temporary anarchy, or Europe from political servitude.

But faith in Christ includes likewise faith in him as a *present* Saviour, not only as reigning in heaven, but dwelling in his church on earth. "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Here is an assurance, not the only one of the kind, but sufficient of itself to prove that we speak of no vain thing when we speak of union to Christ. Nothing can sever him from his people. We may be divided from friends and relatives,—howling wastes or stormy seas may separate us from the guide of our youth, or the counsellor of our maturer age,—death may effectually bar us from communion with those who have instructed, encouraged, and comforted us in years past,—but Jesus says, "Lo, I am with you always." We may have our family trials, and our pastoral cares,—we may have to meet with the scorn of the world, or the opposition of ungodly men,—with the coldness of a lukewarm church, or the insincerity of false brethren,—but in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us; and we are persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever separate us from him or from his love.

Brethren, we are the servants of Jesus; we go not to our work by our own authority, but we bear his high commission; we go not in our own strength, but in the might of the living Lord; we go not alone, but he is with us always, even to the end of the world.

A living faith in Christ is implied in a vital union to him,—and, also,

2. The reception of spiritual influence from Christ. This, as well as the previous remark, is suggested by our Saviour's own definition of union to himself: "He that abideth in me, and I in him." By the exercise of faith, the believer abides in Christ; by the communication of Divine grace, Christ abides in the believer. We know that this doctrine of a special and direct communication of gracious influence by Christ to his

people, has not only been questioned, but scouted and contemned by men who have made no small parade of human learning and worldly wisdom; yet we find the Scriptures continually alluding to an influence, at once quickening, enlightening, sanctifying, sustaining, and comforting, exercised by the Redeemer in and upon all who truly believe in him. Our own experience corroborates the testimony of the Divine Word; for what believer is there but has at times delightfully felt the presence and power of Christ in his soul? Where there is an ear to hear, the voice of the Saviour will frequently be heard. Where there is an eye to see, a spiritual perception to behold, his glory will often be manifested. Some may, in the entireness of their dependance on the inward light, be led to neglect or reject all means; but we, brethren, have to be on our guard lest, while using the means, we should neglect the inward light. If there be any truth in Scripture, or in christian experience, the Spirit of Christ dwells in all his servants, and "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "Know ye not, brethren, that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God?" It is very striking to observe how constantly Paul appealed to this great truth. "I live," he says; "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was in me." Yes, and the earnest, holy, devoted servant of Christ will ever say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." This communication of Divine grace by Jesus to his servants, through the Holy Spirit, is his abiding in them, and helps to show what is meant by a living union to Christ. We in him, and he in us; even as he is one with the Father, so are we one in him. Glorious truth!—Let us proceed to consider,—

II. How such union to Christ will affect our holiness and usefulness.

1. As to our holiness. Here let us clearly distinguish between holiness and mere morality. Morality is a virtuous life; holiness is a heart right with God. Morality has its origin in expediency, what on the whole is best for ourselves and others; holiness has its origin in a new nature, sanctified by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Morality is the constrained effort of a bad tree to bring forth good fruit; holiness is the spontaneous yielding of good fruit by a good tree. Morality may satisfy men, who look only at the outward appearance; but God looketh at the heart, and without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Morality is proud, confident, and self-sufficient; holiness is humble, meek, diffident, and trusting. Morality delights to judge, censure, and condemn; holiness pities the outcast, weeps and prays with the sinner, and strives for his salvation. There may be morality without union to Christ, but holiness *never*. That union is its only source or spring. If we know the grace of God in truth, then we know also that the desires of our carnal nature are in opposition to the desires of the Spirit within us, and that the desires of the Spirit are in opposition to those of our carnal nature,—these are contrary the one to the other, so that we cannot do the things which we would. But it is for us, brethren, to keep under the body, and bring it into subjection, lest after having preached the Gospel to others we ourselves should be cast away. But without Christ we can do nothing. One advantage arising from these annual gatherings is, that they suggest a review of the past, and earnest self-examination as to what we have been, what we have done, and what have been our motives. As to our own character and experience of the things of God, our personal growth in grace and holiness, what, dear brethren, is the testimony of our hearts? Is Jesus all in all to us?

"Nourished by Him, and kept alive,
We flourish and bear fruit;"

but without Him we can do nothing.

"Oh, may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !

"Closer and closer let us cling
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace."

2. As to our usefulness. Our office and our duty are to testify the grace of God, to win souls to Christ, and to feed the flock of God committed to our charge. We are commissioned to turn men from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God,—to warn the unruly, to comfort the feeble-minded, to support the weak. But, brethren, these are all spiritual objects, and without the Spirit we labour in vain, and spend our strength for naught and in vain. Our means may be as wisely conceived, as judiciously planned, and as perseveringly and laboriously worked as possible, but without Christ we can do nothing. How perfunctory and inane, how all but mechanical are our services, where there is not a living union to Christ ! If we engage in our work full of love to Jesus, believing in a living and present Saviour, and endowed richly with all spiritual grace by him, life and power will attend our ministry;—

"But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,"

we soon, ah, how soon, discover how great our weakness is ! On these occasions our ears are not unfamiliar with the language of complaint. We have often to sigh and cry over the low state of the church. But, oh, Sirs, is there not a cause ? "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." If, indeed, we could believe with some, that divine grace is conveyed, and surely conveyed, by divers baptisms, washings, and carnal ordinances, duly administered by duly ordained functionaries, then we may see no special reason for union to Christ; but believing as we do, in a spiritual, in contra-distinction to a ritual, Christianity, we feel the absolute necessity of ourselves receiving grace from the primal fount, and power from Him to whom alone it belongs,—of our being united to Christ, and made one with him,—to the success of our ministry. And of that success we need not doubt, as for it we shall not be responsible, if it be so with us. Let us then, brethren, seek to go forth to our work in the vineyard of the Lord, trusting in an almighty, an everliving, and an ever-present Saviour,—having no other master,—our one anxiety being to please him,—confident in our safety, since we are under his protection who will fill all the mountain and the plain with chariots of fire, and horses of fire, round about his servants,—relying simply upon him for all needful supplies, and willing either to be abased, or to be exalted, to be full, or to be hungry, to abound, or to suffer need, as may seem good in his sight,—not counting our lives dear unto us, so that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry which we have received of the Lord Jesus,—then may we hope for all that result of our labour which we so ardently desire, and for which we so earnestly pray; and then should we experience all the blessedness of a living union to Christ. "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." May the principle and the spirit of our life be,—

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

"Thee my new Master now I call;
And consecrate to thee my all;
Oh, make me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity."

Cirencester.

ISRAEL'S NEED AND GOD'S MERCY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night: He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, *from before the people.*"—*Exod. xiii. 21, 22.*

If the books of Moses were now for the first time put into our hands, with what deep interest should we read them, and what a powerful impression would their contents make upon our minds. To sit down and read, how God fitted up the world for our reception, how he created our first parents, how they fell by sin, and how graciously God opened a door of hope before them. To go through the history of the long-lived antediluvians, the history of the patriarchs, and, above all, God's wonderful dealings with his people. Surely we should be absorbed in the subject, and filled with admiration at the book. But we have been familiar with these things from our childhood, and therefore they have lost the charm of novelty. Still we cannot read these books carefully and with prayer, especially when we bear in mind that the past was typical of the present, without interest, instruction, and profit. Israel had been brought out of Egypt with a mighty hand: they were about to cross the sea, enter the wilderness, and travel to the promised land. Moses was their leader, but they needed one wiser, more patient, and more powerful than Moses. Just so we; the Lord has brought us out of the Egypt of our natural state; we have crossed the sea, which for ever forbids our return to it; we are strangers and pilgrims on earth; and are travelling to a country which the Lord has promised to give us for an inheritance. There is, therefore, a similarity between Israel's circumstances and our own; and we will keep this in view while we meditate on this portion of the Lord's word. Here we see,—

First,—ISRAEL'S NEED. They needed A GUIDE. They had a long journey before them, which would take them forty years. They had to travel by a strange path, on which they had never trodden before. Numerous foes would endeavour to obstruct their progress. Many dangers lined the way. And they had mistrustful and misgiving hearts. Fellow-Christians, is it not even so with us? We are going to a country of which the Lord our God hath told us, and which he has sworn to our fathers to give us. The journey is long and trying. It takes some twenty, some forty, and some sixty years to travel from earth to heaven. It is by a strange path. A path which no fowl knoweth. A path we have never trodden before. A path which by nature we could never find, and from which we are still prone to start. We are surrounded by numerous foes, visible and invisible. The world frowning as a determined persecutor, or fawning as a base deceiver, is our foe. Now by its sneers, sarcasms, or sword; and then by its gilded vanities, flesh-pleasing baits, and blandishments, it endeavours to turn us aside from the right ways of the Lord. Satan and his hosts, crafty, cunning, cruel, united, persever-

ing, and determined, set themselves to terrify and drive us back, or to allure us from the way. And worst of all, in our own natures, we have a determined foe. Ever present. Ever vigilant. Ever powerful. The flesh lusteth against the Spirit. We find a law in our members warring against the law of our minds. The world, the flesh, and the devil, combine to oppose our progress, hinder us in our march, and, if possible, to destroy us in the wilderness. Then there are so many dangers. The towering rocks of presumption, and the quagmires of doubt and fear; the pitfalls of error, and the ravines of wilful sin; the fiery-flying serpent of temptation, and the scorpion of indulged lust; the sunshine and the shade; the barren sands, and the verdant vales; the granite rocks, and the flowing streams; have all of them dangers concealed in them; nor can we be trusted alone for one moment if we are to be safe. Worst of all, there are our distrustful and misgiving hearts. Faith is next to impossible without the constant renewings of the Holy Spirit. We doubt the promise; we distrust the promiser. Sometimes we question whether we have ever left Egypt, and at other times we are ready to conclude, that for mischief he has brought us out to slay us in the wilderness. Thus, distrusting God is the sin that doth so easily beset us. With so long a journey, so strange a path, such numerous foes, so many dangers, and such unbelieving hearts, can we ever reach the promised land? *Can we?* Not if left to ourselves. Not if led only by Moses. Not if we have merely an angel for our guide. We must have a guide who well knows the road; who can conquer our many foes; who can lead us safely through all our dangers, and bear with our hearts and lives. Whose wisdom is perfect, whose power is almighty, whose care is constant, whose patience is immutable, and whose mercy endureth for ever. And we have such an one, for the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men hath said to us, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; *I will guide thee with mine eye.*" And so sweetly has he assured us of his love, won our confidence, and revealed his character and qualifications, that we have right heartily said, "*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel; and afterward receive me to glory.*" Israel's God was Israel's guide; and this God is our God for ever and ever; *he will be our guide even unto death,*" through death, and beyond it. He "went before Israel by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them on their way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light, to go by day and by night." This leads us to notice,—

Secondly,—THE LORD'S MERCY. He provided just what they needed. A guide to lead them by day and night. *He went just before them;* thus pointing out the road, clearing it of insurmountable difficulties, and conducting them in it. This is just what our good and gracious God does for us. He is really present with us, though unseen by us. He is never far from any one of us. Just before, within call, if not within sight. He marks out our road, he removes every real impediment out of our way, and conducts us step by step in the path to the promised land. Naturally we do not know it; and when we do, our nature always dislikes it. We should choose the short cut, the smooth path, the well-frequented road; but he leads us in a zig-zag way, by a rough and uneven road, where there are but few fellow-travellers. His choice is best. The way he points out is the only right one. It is to humble us, and prove us, and show us what is in our hearts. It is that we may walk by faith, and not by sight. It is to teach us our need of himself, and to lead us to cleave unto him. *He came behind them.* When the Egyptians drew near, the pillar of fire removed, and fell down as a fiery partition, as an impassable barrier between the two companies. The Lord went before them, and the God of Israel was

their rearward. Just so our wise and watchful guide becomes our shield; he interposes between us and danger. Often, very often, would the Egyptians have come upon us from behind, and injured, if not destroyed us, but our God was there, he protected and preserved us. We shall never know until we get to glory, how often, and in how many ways, the Lord has interposed for us and preserved us. *He adapted himself to all their circumstances.* By day, when the sun was pouring down its streams of glaring light and scorching heat, it was a cooling and refreshing cloud, spreading like a large umbrella, over the entire company. By night, when the cold dews were falling, and the chilling winds were blowing, it was a warming, cheering fire. It was shade or light; shadow or warmth, just as they needed. And oh, beloved, how has our God adapted himself to all our circumstances these many years in the wilderness! He has warmed us with his love, and cooled us with his mercy. He has sheltered us with his broad hand, and cheered us with his loving word. In looking back, we can see that we have had the cloud by day, and the fire by night, that we might go by day and night. *He fully provided for them that they might go by day and night.* If they had to strike their tents and pack up for a march at noon-day, the cloud shadowed them; and if they had to prepare for a removal at midnight, the fire gave them light to work by. If they travelled on scorching sands, and under a burning sky, they were sheltered; and if they journeyed under the gloom of midnight, they were illumined and cheered. Blessed be God for the provision he has made for us, for we have found his grace sufficient for us, and his strength perfected in our weakness. Our shoes have been iron and brass; and as our day, so has our strength been. We have gone by day and night. Ah, some of us have travelled much by night! But we have ever found the truth of the testimony, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." *He continued his kindness to them unto the end.* "He took not away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people." The symbol of the divine presence continued with them until Moses died. When Joshua became leader, the ark opened the way through the Jordan, and conducted them into the promised land. Providence will care for us, comfort us, lead us, and supply us, until we come to the Jordan; and then Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, Jesus, the ark of the everlasting covenant, will lead us across the river, make the way plain and easy, and introduce us to the promised land. He that began with us will go on, nor will he leave us nor forsake us, until he hath done all that he hath spoken to us of. Every jot and tittle of his word must be fulfilled, for the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make them his people. "We are confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Beloved, are you travelling from Egypt to Canaan,—from earth to heaven? If so, you need a guide. No creature will be found sufficient. It must be the Lord himself. He guides all his people by his providence, for his eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in behalf of all them whose hearts are perfect towards him. He guides them by his grace. His word is our directory,—the map of our journey. On that he shines by his Holy Spirit, and in us he works by the same divine agent. He convinces, he inclines, he leads, he sustains, and at length introduces us to the rest prepared for the people of God. If God is your guide he will adapt his manifestations to your circumstances. There will be no visible cloud or fire, but he will make your way plain before your face. He will not guide you as a horse or mule with bit and bridle, but as a rational being,—as a beloved child. He will

take you by the hand, gradually and graciously clear your way, and comfort and encourage you as you go on. Under his guidance you will make progress both by day and night. In prosperity and adversity, in joy and sorrow, in light and darkness, in summer and winter, you will still make way. The true christian can travel by day or night. He is not dependent on circumstances. He often rises beyond the region of second causes. He makes progress because the Lord is with him. If God begin to lead you, he will go through the whole journey with you. He will not leave you in the middle. He will not forsake you toward the end. Aged pilgrim, cheer up; the Lord who led you when young, who guided you in life's meridian, will not leave you now.

"Even down to old age all his people shall prove,
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne."

Young christian, take courage. You have a long journey, it may be, before you. You have to cross a waste-howling wilderness. You will have to contend with Og, king of Bashan, and Sihon, king of the Amorites. The Amalakites may come out against you. Moab may hire soothsayers against you. But fear not,—press on. Keep the eye on the cloud by day, and expect the fire at night. He that hath mercy on you will lead you, even by the springs of water will he guide you. You may at times be brought to a stand, and wonder which is the right path, when you come where two ways meet; but even then you shall hear a voice behind you, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Doubts may beset you, fears may assault you, Satan and the world may conspire against you, but your God says,—

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Cheltenham.

CHRISTIAN ANOMALIES.

No. 2.

BY THE REV. C. ELVEN.

"In which are some things hard to be understood."—2 Peter iii. 16.

The writer of the article under this head, in last month's number, thought he had ended his task; but it brought upon him so many suggestions, from known and unknown correspondents, all of whom seemed to think the threshing floor wanted a little more sifting, that in order to meet their wishes, and with the hope, under the divine blessing, of benefiting the readers of "The Church," he has ventured to point out a few mere "anomalies" among those who bear the christian name; notwithstanding the process may painfully remind us, that the professors of Christianity are too much like Gideon's army, which though it numbered two-and-thirty thousands, yet when the true and faithful were separated, was reduced to three hundred. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." At the same time, it has not been overlooked, that an unskilful handling of the flail might bruise the wheat, in attempting to separate the chaff. If, therefore, any sincere christian should feel the rod, and say, while enduring its smart, "Who art thou that judgest another?" it is hoped maturer reflection will induce the feeling of the Psalmist, "Let the righteous smite me: it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me: it shall be an excellent oil, which shall

not break my head." Inasmuch as loving reproof to a gracious soul is like a sword anointed with the balm of Gilead, it woundeth and healeth at the same time.

But to resume our anomalies. Again we say, where shall we begin, and where shall we end? For as that good old divine, Thomas Adams, wrote two hundred years ago (and, oh, what mines of sanctified thought there are in such writings), the christian man is himself an anomaly, "a man environed with fire, and not burning; floating on the sea, and not drowning; dealing with dunghills, and not defiled; contemned, and honoured; made rich, by being impoverished. If I should propound a riddle, and ask, What is the highest and the lowest, the fairest and the foulest, the strongest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, the happiest and the unhappiest, the safest and the most endangered being in the world? the solution is so plain, that I dare not promise with Sampson new suits of apparel to those that could expound it, for all would say, *It is the christian*."

First, then, in continuing our series, we ask our readers what they think of IDLE CHRISTIANS? Are not they anomalies? That is, we mean, idle *as christians*. For these same good folks are earnest and industrious enough in all other matters. Keen lawyers, clever accountants, wise merchants, plodding tradesmen, downright hard-working people, earning their bread by the sweat of their brain, or the sweat of their brow. So were the inhabitants of Sodom, for "in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they sold, they planted, they builded." But how many professors there are who give all their energies to the world, and none to the church. The Sabbath is emphatically their *rest*. Their pew their dormitory. Their membership a sinecure.

If we understand the matter rightly, the very name of a christian implies a follower of Christ. Was Christ an idler? No! "He went about doing good." His meat and his drink was to do the will of his Father, and he rested not till he could say, "It is finished." Happily, there are many in our churches who are "working while it is day," fellow-labourers with their pastors in every good word and work: nevertheless, there are too many of the family of the *Do-nothings*. It may be, that some such are laying the flattering unction to their souls, that they are doing *no harm*! It is true the sick may be pining unvisited,—the Sabbath school may need teachers,—the ragged and wretched of our towns and cities may be uncared for,—the missionary, the Bible, the tract societies, may all languish for want of aid,—but what then? The idle christian says nothing *against* any of these. He only passes by on the other side, like the Priest and the Levite; and all that Christ can say of such is, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat," &c. (Matt. xxv. 42). But *is* that all? No, it is not all, for it is added, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." It is not all; there is another word for the idle professor, and with that we will leave him, "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty" (Judges v. 23).

But what shall we say to the anomaly of a DISHONEST CHRISTIAN? Ought two such words ever to be conjoined? Yet in one of the letters received on this subject, the writer says, "You have set forth very ably the inconsistencies of many professing christians, but there is one class you have omitted. They are those who get deeply into debt, without a fair prospect of paying." And some, this correspondent says he has known, who continue year after year adding to the score, without scarcely mentioning it to their creditors. To this we are tempted to apply the

trite but righteous adage, "There may be morality without religion, but there cannot be religion without morality." The greater includes the less; yet it seems some professors need to be reminded, that there are not only doctrines, but duties, in the Bible; we should like to have such in a bible-class, and we would commence a course of instruction by enjoining upon them to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," such passages as the following: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men" (Rom. xii. 17). "Study to be quiet, to do your own business, to work with your own hands, that ye may walk honestly towards them that are without" (1 Thes. iv. 11). "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise (anything praise-worthy), think on these things." To which may be added, as a concluding lesson, the declaration of the Psalmist, "The wicked borroweth (or getteth into debt) and payeth not again." Now, then, as we have thus shown the dishonest professor his face in the glass of God's Word, we beseech him not to go away and forget what manner of man he is, but straightway to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." Oh, how has Christianity thus been "wounded in the house of its friends!" We hear the prayers of these professors, we hear them talk, and we see the appearances they keep up; but what should we think of them if we could see the arrears of their accounts in the ledgers of their creditors? The books of the miller, the baker, the grocer, the shoemaker,—or higher up, of the tailor, the milliner, the upholsterer, the butcher, or even the wine and liquor merchant? Nevertheless, that we do not break the "bruised reed," nor make those sad whom God has not made sad, be it remembered, and kindly considered, there may be thoroughly *honest christians* in debt, and their heavenly Father knows, by their daily struggles and cries for deliverance, how great their burden is,—sometimes more than they are able to bear. We have often read, with deep emotion, the affecting narrative, 2 Kings iv. 1: "Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord: and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons for bonds-men." Here, then, was a God-fearing man,—yea, a prophet, a poor minister, (and some such may read this article), and yet he was in debt, and unable to pay,—with no fault of his,—though if the facts could be known, they might reflect everlasting shame upon those to whom he ministered. But here is the good man, with this thorn in his dying pillow. He must die in debt! and as for the poor widow, she must get further into debt for a coffin and a grave, and not a friend of her husband's or her own to keep the bailiffs out of the house. Now, do not our readers feel, as the writer does, that they could, yea, that they cannot help weeping, with that poor widow, with nothing in the house but "a pot of oil;" the little furniture they had, by little and little, was pledged or sold; and now even her sons are seized, according to the laws of that time and place, to be dragged away and sold into captivity! Oh, thou heartless creditor! Oh, ye unfeeling friends and neighbours! And is there no help? Yes, in the widow's God! Ye suffering saints, ye honest poor, ye oppressed widows, if the worldly creditor is inexorable, if the church is unsympathising, *look up*, yes, look up to Him who is the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, in his holy habitation. But to you, who are recklessly incurring debts, and careless about discharging them, we say, "Go to, turn out of the ranks of Christianity. Wipe the name of christian from your forehead. The church repudiates you. The world

will despise you. And however high your pretensions, if you have not the common principle of honesty, God himself will disown you!"

If we had not suffered our feelings of indignation towards the dishonest professor, and of melting pity for the poor and oppressed, to dwell so long upon the last section, we intended to remark, that another perplexity with us is, **THE IMPERIOUS PROFESSOR**; of whom we have a portrait from the inspired pencil of the apostle, 3 John 9: "I wrote unto the church; but Diotrephes, who loveth to have the preëminence among them, receiveth us not. Wherefore, if I come, I will remember his deeds which he doeth, prating against us with malicious words," &c. This is the man who wants to "lord it over God's heritage." Are there any of our churches, then, that have a Diotrephes among them? Some rich or influential subscriber or deacon, to whom a poor minister and the church must do homage, upon peril of starving the one and dissolving the other? If there be such "anomalies," the writer must say, that in sketching them he cannot draw from the life. In a long pastorate he has never been troubled with a Diotrephes; but he can feel for those who have.

Doth not the Scripture say, "If any man have not the mind of Christ he is none of his"? And is it not, then, one of the "things hard to be understood," how, as the mind of Christ was so preëminently meek and lowly, that any man can be a christian who is habitually haughty and imperious, a churlish Nabal, "such a son of Belial, that a man cannot speak unto him"? Have such men forgotten the declaration of Him whom they call Lord? "One is your master, and all ye are brethren." Religion does not alter or level the distinction of providence *without the church*; but *within* that sacred enclosure the distinction of rank or wealth should be unknown. Not even a prince of the blood royal, or a titled baronet, should wear his coronet, or emblazon his knighthood, in a church meeting. Their exalted rank or wealth, if accompanied with the spirit of their master, will never fail to insure them all the respectful deference that is compatible with the spiritual independence of the church. But a haughty and overbearing temper will awaken a just suspicion of the genuineness of their Christianity. And if any one should peruse these sketches who is conscious of the remotest tendency to a Diotrephean spirit, we recommend him to study the beautiful picture drawn of Gaius, by that great spiritual limner, John Bunyan. It is worth looking at; it might very appropriately be hung up in every vestry. Oh, it is pleasant to look upon, is that painting! There is Mr. Greatheart, the godly minister, Christiana and her children, Mercy, and a company of pilgrims, in the house of the good deacon Gaius, who sits smiling at the head of the well-furnished table; and you may see, as you look at his benevolent face, that if his house will hold a score, his large heart would hold a thousand; and as one of the guests makes a remark upon his bounty, "Oh," said Gaius, "I have been trained up in this way a great while; nothing teaches like experience; I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and have found by experience that I have gained thereby." "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches" (Prov. xi. 24; xiii. 7). Or, if this scene does not humble him, we present to him another. It is Jesus washing his disciples' feet, after which act of marvellous condescension he said, "Ye call me Master, and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you" (John xiii. 13—15).

In conclusion, we must add one word to those tried and afflicted children of God (and many such read "The Church"), who are saying, "The thing 'hard to be understood' by us is, *how, if we are the children of God, we can be thus tried?* Our spirits are bowed down from day to day. With all our toil we cannot make ends meet. We spare and deny ourselves to the utmost, and yet cannot provide things honest in the sight of men,—although our consciences bear us witness that we can in the sight of God." Is not this an anomaly? Oh, ye poor, tried disciples, have ye not read, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth"? You must not so misspell your *probation* as to read it *reprobation*, or turn soul *dejection* into a divine *rejection*. If you can but lay your hand upon your heart, and say, "My witness is in heaven, my record is on high," even though like the prophet you should die in debt, the Lord will acquit you, and the day shall declare it, that "uprightness and integrity has preserved you." These remarks are subjoined from the fear lest we should have given pain to any, even of the feeblest of the flock. For God is our witness that we would rather heal than wound, and that it is much more congenial to our temperament to be a Barnabas than a Boanerges.

A little longer, and every enigma in the church, and providence, and grace of God, will be explained. Till then, may the Father's love, the Saviour's smile, and the Spirit's teaching, daily comfort us, and "meet us for the inheritance of the saints in light." And let this be our song in the house of our pilgrimage,

"Patient we wait thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in tears and mystery;
We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee."

Bury St. Edmunds.

KEEPING FROM IDOLS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.*

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."—1 John v. 21.

Some on reading or hearing this will perhaps pass over it unnoticed, saying, "This does not relate to us,—we are not in the condition here referred to,—we are not idolaters." Many people are too apt to pass over Scripture thus, and thereby lose a great deal. Many parts of Scripture will thus be entirely useless to us, especially those that contain the laws that were appointed for the direction of the Israelites. Here are many connecting passages, &c., which are necessary for the elucidation of the whole, from which good may be extracted; and those who are intent on deriving something from them, will find much instruction which others will miss: this depends, in a great measure, on the habit of expecting such instruction. As it often happens in those countries where gold is to be found, from a want of the knowledge of those indications, those signs on the surface which point it out to experienced investigators, the inhabitants pass over the spots unadvantaged; thus many pass over those passages that connect the history of God's government and grace, for the more palpable and obvious portions of Scripture. We do not here refer to that seeking after dark and hidden meanings in obvious or even obscure passages to which some are so much addicted.

With reference to the text, perhaps many would say, "This is nothing to me. I wish the heathens or papists could hear this, and attend to it."

* The Rev. John Foster's own Notes of a Sermon.

'Keep yourselves from idols.' This cannot refer to us in England,—idolatry has ceased. It is long since there was anything of the kind here." To such we would say, "Not quite so fast, not so much in haste. The text does not answer its end, if it is applied only to the gross external parts of idolatry. It does not so easily vanish from a land as all this. The spirit of it remains, remains in its mental sense. Does God only regard the more open manifestations of idolatry? Consider that He regards the meaning and intentions of the mind,—the external worship of idols is hateful to Him only in connexion with the mind; and, on the contrary, He may regard with hatred and aversion the soul where anything is preferred to Him, without any open profession of devotion to idols, of open disbelief of his existence."

Consider an avaricious man,—he congratulates himself on the non-existence of idolatry in the country. But we may stop him and say, "Remember there is another text, 'Covetousness, which is idolatry.' You would forego all for the possession of your money,—health, honour, religion, &c. You cannot forego the thought of your money,—nothing in the universe is of so much value in your estimation. We say, then, the text applies to you. In the great day of reckoning even the pagans will rise up in judgment against you. They can say, We thought our gods were divine, or that they had such connexion with divinity that we were doing right in worshipping them. But you knew your money was not God. You professed to believe in the existence of God as he is represented in the Scriptures, and yet you made money your god." Now, this worship of idols may be determined if a person feel the same sentiments for money that others have for their gods,—not the precise kind of feeling perhaps, not that mysterious feeling which idolaters have, but the same or worse in effect. There is the same self-dedication, so that if he were to confess, he would say, "This is the object to which my thoughts turn, in company, in solitude, and in all places." And if he were asked, What do your thoughts feel towards God? how do your thoughts go out towards him? what feeling attends these thoughts of God? what gratitude for his kindness? what are you doing for him? and then the answer to these questions put in competition or comparison with the feelings towards the other idols; it would determine the degree of idolatry.

And consider, again, the object of competition,—the Allwise, Invisible Being, and despicable money perhaps!

If the idolater takes no thought of God, but leaves him out of the question, he is a simple idolater. If, after this competition or comparison between God and Baal, he chooses the latter, he is worse. In the time of ancient idolatry, they had temples for all the gods, a niche in the Pantheon for each. Suppose a temple were to be erected for each object of spiritual idolatry, what an immense number there would be.

The odiousness of this will appear if we consider what it is. It is a preference of nothingness to infinity,—of things temporal and fleeting to those which are eternal,—of some of the meanest and most contemptible objects to the sovereign Ruler of all, of light, life, and glory,—of vanity, to the all-wise God: to think that such things should excite more pleasure than God!

Think of the emotion of being pleased,—let us think of the object of this pleasure; if it is anything else than God, it is palpable idolatry. It is idolatry if a person feel loath to drop the thoughts of it,—if he wishes to have it constantly to refer to,—that it should be a continual spring. If he can less willingly drop the thoughts of it than of God, it is exceedingly like idolatry. It is saying, "I have a better friend than God; I am trusting more in it,—expecting more from it."

We know that there is evil liable to befall us in the world. What most usually recurs to our minds as to stand between us and this evil? If we are willing to do more for it,—less consider our services for it as a labour,—less consider anything done for it as a loss,—this is idolatry.

Again, to be more anxious, more fearful of losing it than the favour of God,—to take more precautions to guard it,—to be more afraid of any circumstances that may threaten temporal loss than the denunciations of Scripture. A man says, "What should I do if I were to lose this and this?" Meanwhile he is unconcernedly losing the love and favour of God.

Again, to feel more *after* the loss. Also to feel a greater regard for a good thing than for the Giver. Some say, "This is a good thing; but what have we to do with the Giver?" We care not for him; we can enjoy it without him; unless he takes it away with him, he may take *himself* off as far as the universe will let him." A state of mind like this involves the very essence of idolatry. How can a man have converse with God unless his thoughts are fixed on him? When other thoughts engross the mind, it is idolatry. How many of the things of the world possess this power. If the mind is called away, back it goes again. When conversing, all discourse of God falls like snow upon some minds, chilling and unwelcome. There is no sympathy, no cordiality, no warmth of affection towards him. Often when a person has lost an idolized child, he falls down on his knees and confesses his idolatry,—but not before. An expected acquisition and advantage of a worldly kind, that is to be had at some future time, he looks for like a shipwrecked mariner for the sun, to discover where he is,—a man starving for relief,—like a ship in distress for some sail on the horizon. He flies over the intermediate space of time, in imagination, to strike against it, to immerse himself in it. Often men, for the preservation of what they call honour, will violate any law of God. They deliberately consider it better to incur the anger of God, than that any stain should fall upon their character. Some may not go such lengths as this, and yet esteem the opinion of the world better than God's; and in case of any loss of fortune, or calamitous dispensation of providence, are more sorry that they are sunk in the opinion of the world, than that their sins were such as to provoke God's indignation. All this is idolatry. There is nothing wanting to make it idolatry. Not only has it many of the characteristics of idolatry, but there is nothing wanting. And yet, amid all this, men think they are innocent, and say to the text, "This does not refer to us,—we are innocent,—our consciences are clear from any imputation of that kind."

If a person gives his heart to another, and devotes all his warmth and affection of soul to him, he considers he bestows a greater gift, a larger favour, than when a mere formal cold return is extorted in favour of one of superior merit. A fiery love is a greater tribute than a cold assent of judgment, of opinion. The worshippers of idols that we have been describing, consent to acknowledge that God is good, just, and wise; but they give the warm feelings and affections of the soul to objects of this world.

The sin is greater from our liability to fall into it,—by not seeking to have just opinions of it,—suffering forms of expression to hide the deformity of it. The text, "Covetousness, which is idolatry," was doubtless written for the purpose, that no mistake should be made on this point,—that men might have no cloak for this idolatry. And when the Judge shall ask the question, "Didst thou love me more than these?" how awful not to be able to answer in the affirmative. Whilst the good man will be able to say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee more than

all beside, though I have loved *them* too much, and *thee* too little," how awful to have to say, "I confess these things did absorb the whole of my heart, and all the energies of my feeling." Let us entreat God to put us in mind of this, to show us the awful consequences of this idolatry!

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

The following lines are from the pen of Mrs. S. B. DANA, and were founded on the following passage of Jewish history:—"It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: the lambs were separated from their dams, and enclosed in a sheepcote, with only one narrow way out; the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance with a rod dipped in ochre touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, 'Let this be holy.' Hence says God by his prophet, 'I will cause you to pass under the rod.'"—*New York Recorder*.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe.
But the *Healer* was there, pouring balm on the heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee! *pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,—
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the *Healer* was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee! *pass under the rod!*"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished son;
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the *Healer* was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee! *pass under the rod!*"

Tales and Sketches.

WHICH IS THE LIBERAL MAN?

It was a beaming and beautiful summer morning, and the little town of V— was alive with all the hurry and motion of a college commencement. Rows of carriages lined the rural streets, and groups of well-dressed auditors were thronging to the hall. All was gaiety and animation.

And among them all what heart beat higher with hope and gratified ambition than that of James Stanton? Young, buoyant, prepossessing in person and manners, he was this day, in the presence of all the world, to carry off the highest palm of scholarship in his institution, and to receive, on the threshold of the great world, the utmost that youthful ambition can ask before it enters the arena of actual life. Did not his pulse flutter, and his heart beat thick, when he heard himself announced in the crowded house as the conqueror of the day? when he saw aged men, and fair youthful faces, ruddy childhood, and sober calculating manhood, alike bending in hushed and eager curiosity to listen to his words? Nay, did not his heart rise in his throat as he caught the gleam of his father's eye, while, bending forward on his staff, with white, reverend locks falling about his face, he listened to the voice of his pride,—his first born? And did he not see the glistening tears in his mother's eye, as with rapt ear she hung upon his every word? Ah, the young man's first triumph! When, full of confidence and hope, he enters the field of life, all his white glistening as yet unsoiled by the dust of the combat, the unproved world turning towards him with flatteries and promises in both hands, what other triumph does life give so fresh, so full, so replete with hope and joy? So felt James Stanton this day, when he heard his father congratulated on having a son of such promise; when old men, revered for talents and worth, shook hands with him, and bade him warmly God speed in the course of life; when bright eyes cast glances of favour, and from among the faintest were overheard whispers of admiration.

"Your son is designed for the bar, I trust," said the venerable Judge L— to the father of James, at the commencement dinner. "I have seldom seen a turn of mind better fitted for success in the legal

profession. And, then, his voice! his manner! let him go to the bar, Sir, and I prophesy that he will yet outdo us all!"

And this was said in James's hearing, and by one whose commendation was not often so warmly called forth. It was not in any young heart not to beat quicker at such prospects. Honour, station, wealth, political ambition, all seemed to offer themselves to his grasp; but long ere this, in the solitude of retirement, in the stillness of prayer and self-examination, the young graduate had vowed himself to a different destiny; and if we may listen to a conversation a few evenings after commencement with a classmate, we shall learn more of the secret workings of his mind.

"And so, Stanton," said George Lennox to him, as they sat by their evening fireside, "you have not yet decided whether to accept Judge L—'s offer or not."

"I have decided that matter long ago," said James.

"So, then, you choose the ministry."

"Yes."

"Well, for my part," replied George Lennox, "I choose the law. There must be christians, you know, in every vocation; the law seems to suit my turn of mind. I trust it will be my effort to live as becomes a christian, whatever be my calling."

"I trust so," replied James.

"But really, Stanton," added the other, after some thought, "it seems a pity to cast away such prospects as open before you. You know your tuition is offered gratis; and then the patronage of Judge L—, and such influences as he can command to secure your success,—pray, do not these things seem to you like a providential indication that the law is to be your profession? Besides, here, in these New England States, the ministry is overflowed already,—ministers enough, and too many, if one may judge by the number of applicants for every unoccupied place."

"Nay," replied James, "my place is not here. I know, if all accounts are true, that my profession is not overflowed in our Western States, and there I mean to go."

"And is it possible that you can contemplate such an entire sacrifice of your talents, your manners, your literary and scientific tastes, your capabilities for refined society, as to bury yourself in a log cabin in one of

our new States? You will never be appreciated there; your privations and sacrifices will be entirely disregarded, and you placed on a level with the coarsest and most uneducated sectaries. I really do not think you are called to this."

"Who then is called?" replied James.

"Well, for my part," replied the other, "I trust I am willing to do anything that is my duty; yet I never could feel it to be my duty to bury myself in a new State, among stumps and log cabins. My mind would rust itself out; and, missing the stimulus of such society as I have been accustomed to, I should run down completely, and be useless in body and mind."

"If you feel so, it would be so," replied James. "If the work there to be done would not be stimulus and excitement enough to compensate for the absence of all other stimulus,—if the business of the ministry, the *saving of human souls*, is not the one all-absorbing purpose, and desire, and impulse of the whole being,—then woe to the man who goes to preach the gospel where there is nothing but human souls to be gained by it."

A few days after this conversation the young friends parted for their several destinations,—the one to a new law-school, the other to a theological seminary.

It was many years after this that a middle-aged man, of somewhat threadbare appearance, and restricted travelling conveniences, was seen carefully tying his horse at the outer enclosure of an elegant mansion in the town of —, in one of the Western States; which being done, he eyed the house rather inquisitively, as people sometimes do when they are doubtful as to the question of entering or not entering. The house belonged to George Lennox, Esq., a lawyer reputed to be doing a more extensive business than any other in the State; and the threadbare gentleman who piles the knocker at the front door is the Rev. Mr. Stanton, a name widely spread in the ecclesiastical circles of the land. The door opens, and the old college acquaintances meet with a cordial grasp of the hand, and Mr. Stanton soon finds himself pressed to the most comfortable accommodations in the warm parlour of his friend; and even the slight uneasiness, which the wisest are not always exempt from when conscious of a little shabbiness of exterior, was entirely dissipated by the

evident cordiality of his reception. Since the conversation we have alluded to, the two friends pursued their separate courses with but few opportunities of personal intercourse. In the true zeal of the missionary, James Stanton had thrown himself into the field where it seemed hardest and darkest, and where labour seemed most needed. In neighbourhoods without churches, without school-houses, without settled roads, among a population of disorganized and heterogeneous material, he had exhorted from house to house, laboured individually with one after another, till he had, in place after place, brought together the elements of a christian church. Far from all ordinances, means of grace, or christian brotherhood, or coöperation, he seemed to himself to be miserably the lonely, solitary "voice of one crying in the wilderness," as unassisted, and, to human view, as powerless. With poverty, and cold, and physical fatigue, he had daily been familiar; and where no vehicle could penetrate the miry depths of the forest, where it was impracticable even to guide a horse, he had walked miles and miles, through mud and rain, to preach. With a wife in delicate health, and a young and growing family, he had more than once seen the year when fifty dollars was the whole amount of money that had passed through his hands; and the whole of the rest of his support had come in disconnected contributions from one and another of his people. He had lived without books, without newspapers, except as he had found them by chance, snatches here and there, and felt, as one so circumstanced only can feel, the difficulty of maintaining vigour and energy in default of all those stimulants to which cultivated minds in more favourable circumstances are so much indebted. At the time that he is now introduced to the reader, he had been recently made pastor in one of the most important settlements in the State, and among those who, so far as worldly circumstances were concerned, were able to afford him a competent support. But among communities like those at the West, settled for expressly money-making purposes, and by those who have for years been taught the lesson to save, and have scarcely begun to feel the duty to give, a minister, however laborious, however eloquent and successful, may often feel the most serious embarrassments of poverty. Too often is his salary regarded as a charity

which may be given or retrenched to suit every emergency of the times, and his family expenditure watched with a jealous and censorious eye.

On the other hand, George Lennox, the lawyer, had by his talents and efficiency placed himself at the head of his profession, and was realizing an income which brought all the comforts and elegancies of life within his reach. He was a member of the christian church in the place where he lived, irreproachable in life and conduct. From natural generosity of disposition, seconded by principle, he was a liberal contributor to all religious and benevolent enterprises, and was often quoted and referred to as an example in good works. Surrounded by an affectionate and growing family, with ample means for providing in the best manner both for their physical and mental development, he justly regarded himself as a happy man, and was well satisfied with the world he lived in.

"Have you read this review?" said Mr. Lennox, handing him one of the leading periodicals of the day across the table.

"I seldom see reviews," said Mr. Stanton, taking it.

"You lose a great deal," replied the other, "if you have not seen those by this author,—altogether the ablest series of literary efforts in our time. You clerical gentlemen ought not to sacrifice your literary tastes entirely to your professional cares. A moderate attention to current literature liberalizes the mind, and gives influence that you could not otherwise acquire."

"Literary taste is an expensive thing to a minister," said Mr. Stanton, smiling: "for the mind, as well as the body, we must forego all luxuries, and confine ourselves simply to necessities."

"I would always indulge myself with books and periodicals, even if I had to scrimp elsewhere," said Mr. Lennox; and he spoke of scrimping with all the serious good faith with which people of two or three thousand a-year usually speak of these matters.

Mr. Stanton smiled, and waived the subject, wondering mentally where his friend would find an elsewhere to scrimp, if he had the management of *his* concerns. The conversation gradually flowed back to college days and scenes, and the friends amused themselves with tracing the history of their various classmates.

"And so Alsop is in the senate," said Mr. Stanton. "Strange! We did not at all expect it of him. But do you know anything of George Bush?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other; "he went into mercantile life, and the last I heard he had turned a speculation worth thirty thousand—a shrewd fellow. I always knew he would make his way in the world."

"But what has become of Langdon?"

"Oh, he is doing well: he is professor of languages in — College, and I hear he has lately issued a Latin grammar that promises to have quite a run."

"And Smithson?"

"Smithson has an office at Washington, and was there living in great style the last time I saw him."

It may be questioned whether the minister sank to sleep that night, amid the many comfortable provisions of his friend's guest-chamber, without rebuking in his heart a certain rising of regret that he had turned his back on all the honours, and distinctions, and comforts, which lay around the path of others, who had not, in the opening of the race, half the advantages of himself. "See," said the insidious voice, "what have you gained? See your early friends surrounded by riches and comfort, while you are pinched and harassed by poverty. Have they not, many of them, as good a hope of heaven as you have, and all this besides? Could you not have lived easier, and been a good man after all?" The reflection was only silenced by remembering that the only Being who ever had the perfect power of choosing his worldly condition, chose, of his own accord, a poverty deeper than that of any of his servants. Had Christ consented to be rich, what check could there have been to the desire of it among his followers? But he chose to stoop so low that none could be lower; and that in extremest want none could ever say, "I am poorer than was my Saviour and God."

The friends at parting the next morning shook hands warmly, and promised a frequent renewal of their resumed intercourse. Nor was the bill for twenty dollars, which the minister found in his hand, at all an unacceptable addition to the pleasures of his visit; and though the November wind whistled keenly through a dull, comfortless sky, he turned his horse's head homeward with a lightened heart.

"Mother's sick, and I'm a-keeping house!" said a little flaxen-headed girl, in

all the importance of seven years, as her father entered the dwelling.

"Your mother sick! what's the matter?" enquired Mr. Stanton.

"She caught cold washing, yesterday, while you were gone;" and when the minister stood by the bed-side of his sick wife, saw her flushed face, and felt her feverish pulse, he felt seriously alarmed. She had scarcely recovered from a dangerous fever when he left home, and with reason he dreaded a relapse.

"My dear, why have you done so?" was the first expostulation; "why did you not send for old Agnes to do your washing, as I told you."

"I felt so well, I thought I was quite able," was the reply; "and you know it will take all the money we have now in hand to get the children's shoes before cold weather comes, and nobody knows when we shall have any more."

"Well, Mary, comfort your heart as to that. I have had a present-to-day of twenty dollars—that will last us some time. God always provides when need is greatest."

And so, after administering a little to the comfort of his wife, the minister addressed himself to the business of cooking something for dinner for himself and his little hungry flock.

"There is no bread in the house," he exclaimed, after a survey of the ways and means at his disposal.

"I must try and sit up long enough to make some," said his wife, faintly.

"You must try to be quiet," replied the husband. "We can do very well on potatoes. But yet," he added, "I think if I bring the things to your bedside, and you show me how to mix them, I could make some bread."

A burst of laughter from the young fry chorused his proposal; nevertheless, as Mr. Stanton was a man of decided genius, by help of much showing, and of strong arms and good will, the feat was at length accomplished in no unworkmanlike manner; and while the bread was put down to the fire to rise, and the potatoes were baking in the oven, Mr. Stanton, having enjoined silence on his noisy troop, sat down, pencil in hand, by his wife's bed, to prepare a sermon.

We would that those ministers who feel that they cannot compose without a study, and that the airiest and pleasantest room in the house, where the floor is guarded by the thick carpet, the light carefully relieved

by curtains, where papers are filed and arranged neatly in conveniences purposely adjusted, with books of reference standing invitingly around, could once figure to themselves the process of composing a sermon in circumstances such as we have painted. Mr. Stanton had written his text, and jotted down something of an introduction, when a circumstance occurred which is almost inevitable in situations where a person has anything else to attend to—the *baby woke*. The little interloper was to be tied into a chair, while the flaxen-haired young housekeeper was now installed into the office of waiter in ordinary to her majesty, and by shaking a newspaper before her face, plying a rattle, or other arts known only to the initiated, to prevent her from indulging in any unpleasant demonstrations, while Mr. Stanton proceeded with his train of thought.

"I shan't have much of a sermon!" he soliloquized, as his youngest but one, with the ingenuity common to children of her standing, had contrived to tip herself over in her chair, and cut her under lip, which for the time being threw the whole settlement into commotion; and this conviction was strengthened by finding that it was now time to give the children their dinner.

"I fear Mrs. Stanton is imprudent in exerting herself," said the medical man to her husband, as he examined her symptoms.

"I know she is," replied her husband, "but I can't keep her from it."

"It is absolutely indispensable that she should rest, and keep her mind easy," said the doctor.

"Rest and keep easy!"—how easily the words are said; yet how they fall on the ear of a mother, who knows that her whole flock have not yet a garment prepared for winter, that hiring assistance is out of the question, and that the work must all be done by herself,—who sees that while she is sick her husband is perplexed, and kept from his appropriate duties, and the children, despite his well-meant efforts, suffering for the want of those attentions that only a mother can give. Will not any mother, so tried, rise from her sick-bed before she feels able, to be again prostrated by over-exertion, until the vigour of the constitution year by year declines, and she sinks into an early grave? Yet this is the true history of many a wife and mother, who, in consenting to share the privations

of a western minister, has as truly sacrificed her life as did ever martyr on heathen shores. The graves of Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Judson, are hallowed as the shrines of saints, and their memory made as a watchword among christians; yet the western valley is full of green and nameless graves, where patient, long-enduring wives and mothers have lain down, worn out by the privations of as severe a missionary field, and "no man knoweth the place of their sepulchre."

The crisp air of a November evening was enlivened by the fire that blazed merrily in the bar-room of the tavern in L—, while a more than usual number crowded about the hearth, owing to the session of the county court in that place.

"Mr. Lennox is a pretty smart lawyer," began an old gentleman, who sat in one of the corners, in the half interrogative tone which indicated a wish to start conversation.

"Yes, Sir, no mistake about that," was the reply; "does the largest business in the State,—very smart man, Sir, and honest,—a church member, too, and one of the tallest kinds of christians they say,—gives more money for building meeting-houses, and all sorts of religious concerns, than any man around."

"Well, he can afford it," said a man with a thin, care-taking visage, and a nervous, anxious twitch of the hand, as if it were his constant effort to hold on to something; "he can afford it, for he makes money hand over hand. It is not everybody can afford to do as he does."

A sly look of intelligence pervaded the company; for the speaker, one of the most substantial householders in the settlement, was always taken with distressing symptoms of poverty and destitution, when any allusion to public or religious charity was made.

"Mr. C— is thinking about parish matters," said a wicked wag of the company; "you see, Sir, our minister urged pretty hard last Sunday to have his salary paid up. He has had sickness in his family, and nothing on hand for winter expenses."

"I don't think Mr. Stanton is judicious in making such public statements," said the former speaker, nervously; "he ought to consult his friends privately, and not bring temporalities into the pulpit."

"That is to say, starve decently, and make no fuss," replied the other.

"Nonsense! Who talks of starving, when provision is as plenty as blackberries? I tell you I understand this matter, and know how little a man can get along with. I've tried it myself. When I first set out in life, my wife and I had not a pair of andirons or a shovel and tongs for two or three years, and we never thought of complaining. The times are hard. We are all toiling, and must get along as we can; and Mr. Stanton must bear some rubs as well as the rest of us."

"It appears to me, Mr. C—," said the waggish gentleman aforesaid, "that if you'd put Mr. Stanton into your good brick house, and give him your furniture and income, he would be well satisfied to rub along as you do."

"Mr. Stanton isn't so careful in his expenses as he might be," said Mr. C—, petulantly, disregarding the idea started by his neighbour; "he buys things I should not think of buying. Now, I was in his house the other day, and he had just given three dollars for a single book."

"Perhaps it was a book he needed in his studies," suggested the old gentleman who began the conversation.

"What's the use of book larnin' to a minister, if he's got the real spirit in him?" chimed in a rough looking man, in the farthest corner; "only wish you could have heard Elder North give it off—*there* was a real genuine preacher for you, couldn't even read his text in the Bible; yet, Sir, he would get up and reel it off as smooth and fast as the best of them that come out of the collages. My notion is, it's the *spirit* that's the thing after all."

Several of the auditors seemed inclined to express their approbation of this doctrine, though some remarked that Mr. Stanton was a smarter preacher than Elder North, for all his book larnin'.

Some of the more intelligent of the circle here exchanged smiles, but declined entering the lists in favour of "larnin'."

"Oh, for my part," resumed Mr. C—, "I am for having a minister study, and have books and all that, if he can afford it; but in hard times like these books are neither meat, drink, nor fire; and I know I can't afford them. Now, I am as willing to contribute my part to the minister's salary, and every other charity, as anybody, when I can get money to do it; but in these times I *can't* get it."

The elderly gentleman here interrupted

the conversation, by saying, abruptly, "I am a townsman of Mr. Stanton's, and it is my opinion that he has impoverished himself by giving in religious charity."

"Giving in charity!" exclaimed several voices; "where did he ever get anything to give?"

"Yet I think I speak within bounds," said the old gentleman, "when I say that he has given more than the amount of two thousand dollars yearly to the support of the gospel in this State; and I think I can show it to be so."

The eyes of the auditors were now enlarged to their utmost limits, while the old gentleman, after the fashion of shrewd old gentlemen generally, screwed up his mouth in a very dry twist, and looked in the fire without saying a word.

"Come now, pray tell us how this is," said several of the company.

"Well, Sir," said the old man, addressing himself to Mr. C——, "you are a man of business, and will, perhaps, understand the case as I view it. You were speaking this evening of lawyer Lennox. He and your minister were both from my native place, and both there and in college your minister was always reckoned the smartest of the two, and went ahead in everything they undertook. Now, you see Mr. Lennox, out of his talents and education, makes, say three thousand a year. Mr. Stanton had more talent, and more education, and might have made even more; but by devoting himself to the work of the ministry in your State, he gains, we will say, about four hundred dollars. Does he not, therefore, in fact, give all the difference between four hundred and three thousand to the cause of religion in this State? If, during the business season of the year, you, Mr. C——, should devote your whole time to some benevolent enterprise, would you not feel that you had virtually given to that enterprise all the money you would otherwise have made. Instead, therefore, of calling it a charity for you to subscribe to your minister's support, you ought to consider it a very expensive charity for him to devote his existence in preaching to you. To bring the gospel to your State, he has given up a reasonable prospect of an income of two or three thousand, and contents himself with the least sum which will keep soul and body together, without the possibility of laying up a cent for his family in case of his sickness and death. This, Sir, is what I call giving in charity!"

THE POWER OF A KIND WORD.

"Was your lesson difficult?" kindly enquired a young teacher of a ragged and uncouth-looking lad of about ten years, who was one of a class which had just finished a recitation; "was your lesson difficult, my boy?"

The boy thus addressed raised his large grey eyes with an enquiring look, as if to satisfy himself that words breathed in so sweet a tone were intended for him; but as he met his teacher's gentle gaze they fell, and, drooping his head, he forbore to reply. His teacher, perceiving that he felt the rebuke, and deeming it sufficient, said no more, and dismissed the class. This lad, Johnny by name, was the son of poor parents, both of whom were habituated to the use of ardent spirits, and, of course, grossly neglected their children, beating and abusing them, as their excited passions prompted; seldom, and perhaps never, letting fall from their lips a word of kindly interest even, much less of love. Johnny, being of a mischievous temperament, was the recipient of unbounded harshness; but to this disposition he owed the privilege of attendance at the village school, whither he was sent to "be out of the way." This was the first day he had been under the care of the present teacher, whom I will call Miss Almer. Johnny possessed a quick and retentive mind, and, when he chose to apply himself, could stand at the head of his class. But his half-learned lessons came oftener than his perfect ones, and always brought him a severe reprimand, and often a chastisement, which seemed to have no other effect than to harden and debase him. Growing up under such adverse influence at home and at school, he became a morose and ill-tempered boy, disliked and shunned by his schoolmates, on whom he sought to revenge himself by all the petty annoyances his fertile brain could devise. Such was the lad when he became a pupil of Miss Almer. She had rebuked him for his first error gently, as was her wont, and, trusting to the potency of such reproof, dismissed him from her mind; but not so easily were the kind words forgotten by the poor boy, to whom so gentle a tone was so rare as to awaken astonishment. It fell among the rude thoughts and feelings of his heart as a flower among thorns. It was to his ear, that was wont to catch only the harsh tone of unkindness, as a strain of sweet melody

after a jarring discord. Oh, why do we so often withhold that which it costs so little to give, and yet may prove such a treasure to the receiver?

But to the story. Miss Almer lingered at the school-room till all the pupils had left, and was walking slowly homeward alone, when this, to her, trifling event of the day, was brought to her mind by observing Johnny sitting by the roadside, apparently waiting for her. When she came to him he rose, and, offering her a nosegay of violets, said, "Please, ma'am, will you take these?"

"Certainly, Johnny; they are very sweet, and the first I have seen this season; I love them dearly, and you, too, for bringing them to me."

She had taken the boy's hand in hers, despite its disgusting appearance, and, as she finished speaking, his eyes were lifted to hers with the same expression as in the morning, and a tear was making a furrow through the dirt that begrimed his face. "Johnny, what is the matter?" asked his teacher in surprise. "What you said," falteringly uttered the boy: "do you love me?" "Indeed, I do," was Miss Almer's reply; "and something must trouble you; can I do anything for you?" "Oh, you *have* done *more* for me than anybody else, for nobody ever loved me before; but I thought, you did when you didn't scold me for not getting my lessons," said Johnny; "but I am a dreadful boy; you don't know it all." "Well, tell me all," answered his teacher, touched by the earnestness of his manner. So saying, she led him to a large stone, and bade him sit by her there; and, as he unfolded his tale of wrong *done*, as well as *received*, she mingled her tears with his, which flowed so freely. They sat long, and ere they parted she had given rest to his eager heart, by promising ever to be his friend. She told him, too, the tale of a Saviour's love for such as he, and bade him seek Jesus for his friend, that he might always have one to love him.

The next morning Johnny was missed from his place at school, and at the close of school Miss Almer called at the rude hut that had been his home, to learn the cause of his absence, and to her surprise found it vacated. Whither the people had gone no one knew. This was a sore disappointment to her, for she longed to do good, and this had seemed an unusual opportunity. But

she could not "see the end from the beginning," nor thought that the little she had already done had taken so deep root, as to survive amid the opposing influences that must now surround poor Johnny.

Many years after this (fifteen I think), Miss Almer was visiting far away from this scene of her early labours, and during her visit attended a meeting for teachers. Remarks were offered, and experiences related, by many labourers in the good work of instructing youth, and at length a gentleman rose and expressed a wish to say a word to the band of teachers on the power of kindness, and in the course of his remarks related the story I have given above, closing with these or nearly these words: "I am that lad, and those were the *first words of kindness* I ever remember to have had addressed to me. They have been my talisman, my guiding star through life. They have made me what I am, and God helping me, it shall be the aim of my life to reward the friend of my youth, in the only way in my power, namely, by living so as to spread by example and precept the influence of the divine principle of love which actuated her." Miss Almer listened to this recital with an agitated heart, for she recognised in the speaker the little Johnny whom she had never forgotten. She sought an interview, and learned his history. How, after leaving his early home, the love of virtue, which she had aroused in his bosom, was ever leading him away from his evil courses, and urging him to a higher life. His parents soon after died, and he was taken as errand boy into a wealthy family, and allowed the opportunity of attending school. He at length sought other employment, in which he could increase his earnings, all of which he carefully hoarded, till he obtained a sum sufficient to enable him to attend a higher school. Thus he went on, alternately labouring and studying, till he was qualified for a teacher, in which employment he had been for several years engaged.

Need we say to any teachers who may read this, "Go thou and do likewise"? All may not meet with so speedy a reward as did Miss Almer; but let us remember that the time of retribution is not yet, and if we labour faithfully, we *may hope* that the guerdon shall be ours, to find that some poor soul has been rescued from degradation by our endeavours, to shine for ever a star in the Saviour's coronet!

Notices of Books.

A MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF THE REV. J. G. PIKE, author of "Persuasions to Early Piety," &c. Edited by his Sons, J. B. and J. C. PIKE. Pp. 457. London: Jarrold and Sons.

The execution of this memoir is such as to do credit to the taste and judgment of the biographers. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, in which the biographers themselves remain unseen, in order that their honoured subject may be placed in due prominence; and they have succeeded in bringing out in the volume the character of their father, and furnishing an admirable picture of his life. Mr. Pike's was a long life,—not characterised by much variety of incident, indeed, but crowded with useful toils, and filled with the simple exercises of piety and goodness. In reading this book we do not so much find a greatness to be admired, as a goodness to be loved, and a devotion to be imitated. Every day seems to have had its allotted task to Mr. Pike, which nothing was allowed to interfere with. Hence the vast amount of results which he was enabled during his life to accomplish. As a preacher, as pastor of a church, as founder and secretary of a missionary society, his labours must have been sufficiently arduous; but, in addition to the discharge of these duties, he was enabled to publish a considerable number of useful works, of which the "Persuasions to Early Piety" will, perhaps, be longest remembered, as a work that has been the means of bringing vast numbers to a knowledge and faith in Christ. It is impossible to calculate the amount of good which this little work has been the means of accomplishing. In all the quarters of the globe it has been circulated, and from all parts of the globe there were coming constantly to Mr. Pike, proofs of its usefulness. Truly this, as will his other works, "follow him," now that he has passed away. May it be found that his mantle has descended, and may the perusal of this interesting volume lead many to imbibe his spirit, and to follow in his steps.

CHARACTER AND ITS CONQUESTS; A MEMOIR OF THE LATE RICHARD HARRIS, ESQ., formerly M.P. for Leicester. By the REV. THOMAS LOMAS. Pp. 186. London: Benjamin L. Green.

We do not remember to have read for a long time a more interesting or instructive

memorial than this. It is the history of a man who, by industry and energy, and, above all, by the exercise of sincere piety, raised himself from a position of deep poverty to one of wealth and extensive influence. During his long life of seventy-six years, Mr. Harris was actively engaged in the various pursuits of commerce, politics, and social and philanthropic effort, and in all he proved himself a "good man," and "served his generation according to the will of God." This memorial will be peculiarly impressive to those engaged in similar pursuits. "It will show," to use the author's words, "that the claims both of religion and of business may be properly adjusted, and successfully attended to, in the present world." It will show also the worth of *character*. It was by *character* that Mr. Harris raised himself from the printer's shop to the office of the merchant, and the house of legislature. It was *character* that enabled him to meet successfully the difficulties of which in his long life he had his share. We hope this book will be extensively circulated and read. To young men, especially, it would be a treasure. We congratulate Mr. Lomas on having had such a subject, and on having produced such a book.

THREE PROPHETS OF OUR OWN. A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, Maghera. By the REV. THOMAS WITHEROW. Belfast: C. Morgan.

Who are the "Three Prophets"? and to whom does the term "Our own" refer? Answering both questions together, "Our own" refers to the inhabitants of Maghera, who, it seems, have a right to claim Adam Clarke, Alexander Carson, and Henry Cooke, as "prophets of their own." The lecture consists, therefore, of eloquent and able biographical sketches of these three "prophets," with the lessons of their lives pointed out to young men. *We* have naturally turned with much interest to the biography of Carson, with which we have been highly gratified. It is, indeed, though so short, the best account of Carson we have yet met with,—far surpassing in interest and value the so-called "Life of Carson," which appeared in a small volume some time back. The concluding passage we heartily sympathise with. "Much as Dr.

Carson is esteemed by those who have read his books, he has never received in this country such general appreciation as his merits deserve. Some years since I met a most intelligent and respectable Baptist minister, who told me that he had once seen Carson, but had never read any of his works. Only think of a Presbyterian minister who had never read a page of Dr. Chalmers or Merle D'Aubigne, Hugh Miller or M'Cheyne! and yet there can be little doubt that in point of intellectual stature Carson stood as high among the Baptists as these men do among the Presbyterians. He is not so neglected beyond the seas. The newspapers tell us how his works have been republished in the United States, and that 2,500 copies have been sold. It seems that America knows when it meets a man. But at home his books find a dull market. It does not say much for the judgment of our British public that the sparkling and superficial works of such a man as Dr. Cumming, of London, are bought up nearly as fast as they are printed, while the writings of Dr. Carson scarcely defray the expenses of publication." Why has not a publication so able as this been allowed the advantage of a London publisher?

SUNBEAMS IN THE COTTAGE; OR, WHAT WOMEN MAY DO. A Narrative chiefly addressed to the Working Classes. By MARGARET MARIA BREWSTER. Cheap Edition. London: Hamilton & Co.

We noticed this little volume some time since, and then expressed the wish that it might be published speedily in a cheap form, for circulation in "the cottage." We have now the pleasure to announce that it may be had for a shilling, and we seize

the opportunity of again strongly recommending it to our cottage readers, as one of the most healthy, useful, and beautiful little works we have met with for a long time past. It is attractive in form, simple in style, and elevating in its tendency; few who begin it would give up its perusal, on account of the interest of the narrative into which it is woven; and no one could read it without being wiser and better,—both for this life and the life to come. Our wealthy friends could scarcely spend a sovereign or two better than in purchasing a number of copies for the poor around them. We earnestly thank the daughter of Sir David Brewster for this and her other works: we trust she may be spared to write many more like them.

EVANGELICAL MISSIONS; A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL, LONDON, ON THE SIXTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY. By J. P. MURSELL, Leicester. Pp. 42. London: Benjamin L. Green.

This is a masterly discourse,—full of philosophic views of the missionary enterprise, and characterised by eloquent and emphatic statements of its position and prospects. It is the best of Mr. Mursell's printed productions that we have seen. We trust that it will be read and studied, as it deserves, by the more thoughtful and intelligent members of our churches. We recommend it to our younger readers, especially, as an excellent intellectual and spiritual exercise, and one that will not fail to strengthen them both for thought and action in that glorious service, which must one day be committed to their hands.

A Page for the Young.

THE GOOD BOY'S BIBLE.

The richest people are not often the most happy, nor are poor people of necessity miserable. The country knows few poorer families than Willie's, yet they were a very happy family. But clouds and darkness must come to all, and the strong hand of death touched the heart of Willie's dear father, and his face was changed, and they laid him in the grave.

There was a deep and true sorrow in that humble cottage; but no murmur was allowed to rise in the hearts of the bereaved

ones, for they knew "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

But who was now to provide the "daily bread" for the widow and fatherless? Willie was almost twelve years old, and a fine stout boy of his age. "Mother," said he, "I am going to the city to get something to do, and I will support you, my dear mother."

The eyes of the widow filled with tears, and her heart swelled with an honest pride and a true gratitude, because of her noble boy. She clasped him close to her bosom,

and called him "a worthy child of a worthy father."

"Go, my child," said she, "and the God of the fatherless protect you."

Next look we upon Willie in the noisy town. Down among the shipping he is wandering, for he has taken a sudden notion that the sea is the place for him. A large and rough, but kind-hearted looking man, comes rapidly towards Willie. The boy thinks he looks like a sea captain, so, calling up all his courage, he accosts him with,—

"Please, Sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I do want a cabin boy, my lad; but what's that to you? A little fellow like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, Sir, I'm *real strong*! I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old."

"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?"

"Oh, no, indeed, Sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."

"Well, my boy, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without those."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teachers, or from some proper person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest, good boy. Now what *should* he do? He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out his little Bible, and, without one word, put it into the captain's

hand. The captain opened to the blank leaf, and read:—

"WILLIE GRAHAM,

Presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath-school, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday-school teacher."

Captain McLeod was not a pious man; but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday-school teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and, clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said,—

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

And so the blessed Sunday-school was the means of Willie's good fortune. The kind Captain McLeod was a true and steadfast friend to his little cabin boy; and after many months of absence and danger Willie had the pleasure of returning to his dear mother, with the means of procuring her many comforts, and never while she lived did he fail to provide generously for her wants.

He is now a wealthy man, and no one would imagine that he was once a poor sailor boy; but he often looks back with a grateful heart to the fireside of his pious parents, and to the teachers of the Sabbath-school, for to the influences which flowed from these he justly ascribes all his success and happiness in life. To their influence he owes it that he has the sweet hope of eternal happiness hereafter.

Miscellaneous.

PRAYER.—Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart; or rather, man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore him, was his only mission here below,—all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises towards the Creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth,—it reascends, it resounds from age to age in the ear of the Almighty, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride. It is an homage to Him to whom homage alone is due,—the Infinite Being.—*Lamarque.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—The builder

builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; we for ever. The poet sings for an age; we for ever. The statuary cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ, to endure for ever and ever. A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God. In my humble judgment, the poorest parish school in our land, with no other ornaments than the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, and the sunbeams to shine upon it, is a nobler spectacle than the loftiest European cathedral, with its spires glistening in the setting and rising suns of a thousand years.—*Dr. Cumming.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The news of the month has been both important and varied. Scarcely had our last number appeared before the electric telegraph began to bring us, day by day, information from the Crimea of the most exciting character. The first was the taking of Kertch, and subsequently of the whole Sea of Azoff, almost without a blow being struck, or a shot being fired. Afterwards came information of the renewed attack on Sebastopol, and of the taking of the Mamelon and the White Tower by the allies. At a later period came the less pleasing intelligence of the allies having been repulsed with great loss in an attack on the Malakhoff and the Redan; though the painfulness of this last intelligence is alleviated by the fact, that the armies appear to be far from discouraged by their failure, and that real progress is, day by day, being made towards the ultimate conquest of the citadel. Our readers have, doubtless, been long aware that the Vienna Conference are finally and formally closed, so that to the "chances of war," as they are called, the decision of the great questions at issue must now be left. The probabilities as to the future are certainly much complicated by the course which Austria has taken. She declared that on the failure of the Conference she would be ready at once to draw the sword. The Conference *have* failed; yet is the sword not drawn by her; unless, indeed, we except her drawing the sword against the poor defenceless Hungarians in the Principalities. We fear that the occupation of the Principalities by Austria will prove the greatest blunder of the war; and the consequences will not be the less provoking, because they will have been brought on us by our own folly in trusting to a power the most perjured and dishonest in Europe, and all whose sympathies are with a despotism, of which she is herself, even more than Russia, the vilest representative.

In the Baltic little has yet been done, except to blockade Cronstadt and the other Russian ports. The Russians have indeed shown us "how they could fight" by murdering a boat-load of sailors who had gone into Hango under a flag of truce for the purpose of liberating a number of Russian prisoners! The indignation excited by this act is deep and universal, though we cannot join in the cry for "revenge" which both the Parliament and the Press are at present uttering.

The Report of the Sebastopol Committee has at last been presented. It is a long document, which occupied three hours in the reading; but the result of the enquiry is shown best in the resolution laid by the chairman of the committee on the table of the House, after the reading of the report, laying the blame of the calamities which befel the army on the "conduct of the administration," and visiting "with the severest reprehension every member of the cabinet, whose counsels led to such

disastrous results." We do not know that such a resolution as this was necessary, nor that it can serve any good purpose now. ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM is, doubtless, the great lesson which the nation will learn from the report, every page of which teems with facts which show the stern need there is that such a reform should be speedily accomplished.

The failure of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Co., the eminent London Bankers, has, perhaps, attracted more attention than any event of the month. The amount of the liabilities of the firm are variously estimated at from three to eight or nine hundred thousand pounds. Since the failure, circumstances have transpired which have led to the members of the firm being brought under a criminal charge before a London magistrate. Their course appears to have been indeed criminally reckless, and the suffering consequent on the failure will be too fearful to contemplate.

The Newspaper Stamp abolition act, which has received the royal assent during the month, comes into operation immediately. The result of the abolition is already to be seen in the number of cheap newspapers which are appearing in all parts of the country. We rejoice that the restriction which has so long fettered the press of this country is thus at last removed, and that the "liberty of unlicensed printing" is thus given to Englishmen. The next movement ought to be for the removal of the Paper Duty, which now alone remains to prevent the press of England being as free as that of the United States.

BAPTIST COLLEGE, PONTYPOOL.

The forty-eighth annual meetings of the members and friends of this excellent institution were held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 23rd and 24th ult. There was a numerous attendance each day, and not the least gratifying feature of the proceedings was the numerous attendance of ministers, who had in early life enjoyed the advantages of the college. The examination of the students took place at the college, on Wednesday morning,—that in theology was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Price, of Aberdare, and that in classics by the Rev. J. E. Butterworth, M.A., of Abergavenny. At seven o'clock in the evening, the Welsh service was held in Crane Street Chapel, when a very excellent essay, on the History of the Jews, was read by Mr. Lewis Lewis, student. An excellent sermon was also delivered by the Rev. W. Thomas, of Pisga, from 2 Chron. xxix. 31. On Thursday morning the Rev. David Rees, of Baintree, commenced the English service. Mr. Evan Jenkins, one of the students, read a well-written essay on Miracles. The Rev. John H. Hinton, M.A., had consented, and was fully expected, to preach on the occasion, but owing to an accident that gentleman met with at Cheltenham, the meeting was deprived of his services. Mr. Aitchison, of

Newport, consequently, in compliance with the urgent request of the committee, consented to supply his place. The meeting, however, passed a resolution expressing its sympathy with Mr. Hinton, and that he should be requested to preach at the next annual meeting. There are sixteen students now in the college, and there are nine applicants anxiously waiting for admission, but we regret to say these cannot be admitted at present for want of funds. The general public meeting of the subscribers and friends for the transaction of business, was held in the afternoon. W. W. Phillips, Esq., presided, and the feeling evinced on behalf of the institution was truly cheering.

HUSBANDS BOSWORTH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., services were held in the Baptist Chapel, in this village, for the purpose of liquidating a debt which had been incurred in repairing and beautifying that place of worship, and also for the fraternal recognition, by the ministers and friends of the surrounding churches, of Mr. A. Ibberson, late of Chesterton, Cambridgeshire, who has recently accepted the invitation of the church to become its pastor, under the auspices of the Leicestershire Association. In the afternoon of the above day, the Rev. T. Lomas, of Charles Street, Leicester, preached a suitable discourse from Acts xiv. 17; the Rev. S. Evans, of Arnsby, conducted the devotional part of the service; after which, tea was provided, of which about one hundred partook: the dubious state of the weather prevented the attendance of many whose sympathies were with the object of the meeting. In the evening a public meeting was held, Richard Harris, Esq., Mayor of Leicester, presiding; prayer was offered by the Rev. Thomas Morgan, of Theddingworth, and addresses delivered by the Rev. G. Miall, of Ullesthorpe, S. Evans, of Arnsby, T. T. Gough, of Clipstone, J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, and several others. The pecuniary results of the meeting realised upwards of £30. The tea was provided gratuitously by friends belonging to four denominations of Christians, viz., Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Independents, and Baptists. The cause here has been in a declining state for some years, but since the accession of Mr. Ibberson to the pastorate, there are many indications of prosperity.

REOPENING OF THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BOUGHTON REGIS, BEDS.

During the last eight weeks this place of worship has been undergoing repairs, improvement, and enlargement. It was reopened for divine worship on Lord's-day, May 27th. The Rev. J. W. Lance, of New Brentford (the former pastor of the church), preached in the morning from Rom. xii. 1, and in the evening from Heb. xii. 28. The congregation were very large, and the services of the day most impressive. On the following Wednesday, at half-past two, p.m., after reading and prayer by the Rev. J. Andrews, of Woburn, the Rev. J. W. Lance again preached, from John ii. 21; at five o'clock, 200 persons partook of tea, coffee, and other refreshments, given by the ladies

of the chapel; after which, a public meeting was held. The Rev. John Lewis, pastor of the church, in a few preliminary remarks stated the cost of the alterations to be nearly £130; addresses were then delivered by the Revs. J. Andrews, of Woburn, Daniel Gould and J. Robertson, of Dunstable, James Harcourt, of Luton, and J. W. Lance, of Brentford. The meeting was closed with prayer by the Rev. J. Lyon, of Dunstable. It was ascertained that the subscriptions, collections, and results of the tea, amounted to £105,—which, with the proceeds of the card: that are out, it is hoped will meet the entire cost.

NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, formerly connected with the ministry of the celebrated and venerable Dr. Rippon, which has been for some time closed for the purpose of enlargement, was reopened lately for the first time since the alterations. The north-east end of the chapel has been extended about thirty feet, and accommodation thus afforded for upwards of three hundred additional sittings; in addition to which a large and commodious vestry and school-room have been erected. A sermon was preached in the morning by the Rev. James Sherman, formerly minister of Surrey Chapel, and in the evening by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the pastor.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

On Thursday, 14th, June, the young people connected with the Baptist congregation, Berwick Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, presented their beloved pastor, the Rev. Thomas Pottenger, with a handsome electro-plated tea service and moderator lamp, to mark their estimation of his character and high moral worth, and as a small but grateful acknowledgment of his efforts to promote their religious and intellectual advancement. The testimonial was presented by Mr. Robert Armstrong, late secretary to the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, who read an appropriate address, and Mr. Pottenger replied in an affectionate and feeling manner.

BRIXHAM, DEVON.

On Wednesday, May 30th, the members of the Baptist church, Brixton, Devon, had a social tea meeting, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to their pastor, Mr. Saunders, in order to commemorate the eighth year of his pastorate among them. The testimonial consisted of a good portrait of the minister, which was handsomely framed, and presented to him in the name of the members by Mr. John Smith, the senior deacon, in a short speech. Mr. Saunders appropriately replied, and the evening was spent in a very agreeable and becoming manner.

SOUTH PARADE, LEEDS.

The Rev. Clement Ballhache, late of Stepney College, London, has accepted the cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church in South Parade, Leeds, and commences his labours there the first Lord's-day in July.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

AUGUST, 1855.

THE HEAVENLY COUNSELLOR.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed."—*Rev. iii. 17, 18.*

That which the human race chiefly wants is moral guidance, advice, good counsel. To be well advised, and well commanded, is the principal blessing of life. In the view of this necessity, God has mercifully appointed Christ to be the thought-guide, counsellor, adviser of the whole world, and of every man in it,—the person through whom the human mind shall come into communication with the Infinite Wisdom unseen. "His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God." "He hath given Him to be a Leader and Commander to the people."

Unhappily for mankind, it requires almost as much wisdom to distinguish, accept, and act upon good advice, as to give it. A man must have become already in some degree wise, before he can become wiser; and since the majority have not attained even to this beginning of wisdom, to discern a good counsellor, their case is sad and hopeless indeed. The "folly which is bound up in their hearts" leads them to look upon the "only wise God," the universal intelligence, as their everpresent enemy.

Whether, however, the world will "hear him" or not, Christ is constituted the adviser of every man on the most important subject, the right direction of life with a view to the "resurrection of judgment." For this world may be compared to a vast porch or vestibule, leading, by the dark door of death, into the judgment-hall of Eternity. Through that door every man is to pass into the immediate presence of his Judge, to "give an account of himself unto God." There "God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether good or bad." There the tremendous sentence shall be passed on every man, which shall fix his doom to life or death eternal, by Him whose decision is final, and his decree irrevocable. In the vestibule, crowded by the human population, here on this earth, Christ reveals himself as the Counsellor and all-powerful Advocate of debtors and criminals; offering to furnish them with the means of giving a satisfactory account within the vail. "I counsel thee," these are his words, "to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment, that the shame of thy nakedness and beggary do not appear." These are words of true kindness. They breathe all the love that died for us. But they are also words of warning. As in Italy there is a rich deep soil covered with sunshine, beauty, and fertility upon the surface, but underneath there runs a subterranean sea of fire; so in these words there is first a frank

and loving offer of effectual help to ensure salvation, but beneath a deep tone of menace and alarm. As if He said, Yield to my guidance, and all will be well: judgment will be safe for you, and eternal life secure. But if you will not listen to me, prepare for the consequences! Every man, as a moral being, stands in a necessary relation to the Infinite Mind and Will; in a fixed relation to the awful government of God. If not reconciled to that government here, you will fall hereafter into its hands. If you will not listen to my counsel, so as to enter into the presence of God, as *your* Friend, and *my* Father, you must, and you will, encounter Him, in the invisible, as a blinding Light, and consuming Fire. All the burning indignation which men have ever felt against wrong done on earth, all the terrible instincts of avenging justice which have swayed the movements of nations and kingdoms, are but faint types of the reality of JUSTICE IN THE OMNIPOTENT. "His hand shall find out all his enemies." "He shall make them as a fiery oven in the day of his wrath, and his anger shall devour them." It was the intolerable fear of this judgment which drove Judas to self-murder; which caused Felix to tremble on the judgment-seat; and of which the apostle says, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth, *that shall he also reap.*"

The more we consider these piercing words, the more deeply they seem to enter into the soul. "I COUNSEL THEE!" We attach weight to the words of men, in proportion to the depth of their intelligence, and the breadth of their knowledge of the world. These are the words of One who knows *both* worlds; who has lived on earth, and known by experience the infirmities which encompass us, the temptations which assail us, the labours which harass us; who, through the participation of a common nature, the endurance of most poignant anguish, and the pleadings of a compassionate heart, is able and willing to make every lawful allowance for the weakness of man. But, also, they are the words of One who has passed within the veil, and who knows, by a participation of the Divine Nature, God as well as man; who knows the reality of all God's attributes, of his justice no less than of his mercy; who knows that, if man is weak, he is strong enough to sin, and strong enough to disobey God, who will judge him for his sin; that if passion is powerful, and the devil stronger still, yet that the one may be "crucified," and the other "resisted;" who, when "the spirit" was "willing," was the first to say that the "flesh was weak," and to forget and forgive the night of falsehood, in consideration of the years of faithfulness and truth; yet who, when the spirit was not willing, but wicked, had no words of mercy for the thief and the traitor, but branded him in the forehead as the son of perdition, and consigned him to his own place. They are the words of One who knows the limits set to the exercise of "the forbearance of God," and the preparations made in the unseen world for executing "righteous vengeance" upon the careless and the disobedient; of One who knows what the penalties will be of neglecting "so great a salvation;" of One who knows all, and sees all, and worketh all in all; and He says, "I COUNSEL THEE!"

And whom does He thus advise? "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, I counsel *thee.*" *Thou sayest.* It is not very probable that the church of Laodicea ever did literally *say* these words in expressing their view of their own condition. But this may teach us that that vast amount of unspoken thought which dwells in the minds of men, which would not bear plain and open utterance, but which, notwithstanding, directs and impels their practical conduct,—all that vast amount of unuttered thought, goes up to heaven

as **SPEECH**, and is translated by the divine voice into the abominable propositions which it signifies. "God is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;" and every man shall be dealt with by the Almighty, according to "the hidden things of darkness," the "evil treasure of his heart." Much of the manifestation of evil is restrained by God. Bad as is the outward life of men, that evil treasure of thought, unacted or unspoken, is far worse, and it is by that that they shall be judged. "As a man thinketh, so is he." There is many a silent thought of sin on earth, which, like the sin of Sodom, reaches as a cry into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and many a secret whisper of rebellion, which rolls as thunder through the courts of heaven.

Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing. This is just natural religion, the expression of a hardened man's estimate of his own condition. The Jewish Pharisaism was but one of a thousand similar expressions of man's natural coarseness of thought in relation to God. It was human nature in its mortal deformity, a mere corpse, its ghastly countenance livid in corruption, going up into the temple, clad in the long robes and phylacteries of spiritual death, and lifting its glassy eyes up to heaven, with, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are! I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing!" Oh, how surpassingly hateful to heaven must be, as Augustine says, this piece of "proud putrefaction!" How must heaven delight to gather and condense all its awful powers of scorn, to abase the phantom of pharisaic self-conceit. That salvation, which truly is exclusively the work of God towards man, humanity delights to conceive of as either unnecessary, or as the work of man towards God. **MAN**, the conqueror of nature, victorious over the elements, who transmits his thoughts around the globe along the electric wire in the twinkling of an eye, who flies in his fiery chariot over the tempestuous ocean,—clothed in self-sufficiency, and pluming himself in defiance, stands upon the pole, exclaiming, while his eye sweeps the firmament, "I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing!" Forgetful of Him, who is higher than the highest, the faint train of whose glory is seen in the starry sky, as He rideth upon his spangled chariot of "the everlasting heavens," through infinite space and endless duration; from whom, as He passeth by, there comes to this child of clay only this one word, **THOU FOOL!** And straightway the grave opens at his feet; he giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Saying to the worm, the crawling worm, *Thou art my sister; and to foul corruption, Thou art my mother!*

Now, how is it possible for a rational creature to be so far deluded as to be insensible to its own deepest needs? A moment's consideration on the nature of sin will explain it, so far as sin, the most irrational thing in creation, is capable of receiving any explanation; for it is "hatred without a cause." Sin is the overbalance of the selfish principle in man. The soul was not made for itself alone. A large sphere within it was designed for its Maker's will; and another for the claims of its fellow-beings. The selfish principle has expelled both God and mankind from the spirit, and taken complete possession of the whole domain of thought, passion, and will. This is sin. Sometimes it takes the form of violence, sometimes of reckless concupiscence, sometimes of covetousness, sometimes of arrogance, and sometimes of vanity. So that the more wicked or selfish any man is, the vainer and prouder he becomes. That is, the less he has to glory in, the more stolid and confident he becomes in his bearing, both towards God and man; the more blind he is in his spirit, the less is his sense of danger; and the more completely he is shut up within the minute circle of himself, the less is his sense of want from Him who

"sitteth above the circle of the earth, before whom all the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers." Now, it is shocking to think, that a state of mind very similar to this may be reached, not only by the perfectly unawakened man, but by the sleeping, dreaming christian,—not only by the Pharisee of Jerusalem, but by the saint of Laodicea; to a point so *very far back* it is possible for a believer's feet to *slide*. And when he has reached it, who can wonder that it requires an angry lightning-flash from the face of Christ to awaken him, a voice of thunder to alarm him, a stroke of vehement indignant love to humble him. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. Be zealous, therefore, and repent."

I have need of nothing! Why, this is the language of barbarism. The most savage tribes of men are those who have the fewest wants, and those few the most easily satisfied. The tattooed Island chief, adorned with shells and corals, and crowned with feathers,—living on roots and coconuts, and knowing no strong passion, but for the blood and flesh of his enemies, rushes down to the beach in fury, to bid defiance to the offered civilization of Europe. Cultivation, however, develops, wherever it goes, *new wants*, both of the body and soul, of clothing, domestic comfort, modes of support, and of knowledge. Civilization is nothing else than the development and gratification of new wants in an endless series; and the continuous advancement of the world in refinement depends upon the continual spread of the feeling of human necessity. Let Europe and Asia lose the natural and artificial wants of civilization, and they both would relapse into barbarism.

But many who, through yielding to the acquired sense of necessity, have reached the highest degree of material refinement, are still *barbarous in the soul*, and spiritually resemble the savage Islander, who repels with indignant scorn the offers of wisdom from beyond the ocean. They have no sense of spiritual wants, of moral desires to be satisfied, of danger to be averted, of purposes to be guided, of affections to be uplifted, of a spirit to be justified and saved. The very last thing for which their heart and flesh crieth out is, the living God.

But when the soul begins to be wise, it comes to itself, and then says, "I will arise and go to my father." It begins its career of salvation by becoming conscious of wants. *I perish with hunger.*

These spiritual wants of the soul are, solid peace with God in the prospect of eternal judgment. "Wherewithal shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" "What must I do to be *saved*?" Then, when that grand primary necessity is relieved, arises the earnest desire for likeness to God. "Then shall I be satisfied when I wake up in thy likeness." And, lastly, abiding repose in a sense of dependance and safe protection. "The Lord is my shepherd, *I shall not want*. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." In one word, the soul becomes conscious of the want of its God. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." All the faculties and passions of man ask for rest in all the attributes of God. And, says the apostle, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." God's unspeakable gift to the human spirit is **HIMSELF**.

Christ is appointed by God to satisfy all the wants of the soul awakening to its real necessities. *In him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily*, and of his fulness we may all receive grace upon grace. How he communicates this fulness to the "poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked," we may attempt to describe in a future paper. Meantime, let us

reflect that the measure of our outlooking to Christ, is the measure of our safety and spiritual progress. A sense of want, dependance, natural emptiness, to be satisfied only by "looking unto Jesus," to be enriched by his grace and truth, to be upheld and fortified by his strength, is the proper habit of the christian life. The soul can move in its proper orbit, or bring forth the fruits of righteousness in daily life, without Christ, no more than the earth can maintain its pathway through the sky, or its fertility upon the surface, without the attraction and the radiant heat of the sun. "WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

London.

PEACE BE WITH YOU.

BY DR. F. A. G. THEOLUCK.*

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—*John* xx. 19, 21, 26.

"And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said unto them, Peace be with you."—*Luke* xxiv. 36.

What a calm halo of glory rests upon the history of our Lord's resurrection, especially as it is detailed in the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John. As in the early dawn he there appears at the sea of Tiberias, so there rests upon his every apparition after his resurrection, as it were, the grey light of the dawn. He is no longer what he was, and yet he is still the same. He is no longer recognised by his own, nor by Mary Magdalene, nor by the disciples journeying to Emmaus, nor by the disciples at the sea of Tiberias, as in one place it is said, "He appeared under another form."† But again, he is the same whose body was nailed to the cross, for the incredulous disciple thrust his hand into the scar in his side. Now he suddenly stands in the midst of the eleven, having passed through closed doors, as if he had left matter and its limits behind. And again, he partakes with his friends of honey and fish, as if he still shared in the necessities of Adam's children.‡ He has not yet sat down upon his throne at the right hand of the Father, and nevertheless he appears not altogether to belong to earth, for he comes to the disciples only at intervals; and where is he when not with them? This is the twilight which overspreads our Lord; but it is the twilight of the dawn. The night lies behind him,—behind him lies the fight.

"PEACE BE WITH YOU!" This is the repeated salutation with which he steps among his own. His warfare is over. What a deep calm rests upon the whole aspect of the risen One; we feel it whenever we read the history of his resurrection. Having overcome the night with all its horrors, the morning of a glorious day has broken, never to be followed by the night. "For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God."§

"Oh, Death! where is now thy sting? Oh, Grave! where is now thy victory?" No power hadst thou over the Prince of Life; no longer shalt thou have power over me. "Because I live, ye shall live also." On these words I stand fast. But if it were not written that the lion of the tribe of Judah has come forth a conqueror from the tomb, so certainly as I know that I myself live, would I know that He lives also.

What! close His egress from the darkness of the grave into the light of day with a piece of rock? Sooner might ye roll a stone against

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

† Mark xvi. 12.

‡ Luke xxiv. 42, 43.

§ Romans vi. 10.

yonder eastern heavens, to prevent the morning sun from rising from the abyss, than bar the ascent of the Prince of Life into the light of day. Impossible that the life of which it said, "the Father hath given power unto the Son to have life in himself," should terminate in Joseph of Arimathea's tomb.

I do not know how it is, but since I came to feel in my inmost soul that HE LIVES, it is as if the consciousness of my own immortality had acquired new force. If He who lives for ever now lives in me, why should I not live henceforth with him for ever? And what but this is the meaning of his declaration, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

What are all other hopes of immortality compared with that vivid hope inspired by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead! There is, indeed, a resurrection taking place around us in the lap of nature; but the stalk which shoots up in the spring, and the blade which comes forth in the spring, is not the same that was buried in the harvest. Although *man* be eternal, how do I know that I am so? There exist, indeed, in the human mind germs which in this earthly state scarcely begin to develop themselves; but why may not humanity complete in an endless progress that which the individual must leave imperfect? But you say, Does not the individual bear within himself the consciousness of being called off the stage before he has yet lived out the life that is in him? and I reply, For one who feels this in every nerve of life, how many thousands are there who terminate their career every moment. For, properly speaking, they never do live in an onward progress, but, instead of striding forwards towards infinity, they merely revolve around themselves, upon the little point on which they stand! And, moreover, is it not the case, that the very powers in which you feel the throb of life, the acuteness of the intellect, the richness of the memory, the vigour of the judgment, the fertility of the imagination, have all borne their fairest fruits before the very noon of life, and by the evening of it have ceased even to blossom? Has there ever been one of human kind that has solved the problem, and impersonated the ideal, of humanity? And if not, whence, then, the certainty that every individual shall be allowed to fulfil it? The waves rise, the waves fall in the stream; the stream remains, the waves disappear. Ah, whence then the certainty that not only the stream of humanity, but all its waves also, must be eternal?

Nevertheless, this assurance is mine. Is not He, in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, a pledge to me that the problem of humanity has been fixed by the grace of God at the immortality, not merely of humanity, but of every individual partaker of it, and especially of those whom, having taken to be his brethren, he will also form in his own image. "But go to my brethren," thus speaks the risen One to the Magdalene. He was not ashamed of her when he walked with her in his earthly garments, and now he is not ashamed of her when he stands before her clothed with an incorruptible garment. And if we are brethren of Him who arose incorruptible,—of Him whom the bands of death could not hold, in giving us this honourable name, has he not also given us the pledge that we shall also be where he is, and as he is? Yes, he has given us this; and it is preëminently from his open grave that the assurance springs and pulsates through all my veins: I AM IMMORTAL!

"Peace be with you!" Yes, it resounds not only through hearts and homes, but likewise through the silent dwellings of the dead. For whence the triumphant feeling which, together with peace and serenity, pervades every believing soul on the resurrection morning? Are not the graves

of our beloved ones still closed beneath the cold earth? Does not the evening of life follow the morning, nipping its blossoms just as before? Stands there not upon each one of our graves the black and mournful cross? Mournful indeed, when viewed by the eyes of the flesh; but viewed by the eyes of the Spirit, it is a tree of life, reaching upwards to heaven. But the resurrection morning is the triumph of incorruption over corruption; and therefore rejoice, all ye that are called christians, at the grave of the risen One, in the anticipation of eternity.

Where among the communities of men do we find such joyful death-beds, as among those who can celebrate the resurrection morning, as in the church that believes in the first-born from the dead? "And delivered those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 15). In how numerous respects can the disciple of the Lord exclaim, "God be thanked! I am redeemed!" How strong the cords with which the fear of death binds all mankind! With all their demonstrations of an immortality, how little can they argue out of their hearts the fear of death! Nor, in order to get rid of it, is it enough to believe that beyond the first bounds of this life another begins, even were that land a land of paradise! If this earthly paradise fills the soul of man completely, the very thought of leaving it is enough to aggravate all its terrors. Who is it, then, who fills our souls with longing for another kind of food? Who is it that excites within us, by bestowing on us here the first fruits of the other land, an ardent longing for the full harvest? Who but Christ? Yes, believing in my Lord, I can exclaim with the fullest truth, "God be thanked, I am redeemed! redeemed even from the fear of death!" Really, joyful death-beds can be found nowhere except where the resurrection morning is remembered. Man exhausts not his life on the earth: the meaning of this is comprehended, I think, in its fullness, only by the christian. For why might not that man terminate his life on the earth, who knows not the royal dignity of man, who feels its claims on himself to be small? If there is nothing more to be done on earth than to spend a few pleasant hours and days, it can be of no consequence whether there be a few hundreds or thousands more or less of them. Were the sunset of human life never to be followed by the dawn, I cannot express how insignificant, how paltry, all the human life that surrounds me would appear! But we know that it does not consist in a few hours of earthly pleasure; we know the dignity of our nature; for we know the dignity of Him who came himself in the flesh to restore the image of humanity to its pristine glory.

Our pretensions are not small. They are great as the grace of the Giver. To be one with the Father, like to our first-born Brother, this is the exaltation, this the princely rank, which we have—not taken—but received out of his grace (John xvii. 21). Earth sees not the end of our life. We know that here we have only just begun to live aright. We know that the Spirit which is given us is only the beginning of a great harvest,—only the earnest, the pledge, of an incalculable number of blessings to be yet enjoyed. How then could we live out our existence on the earth? No! thy kingdom come! thus we shall pray until it is fully come. And though the cold and heavy hand of death be laid upon our hearts, between the last lightning-flashes of life, and amidst the last thunder-claps of death, we shall shout, "Oh, Death! where is now thy sting? Oh, Grave! where is now thy victory?"

"PEACE BE WITH YOU!" With these words the risen One appears in the midst of his disciples. His whole aspect betokens his own enjoyment of peace; but he addresses these words with such a peculiar significance to the disciples, that we perceive his meaning to be, "Now peace is yours."

As if it were only now the reign of peace had begun. And so it was. Only now had real peace been obtained. The heavy woes of the innocent Lamb of God were over. It was now well with His soul; it now may be well with ours. Now we know who it was that wept at Gethsemane, and bled upon Golgotha. Now we know that it was the Prince of Life. And, more than this, now we know the priceless value of his undeserved suffering. Now He has come forth as a conqueror from the grave. It could not have been for his own sins He suffered and died. He is the holy Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. Among the Greek christians, on Easter morning, friend cries to friend, "Christ is risen!" and the cry is echoed back again, "He is risen indeed!" And what does it mean but this? Yes, it is true indeed; we have a sin-offering for our sins! And his resurrection, and it alone, is to us the seal of our right to comfort one another with the reconciling power of his atonement. The commemoration of our Lord's resurrection is the celebration of our own peace. As there lay behind the Saviour the night of suffering, so behind the believing soul lies the night of guilt. As often as I think upon this peace, the bands of my soul are loosed, and the morning light of Tiberias plays around me. When that mouth speaks peace, there is peace indeed. The prophets invoke a woe upon the heads of those who say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." But the Saviour never pronounces peace except there be peace indeed. And if immediately after his resurrection he again and again exclaims, "Peace be with you!" would it not be a sin if I were not heartily to believe and appropriate it? Yes, I will now go my way in peace. All that tends to terrify lies behind me in the grave of my Lord, with the napkins and the linen clothes, while before me all is peace. Oh, in the warfare of the inner life, how blessed is the knowledge that our peace with God, at least, does not need to be battled for, but that it is complete out of and above us! How comforting, too, in this respect, is now the "Peace be with you," of our Lord, after his rising from the dead, when we behold so plainly that his woes have been our good;—that he includes us, likewise, in the peace which he now himself enjoys for ever;—and that we, too, have a share in that dawning glory and that gentle repose which rests upon him on the morning of the resurrection!

My Lord and my God! do thou enable my soul to realise that this is the day the Lord arose! Grant me at the open grave of Jesus feelings of triumph and of peace! The grave is no longer silent since Jesus Christ himself has opened it. The tomb-stones press not heavily on which stands the cross. "I live, and ye shall live also." This I hear resounding over every churchyard. I am a slave no more to the fear of death. At the grave of Jesus I feel myself strong enough to lay down my life; yea, if need be, to give it up for his sake, as he gave it up for me. Hold thou me up, oh, my Father God! and keep me gazing into my Saviour's open grave! Let me behold it even when I lie on the agonizing bed of death! Oh, let us not at the death-bed of our dear ones, or at our own, dishonour the name we bear, as if we were of those who have "no hope." I have indeed a living hope of that unseen world, so that I can rest all that is seen upon it. I have tasted of the peace that succeeds that death which we die in Christ. Grant, oh, my God, that the peace of this resurrection morning may be mine my whole life through! Oh, in that rest which remaineth, and in his calm peacefulness, I will be happy throughout eternity!

A GOOD HOPE THROUGH GRACE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Hope is the sweetener of human life. But for hope we should dash down the bitter cup and rush into desperation and despair. Painful as life often is, it would be ten times worse but for hope. But hope sometimes is limited to time, and sometimes it rests on a false basis. Then comes disappointment, sorrow, and woe. We shall not dwell on hope in general, but on the christian's hope. A good hope; a good hope through grace.

A GOOD HOPE IS A STEADY EXPECTATION, RAISED IN THE SOUL, OF THE POSSESSION OF SOME FUTURE GOOD. Its author is the Holy Spirit, and the means by which it is produced is the everlasting gospel. A man is convinced of sin, alarmed by the law, and realizes that his desert is hell. He is afraid of God, he is terrified at the thought of judgment, and at times perhaps longs for annihilation. He believes in hell, and dreads it. He believes in heaven, but has no hope of it. He is afraid to pray, and yet dares not neglect it. The pride of his heart gives way. He is ready to do anything, and willing to be anything, if he may but escape the wrath to come. He hears the everlasting gospel; it proclaims a full, free, and immediate pardon of all sin. It presents a glorious righteousness, to be placed to the account of all that believe. It opens a fountain which cleanses the foulest sinner, and makes him white as snow. It reveals the infinite, unbought, and sovereign love of God. It promises heaven, with all its blessedness and glory, to every one that believes. The Holy Spirit accompanies this gospel with his own sweet and invincible power to the heart. Unbelief gives way. Doubts, fears, and dulness depart. Hope, cheering hope, springs up. The man believes the record, he has confidence in God, he casts himself on Jesus, and this faith is the immediate parent of hope. He almost unconsciously begins to expect good things at the hand of God. His expectation deepens and strengthens. He is persuaded that God is love. He is filled with wonder when he hears that God beseeches him to be reconciled. He yields at once. His fetters are broken. The yoke of bondage is destroyed. Pardon and peace are enjoyed. The Spirit of adoption whispers, "Abba," in his heart, and he cries out, "*My Father!*" Good hope is now produced. It roots itself in the man's nature. It influences the man's heart and life. It lifts up his head. It brightens his eye. It strengthens his power of vision. It pierces the clouds. It passes through the distance with the velocity of lightning, and fixes on the glory provided in God's word.

Its OBJECT is GOOD,—the greatest good. Guided by the promises, it embraces all the good things which are limited by time. So that the christian hopes for, or expects, strength equal to his day, and that the grace of Jesus will be sufficient for him. He hopes to conquer every foe, however powerful, vigilant, or determined. To master every difficulty, however great and startling. To bear every cross patiently after Jesus. To endure all the afflictions that may come upon him, whether they be losses, crosses, bodily pains, temptations, or disappointments. To persevere to the end of his journey, and pass over the river in safety. Faith often looks forward, and leads the mind over the whole journey, but hope accompanies it, and whispers, You will endure that, you will overcome that, you will conquer that. Hope has a sweet voice, and though its strains are sometimes a little melancholy, it cheers the pilgrim as it sits in his bosom, like the nightingale in the thicket, amidst the gloom, and sings, "It shall be well, all shall be well, and well for ever; for all

things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose. Heaviness may endure for nights, but joy cometh in the morning." But it is not limited to the good things of time; it embraces the invisible world, the residence of God, the dwelling-place of Jesus Christ. Good hope cheers the dying christian with the thought, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." It persuades him that every pain will soon cease, every sorrow will soon end, every trouble will soon terminate. It reminds him, that though he may carry his cross to the gates of glory, he can carry it no farther,—every cross must be laid down on the threshold of that blissful mansion. It soothes his fainting heart, and cheers his sinking mind, as it speaks of the better land, and his interest in it, and title to it, and holds up the testimony which sparkles like a cabinet of gems. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It even goes beyond this, to the coming, the glorious coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, to set up his kingdom, fulfil all the glowing predictions of his word, and make good his largest promises to his people. The coming of Jesus is the most desirable, the most glorious event predicted in all the future, and, as such, hope fixes upon it. Oh, the flashes of joy that enter through the eye of hope into the soul, as it looks forward to the advent! Oh, the pleasure that at times thrills the spirit, as it anticipates that sublime event! Hope looks, longs, and at times wearies, for the coming of Jesus. She rejoices in what is laid up in heaven, in the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. But she places the espoused spirit on the tip-toe of expectation for the coming of the beloved Bridegroom openly to celebrate his nuptials. Hence the believer is described by the apostle as "looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

This hope is of GRACE,—entirely of grace. It owes its existence to the free, sovereign, and unmerited favour of God. It originates in grace, not in works; in what is in God, not in anything in man. It has cheered the heart of the vilest. It has visited the abode of the most wretched. It has brightened the eye of the most unworthy. It flows from the God of all grace, it is generated by the Spirit of grace, by the instrumentality of the gospel of grace, and is intended to reflect the praise of God's glorious grace for ever. Oh, Grace! thou friend of man, thou brightest emanation of the glory of God, thou source of all good, thou centre of all excellence,—I admire, I adore, I love thee! But for thee, good hope had never visited my poor, polluted, miserable bosom! But for thee, I had been languishing in gloom, sitting in despondency, or sinking in despair! But for thee, I had never wept over sin, fled to Jesus, embraced his cross, or felt the sweets of pardon, peace, and liberty! But for thee, I had been a felon in chains, a criminal in prison, a malefactor doomed to eternal death! Oh, Grace, how much I owe thee! Oh, Grace, how shall I sufficiently extol thee! Yes, good hope is through grace, and grace alone. Grace devised it, grace made provision for it, grace produced it, grace sustains it, and grace shall have all the glory of it!

It is a *good hope*. Good in its *author*, which is God, who is called the God of hope. Sweet is that prayer of the apostle, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, by the power of the Holy Ghost." Whatever God produces must be

good; whatever God gives must be excellent. Hope is his gift one of those favours referred to by James, "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, in whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." It is good in its *nature*. An expectation, founded on the goodness of God, generated by the good Spirit of God, of receiving good things from God. An expectation that does honour to the benevolence of the Divine Nature, the veracity of the Divine Word, and the glorious atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is good in its *effects*. It vanishes sullen gloom, dissipates dreary fears, scatters distressing doubt, and conquers accursed unbelief. It lights up a candle in the prisoner's dark cell, it opens a door to the traveller in Achor's dreary vale, and it kindles a fire in the sinner's icy heart. It gives lustre to the eye, colour to the lip, and bloom to the cheek. It purifies the heart from prejudice against God, enmity to man, and accursed selfishness. It sets the idle to work, sends the sick soul to the Physician, and stimulates the disheartened to run the race set before him. It is good, for it gives God praise, its possessor comfort, and benefits all around. It is good, for it rests on a *good basis*. A basis broader than time, firmer than earth, and durable as the throne of God. It rests on the infinite love of Father, Son, and Spirit; on the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; on the meritorious blood and perfect righteousness of Incarnate Deity; on the many exceeding great and precious promises of the sacred Word; on the oath of God, that he willeth not the death of the sinner, and will not be wrath with his people; and on the immutable faithfulness of a God who cannot lie. Glorious foundation of our hope this! What can shake it! What disturb it! My soul, let thy hope rest, not on anything within thee, or on anything done by thee, but on what God is, what God has said, what God has done, and what God is pledged to do. This is the rock on which to cast thy anchor,—it will keep thee steady amidst all the storms of life, and in the great earthquake of death. As the anchor grasping the rock holds fast the vessel, causing it to outride the storm, so thy hope, grasping this glorious rock, will keep thee safe and steady. It moors thee to the eternal throne. Others may make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, but thou never shalt. Other vessels may be dashed to pieces by the fury of the storm, but thine never can. The metal of which this anchor is made is so strong, and so well welded, that all the powers of earth and hell may try in vain to break it; the cable by which this anchor is held—the faith of the operation of God—is so powerful, that no stress can ever snap, or even strand it; and the timber to which it is fastened in the vessel—the work of the Spirit of God in the soul—is firmer than any old English oak, or Lebanon's far-famed cedars; therefore it is that every vessel of mercy is enabled to sail over the stormy and troubled ocean of time, and, notwithstanding its eddies and tides, its rocks and quicksands, its whirlpools and waterspouts, not one ever perished yet. Perished! Forgive the thought, alike dishonourable to God and injurious to man! Perished! Utterly impossible, since He who holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, has said, "THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH!" Perished! If so, then the promise must fail, the oath of God must be violated, the blood of the cross must be dishonoured, the everlasting covenant must be broken, the word of Jesus must prove a falsehood, and Satan would triumph over the Saviour! Perished! No, never one! Rejoice, rejoice, my soul, in this! Hold this fast, and never give it up; for if one has perished, more may; and if any one is likely, thou art the man. Yes, my feeble, fickle, foolish soul would be sure to be found among the lost. But no, that hope that originated with

God is sustained by God, and will be consummated in the presence and glory of God. "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness." A good "hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." But if I hope for victory, and lose the battle,—if I hope for the prize, and lose the race,—if I hope for heaven, but am doomed to hell, should I not be ashamed? And when tormented by devils and fellow-sufferers of a different class, would not my hope make me ashamed? But we are saved by hope. Saved from distraction, desperation, and despair now; and saved from the horrors of hell for ever. Hope, eldest daughter of a living faith, thou hast cheered, solaced, and comforted me hitherto; wilt thou not comfort me to the end? Yes, yes, and when on my dying pillow, when heart and flesh is failing, when earth is receding, and the unseen world is approaching, thou wilt whisper to me, "Grace reigns, glory approaches, heaven opens, Jesus calls thee. Farewell; go realise for ever what I have taught thee to expect, and assured thee of enjoying!" Thrice blessed hope! Thou hast been my helmet when fighting on land, and my anchor in the storm at sea; thou has opened a door of escape in the valley of trouble and sorrow; thou hast moderated my grief under losses and bereavements; thou has stimulated me to activity when dejected and discouraged; thou has saved me from despair many a time, bidding me look out for better days, and assuring me that there was a good time coming. Comfortable hope! companion of my wintry seasons and darkest nights, thou shalt accompany me to the gates of the celestial city, and only expire in the blaze of its glory and inconceivable splendour! God of hope, I bless thee for this grace, this fruit of thy Spirit; strengthen it in my soul, and confirm it unto the end, for Jesus' sake!

Reader, have you a good hope? A hope you have, I doubt not; but is it a *good hope*? Was it preceded by conviction of sin, despair of help in self, and submission to the righteousness of God? Was it begotten at the cross? is it nourished at the throne? and does it rest on the faithful Word of God? These are serious and important questions; for a false hope will deceive thee. It may delude thee in health and strength, but it will fail thee in the hour of trial, and in the article of death. See to it, that thy hope rests on Jesus, that it purifies thy heart, that it bears the stamp of heaven upon it. All the productions of the blessed Spirit bear his stamp,—his private mark,—upon them; that stamp, that mark, is holiness. If thy hope is good, it centres in Christ, it consecrates thee to God, and looks forward to a heaven that is holy, as well as happy. Good hope always leads its possessor to sigh, cry, and pray for holiness more than happiness. By this one mark thou mayest prove the nature of thy hope. Art thou a hopeless sinner? Thou mayest become a hopeful, happy believer. Flee to Jesus from thy sins, thy guilt, thy desert; he will receive thee, and his Spirit will give thee a good hope through grace. Art thou a poor doubting soul? Jesus asks thee, "Why dost thou doubt?" Mercy is free. His blood is infinitely efficacious. His righteousness is for every one that is willing to have it, and wear it. Doubt not, my brother, but hope in God, for *thou* shalt yet praise him. Art thou just going to give up thy hope? What, is it come to that? Well, then, even give it up. Give it up! You start at this advice, I know, and something within you says, "*Never!*" No, no, you never will give up your hope, for hope will never give up you, or, rather, the God of hope will not. Hope on, hope ever, and never talk of giving up then!

Cheltenham.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF IDOLATRY.

BY THE REV. JOHN GREGSON.

In coming out to India,—a land about whose temples, idols, and worship, we have heard so much,—we naturally expect to be at once arrested by some palpable and striking forms of idolatry. A system of such great antiquity, such debasing sensuality, and maintaining moreover such deep and widespread influence over the people, must have many outward memorials of its existence and its power. It was with such anticipations I first landed in Calcutta, and yet strange to say to *my uninitiated eye* nothing idolatrous was apparent. I traversed its public thoroughfares,—threaded many of its narrowest and most densely populated streets,—visited its bazaars and principal places of business,—but no indications of idolatry presented themselves,—no grand imposing temples,—no thronging crowds of worshippers,—no solemn or impressive ceremonies. Day after day passed, and even one week after another, during which period I had gone over a large portion of the city. Yet all was the same,—there was no cessation of business,—no seasons of general religious worship,—no appearance of repose,—in short, nothing to indicate the people had a religion at all, or recognised any interests beyond those of the passing hour. I felt greatly perplexed, and could not help asking myself, Can these people be so bad as they are represented to be? Are these the blinded, infatuated idolaters of whom we have so often heard and read? Judging from what I saw, I should certainly have inferred that their religion, if they had any, was more negative than positive,—much more censurable in what it omitted than in anything it performed.

It was some time before I mentioned my feelings, or sought to fathom the depths of this mystery. I then soon learnt that the marks of idolatry were not so wanting as I had supposed. It is true Calcutta does not possess many heathen temples. I am not aware that it possesses one of any note,—and, in the city itself, I have no recollection, after a residence there of five weeks, of having seen one of any sort whatever. Perhaps along the banks of the river I may have seen one or two, but cannot speak with certainty. But whatever its lack of temples, it has worshippers in abundance. Those men whom I had observed, as I was taking my morning or evening walk, sitting by the road-side and filling their brazen lotus with water, then pouring it over their hands, or bathing their faces with it, were engaged in their devotions, and whilst performing their ablutions were muttering their prayers. Again, those men whom you meet with so frequently having their faces smeared, or streaked with paint, bear upon their brows the characteristic mark of the god they worship. Whilst, again, those crowds I had seen at the river's side, some sitting quietly upon its banks, others plunging boldly in, or pouring water over their heads or bodies, all these were engaged in their daily religious rites.

But even had I not been thus enlightened, and taught to recognise idolatry where previously it had been unobserved, I should not have had to wait long to have my earliest impressions corrected. The Hindoos have no Sabbath like ourselves, but its place is supplied by a large number of festivals occurring throughout the year, and which last from one or two to eight days each. It so happened before I left Calcutta the last of these Pujas or festivals for the year came on. It was what is called Kartik Puja, or the festival in honour of the God of War. The gentleman with whom I was staying had kindly made arrangements for us to leave Calcutta the day it commenced, and to spend the two days it lasted in the country. I had, however, an opportunity of witnessing the cere-

monies observed on this occasion at Chaudernagore, a French station, about twenty miles from Calcutta. This is a beautiful place, situate on the banks of the Hoogley. The river here winds about considerably, so that you obtain a good view of it for a great distance, to both right and left. The towering palm trees and rich foliage that clothe both banks of the river down to the very water's edge, interspersed here and there with a neat, white, commodious residence, together with the clear atmosphere and cloudless sky of this sunny region, give to the whole scene an air of surpassing loveliness, and make the station a favourite place of public resort.

On reaching this spot, which we did two or three hours before sunset, we found the whole place in commotion. The principal, and indeed almost only public thoroughfare, which runs along by the river's side, was in a state of complete hubbub. Crowds of men and boys, women and girls, lined both sides of the streets, whilst the moving backwards of the various processions, combined with the attendant dead heavy beat of drums, the shrill whistling sound of numerous instruments of music, and the shouts of the spectators, produced a most discordant, though somewhat enlivening effect. I know not that I can convey anything like a correct impression of what I witnessed, and am still less hopeful of being able fully to initiate the reader into the rationale of the thing. From none whom I consulted could I obtain any very full or satisfactory information. The following is the substance of what I gathered. We will suppose there is a Hindoo wishful to get up a Kartik procession. We must not be too inquisitive as to his views or motives. These are, probably, very imperfectly known even to himself, and on investigation would, in all likelihood, be found to consist mainly in a desire to gratify his neighbours, by giving them a tamasha, or public spectacle. Say he is poor, too poor to get up an exhibition alone. He seeks out a few others similarly circumstanced to himself. They club together. Their first business is to obtain a sculptor. Of these there is great abundance, and some of them very clever. They then go to the river, and take from its bed a quantity of mud. This, after some previous preparation, is moulded into a human figure about as large as life. It is then dried in the sun, and afterwards painted. Subsequently it is mounted upon a huge peacock made of the same material, and in the same way as itself, but usually adorned with a real peacock's tail. If they can afford it, they dress his godship in gay and costly apparel, and sometimes adorn him with a profusion of the richest jewels. The festival day arrives. They need bearers to carry the image, which is mounted upon a square platform, and others are required to accompany with music and shouting. If they are sufficiently numerous, and belong to the poorer classes, they may do all this themselves,—if not, they must hire men. All being fully arranged, three or four hours before sunset, they go forth in company with their friends and parade the streets. Just as the sun goes down a rush is made for the water's side. Here the objects of their adoration are torn from their lofty eminence, ruthlessly stripped of all their ornaments and attire, often even indignantly buffeted and reviled, and at length ignominiously cast naked into the river.

On the present occasion there were some half dozen of these processions moving backwards and forwards along this solitary thoroughfare. They differed considerably in their external appearance; one in particular, being of larger dimensions, and decorated in a more costly style than the rest, having also a larger number of attendants. Two or three others were of very plain and unpretending appearance, and attracted much less attention. As I saw these processions move backwards and

forwards, listened to the shouts with which they were hailed, and witnessed the interest they excited, I could not help wishing it were possible to come at the thoughts and feelings of the spectators. I should have liked to ask them,—Why do you do all this? What does it mean? Who is pleased with it but yourselves? And what advantage does it confer? One thought struck me powerfully. What must be the state of that people of whose religion this is a specimen? So far as one could judge,—and the evidence before one's eyes was more than sufficient to justify the conclusion,—it was a religious ceremony in which every element and characteristic of religion was wanting. There was no manifestation of grateful emotion for mercies received; no sense of guilt or contrition for crimes perpetrated; no apprehension of coming evils; no anticipation of future good. Still less was there of grateful affection, humble confidence, or reverential fear, for the object they were professedly worshipping. In fact the whole exhibition has its perfect counterpart in the freaks of mountebanks, or the merriment of a country fair, in England. And I strongly suspect the attendants upon both are influenced by precisely analogous feelings, attend them from the same motives, and derive from them similar impulses. Certainly the scenes in the one case are just as little adapted to elevate the wishes or the feelings as in the other. But what, then, must be the state of that people whose religious feelings find fitting expression in buffooneries like these? Whose purest sentiments, and loftiest hopes and aspirations, can find nothing better than this to express or sustain them? And if such be the religious, what must be the moral and secular, life of this people?

The thought is saddening, and may well lead to a devouter recognition of our need of divine aid in missionary labours, and to more earnest supplications for its bestowment.

Calcutta.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
 With the first beams that light the morning sky,
 Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
 Lift up thy thoughts on high;
 Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:—
 Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
 If worn by toil, or by sad cares opprest,
 Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
 And He will give thee rest;—
 Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:—
 Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—
 Whilst yet eve's glowing colours deck the skies,—
 When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met,—
 Then let thy praise arise
 For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:—
 Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
 And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
 To pure bright dreams of heaven,—
 Kneel to thy God; ask strength, life's ills to bear:—
 Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee,—
 In crowds or solitude,—in joy or care.—
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
 At home,—at morn and eve,—with loved ones there,
 Bend thou the knee in prayer!

Tales and Sketches.

THE SHABBY SURTOUT.

BY THE REV. DR. HUIE.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which ran between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. It was in the month of June, a season when travellers of various descriptions flock towards the modern Athens, and thence betake themselves to the northern or western counties, as their business or fancy leads. As we rattled along Princes Street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first water, dressed in white great coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which he puffed away with marvellous self-complacency. Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, and with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby indicated that they belonged to the working class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently seen more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand, so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorphine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard, observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly in the centre, guard," said one of the dandies.

"Why so, Tom?" enquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first,—a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

The morning being fine at our first setting out, the ride was peculiarly pleasant. The dandies talked of horses and dogs, and fowling-pieces, and percussion-caps; every now and then mentioning the names of Lord John and Sir Harry, as if their acquaintance lay among the great ones of the land. Once or twice I thought I saw an expression of contempt in the countenance of the young gentleman in the surtout, but in this I might be mistaken. His attention was evidently most directed to the mourner beside him, with whom he appeared anxious to get into conversation, but to lack for a time a favourable opportunity.

While we were changing horses at the little village of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off, Jack," said the one; "Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit, you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, enquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her that there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be

taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak. "It will protect you so far," said he, "and, at all events, it will protect the baby." The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that, for the sake of her infant, she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer from the want of it himself. He assured her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtout won't spoil," said one of the dandies, in a voice of affected tenderness; "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both." The widow blushed; and the young gentleman, turning quickly round, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget. "I am not naturally quarrelsome, Sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the exquisites immediately turned as pale as death, shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance, and scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime the young gentleman, with the same politeness and delicacy as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this, when a smart shower of rain, mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelop and protect my head, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he readily accepted, but held it, as I remarked, in a manner better calculated to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craigs inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain had ceased; and the young gentleman, politely returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his now dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung on the rail to dry. Then, turning to the widow, he enquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:—

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles farther, Sir. I leave the coach about six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"

"Yes, Sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way home to my father's house."

"In affliction, I fear?"

"Yes, Sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly, "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, Sir, while he has strength to labour for us; but he is himself in poverty, a day-labourer on the estate of the Earl of H——."

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman coloured a little; but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature.

"What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, Sir."

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate, as far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless, and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"Oh, yes, Sir, I bless God, that, through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel. My husband, too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, Sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you; be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange expressive looks with one another; and at one time the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words, "Methodist parson," alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; but when we had got about half-way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross-road, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman therefore desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant from her arms, and then, along

with the guard, assisted her to descend. "May God reward you," said she, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day!"

"And may He bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus!"

So saying, he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively; I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned round to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast towards him an eloquent and grateful look, pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in rapid motion towards the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his fine countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby surtout than their "puppy brains" could easily conjecture. That in this they were right was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open travelling carriage, drawn by four beautiful grey horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet. "What beautiful greys!" cried the one, "I wonder whom they can belong to?" "He is a happy fellow anyhow," replied the other; "I would give half Yorkshire to call them mine." The stage-coach and travelling-carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in laced livery, springing down from behind the latter, looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition.

"Are all well at the castle, Robert?" enquired the young gentleman in the surtout.

"All well, my lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of that monosyllable the

faces of the exquisites became visibly elongated; but, without taking the smallest notice of them or of their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me good morning; and, descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despised portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leaders very slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray, what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord, as we entered the inn.

"The Earl of H——, Sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as one of the richest, in Scotland."

"The Earl of H——!" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion; "what asses we have been! there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on *his* estate."

"Oh, yes! we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and, silent and crest-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments.

"The Earl of H——!" repeated I, with somewhat less painful feelings; "does he often travel unattended?"

"Very often," replied the landlord, "especially when he has any public or charitable object in view; he thinks he gets at the truth more easily as a private gentleman than as a wealthy nobleman."

"I have no doubt of it," said I; and having given orders for dinner, I sat down to muse on the occurrences of the day.

This, however, was not the last time that I was destined to hear of that amiable young nobleman, too early lost to his country and mankind. I had scarcely returned home from my tour in the Highlands, when I was waited upon by a friend, a teacher of languages in Edinburgh, who told me that he had been appointed Rector to the Academy at B——.

"Indeed!" said I, "how have you been so fortunate?"

"I cannot tell," replied he, "unless it be connected with the circumstance which I am going to relate."

He then stated, that about a month before, he was teaching his classes as usual, when a young gentleman, dressed in a surtout that was not over new, came into his school, and politely asked leave to see his method of instruction. Imagining his visitor

to be a schoolmaster from the country, who wished to learn something of the Edinburgh modes of tuition, my friend acceded to his request. The stranger remained two hours, and paid particular attention to every department. When my friend was about to dismiss the school, the stranger enquired whether he was not in the habit of commending his pupils to God in prayer before they parted for the day; my friend replied that he was; upon which the stranger begged that he would not depart from his usual practice on his account. My friend accordingly prayed with the boys, and dismissed them; after which the stranger thanked him for his politeness, and also withdrew. Nothing more occurred; but four or five days afterwards my friend received a letter from the Earl of H—, in which that nobleman, after stating that he had satisfied himself as to his piety and ability as a teacher, made him an offer of the Rectorship of the Academy at B—.

"Was your visitor fair-haired," said I, "and his surtout of a claret colour?"

"They were," replied my friend; "but what of that?"

"It was the Earl of H— himself," said I; "there can be no doubt of it;" and I gave him the history of my journey to Glasgow.

"Well, he took the best method, certainly, to test my qualifications," rejoined my friend. "I wish all patrons would do the same, we should have better teachers in our schools, and better ministers in our churches."

"All patrons, perhaps, are not equally qualified to judge," said I; "at all events, let us rejoice that though 'not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called,' still we see one here and one there, distinguished by divine grace, to the praise and the glory of God the Saviour."

"HE SAID HE WOULD."

"Please don't shut the shutters, mother, the moon is so bright," said little Willie Angus; adding, as he moved uneasily on the sofa, "It's a nice night for him to come."

"Who is coming, dear?" asked his mother.

"Mr. Ellis, to be sure, mother. Its Saturday, and that's the last day of the week."

"But why did you think he would this week, Willie?"

"He said he would, mother."

This was said as if he would make his mother as sure as himself; and then, half closing his eyes, Willie lay intently listening to the passing footsteps, his cheek flushing as one after another seemed to stop at their house. But, unfortunately, a passage leading to many other houses went close by the door of theirs, and one by one the sound of footsteps died away, and none came to their door.

Poor Willie had had a long illness, which he had borne very patiently, and he was quite aware that there was no chance of his ever getting better. His greatest pleasure was in being read to; but, unhappily, his mother had never been well taught, and though every thing else she did for him was the best and pleasantest, she was quite aware that he derived little pleasure from her reading, and she was always glad to get some one to read to him. A young lady, his former Sabbath school teacher, used to come two or three times a-week, but she had now been ill several weeks; and this Mr. Ellis, having called accidentally to speak to his mother about sewing, had been pleased with the child, and had been in several times to read to him. His voice was a very musical one, and Willie's quick ear was fully alive to the beauty of his reading, though he could not perhaps have told why he enjoyed it more than that of any one else. This evening, as he lay listening, he held tightly in his hand a little book of poems, with his finger in the place where his favourite piece was—"Charlie and his Father."

Eight o'clock struck. Willie turned away his head from the bright moon, and, as he shut his eyes, his watchful mother saw a tear escape on the pillow. He had given up hope for this night; and more, and worse than that for his little loving heart, he had learned that he must not trust implicitly in what "he said."

For another week the little invalid watched every evening between seven and eight for his friend. He said nothing. He could not bear to reproach him, and it would have been far worse to hear him reproached by his mother. He kept the book under his pillow, instead of in his hand, and each night as eight o'clock struck, he gave up the hope.

But this constant, restless expectation

* Extracted from "The British Workman," a publication we have pleasure in recommending to our readers.

was bad for the child. His mother saw that he became feverish toward evening, and did not sleep so well; so, having finished part of the work for Mr. Ellis, she determined to take it home herself, and see him if she could. He came to speak to her, and enquired kindly after the little boy. She would not lose such a good opportunity, and said he was not so well, and that he had been much disappointed at not having seen Mr. Ellis.

"Poor little fellow, I will come some day soon," he said.

"Some day soon," repeated Mrs. Angus to herself, as she went home. "When will that be, I wonder? Poor Willie!"

Anxiously were the poor boy's eyes fixed upon her as she came in, for he knew where she had been.

"He asked very kindly after you, dear," said his mother, answering the look.

"Did he say he was coming?"

"Yes, he said he would come some day soon."

Willie's eyes brightened. He had not yet learned how easily promises are made, and how heedlessly they are broken.

A week passed away, another was nearly at its close, and the mother saw that her child's life was ebbing away fast. The medical man said that he had not many days to live, and must be kept as quiet and happy as he could. She could not quite understand the fascination which Mr. Ellis appeared to have over the boy, but she knew that he was constantly in his thoughts, and she was determined, if possible, to bring him. Again she went, and found him as kind in manner as before.

"Worse, is he? Poor little lad! I must come soon."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mrs. Angus, "but there is nothing but your coming that will do him any good. He has been looking for you ever since I came here last, when you said you would come soon."

"Did I? I forgot. Poor child! I will go with you."

He put on his hat, and accompanied her home. She went in first, to tell Willie who was coming. He did not say a word, but stretched out both his hands, pressed his friend's hand to his hot lips, and then slipped his favourite book into it. The book opened at the usual place, and how Willie's ears and heart drank in the low music of the words:—

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?
Tears were in Charlie's eye,—
'Will they, dear father? Say.'

"No, they will never come;
We go to them, my boy,—
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy."

When this was read, Willie did not, as usual, ask for another, but, keeping Mr. Ellis's hand, he looked at his mother, and said, as if hardly conscious of his presence, "It was long to me; but it was soon to him. *He said he would*, mother,"—and in a few minutes his hand relaxed, and he slept more quietly than he had done for many nights.

What a world of gratified trust in those few words! How the little loving heart had been wounded when it thought its friend had forgotten, and how sweet the feeling that, after all, the intention had been fulfilled!

The words sank deep in the listener's heart, and he resolved that for the future he would be more watchful in keeping his promises. Would all do so, how many a weary hour of disappointment would be saved to young and old!

Not many days did Willie's gentle spirit linger here; but no day passed without a visit from Mr. Ellis, and the boy passed from life to death as he listened to the words, "In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

PRAYER EFFECTUAL.

"Child, you are making bitter work for repentance, bitter work for repentance!" sorrowfully said the good pastor, as his son defiantly repulsed him.

"I can't help it," was the reply, "if I don't repent, I shall get clear of the bitter work, I'm thinking!"

"William, no more of this," replied the father in stern reproof. "Go directly to your room,—you will omit supper to-night, and I wish not to see you till you can penitently ask my forgiveness."

William slammed the door after him, and went out, and the pastor paced his study with agonising emotions. It was a grievous trial; his only son had disobeyed him, and young as he was,—for he was but thirteen,—had added insult to injury. In vain had the father spent hours in expostulation; in vain had he punished him, and

seemingly prayed for him in vain. His stubborn and rebellious spirit appeared farther than ever from yielding.

The good man was sorely perplexed; he was a rigid disciplinarian, and had faithfully required his son to obey him from his earliest accountability. He had carefully trained him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It was his conviction, founded on observation, that unless the will of a child is thoroughly subdued before the age of three years it is rarely done subsequently. William had been subdued sometimes, and all his father's philosophy was at fault to account for his strange conduct. He felt that now indeed had his son reached a crisis; on the decisions of these moments his eternal destinies hung.

The boy's fair-haired mother was asleep in Jesus, and his little sister—doveling of the household—the fond father cherished, striving to brood and protect it with his own and the mother's love. Grieved and stricken the pastor felt,—

"How keener than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

But William's case was no ordinary one; and the man of God set himself about his rescue with his might. He felt the impotency of human efforts, and betook himself to prayer. All through the long night

watches he wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant, pouring out his complaint with "strong crying and tears." The night wore away, and still the pastor agonised for the rebel boy. The wrestling continued even till the "ascending of the morning," and he, too, would not let the angel go except he blessed him.

The blessing came. While yet he was importuning with the King of kings, pleading the sure promises, a gentle knock was heard at his door; and when he had opened it, there stood before him his own "lost" William, "found" again through the grace of God.

"I've come, father," the boy faltered, "to ask you to forgive me, if you can."

"My precious son I come to my arms!" exclaimed the pastor, bursting into tears. "I gladly forgive you; but the great thing is, to have God forgive you."

"I—I've tried to ask Him, Sir," said William.

He was indeed a true penitent, and made a full confession to his father, and now gives good evidence that he is a member of the fold of Emanuel.

Let no one despair. The Lord is still a prayer-hearing God, and the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man even now avaleth much!

Correspondence.

THE SCRIPTURE RULE OF EVIDENCE.

It is the law of England that a man be held innocent until he be proved guilty; and the law of England, in this instance, is the law of God. Lev. xxiv. 14; Numb. xxxv. 30; Deut. xvii. 6; xix. 15—19; Matt. xviii. 15—17; 2 Cor. xiii. 1; 1 Tim. v. 19. On comparing these passages together, we observe,—

i. That under the former dispensation, circumstantial evidence *alone* was inadmissible. The person who attested guilt required to be an eye or an ear witness of what he testified, "Bring forth him that hath cursed without the camp; and let all that *heard* him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him" (Lev. xxiv. 14.)

ii. It was not lawful to put a murderer to death on the testimony of *one* witness only. Two witnesses at least were necessary.

"Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses; but *one* witness shall not testify to cause him to die" (Numb. xxxv. 30.) This rule applied to all cases of capital punishment. "At the mouth of *two* witnesses, or *three* witnesses, shall he that is worthy of death be put to death; but at the mouth of *one* witness he shall not be put to death" (Deut. xvii. 6.) The reason of this law is obvious, viz., to guard against the punishment of the innocent, it being less likely that two or more persons would unite in a falsehood than that a single witness would bear a false testimony. It is a principle which will be universally admitted, that, where there is any doubt at all, it is better that the guilty should escape, than that the innocent should suffer.

iii. This rule of evidence was not applicable to capital offences only; it was of general application. "One witness shall

not rise up against a man, for *any* iniquity, or for *any* sin, in *any* sin that he sinneth: at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established" (Deut. xix. 15.) Our Lord applies this rule to every possible offence. (Matt. xviii. 15, 16.) Strict justice requires the same amount of evidence in every case. For if it would be unjust to put an innocent man to death, on the same principle it would be unjust to visit him with any degree of punishment. "He that is unjust in the least is also unjust in much."

iv. In the case of guilt being proved, the witnesses were required to take the *lead* in inflicting the punishment. "The hands of the witnesses shall be *first* upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hands of all the people" (Deut. xvii. 7.) This would tend to make the witnesses very careful to give an accurate testimony. Many would be willing to bear witness against a man, who would not be willing to inflict the punishment. But if a man be prepared to do the one, he need not scruple to do the other. The responsibility lies on the *witness*, rather than on the jury, the judge, or the executioner.

v. In the case of a false testimony being borne against a man, after a diligent investigation was made, the false witness was liable to the punishment due to that particular offence, with which the accused person had been charged. "If a false witness rise up against any man to testify against him that which is wrong; then both the men, between whom the controversy is, shall stand before the Lord, before the priests, and the judges, which shall be in those days; and the judges shall make diligent inquisition: and, behold, if the witness be a false witness, and hath testified falsely against his brother, *then shall ye do unto him, as he had thought to have done unto his brother, so shall thou put the evil from among you*" (Deut. xix. 16—19.)

vi. The Lord Jesus has adopted this rule of evidence as the law of his kingdom. "Moreover," says he, "if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, *that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established*. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be

unto thee as an heathen man and a publican" (Matt. xviii. 15—17.)

Like all other divine institutions, this rule is admirably adapted to promote the peace and prosperity of a church. Were it strictly attended to, the following evils never would occur:—

1. No man would be in danger of being excluded, or even suspended, from the fellowship of a church *until his case were tried*. Whether suspension be a divine ordinance, we shall neither at present affirm nor deny; but it appears to us to be an unscriptural step to require, or even request, a church member to decline communing on mere suspicion, because the law supposes every man to be innocent, until he be *proved* guilty.

2. No man would prefer a charge against another *without proof*; and if an offence were of a *private* nature, the offended party would take the previous private steps, in order to reclaim the offender; or, in the event of failure, to establish the charge "in the mouth of two or three witnesses." And if a charge could not be thus established, christian prudence would suggest the propriety of leaving the matter till the judgment of the great day.

3. No church would entertain a case *without proof*. No room would consequently be left at a church meeting for the discussion of mere opinions in reference to character; for the church would not sit in judgment on opinions, but on *facts supported by evidence*. The church would thus prove a city of refuge for the protection of character, and much fruitless controversy and vain jangling would be avoided.

4. Slander would be effectually discountenanced. The false witness would be made to suffer for his sin. "If a false witness should rise up against any man to testify against him that which is wrong," the church would "do unto him as he thought to have done to his brother," and thus "put the evil from among them." This impartial discipline would teach persons not only to avoid intentional falsehood, but to study the strictest accuracy in all their communications, especially in reference to character. For though inaccuracy is no doubt less sinful than intentional falsehood, yet inaccurate persons are generally to blame for carelessness at least; and the consequences of their representations may be as mischievous to *others* as

intentional falsehood. High conscientious principle will lead us to examine everything with the most scrupulous care, before we assert it to be a truth.

5. Christians would not withdraw from churches on account of *mere surmises* against fellow-members. No christian is warranted to leave a church for retaining those in her fellowship against whom there is not scriptural evidence of guilt, *even if he knew them to be guilty*, because *no church is warranted to put such away*. Some christians seem to think that they ought not to remain in the church, unless they have perfect confidence in *all* the members; but however desirable this may be, it is sometimes impossible. We may even have *personal knowledge* that an individual is walking inconsistently with his profession, and yet be unable to bring evidence to bear on the case; and it would be unreasonable to expect a church to act under such circumstances. A minister of a connexional body, for example, when referring to another minister who had been deposed for immorality, blamed the court for not

entertaining a charge which he had long before preferred against him, and when asked what evidence he had replied, "Why, I had *my eyes*." But however satisfactory these witnesses were to him (and a man's eyes are no doubt the best witnesses *in the world to himself*), yet we think the court acted scripturally in not regarding them as sufficient witnesses to *them*, for the Scripture requires the eyes of *two or three*,—"that in the mouth of *two or three* witnesses every word may be established." And, in such a case, a church is not at all responsible, supposing the person *to be guilty*. His blood is on his own head;—the sin remains with himself. The church would, indeed, be to blame, in rejecting or overlooking legal evidence; but as she is not warranted to act without it, she ought not to be blamed for delaying to act until God in his providence makes the case clear; and, therefore, no person is warranted to leave her fellowship under such circumstances; but refer the matter to the Lord.

JOHN BROWN, A.M.

Contig, Newtonards, Ireland.

A Page for the Young.

THE FACTORY BOY.

In the middle of a dark night, Joel, a boy of nine years old, heard his name called by a voice which, through his sleep, seemed miles away. Joel had been tired enough when he went to bed, and yet he had not gone to sleep for some time; his heart beat so at the idea of his mother being very ill. He well remembered his father's death, and his mother's illness now revived some feelings which he had almost forgotten. His bed was merely some clothes spread on the floor, and covered with a rag, but he did not mind that; and could have gone to sleep at once but for the fear that had come over him. When he did sleep, his sleep was sound, so that his mother's feeble voice calling him seemed like a call from miles away.

In a minute Joel was up and wide awake.

"Light the candle," he could just hear the voice say.

He lighted the candle, and his beating heart seemed to stop when he saw his mother's face. He seemed hardly to know whether it was his mother or no.

"Shall I call—?"

"Call nobody, my dear. Come here." He laid his cheek to hers.

"Mother, you are dying," he murmured.

"Yes, love, I am dying. It is no use calling any one. These little ones, Joel."

"I will take care of them, mother."

"You, my child! How could that be?"

"Why not?" said the boy, raising himself, and standing at his best height. "Look at me, mother. I can work. I promise you—"

His mother could not lift her hand, but she moved a finger in a way which checked him.

"Promise nothing that may be too hard afterwards," she said.

"I promise to try, then," he said, "that little sister shall live at home, and never go to the workhouse. He spoke cheerfully though the candle light glittered in the two streams of tears on his cheeks. "We can go on living here; and we shall be so—"

It would not do. The sense of their coming desolation rushed over him in a way too terrible to be borne. He hid his face beside her, murmuring, "Oh, mother! mother!"

His mother found strength to move her hand now. She stroked his head with a trembling touch, which he seemed to feel as long as he lived. She could not say much more. She told him she had no fear for any of them. They would be taken care of. She advised him not to waken the little ones, who were sound asleep on the other side of her, and begged him to lie down himself till daylight, and try to sleep, when she should be gone.

This was the last thing she said. The candle was very low; but before it went out she was gone. Joel had always done what his mother wished; but he could not obey her in the last thing she had said. He lighted another candle when the first went out, and sat thinking till the grey dawn began to show through the window.

When he called his neighbours, they were astonished at his quietness. He had taken up the children, and dressed them, and made the room tidy, and lighted the fire, before he told anybody what had happened. And when he opened the door his little sister was in his arms. She was two years old, and could walk, of course; but she liked being in Joel's arms. Poor Willy was the most confounded. He stood with his pinafore at his mouth, staring at the bed, and wondering that his mother lay so still.

If the neighbours were astonished at Joel that morning, they might be more so at some things they saw afterward; but they were not. Everything seemed done so naturally; and the boy evidently considered what he had to do so much a matter of course, that less sensation was excited than about many smaller things.

After the funeral was over, Joel tied up all his mother's clothes. He carried the bundle on one arm, and his sister on the other. He would not have liked to take money for what he had seen his mother wear; but he changed them away for new and strong clothes for the child. He did not seem to want any help. He went to the factory the next morning as usual, after washing and dressing the children, and getting a breakfast of bread and milk with them. There was no fire; and he put every knife, and other dangerous thing, on a high shelf, and gave them some trifles to play with, and promised to come and play with them at dinner-time. And he did play. He played heartily with the little one, and as if he enjoyed it, every day at

the noon hour. Many a merry laugh the neighbours heard from the room when the three children were together; and the laugh was often Joel's.

How he learned to manage, and especially to cook, nobody knew; and he could himself have told little more than he wanted to see how people did it, and looked accordingly at every opportunity. He certainly fed the children well, and himself too. He knew that everything depended on his strength being kept up. His sister sat on his knee to be fed until she could feed herself. He was sorry to give it up; but he said she must learn to behave. So he smoothed her hair, and washed her face, before dinner, and showed her how to fold her hands while he said grace. He took as much pains to train her to good manners at table, as if he had been a governess, teaching a little baby. While she remained a "baby," he slept in the middle of the bed, between the two, that she might have room, and not be disturbed; and when she ceased to be a baby, he silently made new arrangements. He denied himself a hat, which he much wanted, in order to buy a considerable quantity of coarse dark calico, which, with his own hands, he made into a curtain, and slung up across a part of the room; thus shutting off about a third part of it. Here he contrived to make up a little bed for his sister; and he was not satisfied till she had a basin, and jug, and a piece of soap of her own. Here nobody but himself was to intrude upon her without leave; and, indeed, he always made her understand that he came only to take care of her. It was not only that William was not to see her undressed. A neighbour or two now and then lifted the latch without knocking. One of these one day heard something from behind the curtain, which made her call her husband silently to listen, and they always afterward treated Joel as if he were a man, and one whom they looked up to. He was teaching the child her little prayer. The earnest, sweet, devout tones of the boy, and the innocent, cheerful imitation of the little one, were beautiful to hear, the listeners said.

Though so well taken care of, she was not to be pampered; there would have been no kindness in that. Very early, indeed, she was taught, in a merry sort of way, to put things in their places, and to sweep the floor, and to wash up the crockery. She was a handy little thing,

well trained, and docile. One reward that Joel had for his management was, that she was early fit to go to chapel. This was a great point; as he, choosing to send Willy regularly, could not go till he could take the little girl with him. She was never known to be restless; and Joel was quite proud of her.

Willy was not neglected for the little girl's sake. In those days, children went earlier to the factory, and worked longer than they do now; and by the time the sister was five years old, Willy became a factory boy, and his pay put the little girl to school. When she, at seven, went to the factory too, Joel's life was altogether an easier one. He always had maintained them all, from the day of his mother's death. The times must have been good,—work constant, and wages steady,—or he could not have done it. Now, when all three were earning, he put his sister to a sewing school for two evenings in the week, and the Saturday afternoons; and he and Willy attended an evening school, as they found they could afford it. He always escorted the little girl wherever she had to go,—into the factory, and home again,—to the school door, and home again,—and to the Sunday school; yet he was himself remarkably punctual at work and at worship. He was a humble, earnest, docile pupil himself at the Sunday school, quite unconscious that he was more advanced than other boys in the sublime science and practice of duty. He felt that everybody

was very kind to him; but he was unaware that others felt it an honour to be kind to him.

I linger on these years, when he was a fine growing lad, in a state of high content. I linger, unwilling to proceed. But the end must come, and it is soon told. He was sixteen, I think, when he was asked to become a teacher in the Sunday school. He tried, and made a capital teacher, and he won the hearts of the children while trying to open their minds. By this he became more widely known than before.

One day in the next year a tremendous clatter and crash was heard in the factory where Joel worked. A dead silence succeeded, and then several called out that it was only an iron bar that had fallen down. This was true; but the iron bar had fallen on Joel's head, and he was taken up dead!

Such a funeral as his is rarely seen. There is something that strikes on all hearts in the spectacle of a soldier's funeral,—the drum, the march of comrades, and the belt and cap laid on the coffin. But there was something more solemn and more moving than all such observances, in the funeral of this young soldier, who had so bravely filled his place in the conflict of life. There was the tread of comrades here, for the longest street was filled from end to end. For relicts, there were his brother and sister; and for a solemn dirge, the uncontrollable groans of a heart-stricken multitude.—*Harriet Martineau.*

Miscellaneous.

PAUL IN TEARS.—Whatever there may be now,—in the days of Paul, at least, there were men who turned the grace of God into licentiousness, and who ranked among the privileges of the gospel an immunity for sin. And it is striking to observe the effect of this corruption on the mind of the apostle,—that he who braved all the terrors of persecuting violence, that he who stood undismayed before kings and governors, and could lift his intrepid testimony in the hearing of an enraged multitude,—that he who, when bound by a chain between two soldiers, still sustained an invincible constancy of spirit, and could live in fearlessness, and triumph, with the dark masonry of an approaching execution in his eye,—that he who counted not his life dear into him, and whose manly breast bore him up amidst all the threats of human tyranny and the grim apparatus of martyrdom,—that this man, so firm and undaunted, wept

like a child when he heard of those disciples that turned the pardon of the cross into an encouragement for doing evil. The fiercest hostilities of the gospel's open enemies he could brave, but when he heard of the foul dishonour done to the name of his Master by the moral worthlessness of those who were the gospel's professing friends, this he could not bear,—all that firmness which so upheld him unfaltering and unappalled in the battles of the faith, forsook him then; and this noblest of champions on the field of conflict and of controversy, when he heard of the profligacy of his own converts, was fairly overcome by the tidings, and gave way to all the softness of womanhood. When every other argument then fails for keeping you on the path of integrity and holiness, oh, think of the argument of Paul in tears! It may be truly termed a picturesque argument,—nor are we aware of more impres-

sive testimony in the whole compass of Scripture, to the indispensable need of virtue and moral goodness in a believer,—than is to be found in that passage where Paul says of these unworthy professors of the faith, "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."—*Chalmers*.

"ADD TO YOUR FAITH VIRTUE."—When the apostle bids us *add* to this faith, his intent is, not that faith is properly an isolated principle, divisible from virtue, or from charity, afterwards enumerated. Where the last are utterly absent, faith is unreal. The addition meant is not the mechanical superposition of one on the other, as the miser adds coin to coin, each distinct from the other, and every one perfect and complete apart; or as the architect adds stone to stone in his edifice, each new block having no necessary affinity with the other, as one voice or performer in the trained choir requires the aid and addition of others: but, as the seed cast into the good soil, and drinking gladly the dew, and rain, and airs of heaven, adds to itself the root, and to the root adds the stem, and to the stem superadds the branches; and then, naturally and by necessary growth, these branches are crowned with the twig, and the leaflet, and the blossom, and the full-fermed fruit; and then each part in that living choir, from the lowest root that buries itself below the sod, to the topmost leaf that quivers in the sunbeam, bears its share in the symmetrical life of the tree. Religious life is, thus considered, the out-growth from faith implanted in the soul. True progress is but the natural efflorescence, the budding and blossoming

of a living belief of God's truth, as manifest in the various fruits of the Spirit, in benevolence towards God, in usefulness on earth, and meetness for heaven.—*Dr. W. R. Williams, of New York*.

RASH JUDGING.—Beware of forming a hasty judgment concerning the fortune of others. There are many secrets in the situation of a person which few but God are acquainted with. Some years since I told a gentleman, "Sir, I am afraid you are covetous." He asked me, "What is the reason of your fears?" I answered, "A year ago, when I made a collection for the expense of repairing a foundry, you subscribed five guineas. At the subscription made this year, you subscribed only half a guinea." He made no reply, but after a time asked, "Pray, Sir, answer me a question. Why do you live upon potatoes?" (I did so between three and four years.) I replied, "It has much conduced to my health." He answered, "I believe it has. But did you not do it likewise to save money?" I said I did; for what I saved from my own meat would feed another that else might have none. "But, Sir," said he, "if this be your motive, you may save much more. I know a man that goes to market at the beginning of every week; he there buys a pennyworth of parsnips, which he boils in a large quantity of water. The parsnips serve him for food, and the water for drink, the ensuing week; so his meat and his drink together cost him only a penny a week. This he constantly did, though he had then two hundred pounds a year, to pay the debts he had contracted before he knew God!" And this was he whom I had set down for a covetous man.—*Southey's Life of Wesley*.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The great event of the past-month is the death of Field Marshal Lord Raglan. The old man, who had stood in so many battles, and had so often defied the musket and the sword, has been obliged, at last, to lie down before a power more terrible than theirs. As all our readers know, he has died of dysentery; and his body has just arrived in England, where it is to find a resting-place and a grave. General Simpson has taken his place; and the war under his direction slowly proceeds,—the position of affairs becoming daily more favourable to the allies, but still indicating a lengthened struggle, in which neither party seems willing or prepared to yield.

The fierceness of the war appears for the present, however, to have transferred itself from the Crimea to the English House of Commons, where the ministry have had to contend, again and again, with a vigorous and obstinate opposition. The only result of the opposition thus far, has been the retirement of Lord John Russell,—under

circumstances, we are sorry to say, by no means favourable to his political character. It appears that Lord John was favourable to the acceptance of certain proposals for peace, made at the close of the Vienna Conference; and that, in his capacity of plenipotentiary to those conferences, he declared his approval of the terms, and promised to use his influence at home in favour of their acceptance. The terms were, however, refused by the government; and Lord John, instead of announcing his opinion to the country, by which means he would doubtless have materially strengthened the party in favour of peace, immediately made a warlike speech, which led to the conclusion that he acquiesced in the policy of the Cabinet! This inconsistency was discovered on the publication of certain papers by Count Buol, and it caused a movement in the House which led to the precipitate retirement of Lord John from his post, as the only means of saving the ministry. Since then, the government have had to contend against the motion of Mr.

Reebuck, which condemned the government on account of the mismanagement and neglect detailed in the late *Sebastopol Report*; and also against a formidable opposition to the proposed Turkish Guarantee. It is now considered probable that they will get through to the end of the session, and that they will dissolve Parliament during the recess.

Several other matters in Parliament have attracted considerable attention. In the House of Lords, the Religious Worship Bill—a bill, the chief object of which was to render religious services in private houses legal—was opposed by all the Bishops, and by their willing agent, Lord Derby; though, it having been persisted in by Lord Shaftesbury, it is, we believe, now likely to pass. The Maynooth Question—so very inconvenient to the ministry—has been got rid of by an adjournment for three months. The Church Rate Bill, too, though it had passed the second reading, has been shuffled out by the despicable manoeuvre of speaking against time, and continuing the debate until the rules of the House compelled an adjournment. But a Bill like this, having passed a second reading, cannot be long before it becomes law. In case of a dissolution, it will be our own fault if it do not become law before the close of 1856!

Hyde Park has been the field of war during the month, as well as the Crimea and the House of Commons. This time the war has been between the Police and Aristocracy, and the People; and the People have gained the day. Not that we can congratulate them on their victory. Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday Bill was, we are convinced, misunderstood: on social grounds, though not on religious, it might fairly have been carried: and Lord Robert would have done better if he had made his measure better understood, instead of cowardly withdrawing it, as soon as the mob threatened to break his windows,—or his head. Truly, we fear the Hyde Park riots arose from intense dislike to religion, and religious restraints. We rejoice, therefore, at the efforts which are being made to carry the gospel to the poor, by preaching in the open air; though even here, in the case of Mr. Newman Hall's noble effort, the ever active police interfered, and again declared war. Thanks to Lord Shaftesbury, this interference proved unavailing. May these efforts be largely increased, and may the time come when the people, at present so ignorant and benighted, shall "learn truth and righteousness."

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, COMMERCIAL STREET,
WHITECHAPEL, LONDON.

The foundation-stone of this chapel, which is now occupied by the congregation under the pastorate of the Rev. C. Stovel, was laid last November, by Sir Morton Peto, Baronet, and on July the 11th the new chapel was opened. The building reflects the highest credit on the architect, Mr. Earle. It will seat one thousand people,

and the whole cost is about £10,000,—only £2,000 of which remains to be liquidated. The opening service began at eleven o'clock, when a larger congregation assembled than was anticipated, as rain was falling in torrents. The Rev. Spencer Murch read the twenty-fourth Psalm, and implored the Divine presence and blessing. A hymn, announced by Mr. Stovel, was then sung. The Rev. Dr. Hoby read the sixty-eighth Psalm, and engaged in prayer, after which the Rev. J. Saul, of Battersea, announced the second hymn. This sung, the Rev. W. Landels, of the Baptist Chapel, Regents Park, ascended the pulpit, and read his text from the epistle of Jude, the third verse. He descanted with much beauty on "the common salvation." After the collection the congregation again united in praising God. The Rev. Mr. Brown, of Laughton, Essex, concluded the service by prayer. The friends then partook of a cold collation in the new school-rooms. In the afternoon a business meeting was held in the chapel at three o'clock. Sir Morton Peto presided, and, after a speech in every way worthy of himself, called upon Mr. Stovel, who, in a long but deeply interesting address, presented the financial statement of the committee, and gave a graphic history of the church, whose future terrestrial home had by the morning's service been set apart for divine worship. The Rev. W. Brock then briefly addressed the meeting, as also did Alderman Wire, Dr. Hoby, &c. In the evening the Rev. J. Spence, A.M., minister of Poultry Chapel, preached from 1 Cor. iv. 20, a very admirable discourse, irrefragably proving Christianity to be a religion of power.

BRISTOL BAPTIST COLLEGE.

The proceedings connected with the examination of the students of the Bristol Baptist College were brought to a close on Wednesday, June 27th, when the annual address to the students was delivered in Broadmead Chapel, by the Rev. T. Horton, of Devonport, and an essay was read by Mr. Humphreys, one of the senior students, on "Some of the Forms of Modern Infidelity." The annual meeting was held in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel, on the Wednesday morning: James Livett, Esq., occupied the chair. The business was commenced with prayer by the Rev. Andrew Fuller, after which, the report of the proceedings of the year was read, and a statement of the studies during the session made by the two tutors, the Rev. T. S. Crisp and the Rev. F. W. Gotch. The details were of a satisfactory and gratifying character, and the reports of the examiners spoke in highly commendatory terms of the general efficiency of the institution, and of the advanced position of the students in their various departments of study. The report of the treasurer, R. Leonard, Esq., was then read, from which it appeared that the annual subscriptions and donations amounted to £1,427 14s. 9d.; the expenditure, to £1,741 8s. 5d.; and that there re-

mained a balance against the institution of £313 13s. 8d. Suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Horton, F. Bosworth, N. Haycroft, H. Clark, T. S. Crisp, E. Probert, R. Morris, W. Cross, and T. Nicholson, and by J. Sheppard and S. Leonard, Esqrs.

LANGHAM, RUTLAND.

The chapel recently erected in this place, as a village station of the Baptist church at Oakham, was opened for divine worship on Thursday, June 21st, and following days. Three sermons were preached by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, M.A., on Thursday and Friday; the Rev. J. Jenkinson preached on Sunday afternoon, and the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, in the evening. Prayer was offered on Thursday by the Revs. J. Green, T. Gammidge, T. Lomas, and B. W. Noel, M.A. A public meeting (over which Richard Harris, Esq., Mayor of Leicester, presided) was held on Thursday evening, and was addressed by the chairman, and also by the Rev. T. Lomas, of Leicester, the Rev. J. N. Rob-johns (Independent), of Wymondham, the Rev. R. Broomfield (Wesleyan), of Oakham, and others. A second public meeting was held on Friday evening, at which addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Jenkinson (chairman), the Rev. J. Salisbury, the Rev. T. M. Thorpe, the Rev. J. T. Brown, and Messrs. Islip and Haynes. A bazaar in aid of the building fund was open on Thursday and Friday, and public tea provided on both those days. The services were held in a large tent erected near the chapel. They were all numerously attended, and deeply interesting. To the credit of the voluntary principle, the total receipts exceeded £146, in addition to nearly £150 previously contributed.

TRINITY ROAD CHAPEL, HALIFAX.

The first anniversary of the opening of this place of worship was held in the first week of July. Sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Brock, of London, and the Rev. W. Walters, minister of the chapel; and Messrs. Chown of Bradford, Hanson of Mills Bridge, Goodman of Steep Lane, Newnes of Warley, Whitewood, Ingham, Buzacot, and Illingworth of Halifax, took part in the other engagements of the occasion. The collections amounted to upwards of £85, which sum is to be appropriated to the liquidation of the chapel debt.

ABINGDON.

The Rev. R. H. Marten, having received an earnest invitation to transfer his ministry to the new chapel recently erected in the Lee High-road, Blackheath, London, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Abingdon. Mr. Marten's late charge have accepted his resignation, cordially expressing the regret they feel in losing his valuable services, but desiring to acquiesce in the leadings of Divine providence which have directed their highly esteemed pastor

to a new sphere of ministerial usefulness. He commenced his ministry at Lee on the second Sabbath in July.

REDRUTH.

The Rev. John Evans, pastor of the Baptist church in this town, has been compelled to resign his pastorate through ill health.

Obituary.

THE REV. EUSTACE CAREY.

With the deepest regret we announce the sudden death of the excellent and devoted Eustace Carey, at his residence, Escott Place, Camden Town, Thursday, July 19th, aged sixty-four years. In his usual health and with his wonted cheerfulness he preached on the preceding Sabbath for the Rev. W. Upton, at St. Albans; on Wednesday was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new chapel, Mare Street, Hackney; and on the morning of the day of his death, it was his intention to be at the usual service at Bloomsbury Chapel, but was hindered by the weather. About twelve o'clock, Mrs. Carey, on entering his room, was alarmed to find him in his chair, with an apoplectic seizure upon him. He was still conscious, but articulated with difficulty. He complained that he had pain in his head. Medical aid was quickly obtained, but without avail. In half-an-hour he was quite unconscious, and by half-past two he was no more. A much-attached medical friend in the country was telegraphed, but ere he arrived his spirit had fled.—

"And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight."

The long career of our departed brother, at first in the missionary field in India, and for more than thirty years subsequently as the home-advocate of that hallowed enterprise, is well known. Scarcely a town, village, or hamlet in this country is there, where missions are linked with the Baptist body, but can bear testimony to his intelligent, amiable, courteous, and cheerful piety. The confident of all, the umpire of many, he was *always* the minister of goodwill, the harbinger of peace.

THE REV. JOHN KINGSFORD.

Died on the 15th of June, at Midway-place, Lower-road, Deptford, the Rev. John Kingsford, in the 85th year of his age: for nearly thirty years the beloved and devoted pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Midway-place, and for upwards of sixty-seven years a faithful and laborious preacher of the Gospel. He was interred in the Nunhead cemetery, Peckham, on the 23rd of June, Messrs. Aldis, R. R. Finch, Muscott, Pulling, and Rose, taking part in the service. On the following Lord's day funeral sermons were preached in Midway-place chapel, by the Revs. Joshua Russell and J. Pulling. "The memory of the just is blessed."

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

WHITE RAIMENT AND FINE GOLD.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see."—*Rev.* iii. 18.

God grants temporal and material blessings to all alike. "He maketh his sun to arise and shine both on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." But his high spiritual mercies are not given indiscriminately. They are reserved for the select, who, through a divine teaching, are conscious of their wants. God bestows no spiritual blessing but on him who has first felt the need of it. One half therefore of Divine providence has for its object, by sorrow and self-knowledge, to awaken in man a sense of his necessities,—the other half to satisfy the desires so awakened. Christ is the "fulness of God" for the empty, the strength of God for the weary, the splendour of God for the blind and naked: and it is a law of the spiritual life that no man can receive more of this fulness, strength, and splendour, than he has learned to long for by consciousness of his own misery. "He hath satisfied the poor with good things, but the rich he hath sent empty away." Christ therefore is appointed by God not only to satisfy the necessities of the soul, trembling before the vail of destiny, but to awaken a sense of them, to the uttermost. In Him God first comes near and presents himself in all the brightness of his moral perfections, as a vast mirror in which the soul may see itself as it is. This mirror is the life of Jesus Christ. Standing closely before it, and looking into it, the soul sees there both her God and herself; and gazing upon both, she says, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes! I am, indeed, in need of EVERYTHING! Oh, cover me! hide me from myself! hide me from mine own eyes, O my God!"

RIGHTEOUSNESS is the great want of the soul,—righteousness from the God of its salvation. All its deepest instincts ask for that,—for deliverance from the sense of guilt; from the voices of accusation which come from within, from above, from beneath, from self-abhorrence, from the dread of danger in judgment to come, and from the power of reigning Sin, that restless demon at the centre. "Lord, help me!" is the cry of the needy; and Christ is God's answer to this cry. Behold Him standing at the foot of the cross, as the soldiers are preparing to fix him upon it. There he stands in the place of the dying sinner, and bearing his relations to earth and heaven. "He bore our sins in his own body to the tree." He is made a curse for us. He wears a crown made of those thorns which the curse brought forth. He suffers even to the death, and

dies in agony and darkness. And now, by a wonderful exchange, the soul can stand before God in THE PLACE OF THE RISEN CHRIST, and can enter into all His relations both towards earth and heaven. We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." This is "Justification," and is it not more wonderful even than Creation?

Now thus speaks the enthroned Redeemer. "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." *Gold tried in the fire.* What can this be but righteousness, the righteousness of Christ proved in the furnace of sorrow and temptation by the fire of omniscience. What else can be signified by the white raiment? At the cross they parted his garments, and upon his vesture they cast lots. But Jesus had still other robes to bestow, even upon stripped and dying malefactors, raiment white as the light, robes of dazzling lustre, above the brightness of the sun, which should transfigure the wearer, and give him boldness to stand without fault before the throne of the Almighty. "As Jacob of old, whereas he was not the first-born, being hid under the habit of his brother, and clothed with his garment, which breathed a sweet savour, presented himself unto his father, that, in the person of another, he might receive the blessing of the primogeniture: so it is necessary that we should lie hid under the precious purity of the first-born, our eldest Brother, be fragrant with his sweet savour, and have our sin buried and covered with his perfection, that we may present ourselves before our most holy Father, to obtain from him the blessing of righteousness."^{*}

This, then, is the outer robe of justification, which the best man as a mortal sinner needs *equally with the worst*; and without which the best man will be condemned to be judged by his goodness, or, which is the same thing, to die the second death in his sins. Unless we are born twice, we must die twice. We must be "born again," or die the "second death." And the second birth unites us to the "second man," the Lord from heaven, who is for ever "the Prince of Life," and the "Lord our Righteousness." God mercifully saving man from death by an act above law, and altogether irrespectively of human desert, will not share *with man* the glory of that salvation. SALVATION TO OUR GOD THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND TO THE LAMB FOR EVER AND EVER.

But the "white raiment" which Christ has to bestow is not simply an external robe to cover that which is shameful beneath, or to conceal "filthy rags" through eternity. There is inner white raiment given also. The king's daughter is all glorious within. Her inner clothing also is white, with rich traceries and embroideries in gold. Christ by his Spirit gives his own character to his people:—Repose of feeling, deeper than that of the midnight heavens;—Truth of principle, inviting the scrutiny of the all-seeing Eye;—Nobleness of heart, raising us into communion with all greatness, material and spiritual, for ever more;—Force of will and of faith to remove mountains;—Tenderness like that of a little child;—Absolute submission to the will of God; submission, itself a victory, and the best sedative in sorrow;—Zeal like a cloak of flame, and Love that shrinks not from the Cross; in a word, the Likeness of Christ is the destined heritage of every believer. We are to be "filled with the fulness of God." And it will be heaven when the infusion is complete.

* From Albertus Pighius, a Roman Catholic divine, quoted by Dr. Owen, in his treatise on Justification.

Will you say, This is nothing but the customary exaggeration of religious discourse? Human nature is incapable of these elevations. Let us reply, that these "beauties of holiness" *are* possible for christians now, and that we are surrounded by many who exhibit the progressive transformation. It is the disease of a superficial and immoral eye to under-estimate excellence which is present with us. As travellers in the Egyptian desert are wont to exclaim, What, is *this* the Great Pyramid? not recognizing at first its vastness; so those who have no eye for spiritual greatness do not comprehend it when it is before them. When the Great Redeemer appeared in the midst of the Jews, these little-minded worshippers of an imaginary goodness did not recognize the living Reality, but they "compassed him about like bees," and stung him to the death; the common fate of greatness, which means simplicity and truth of character, in a world of littleness and falsehood. Thus, therefore, are Christ's disciples also "unknown," in a world which "knew him not." Yet, notwithstanding, we are surrounded by *many* of those on whom the Spirit of glory rests as of old, and who are exhibiting in the midst of us the same virtues and graces which adorned when on earth the saints in glory. Christ still dwells in his members, and bestows upon them the germs, aye, and more than the germs, of a character which requires only the removal of the opaque veil of the mortal body to shine forth in the effulgence of immortality in the kingdom of their Father. "Without holiness NO MAN shall see the Lord."

And to possess these interior qualities, in whatever degree, is to possess "gold," as well as "white raiment,"—it is to be "rich" indeed. In the outward world, a man's worth and wealth (or well-being) is reckoned according to the value of his outward estate;—in the spiritual world, according to the uses that he makes of it, or the moral quality of the character within him. Men say, Such a one is *worth* so many hundreds or thousands; and according to the number is generally his "worship," or worth-ship, among them with whom he sits at meat. If a man could be conceived, during the progress of a public speech, to commence it in a state of abject poverty, to grow steadily richer during its continuance, and to end it as a renowned millionaire, there is no doubt that a very large number of mankind would be disposed to attach an immensely greater weight to his sentiments at the close than at the beginning of his communication. Their language would be, like that of the common soldier to David, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us!" But very despicable is this worship of men merely according to their wealth; for how poor is many an opulent man, how rich are many of the poor. "I know thy poverty, but thou art rich." He is truly rich who is so in the sense in which God is rich, and that assuredly is not simply in outward property. The "true riches" belong to the mind. He is rich who can endure poverty, and limit his desires, as well as rightly employ external plenty; who knows both how to be abased and how to abound; who knows how to devote more thought to the expenditure of money than to the acquisition of it, and how to leave even "great possessions" at his Saviour's call. How poor, then, are many of the wealthiest; poor in thought; without an idea or volition of their own; destitute of a clear and independent understanding; for ever surrendering their minds to the guidance of others, and those not the most thoughtful or honest; consulting with all counsellors except the highest, with all oracles except the oracle of God; the blind bondsmen of ancient custom; the first to join the outcry against an honest reformer (the Pharisees, who were rich, derided Him); without vigorous employment to sweeten life; without resource in leisure; the victims of sated appetite, and unconquerable

dullness; cankered by envy, petty rivalries, ignoble ambitions; without the zest that labour gives to friendship, to repose, even to amusement; without the sense of beauty, or the glow of poetry, or the love of truth; without the love to man which gives a relish to society, or the love to God which makes a Bethel of a solitude; the decorated livery servants of fashion, dreading more an error in equipment or *manage* than a private scandal or a public crime; some of them born and educated for all this misery, and some of them labouring hard through life to attain it as the reward of their exertions,—but alike finding, in a restless and peevish old age, that something much beyond money, or the position that wealth can win, is essential to constitute the happiness of man.

On the other hand, how rich are many of the poor, the holy poor of God; rich not only in reversion, not only in faith, and the prospect of an everlasting kingdom, but rich here, amidst the toils and hardships of a fixed and unconquered poverty. Rich in thought; able to make the world their own, though owning not a foot of its territories, “as having nothing, and yet possessing all things;” rich in the possession of a free and independent intelligence; rich in the power of enjoying simple pleasures, and common duties, and daily life; rich in the ability to extract, like the bee, honey from almost every flower, and to sing over their work as well; rich in repose of mind, that quiet spirit which receives from the single geranium in the cottage window more deep and abiding pleasure than excited folly can gain from all the collected palms and magnolias of Asia; rich in the radiant, priceless jewel of integrity of character; rich in friends who go with them to the Cross; rich in the well-spring of genuine sympathy, in the power of deriving happiness from other men’s gladness, and even from other men’s sorrows, through earnest efforts to alleviate them; rich in that holy love which makes the wear and tear of household life seem, not like the labourer’s trample on the world’s vast treadmill, but like an ascent on the golden steps of duty up to the very gate of heaven; rich in that inward light, the light of God’s loving Spirit, which dwells in the soul, and passing through the eye as a prism throws a wide and sunny radiance of variegated beauty over the external scene; rich in books, and in the book of God; rich in good works and alms-deeds; rich in the wealth of the sanctuary, and in the smile of Heaven; and rich in the fortune left behind of a blessed memory and a fragrant name. Of such as these is many a christian labouring man, and many a christian toil-worn tradesman, and many a christian sleepless mother, and many a father of children, whom the world accounts a poverty-stricken and hopeless struggler with an evil destiny. And all these “riches,” accumulating into the treasures of eternity, and the mountains of fine gold that shine along the horizon of Beulah, are the gift of Christ, which he is ready to bestow on all who ask them, even on the poorest!

“I counsel thee,” He says, “to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich.” *To buy of me.* But there is no barter here. It is an exceptional traffic. Here ask is have, and seek is find, and knock is open wide. Here is hope of heaven for *him that hath no money*. Salvation, and all that belongs to it, through endless duration, depends upon asking. Ask, and it shall be given you! Before him who asks, every door flies open, every vail rends, every mountain-barrier flows down. Asking draws down all the riches of grace and of glory into the soul. Asking brings Christ, with his untold store of refined gold, and his shining robes, to the meanest cottager of clay, and all the wealth of heaven, to fill the coffers of poor bankrupt man.

Oh, then, our Saviour and Friend, abide with us, for the day is far spent! Let that sacred presence of thine, which made the hearts of the

travellers to Emmaus burn within them in their walk by nightfall from Jerusalem, be felt by us, even though it be unseen; and let the path of life, as the shadows gather around us, be cheered by the thrilling revelations of thy loving wisdom, kindling over us like the constellations through the evening sky. Too much, during life's little day, have we sought for pleasure in delusion, and striven to surround ourselves with the sparks of a vanishing excitement; but, warned by the descending shadows, and still more drawn by thy COUNSELS, we would turn to Thee, with full purpose of heart to cleave to the Lord, and to prepare by a closer communion with Thee on earth for that heaven of which the Light is the Lamb.

O Son of David, have mercy on us! Here we sit too often like blind Bartimeus by the wayside begging. Hear us, amidst the exulting shouts of the millions that surround Thee! Dost thou ask, What is it that I shall do unto you? LORD, THAT OUR EYES MAY BE OPENED! Anoint our eyes with eyesalve that we may see! See ourselves, see Thee, behold our God! Purge away the film that shuts out all heaven from our vision. Then we will follow Thee in the way, and sing without ceasing the high praises of God. Then, when beggary is exchanged for wealth in thy friendship, and blindness for eternal daylight in the clear shining of thy countenance, we will sit by the wayside begging no longer, nor grovel in a vagrant penury, but first among the multitudes who cast their garments in the way, and carry palm-branches in thine honour, we shall herald thy peaceful triumph through this dying world with loud Hosannas, and, Blessed is the king that cometh in the name of the Lord!

London.

EVIDENCES OF SALVATION.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN.

"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."—*Psalm xxxv. 3.*

That it is the especial prerogative of Jehovah to satisfy his people as to their interest in his love, admits not of doubt. "I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God." And this being the truth of the case, it follows, as a consequence, that all who are taught of him will cry, in the language of the Psalmist, "Say to my soul, Thou art my salvation." Nor will they ever be satisfied as to their spiritual condition before God until they are assured they possess scriptural evidence of their interest in that salvation which Jehovah, in the riches of his grace, has provided.

Such is the nature of spiritual life that it never leaves those in whom it is implanted to rest satisfied short of this; and it may be added, that with less than this no saint *should* be satisfied. It is expressly declared by the inspired apostle, that "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." And one of the objects to be accomplished by the death of Christ is declared to be, the deliverance of those who through the fear of death were all their life subject to bondage. And Christ himself, speaking by his servant John, declares, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." By which language, no doubt, we are to understand that all who by precious faith in Himself overcome sin, self, and the world, shall be forgiven their sins, shall have, through this faith which rests upon his blood, a sweet sense of his pardoning love, a divine joy, and the spirit of adoption spoken of as a "new name"—the

name of a son; and which spirit of adoption ever, more or less, accompanies that faith which centres only in the person and work of Christ. And this one declaration of our Redeemer, if we had no other, would be quite sufficient to show the unscriptural spirit and teaching of those who assert that it is impossible for a believer to be assured of his acceptance in Christ, and that his sins are forgiven while he continues in this world. But let the child of God take heed of this doctrine as most inimical to his spiritual health, to God's glory, and worthy alone of the system of darkness, priestcraft, and enmity to Christ's gospel from whence it sprang. Let none who love the truth as it is in Jesus, and as they value their spiritual health, and are jealous for the honour of their Lord and Master, receive it; whatever may be the doubts and fears of such, let them come to the Lord with them, and cry to him, in the language of David, "Say to my soul, Thou art my salvation."

But because we believe that many who use this language are possessed of scriptural evidence that God is their salvation, while, through ignorance or misapprehension, they are kept from the comfort it is calculated to impart, for their help and encouragement let us notice how Jehovah does say to his people, "I am thy salvation."

And we observe that Jehovah does not give his people this assurance of interest in himself through the medium of certain strange, mysterious, undefinable sensations either of terror or joy. Some have professed to become assured of their interest in God in this way, while yet they have had no acquaintance at all with his mercy as made known in Christ. It is well known from the writings of many, that it is quite possible for men to make much of their ignorant sensations, while yet the heart is not only unacquainted with the doctrines of the Cross, but quite opposed to God's method of humbling and saving of the soul; such will speak of God as being in everything, in them in common with others: of the divine impulses they receive from nature, of her holy and elevating influence upon their spirits, of her sedative and tranquilizing power (and we doubt it not), of the *moral evil* they detect under her teaching, and of the ineffable joys which attend their communion and the blending of their spirits together. Now, we do not deny the influence of nature, or that it is for the time pure and elevating. But it is not through the feelings which nature awakens in the mind that Jehovah speaks to his people, and tells them he is their salvation. Many enjoy nature and have their hearts thrilled by the contemplation of her varied beauties; many have felt her influence through a peaceful, pure, and elevating joy; while yet it must be admitted, that though favoured by nature, they are ignorant of *grace*; and their greatest elevations of spirit leave them still under the influence of intellectual pride,—the refined but vile idolatry of self, and love of fame. Nor does the Lord make plain to his people their interest in his love by a *direct* witness of his Spirit,—some audible voice which they hear,—a mysterious impression which they can clearly distinguish from the operations of their own minds. Some speak of having their pardon from the lips of God himself, from which many have been led to infer, that in judging of their state they are to exclude God's *word* from their consideration, that they may rest the more effectually upon some word they are to have *direct* from his lips as *immediately* and as clearly as the inspired apostles and prophets of old. And many think that in acting thus they are honouring God's Spirit, whereas God's Spirit never leads to himself,—never leads those whom he teaches to listen for God's voice except through *the Word*, and ever brings those who are the subjects of his grace to examine their feelings by this test. To expect to hear the voice of God audibly, or to wait for some impression made upon

our spirits immediately by him, irrespective of faith, and without the Word, is delusive. Whatever is the condition of the sinner, God does not tell him to wait for a direct voice, whisper, or impression, as declarative of his love to the soul, much less as a qualification to believe; but thus runs his Word:—"Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above); or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring Christ up again from the dead); but what saith it? the Word is *nigh* thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach. That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Many, through the strange misrepresentations of some, have been led to look for the witness of God's Spirit, as to their interest in his love, through the medium of an audible voice, or some mysterious impression made upon the mind, and have been all but drawn to despair while waiting for they scarcely knew what; while others who have been very confident that they have heard such voice, and had such infallible impressions, have shown how greatly they were deceived, by their falling away in the time of temptation, and ultimately departing from the faith. From all those teachers, therefore, who would seek to lead them to mysterious impressions, audible voices, sensations of sorrow or joy, which have no connexion with the Word of God and faith in Christ, the people of God should turn away, however confident they may be in their assertions, or apparently zealous in their endeavours. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my Word, let him speak my Word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

Nor is it by any impression made upon the mind through the medium of the senses that the Lord reveals to his people their interest in his favour. Many have spoken much of the sights they have seen, and the sounds they have heard, but as the natural eye will bring very little information of the true character of God to the mind, so neither will it bring any real intelligence of Christ to the heart, to comfort or to give peace. Many saw Christ in the days of his flesh with the natural eye, from whom his true character was hidden, and since he has ascended to his throne above, many have professed to have seen him through the medium of dreams and visions, who have been, nevertheless, quite unable to give any scriptural evidence of their interest in his favour. Many of the enthusiastic devotees of Rome have been led to believe in a crucified Saviour which their imaginations have received from a picture or a piece of marble, and under the influence of excited nerves, or while asleep, have imagined they had direct intercourse with him; and this faith, they have thought, would carry them to heaven. But the living Redeemer, received by those really taught of God, is not made known to them through a dream, but by the gospel; is not revealed to them through their senses, but through faith and a spiritual perception of the truth.

We proceed, therefore, to observe, that Jehovah reveals himself to his people as their salvation:—

1. *By giving them faith in Christ.* This may seem very simple to some, and, therefore, scarcely worthy of their notice; but it is just because it is so simple that many of the Lord's people require to hear it, and to read it, over and over again. What is the cause that many persons are so much troubled with doubts and fears as to their state before God, but their want of simplicity? They think it a *small* thing to be able to say, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief." Whereas the Word of God declares, that the smallest act of faith is an effect of "Almighty power, even the same power which was put forth

when Christ was raised from the dead;" and hence it follows that, wherever faith is bestowed, it is God's voice to the soul declaring its interest in his love and salvation. If, therefore, I am led to renounce myself and all confidence in the flesh, and to rest upon the blood and righteousness of Christ as the only ground of my acceptance with God, I have, in the faith by which I am led thus to act and to receive Christ as my present and everlasting all, God's testimony to me that I am accepted in Jesus, and interested in his love. Having blessed me with faith in his Son, he by that faith tells me, "he is my salvation;" and hence we read of Abel, "That by faith he offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, *by which* he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." From this interesting declaration we learn, that true religion, as to its essence, was the same in the earliest ages of the world as it is now; Abel, by faith in the great atonement of our Redeemer, whom he beheld prefigured by the slain lamb which he offered, pleased God; while in the precious grace of faith by which he was so led to act, he obtained the witness that such was the fact, and that his person and his sacrifice was accepted of the Lord, who thus taught him to worship him.

And thus it is that the people of God obtain the witness that they are accepted of God now. Their minds being enlightened by the Holy Spirit through the Word, and perceiving their true condition as sinners before God, they die to all hope in themselves, and venture the salvation of their spirits simply and alone upon the atonement of Christ; and while they are enabled so to rest, the faith by which they so rest carries its own witness to them of their interest in the atonement which they so receive. And if it be objected that many believe in and receive the atonement who nevertheless doubt their interest in God's love, it may be replied, that this does not impeach the truth of their interest; and the cause of their doubts frequently arises from such persons doubting if they really have faith, or from the fear that it is not real, and sometimes from their not viewing their faith as being such an evidence to them. This ignorance, however, on their part, does not impeach the *intention* of Jehovah in the bestowment of faith, one design of which is to declare to those who possess it their interest in his love, and to mark them as his own. But because God's people often, through ignorance, overlook the evidences which they possess of God's being their salvation, it is the work of his servants to show them how they should judge of their state, and to demonstrate to them from the Word of God, that in the possession of faith they have the much-desired evidence of their interest in Christ.

2. *The spirit of adoption.* This was the great privilege promised to God's people, in connection with the new dispensation, which was to be introduced after the resurrection of Christ, and which privilege they were to have as the result of the completion of his work. "Hence," said Christ to his sorrowing disciples, "it is needful for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come." Our Saviour's meaning might be paraphrased thus: "It is needful for you, my disciples, that I suffer, bleed, and die, and thus finish the work my Father has given me to do; for if I do not, the Spirit will not come, whose especial work it is to open the eyes of men to their true state and condition, to slay their enmity by the revelation of my dying love to their hearts, and to bless them with that filial spirit by which they are again to be manifested as the sons and daughters of my Father, who is in heaven!"

This spirit of adoption, it should be observed, is ever connected with faith in Christ, and is declarative of our interest in God; it is a favour, indeed, confined to the family of heaven; hence we read, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying,

Abba, Father." If, therefore, the spirit of enmity and slavish dread of God is driven from the heart, and I have been led to love him as my reconciled God and Father in Christ, Jehovah, through his holy and filial Spirit, declares to me that he has now become my salvation. And as we cannot conceive how God could confer a greater honour upon his creatures than that of constituting them his sons and daughters, so neither can we conceive of a more simple, yet sublime, satisfactory, and intelligent method of making this great privilege known to them, than by blessing them with a spirit in accordance with the relationship, under the influence of which they exclaim, "Abba, Father!" and which spirit of adoption is, both as to its origin, nature, and influence, as superior to any mystical impulse, ignorant sensation, or visionary impression, as the light of the sun at noonday is superior to the flickering light of an expiring taper. More than this we do not need; in the language of an eloquent writer:—"When the love of God is *fully* shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Spirit of adoption, I laugh at all other witness; and while it abides there I need none. The massive, living column of all-aggregate grace, is the GLORIOUS SHEKINAH, by which God the Holy Ghost dwells in the hearts of his sanctified people. It breathes nothing but life and immortality. Every *grace* calls God, Father; every sacred *virtue* proclaims Jesus, Lord. What are ten thousand voices and impressions in comparison of this INDWELLING GOD? What are they? From my soul I believe them to be satanic illusions to draw us away from the TRUE WITNESS. Nothing can add to the evidence of the INDWELLING GLORIOUS GOD. No temptation can obscure it, nor Satan, that master of magicians, counterfeit it. *He makes all his goodness to pass before us.* He proclaims his new names of *Love* and *Father*. The heart, thus purified, *sees God*. There are a new heaven and new earth. God shines on himself and all his works. The christian is sealed with the image and superscription of the *new Creator*. Peace shades his head with the silver wings of the heavenly dove; his joys are as the ecstatic songs of seraphims; and love makes the obedient wheels of his soul instinct with fiery cherubims. Heaven, earth, hell, are all open to his piercing eyes, and he feels every power of the invisible world. All miracles are nothing to this GREAT SANCTIFYING COMFORTER. All is glorious light and feeling; and while the heavenly vision continues the necessity of reasoning is superseded; for who holds a candle to the sun?"

"IT WILL END IN MERCY."

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

I seldom pay any attention to dreams; indeed I have seldom any dreams worth paying attention to. But we are told, "God speaketh once, yea, twice, and man perceiveth it not: in a dream, in a vision of the night." In a dream sometimes useful thoughts are suggested, and profitable matter for meditation may be found. The other night I had a dream, the particulars of which are not important, nor do I distinctly remember them all, but there was forgetfulness and mistake in it, and at the close of it, as if a voice sounded loudly in my ears, I heard the words, "IT WILL END IN MERCY;" and again a second time, "IT WILL ALL END IN MERCY." I awoke, with the words powerfully impressed on my mind, producing a sweet sensation in my soul; and several times since, when reflecting on subjects of interest, trying subjects, the words have rolled over the mind, "*It will end in mercy. It will all end in mercy.*" Well, I believe this, in my best moments. I feel confident of it; not

because I heard the words in my dream, though that seems to impress them on my memory, but because I find the same truth in God's Word. "We know that all things work together for good." "The Lord shall bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness." "The end of the righteous shall be gladness." And this comforting truth is very strikingly illustrated in the history of God's people, even the most tried of them.

"IT WILL END IN MERCY." It did so in Joseph's case. He was cast into the pit, where no doubt he had many painful thoughts and gloomy forebodings. He was sold for a slave, and all the ties of relationship were sundered, and the endearments of home exchanged for foreign habits and menial employments. He was sorely tempted, and his principles were put to the most searching test. He was belied, unrighteously condemned, and imprisoned. Here the iron entered into his soul. A cloud hung over him for years. Providence appeared to have set him up as a mark for its arrows. He saw no bright light in the cloud. Many sore temptations no doubt harassed his spirit, many distressing fears agitated his soul. God seems to have forgotten to be gracious, and to have shut up his lovingkindness in displeasure. The trial was not only sharp, but it was long, and I dare say it appeared to him singular. But *it all ended in mercy.* Pharaoh's servants are imprisoned, they dream, and Joseph interprets; the interpretation proves correct; nevertheless, "the chief butler remembered not Joseph, but forgot him." But Pharaoh dreams,—his wise men are confounded,—Joseph is remembered,—the dreams of the monarch are solved,—the prisoner is liberated, honoured, and raised to great dignity. He is the saviour of Egypt, and the saviour of his father's house. The family is reunited, and exquisite joys are realized. "*It all ended in mercy.*" The Lord's way was in the sea, and his path was in the deep waters, and his footsteps were not known. But, though clouds and darkness were round about him, justice and judgment were the pillars of his throne.

"IT WILL ALL END IN MERCY." It did so in Job's case. Cast down from the highest pinnacle of wealth and dignity, into the lowest depths of poverty and pain, God and man seemed to unite against him. His property is destroyed or stolen,—his children are cut off with a stroke,—his wife is alienated from him,—and his servants treat him with contempt. His friends mistake his case, and, instead of comforting, they accuse, misrepresent, and irritate him. His body is full of disease, and his soul is full of grief. His patience fails him. His trials increase upon him. For a considerable time a dense, dark cloud covered him. But *it all ended in mercy.* His graces were strengthened by exercise,—his character was cleared by his God,—his property was doubled to him,—and his latter end was more blessed than his beginning. We have heard of the patience of Job, we have seen the design of the Lord, and we discover that he is full of pity and of great mercy. His way was in the whirlwind and in the storm; the clouds were the dust of his feet. Reason was bewildered, sense was confounded, faith was tried, his knowledge was increased and became experimental, and *it all ended in mercy.*

"IT WILL ALL END IN MERCY." It did so in David's case. From the day he was anointed to the kingdom, and had an especial honour put upon him by God, his troubles began. His was a path of tribulation. From the monarch on the throne, through all classes of his subjects, he found enemies and opposition. In his own family, in his own heart, he met with the bitterest sorrows. Time would fail us particularly to notice "the times that went over him." He sunk in deep waters. He was hunted like a partridge on the mountains. He was an outlaw, and often

within a step of death. Few have had a greater number, or a greater variety, of trials than David. From friend and foe, from God and man, from saint and Satan, his trials at different times proceeded. Often did his heart fail him, and faith appeared ready to expire, yet *all ended in mercy*. He filled the throne. He was overwhelmed with a sense of God's goodness. He died as on the bosom of infinite love. Never did he sing so sweetly as when heart and flesh were failing. Tried, troubled, doubting, fearing christian, come with me to his dying couch, look at the marks of Death's fingers on his pale face,—he is grappling hand to hand with the King of Terrors. But does his courage fail him now? Does he tremble as he wrestles with the foe? Oh, no! Listen, listen to his dying song! "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; this is all my salvation, and all my desire, though he cause it not to grow." Oh, *it all ended in mercy!* and a blessed ending it was.

"IT WILL ALL END IN MERCY." It did so in Hezekiah's case. When Sennacherib came up against him, blaspheming his God, threatening his destruction, and filling his mind with terror, it was a day of trouble, of rebuke, and blasphemy. Flushed with victory, filled with pride, and boasting of his successes, the haughty Assyrian general filled Hezekiah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem with alarm. It brought monarch, prophet, and people upon their knees; they pleaded, they prayed, they prevailed! The angel of death received a commission; that powerful agent went forth to execute it, and in one night the ground was covered with one hundred and eighty-four thousand dead corpses. What a sight! Surely the godly must have exclaimed, "Thou art terrible in thy doings toward the children of men." But as far as Hezekiah was concerned, *it all ended in mercy*. So when the prophet announced to him that he was required to set his house in order, for he should die and not live, his soul was cast down within him, for his purposes were broken off, yea, the very thoughts of his heart. But he fled to the mercy-seat, he pleaded with God, and there was added to his days fifteen years. But for his trials he had never known the power of prayer, the sweetness of deliverance direct from the hand of God, nor enjoyed such proofs of God's infinite love. *It all ended in mercy*.

But we must cite no more instances from Scripture. Who is there that cannot look round, and see instances in which God has made the wrath of man to praise him; in which losses, crosses, trials, troubles, difficulties, and disappointments, have *all ended in mercy*? The most lovely prospects are seen from lofty hills, and are preceded by the toilsome, wearying ascent. The sweetest enjoyments are often the greatest trials, and are often preceded by doubts, fears, faintings, and false conclusions. No one enjoys health like the person who has suffered from a long, debilitating, painful sickness. No one enjoys the sweets of liberty like the man who has suffered from unrequited toil, chains, and imprisonment. No one will enjoy heaven like the poor tempest-tossed, troubled, and afflicted believer. The darkness of night adds to the splendour of the morning, and the sterility of winter to the productiveness of spring. Before honour is humility, so before our sweetest mercies we often endure our bitterest affliction. Just so we find, in every christian experience, that however numerous his troubles, however rough his path, however dark his nights, however short his days, however severe his conflicts, however painful his fears, however gloomy his forebodings, they *all end in mercy*.

And now, beloved reader, let me speak to thee, as the voice spake to me in my night's dream. If thou art a believer in Jesus, whatever may be thy present circumstances, however trying, however perplexing; "*It*

will all end in mercy." You may not think so now. You may be writing bitter things against yourself. You may be misinterpreting the designs of God's providence. You may be doubting the positive promises of God's holy word, or be putting them away from yourself. But, notwithstanding your mistakes, your doubts, your fears, your false conclusions, "*It will all end in mercy.*" You do not think so, nor did Joseph once, nor did Job once, nor did David once, nor did Hezekiah once, nor did thousands now in glory once. But they were mistaken, so are you. They judged by appearances, so do you. They changed their minds, so will you. All your troubles were appointed in infinite love. They are all weighed out by sovereign goodness. They are all limited, as to time, by perfect wisdom. There is no chance in what happens to the christian. It is all arranged and appointed. It is all necessary and useful. It is all superintended and directed. Cheer up, my poor weary fellow-traveller, you will soon arrive at home, and then you will see clearly and enjoy sweetly the blessed truth, that to the believer "*all will end in mercy.*" Take comfort, poor afflicted fellow-christian, thy afflictions are God's furnace, in which he is refining thee; he is just fitting thee to occupy a mansion in heaven, and to sing the sweet and everlasting song, the theme of one part of which will be, "*It all ended in mercy.*" Fear not, poor feeble, fickle, faltering follower of Jesus, though thy faith is weak, though thy fears are strong, though thy doubts are painful, though thou dost conclude that thy case is singular and thy condition hopeless, "the year of release is at hand," and then thy doubts will expire, thy fears will flee away, thy groans will be silenced, thy feeble hopes will be realized, for "*it will all end in mercy.*" My brother, are you in poverty, or persecution, or bodily sickness, or under oppression, or under the hidings of thy Father's countenance? cheer up, thy light shall soon "break forth as the morning," thy God will "come unto thee as the former and latter rain" cometh in its season; write it down in thy memorandum book, or impress it upon thy memory, or, what is better still, pray the Holy Spirit to give thee the sweet inward assurance of the fact, that "*it will all end in mercy.*"

But if these lines are read by a sinner, a thoughtless, careless, hardened sinner, I dare not say to him that "*all will end in mercy.*" No, all may end in thy case in judgment. All thy present pleasures, pursuits, hopes, and prospects, may end in "weeping, in wailing, and gnashing of teeth." All may end in that fearful sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Yet, careless as you have been, thoughtless as you have been, hardened as up to this moment you are, if you will seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near; if you will as a wicked man forsake your ways, and as an unrighteous man your thoughts, and return unto the Lord, he will have mercy upon you, and our God will abundantly pardon you. Yes, yes, my fellow-sinner, begin at once; go upon your knees, confess your sins, plead the blood of Jesus with the Father, for the pardon of all thy sins, seek the gift of the Holy Spirit to sanctify thy nature, and make thee meet for heaven, renounce self, trust in Jesus, fly "to the hope set before you in the gospel," and then to you, even you, I say, "**IT WILL ALL END IN MERCY.**"

Cheltenham.

WHY WERE YOU NOT AT THE PRAYER-MEETING?

Reader, our pastor says, and I have heard others make the same remark, that there were *very* few at the prayer-meeting. Yes, he said, "*very* few;" not "a few," but "*very* few."

Reader, why were you not there?

Perhaps you will answer, "I am not a church member, and it is the duty of church members to attend the prayer-meetings." The reason you have given as an excuse for not being there is one of the very best which could be offered in urging you to attend. The very objects sought to be accomplished by meeting together for the purpose of engaging in prayer can best be accomplished by your presence. When christians meet together to pray for *your* salvation, ought you not to meet with them and pray for *yourself*? Can it be that you have less interest in your salvation than your fellow-men have? Is it possible that your salvation is of less importance to you than it is to your fellow-men? Ought you not then to join in their prayers? And will you not do so in future? God has expressly declared that he does and will hear the prayer of the earnest suppliant. Read these in Exodus iii. 7; 1 Kings ix. 3; 2 Kings xix. 20; xx. 5; Psalm xiv. 18, 19; Zechariah x. 6. Read also the assurance which David felt in regard to God's hearing his prayers, as he has expressed that confidence in Psalm iv. 3; xvii. 6; xxxiv. 4; cxx. 1; Jonah's, as declared in Jonah ii. 2; and believe that you also will be heard if your prayer is the earnest desire of a contrite heart.

But, Christ-professing reader, why were you not there? Do you say that you can pray at home? That you can pray at home, and that you ought to pray at home, I will allow, but that you will do so I am not so well assured of. Many, very many, professing christians have no family altar, and far too many have neither family altar nor private prayer-room. And if you do pray at home, it will only prove to be an assistance, not a hindrance, to your enjoyment of social public prayer. Social prayer never checks, but always stimulates the fervour of devotion, and none can join in it without profit. You will go home from the social gathering with a spirit more quickened for the exercise, and more earnest in its tone, than it was before you left your home for the public assembly. Thus home-offered prayer will assist in the social worship, and social worship will assist the home-offered prayer. Beautiful but natural reciprocity! Will you not in future seek to enjoy it?

Or do you say, "I cannot lead in prayer, and therefore it is useless for me to attend"? But you can join in the petitions put up by another. Your spirit may unite in saying the silent "Amen" to the earnest pleadings of those who do lead. Together these may rise to the attentive ear of Him "who waiteth to be gracious;" the blessing thus unitedly sought may be obtained in joy-exciting abundance, and the fervour spreading in gladdening sympathy shall ascend as the fragrance of incense. If you meet with them you will be blessed, even if you cannot lead in prayer.

But I am by no means certain that you cannot lead in prayer. When you wish to obtain anything from your fellow-men, you can frame your request so as to express your desire; and you can do this so as to be understood by him of whom you make your request. And this is all which is needed in making prayer unto God. He does not require us to present our prayers unto him in elegant language. He requires not beautifully arranged exhibitions of rhetoric. He asks of us no metaphorical compositions. All he desires is the simple, earnest language of the sincere heart. And can you not offer him this? Can you not express the desires of your soul? And if you cannot, is it not because you do not try?

But you may tell me that "prayer is a gift which is bestowed upon men in different degrees." This I know is the case in a measure. But no man has been utterly deprived of it. Although men possess it in different degrees, yet there is none who has not some degree of it. God has created the body, which, requiring food, he has provided with the

means of obtaining it; and he has also created the spiritual faculties, which also need sustenance; and can it be that he would create these without providing the means by which they could obtain that sustenance? We cannot believe such to be the case. No, he has given unto all the capacity to pray, and we are under obligation to improve it by exercise.

But there are others who offer other excuses for not attending. Some say, "It is so far to go." Who ever knew a party to be too far away to be reached with horse and carriage, if not on foot? "But I cannot go out in the evening air." Oh, no, not to prayer-meeting; but the evening air has a different effect when going to a party, a concert, or a place of amusement. It is highly dangerous to take cold in attending prayer-meetings; a matter of little consequence when taken on pleasure excursions; and the night which will allow us to go to a party, given by one who will be very much offended if we do not come, is entirely too rainy and wet to think of going to prayer-meeting in, and God will not be as likely to be offended as our friend will. I might ask, Will the effects of his displeasure probably be as important as the effects of our friend's? What do you answer, ye who are ready to make excuse?

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FORGIVE AND FORGET.

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And meekness is rising in torment and thrall,
By the hand of ingratitude wrung,—
In the heart of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare,
"I can forgive and forget."

But if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget! It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live;
Then how shall it be! for at every turn,
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art;
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy crimes:—
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget.

Brood thou not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too;
Count not the sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And if thy own harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met;
Oh, who wouldn't gladly take lessons of Heaven—
Nor learn to forgive and forget!

M. F. Tupper.

Tales and Sketches.

THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

BY LILIA VANCE.

"Look, auntie, look, the angels are coming!" exclaimed little Grace Mason, as she pointed to the western sky, adorned with the loveliest cloud-work of a western sunset. The young lady thus addressed rose and occupied a seat near the small attic window of their humble apartment. Grace climbed unceremoniously into her lap, and together they gazed, the elder with an expression of ardent admiration, the younger with awe and wonder.

Very softly, after some moments of silent watching, Gracie said,—

"An't they angels, auntie?"

"No, I think not," said the young lady, as though speaking to herself,—then, with sudden energy, she added, "that is God's painting, Gracie, one of his pictures;" and the fine though attenuated face of the maiden glowed as if lit with the radiance of heaven.

"God's painting?" said the child, musingly; "but mamma says the angels do come when we are suffering to help us, and now she is sick, and we are poor and suffering, why don't they come?"

"Perhaps, Gracie, they have come, only we do not see them; they do not come visibly; we feel their presence strengthening us to bear our troubles, but see not their forms."

"Oh, if they will only get mamma well, I won't care if I don't see them, we shall be so happy."

"Perhaps, Gracie," said the aunt, sadly, "they will have to carry her to their home before she can get well; will you be willing for her to go and leave you?"

"No, no," said the child, slowly, comprehending with difficulty the remarks of her aunt, "no, no! Why, auntie, mamma must die to go with them, you mean," and, bursting into tears, the child continued, "I hope they won't come; I didn't think that was the way they came,—I'm sure that isn't good, and I thought the angels were always good!"

"Do you not remember, Gracie, when you were very sick, the unpleasant medicine which the doctor wished you to take, and which you refused, until he told you it would make you well? It relieved you immediately; then you said the doctor

knew better than you what was best for you."

The child looked up intelligently, but made no reply. Her aunt continued,—

"Just so, Gracie, God knows what is best for his children, and although they suffer pain and sorrow here, it is that they may be happier when He sends his angels to carry them to dwell with Him. Perhaps the angels will come this night to carry your mamma through that shining gateway," and she pointed to the setting sun with tearful eyes, "to heaven; she will be well there."

"But they must take you and me, too, auntie, we cannot stay without her. It's cold here, too, and I'm hungry. Oh, I hope they will come!"

The child had spoken so earnestly, that she aroused the sleeper on the humble couch in one corner of the apartment, that served all purposes for its occupants. She started up and gazed at the beautiful sunset scene, as its last rays fell upon her pallid face, her lips moving as if in prayer. The young lady and Grace glided noiselessly to her side. Presently a violent fit of coughing came on, and she sunk exhausted upon her pillow. After some moments of difficult breathing, she looked affectionately upon her child, and said,—

"Did you say, Gracie, 'the angels were coming,' or did I dream it?"

"Yes, mamma, I said they were coming; and auntie said, 'perhaps they would carry you to heaven,' but I don't want you to leave me," and the voice of weeping arose from both sister and child.

"Grace—Emma," said the dying woman, addressing both, "do not weep; the angels will come to take me home this night. That beautiful sunset made me think of our olden home, and of the happy day when we knew not sorrow and want. It made me think, too, of the happy home to which I am going; but, oh, it is fearful to leave you thus, perhaps to starve!" and an expression of deepest agony stole over her features. "I shall go first," she continued, "but you, Emma, will soon follow, for suffering and watching have done their work. And Gracie, I have asked 'Our Father' to care for my darling, and I know he has heard my prayer. Emma, do not fear; God will care for Gracie when you too are called to leave her."

Too much exhausted to say more, she ceased. The death-damp stood heavily upon her transparent brow, she drew her breath with difficulty. Her sister and little Grace stood by the bedside, stifling their own grief that it might not disturb her, each clasping a hand, when suddenly her countenance brightened, she looked up, and exclaiming, "*The angels are coming; yea, darlings, they are here!*" breathed her last.

The twilight was gathering fast, and as Grace had said, the angels had truly come with the setting sun, to bear an earth-worn, suffering spirit on their wings to the sorrowless home above.

This scene transpired within a small and meagerly furnished apartment in the city of P—. Through all the gradations from comparative affluence in the pleasant country home of her early married life, had Mrs. Mason, since the death of her husband, passed, down to the humble attic of the old dilapidated building in which she died; nobly struggling to gain for herself and only child an honest livelihood; anxious that her darling Grace should feel no want; toiling beyond her strength that she might continue her at school, and thus prepare her in time for the honourable occupation of a teacher. She had borne all her trials with singular patience and meekness. But at length her arduous labours wove pain and disease into her system. Her orphan sister, Emma, who had found a home with her in happier days, still continued with her, bearing her burdens and sharing her sorrows. Though well qualified for a teacher, yet by that strange perverseness of human nature which turns aside from ability when clothed in poverty, and having no influential friends, she had been unable to obtain a situation; and her sensitive nature, no less than her delicate frame, unfitted her for the hard duties of service. The needle, therefore, was their only resource; and, with the miserable pittance doled out by the shops for this, it were better, perhaps, for the poor, were there no such resource left. For a number of years they had managed to live, while little Grace grew in beauty and intelligence day by day. She was a child of rare endowments, and both mother and aunt nearly idolized her. The past hard winter came upon them, bringing with its other ills so much physical debility to Mrs. Mason, that she could no longer labour. Sad were her forebodings;

for there was no sorrow so great as the idea of seeing Gracie's cheeks grow pale and thin from want. Often did they deprive themselves of food that she might not feel the pangs of hunger, concealing their abstinence from her. But the scanty earnings of Emma failed to keep cold and hunger away. With comfortable food, fire, and medical attendance, the sufferer might have been detained on earth much longer; as it was, the first chill, damp breath of spring bore her hence.

The hard labour and unwearied attentions of Emma to her sister, combined with cold and exposure, to which she had been subjected, had done their work, and disease had already made fearful progress in her system. Gracie, too, had paled, yet she seldom complained,—seeming intuitively to feel that her own sufferings were shadowy to those around her. Poor little Gracie, terrible was her agony to witness, when she knew her mother was dead!

Then came the pauper burial, and the suffering spirit of Emma now broke. She could have borne it, she thought, if she could have lain her decently to sleep in some quiet churchyard, where the birds make music all the day;—but *there!* It was the one drop too much in her cup of grief, and she sank beneath the blow. In a very few weeks they bore her forth, and laid her by her sister's side. All through her sickness delirium attended her, and it was heart-rending to hear her piteously pleading the angels to "*come and care for Gracie, darling Gracie!*" and thus the death-angel found her.

And Gracie,—what of her?

When sorrow and death steal into the circles of the proud and rich, many a heart vibrates with sympathetic notes of sorrow that would feel no quivering thrill were it one of earth's lowly ones. The great truth which God has stamped on every heart, that we are all children of one family, seems in many hearts to be so discoloured, that nought but the purifying waters of affliction can bring out the characters legibly.

Mr. Banks was a wealthy merchant in the city of P—. Fortune had, in opening the door to wealth, shut the doors of his heart to the sufferings of humanity around him. But Providence determined to force a passage, and claim her own. Two lovely children danced through his elegantly furnished parlours to the music of light hearts,

which knew no sorrow. Willie and Nellie Banks were beautiful children to gaze on, and, in the fond eyes of their doting father, incomparable. No wish of theirs was ungratified. All that money could procure they enjoyed. And while his own darlings were well and happy, and surrounded with luxury, little did the rich merchant think or care who fed and clothed the poor children he daily met in his walks to and from his business. Little Grace had often met him, as, shivering in her thin garments, she threaded her way through the crowded thoroughfare to school, leading his merry-hearted children, clad in their rich robes and costly furs; and, as she watched their happy faces, she would sigh, and inwardly wish her mamma was rich, for then she felt she would not be sick.

But disease, that stealthy intruder, that needs no distinction of wealth or name, may, not even of chastest virtue and temperance, stole into the elegant mansion of Mr. B., and laid his darlings low. Hardly had he time to comprehend they were sick, when death came also, and wrote him childless.

Is it not fearful—the agony which rends the human heart, when it has centered its hope, affection, and ambition, on some cherished object, and suddenly found its idol clay? God's will is not—we will not have it be—ours. And we struggle, oh, how vainly, with Almighty Power, until, like a rebellious, wilful child, wearied with contending against the strong arm of its parent, we lie helpless from nature's exhaustion. Then cometh the still small voice, which we heard not in the tempest or the flame, and bringeth instruction.

So passed the tempest and the flame over Mr. B., when he found that his idolized children were gone. And so, after days of intense agony and sleepless nights of woe, came the angels and whispered peace to his heart. They brought not his lost darlings,—they fearlessly told him how heartless, how wicked and selfish had been his life,—they told of suffering want, of widowed and orphaned woe, which his hoarded wealth should have relieved and blessed,—and yet he chided them not. They bade him “*reform* and we will strengthen you, until earth shall bloom again with gladness and joy.”

Again he walked forth and mingled in business—a changed man,—scattering blessings around him. Do we not exclaim,

truly the angels have come and taken up their abode in his heart?

Will you walk by his residence with me, my reader? There, look, a child of almost fairy beauty is standing on the marble steps, with a crowd of tattered children around her, whom she is doubly feeding, first with food for the body, to which she adds that which is equally needed, words of sympathy and hope. Do you not recognize Grace Mason?—for it is she;—now the adopted daughter of Mr. Banks. Yes,

“God thro’ ways they have not known,
Will lead his own,”

and through a mysterious pathway had he sent his invisible angels to prepare a home for Gracie, and Gracie to be the angel of that home.

The kind clergyman who attended at the burial of her mother and aunt, took, though poorly able to do it, the heart-broken Grace into his own family, soothing her sorrow, and providing for her wants. And at the home of his pastor, whose company he sought when the first wild agony of his grief subsided, did Mr. Banks find her. He felt interested in her at sight; and when, at his request, she told her artless tale of sorrow, it found an answering chord within his breast, and he at once proposed to adopt her, to which her benefactor readily assented.

We behold her now the beloved daughter of a wealthy and benevolent man, whose chief delight is, with her by his side, to seek out the poor and sorrowing, and relieve them. We view her as she glides through the elegant apartments of her home, now lingering with her books, now with her flowers, and anon, with a sweetly subdued expression on her lovely features, touching lightly the keys of the piano to a beautiful air, humming the words,—

“Oh, keep no watch in sorrow,
God’s angels then are near!”

DELUSIVE PROSPECTS.

Mr. T— began life poor, and, as far as patronage was concerned, friendless. Possessing energy and business tact, he soon began to emerge from his discouraging circumstances, and from the nucleus of a little capital beyond the expenditure demanded by his very moderate wants. His principle, as he called it, was to accumulate just so much as would afford, by proper investment, a comfortable support, should

any accident lay him aside from active business. His mind would then be easy, and he would take much enjoyment in the family circle, in the cultivation of his own mind, and in the serious consideration of the claims of religion. This was the first stage.

In the lapse of some years we find him a busier man than ever. His business had enlarged, and had become increasingly profitable. He had far overshot the goal which he had once fixed for his stopping-place, and yet he had no time for the commencement of those quiet enjoyments which had at one time possessed so many charms in prospect. In fact he felt, without being willing to acknowledge it, a sensible diminution of the zest with which they had once been regarded. The love of accumulation had become his predominant passion, and the more he acquired the more he wanted, and the less was his disposition to be liberal. Here we leave him in the second stage.

Other years pass over him, and he is noted as one of the wealthiest of our citizens. The humble man, with his honest efforts and moderate expectations, is supplanted by another self, conscious of his own importance, and presuming that wealth had transformed him into a great man. The family circle has fewer enjoyments for him than ever, his mind and heart evince no additional culture, and as to religion, it seldom occupies a thought. His stocks and real estate are the only gods he now worships. Still there is a slowly and indistinctly conceived promise, that he will soon adjust his affairs, make everything snug, and retire from active business to sweet and profitable leisure. This is the third stage.

Now you may note the gray-headed old man exhibiting more than one sign of infirmity. He is no longer in business. He is almost a millionaire. Of course, his attention is now diverted, in some measure, from what has been the absorbing pursuit of his toilsome life! Not exactly so. Habit has become strong, and has extinguished within the better promises and tastes of youth. Alas, his own prevailing thought is still money! While the fashions of the world have eaten out the very core of domestic felicity, they have conspired, too, to leave the old man without God and hope in the world. He is qualified now for nothing else than to watch the state of

stocks, to receive dividends and rents, and to pore over his financial affairs. He rises in the morning to read the newspapers; he visits the exchange; he lies down wearied at night. This is the fifth stage.

We hasten to the close. There, propped up in his chair, is the paralytic old man, still clinging to life because he is afraid to die. He has children and grand-children around him, who do not neglect him, for he is rich, but who begin to think that it is a pity he should linger so long! He that leaves a large estate to be divided is very apt to be followed to the grave by friends most submissively resigned to the dispensation! Poor old man! yes, poor in the midst of wealth; not one bright hope gilds the evening of thy life! Thou art awaking from thy dream, and painful realities are bursting on thy view! Thou art Christless. It is to be feared thou art lost. What has the world profited thee? Thou art dead. This is the sixth stage,—the seventh we may not now pry into.

SABBATH PRUDENCE.

"Are you going to church this evening, John?" said Mrs. Smith to her husband, as he was preparing to go out one stormy Sabbath night.

"To be sure I am," replied Mr. Smith, "and if you would like to go with me, I will bring the horse and carriage to the door."

"Oh, how can you be so imprudent!" exclaimed his wife. "Just hear it rain! If you go out in this storm you will certainly be sick after it; even our carriage would not keep off the dampness of such a night as this, and it would kill me to go."

"For myself," said Mr. Smith, "I have no fears, but if you really think your health would suffer from attending church this evening, I would say, stay at home by all means. There is no reason, however, for my absence from church."

So saying, he buttoned up his overcoat, sallied forth under the friendly shelter of a large umbrella, and after a walk of a mile or more reached the church, where a rich repast of spiritual food awaited him.

The dawn of the next day was obscured by dark lowering clouds. The storm still raged with increased fury. Mr. Smith had just gone to his accustomed place of business, after breakfast, when a loud ring called his wife to the door. On opening it, she received a note from the hands of a

little boy; while the bearer, at her request, was drying and warming himself by the fire, she proceeded to read his message. It was an invitation from Mrs. Briggs (who lived about two miles distant), to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, to attend a large party that she was to give that evening. When Mr. Smith returned at noon, this note was again read, and his opinion asked upon its contents. He told his wife that he could not go himself, as he would have to ride out that evening on business, and would not return until too late for the party. "It is true," continued he, "I am going right by the house, but I shall be in a great hurry, and cannot stay there a moment."

"Then perhaps you can take me along with you as far as Mr. Briggs's, on your way?" said Mrs. Smith, enquiringly.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Smith; "but do you really mean to go, Lucy?"

"Of course I do," said she. "What would the Briggs's family think if their kind invitation were alighted?"

"Oh, how can you be so imprudent!" said her husband, with an arch smile. "Just hear it rain! If you go out in this storm you will certainly be sick after it; even our carriage would not keep off the dampness of such a night as this; and would it not kill you to go?"

The naturally red cheeks of Mrs. Smith deepened at least two shades as she appreciated her husband's gentle rebuke, drawn from the last evening's conversation, but she said nothing.

"Seriously though," continued Mr. Smith, "I have not the slightest objection to your enjoying yourself for an hour or two in the society of Mrs. Briggs; but recollect, Lucy, never to stay at home from church through fear of a storm, that would not keep you from a party."

From that time forth, none attended public worship more constantly than Mrs. Smith. She had learnt a lesson of consistency never to be forgotten.

Correspondence.

PÆDOBAPTIST MISSIONS AND THE ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Sirs,

Will you permit me to address to you a few remarks on the above topic, not with a view of entering into a general discussion upon the subject of baptism, but just to call the attention of your readers to certain facts which may not have been noticed by them, tending to exhibit the contradictory theories and practices of one section of pædobaptists,—I mean our good friends who monopolize to themselves the title of Congregationalists?

I believe that it is generally alleged amongst Congregational ministers that Dr. Halley's "Lectures on the Sacraments" contain a correct epitome of the views of the Congregational body upon the subject of baptism, although there are a considerable number of Congregational ministers and laymen who repudiate Dr. Halley's theory, and adhere to that of Dr. Wardlaw. Doubtless most of your readers are aware that Dr. Wardlaw's theory is, that *believers and their children* are the only proper subjects for baptism; while Dr. Halley, perceiving that infant baptism cannot stand

upon Dr. Wardlaw's basis (the faith of the parents), totally repudiates faith as a prerequisite for baptism in the case of adult candidates, and parental faith in the case of infants, who are submitted for baptism. According to Dr. Halley's theory, all *applicants* for baptism are to be baptized indiscriminately, "provided the application be not made scoffingly;" and also all children brought by their parents, or persons in *loco parentis*. This theory he has taken immense pains to extort from the baptismal commission in Matthew xxviii., although I must say that the learned doctor's argument brings forcibly to my mind the fable of Sisyphus whenever I read it. One Congregational minister has, in his zeal to imitate Dr. Halley, gone, if I mistake not, somewhat beyond him; for I find the Rev. W. Walford of Uxbridge, in a little work he published in 1846, on the epistle to the Romans, entitled "*Curæ Romanæ*," construing the baptismal commission in Matt. xxviii. to enjoin "the application of baptism to all nations *who shall not refuse to submit to the rite*" (vide p. 80).

In process of time I suppose we shall at this rate have a theory for the compulsory baptism of "all the nations," in order to

assimilate the rite more completely to that of circumcision, to which the Jews and their children were *compelled* to submit.

I will not now enter into the arguments by which I believe Dr. Halley's theory, and that of Mr. Walford (if it be indeed "another" theory), may be completely refuted, but I will as briefly as possible quote from the London Missionary Society's recent annual report, certain statements relating to the practice of baptism in foreign lands, which, when placed in juxtaposition with the "theory" which is so strenuously contended for by some of our Congregational friends, will be found somewhat discordant therewith, if not entirely destructive thereof.

The first quotation refers to the baptism of a Hindoo, of the name of Cotelungum. The whole of the statement (made to the Society by one of its missionaries) embodied in the report is of considerable length, and, therefore, I pass over the first portion of it, which states that the "convert" in question had been eighteen months in a mission school, and details certain circumstances for the purpose of showing his sincere concern for his soul, and that he ultimately became resolved to take up his cross and follow Christ (matters very irrelevant to the question of baptism, according to Dr. Halley's notion); and I will quote only the description of the service held upon the performance of the rite, which is taken from the missionary's statement, and it is as follows:—"We held the service in the English chapel. The three brethren just named took part in the service; but it was my privilege to administer the ordinance of baptism. *I asked the convert a good number of questions*, as to his reasons for renouncing heathenism, his knowledge and views of the leading doctrines of Christianity, particularly as regards baptism, and the manner of life incumbent on all *true christians*, especially in this heathen land. To all these he gave correct and clear answers. He said that baptism could not change the heart,—nothing but the Spirit of God could do so,—and that in living a christian life he expected many difficulties from the heathen around, but that he trusted God's promise which says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, and I will perfect my strength in weakness.' He expressed a good confession before many. May God give him strength to continue steadfast in that course he has begun among so many difficulties!"

In another part of the report an account is given of the baptism of another Hindoo, named Bholanath, of whom it is said, "Though quite young, about sixteen, *his views of gospel truth were simple and clear*, and he seemed to be one of those who, with a naturally happy disposition, could enjoy his religion as well as obey its precepts. He was baptized by Mr. Storrow at the end of December," &c.

The third quotation relates to two Mohammedan converts, and reads thus: "On Lord's-day evening last, February 25th, two Mohammedans were baptized at Union chapel. The Rev. A. F. Lacroix, previously to administering baptism, gave an interesting account of the manner in which the converts had been brought to a knowledge of the gospel. They had not been taught in missionary schools, nor had they been under missionary influence; they had heard the gospel preached, and were led to enquiry and reading which induced them, though unknown to each other, to seek information and advice from Mr. Lacroix. *They had been for ten months under instruction and on trial*. The converts were men of ability and learning. *The usual questions were put by Mr. Lacroix, in Bengali*, and their replies were translated for the satisfaction of the audience. The members of the native church at Bhowanipore, to whom they were known, were asked if they would receive them into church-fellowship. Through one of their number they cordially replied in the affirmative, *after which Mr. Lacroix baptized them in the name of the Holy Trinity*."

With one more quotation I will conclude. The missionaries in China write thus: "Since the beginning of March, this year, we have had the privilege of baptizing seventy-seven Chinese. Of the twenty persons whom we had previously introduced into the church, five have departed in the faith, so that our present number of church members is ninety-two."

Here the terms "baptised" and "introduced into church-fellowship" appear to be used almost synonymously, reminding us of the phraseology of Acts ii., and 41st verse, in which the three thousand converted on the day of Pentecost are described as being added to the church by baptism. Surely the missionaries of the London Missionary Society have not read the Congregational Lecture on Baptism, or do not believe in it, for their practice does not accord with

its sentiments. I am, however, inclined to think the missionaries' *practice* is more scriptural than Dr. Halley's "*theory*."

The persons baptized by the missionaries were, it is evident, something more than mere "applicants for baptism," and certainly a great deal more than merely persons who "did not refuse to submit to the rite;" in short they were, so far as a protracted probation could furnish evidence of the fact, what the missionaries describe them to be, *i. e.*, genuine "*converts*."

The summary of the whole appears to be this. Dr. Halley says, "all applicants"

ought to be baptized. Mr. Walford, "all who do not refuse to submit to the rite." But the missionaries of the London Missionary Society baptize only such adults as appear on probation and scrutiny genuine "*converts*."

Such practical contradictions amongst pseudobaptists speak more loudly than any abstract arguments I could adduce, and, therefore, apologizing for the length of these remarks, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

A BAPTIST.

A Page for the Young.

THE YOUNG HERO.

I shall never forget a lesson which I received, when quite a young lad, at the Academy in B——. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up as a sort of leader in matters of opinion, as well as of sport. He was not, at heart, malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look-out for matter of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road towards a neighbouring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartley, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the inclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B—— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some

of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were, accordingly, often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odour of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would enquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your daddy means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartley. "Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighbouring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper,

it was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story:—"Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make enquiries, but stayed to render services.

"This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!' With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy boots with; but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman; 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his chari-

table motives; and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, Was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard. You are not afraid of ridicule,—you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. These clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured rillery, and after we were dismissed, he went, with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartley, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example, and we set forth with buzzes into the woods. What a happy day it was!

THE BEST BOOK.

AN EXERCISE FOR THE YOUNG.

The Bible is the book of God. A book written by God, a book about God, and a book intended to make us like him, and to lead us to the enjoyment of him for ever. My object is to impress your minds with the fact of the divinity of this wonderful book, and to show you how you ought to act towards it. You are aware that many millions of your fellow-creatures have no Bible,—many who have one, do not believe it,—and many who have it, and profess to believe it, do not act upon it. There are some who believe it, and love it;—who re-

ceive the Saviour it reveals, seek the glory it makes known, and endeavours to do what it commands. These are the only happy and wise people in the world; we wish you, dear youths, to be among the number, that of you may be said, as of Timothy, "that from childhood you have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus."

Now, I will imagine you are ready to ask me the following questions:—first, *What kind of a book is the Bible?* secondly, *What is its design?* and, thirdly, *What is my duty with reference to it?* I will endeavour to answer these questions in a way which I hope you will understand and remember. You all know, I suppose, how to spell the word *Scriptures*; now I wish you with every letter of this word to learn something concerning what the Word of God *is*, what it is designed to *do*, and *how* you should act towards it, and I hope you will find out and read the texts referred to.

THE PROPERTIES OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A *Superior* book (Deut. xxxii. 46, 47). The Hindoos have their Shaster, and the Mahomedans their Koran, but the Bible is far above them in every respect.

A *Consistent* book (Psalm xli. 6). Think how long it was writing, and how many people were employed about it, and this will at once prove that God was its author.

A *Religious* book (2 Tim. iii. 15), and so it is suited for man as a rational, guilty, and immortal being. It is better than all books of science or history, better even than God's other books of nature and providence.

An *Interesting* book (Jer. xv. 16). Consider the events it records,—the history of remarkable persons it contains,—the beautiful and sublime passages there are in it; but, above all, that it reveals eternity, and concerns ourselves.

A *Powerful* book (Psalm xix. 7). It does, under the influences of the Holy Spirit, what nothing else can do, changes the heart of man. Has it changed yours?

A *Terrible* book (John xii. 48). It torments those who know its contents, but act contrary to its commands; it arms conscience with its keenest sting, and will lay open on the judgment-seat, and bear testimony against, all who neglected it (Rev. xx. 12).

An *Useful* book (Romans xv. 4). Com-

pare countries which have the Bible, and those that have it not. Do the same with families and individuals, who love or hate the Bible, and then judge of its usefulness.

A *Renowned* book (1 Peter i. 11, 12). No book beside can compare with it. Angels study its great theme—redemption. All wise men have valued it, and only fools despise it.

An *Enduring* book (1 Peter i. 24, 25). It will survive the last judgment. Saints will remember its contents in Heaven, and sinners will do the same in Hell.

A *Sealed* book. Satan *hides* its glory from the unbeliever (2 Cor. iv. 2); its blessings are all *secured* to Christ's disciples (Isaiah xxiv. 11).

THE DESIGN OF THE SCRIPTURES.

To bring five blessings, and save from five evils,—

To *Sanctify*, or make holy (John xvii. 17).

To *Comfort*, or make happy (Psalm cxix. 50, 54).

To *Release*, or make free (John viii. 32).

To *Instruct*, or make wise (Psalm cxix. 98, 99, 104).

To *Prepare* for Heaven, or make rich in grace (2 Peter i. 4).

Surely these are five great blessings.

The Scriptures are also designed,—

To *Try* us, that we may not deceive ourselves (Psalm cxix. 59).

To *Uphold* us, that we may not despond (2 Chron. xxxii. 8).

To *Renew* us, that we may not faint (Psalm xvii. 13).

To *Employ* us, that we may not be idle (Prov. ii. 1—5).

To *Secure* us, that we may not be lost (John viii. 51).

OUR DUTY WITH REFERENCE TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Seek the Spirit's influences, for they are deep (Psalm cxlvi. 10).

Confide in them, for they are sure (Num. xxiii. 19).

Receive them, for they are very valuable (John iii. 32, 33).

Improve by them, for you are responsible (Prov. xvii. 16).

Plead them in prayer, for you need all they contain (Hosea xiv. 2).

Take heed to all they say, for the Bible is your best friend (Psalm cxix. 147).

Renounce all they condemn,—Sin, Pride, Passion (Psalm xix. 11).

Esteem what ever they commend,—Jesus, holiness, love (Job xxiii. 12).

Spread them as widely as you can, for they are the only guide to glory (Mark xvi. 15).

Listen to, pray over, the kind advice of the Saviour. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, for they are they which testify of me."

J. C.

Miscellaneous.

PREACHING A PRACTICAL SERMON.—A number of years ago, Parson B—— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was Parson B——, as a published volume of his sermons evinces; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of "practical" themes, at least, so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C——. "Mr. B——," said he, one day, to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?" "Oh, very well, if you wish it I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon." Sunday morning came, and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature-comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain; and so on. While in mid-volley, the door of the church opened, and Dr. S—— entered. "There," went on the parson, "there is Dr. S—— coming in, in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season; but it isn't so; he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months." Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C——, who had requested a practical sermon. "And now," said he, "there is Mr. C——; he's a merchant; and what does he do? Why, he stays at home on Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York on Saturday night, he goes to his store and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones." At the conclusion of the service the parson walked up to Mr. C——, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon." "Mr. B——," was the reply, "preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."—*American Paper.*

TRUE RELIGION ALL PERSUADING.—Man's

religion is a thing separate from all his other doings, or employments, or feelings,—nay, I may say, separate from himself. It throws up a wall between the religious part of life, and the common part of it. It says, much of the life should be filled up with religion; but the rest of it religion must not touch nor approach. God's religion is made to pervade every lawful thing, so that nothing in its estimation is common or unclean. It is not a sacred lamp kept for the closet, or the crypt, or the cell. It is a universal sun, whose shining gladdens and consecrates every thing in life, private or public, shedding its blessed radiance as truly upon the exchange, or the marketplace, or the counting-room, or the family circle, as on the courts of the temple. To separate religion from the common things and scenes of life has always been man's object, because he thus prevents himself being incommoded by it; he gets it cast into a corner; he can make it serve as a whet to give keener zest to his worldly joys. To bind religion and all common things together—nay, to pervade the latter with the former, so that every act of man's life shall be a religious act, a service done to God—has invariably been God's aim, because he shows that thus alone can man be truly blest, and because he would fain lift the common acts of man's life into an elevation and a dignity of which man himself does not seem to reckon them susceptible. God wishes not only to be the God, but the bosom friend, of the creatures he has made. He wishes to be their companion everywhere: to dwell with them where they dwell, to go out with them, and to come in with them, to lie down and to rise up with them, to labour and to rest with them, to sorrow and to rejoice with them. And all this, not as a spy upon their doings, but as a chosen friend, to whom they intrust every secret, and on whose counsel they can safely rely,—a dear relation, whose presence is the light of their dwelling, whose friendship is the cement of all other friendships, whose sympathy is their truest solace, and whose fellowship is the perfection of their joy.—*Horatius Bonar.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.—Every one who has thought on this subject, must know how great is the influence of the female character, especially in the sacred relations of wife and mother. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas, I often forgot her admonitions; but, in my most thoughtless days, I never lost the impression

which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before. But my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand, and said, "Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer." This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And, oh, if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as pray for them!—*Family Scrap-Book.*

THE POWER OF A HOLY LIFE.—The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so good, so efficacious, as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greatest part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring it to an everlasting righteousness, than all other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.—My brethren, against the whole dreadful power of evil, it is our vocation to be engaged in the war. It were vain to wish to escape from the condition of our place in the universe of God. Amidst the darkness that veils from us the state of that vast empire, we would

willingly be persuaded that this our world may be the only region, excepting that of penal justice, where the cause of evil is permitted to maintain a contest. Here, perhaps, may be almost its last encampment, where its prolonged power of hostility may be suffered, in order to give a protracted display of the manner of its destruction. Here our lot is cast, on a ground so awfully pre-occupied: a calamitous distinction, but yet a sublime one, if thus we may render to the Eternal King a service in which better tribes of his creatures may not share; and if thus we may be trained, through devotion and conformity to the Celestial Chief in this warfare, to the final attainment of what He has promised, in so many illustrious forms, to him that overcometh. We shall soon leave the region where so much is in rebellion against our God. We shall go where all that pass from our world must present themselves as from battle, or be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conquerors.—*John Foster.*

AN EAR FOR TRUTH.—We seek much after preachers; should we not much rather seek for the true ear? For surely there are preachers enough around us—preachers in heaven above, preachers on earth below, preachers within, and preachers without. What does the firmament alone preach to us! the clear blue heaven, or the same heaven covered with storm-clouds! "The heavens declare the glory of God" in the splendours of day, or the magnificence of night. But how many hear? How true it is that till God speaks to the heart of man, man cannot understand the language of God which is uttered around him, and over him, and beneath him! As Tauler most beautifully says, "To a man who looks long at the sun, the sun imprints itself on everything he sees; so it is with the man who looks much at God." As there are times when we stand in the midst of nature, as if we were in a church, when a joyful song of praise is springing up from each breast, and we cannot help but sing also, for we are drawn into the common stream of devotion, and carried along with it; so, at other times, how mute all creation seems to us, as though all pursued its way alone, without a hand in heaven to guide it! All depends upon whether God speaks in us!

"If God thy inmost soul and being share,

The universe becomes thy book of prayer."

—*Tholuck.*

FAITH TRIED AND REWARDED.—An unskilful beholder may think it strange to see gold thrown into the fire, and left there for a time; but he that puts it there would be loath to lose it; his purpose is to make some costly piece of work of it. Every believer gives himself to Christ, and he undertakes to present them blameless to the Father; not one of them shall be lost, nor one drachm of their faith; they shall be found, and their faith shall be found, when he appears. That faith which is here in the furnace shall be made up into a crown of pure gold; *it shall be found unto praise, and honour, and glory.*—*Leighton.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

Parliament has now separated. After one of the most wearying and exciting sessions we have had for a long time, honourable gentlemen and noble lords have gone to the moors or to the Continent, to rest their energies and to recruit their strength. The Queen, too, has been to Paris, on a visit to her "august and powerful ally," the Emperor of the French. And the Queen's visit, and the commencement of the Parliamentary holidays, have been cheered and gladdened by the news of success from the seat of war.

Swaborg has fallen! that was the news that came unexpectedly, just as the echoes of the Queen's Speech ceased in the Halls of Westminster. It was succeeded by news equally gratifying, of a victory on the Tchernaya over sixty thousand Russians. So that, altogether, the spirits of the people, which had been depressed by hope long deferred, have been again excited and aroused. There are many rumours from Sebastopol, among others, one of suffering and depression in the citadel from want of supplies; but it seems certain now that the Allies will have to endure another winter in the Crimea, before the great stronghold of the foe will be in their power. This is, indeed, a sad conclusion, when we remember the horrors which had to be braved by our noble fellows during the last winter; but we trust that the arrangements made for their comfort are now far more complete, and that by experience the Government has learnt wisdom.

Before Parliament dissolved they did one thing,—hastily, and without the people having the opportunity of opposing it,—which we regret. It is the virtual repeal of the Sunday Closing of Public Houses Act—an act which is proved to have been of great service, especially in our large cities and towns. The thing was managed by the appointment of a Committee of Enquiry, which enquired only on one side, and reported as, previously to the enquiry, it had resolved to do. Parliament then followed up the committee by passing their bill, only nominally going through the usual forms. We trust this decision will be reversed next session, as, indeed, the event must be deplored by all well-wishers to the community.

The Pope has been making a little noise in the world again,—it is wonderful *how* little,—by issuing two allocutions,—the former including the "Major Excommunication,"—against Sardinia and Spain, for their recent enactments "against the rights of the church." We have not yet heard of any serious consequences having befallen either of these countries since the allocutions. Poor Giant Pope! As old John Bunyan hath it, "though he is yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many rude brushes he met with in his younger

days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them!"

All eyes are now turned anxiously to the sky, and to the promise it affords for the approaching harvest. The weather during the last week or two has improved greatly, and with it the prospects of a good harvest. The prospects for the wheat harvest are reported from most districts to be good; so have the prospects for other grain; and with that continued fine weather for which we may now hope, the harvest of all kinds of grain will be at least equal to the average. Notwithstanding that free-trade has moderated the danger arising from bad harvests, we are still to a great extent dependant for cheap food on there being "suitable weather" in our own land. May that weather be continued to us, so that the losses occasioned by the war may be, at least, mitigated, and so that there may be "no complaining in our streets."

HORTON COLLEGE, BRADFORD.

The anniversary and commencement services of this institution were held in Westgate chapel, Bradford, on Wednesday, August 1st. At the public meeting in the morning, the president occupied the chair. From the report, it appeared that of the twenty-four students on the list at the beginning of last session, seven had left, viz.:—Mr. J. Mackay, for the mission-field in India; Mr. E. Gibson, for the pastorate of the Baptist church at Guilsborough; Mr. J. Sage, for that of Foulham; Mr. Kitchen, for Eye; Mr. J. Davis, for the office of assistant minister to the Rev. T. Winter, of Bristol; while Mr. J. Macfarlane was about to supply the church at Greenock; and Mr. Bayly, of whose ministerial talents the report spoke highly, had been compelled by ill health to relinquish his studies, but was still engaging in occasional labours near his residence in Kent. Several candidates for admission had presented themselves, of whom nine had been selected for a three months' probationary course; the total number of students now in the institution being therefore twenty-six. The reports of the examiners gave decided and gratifying testimony to the great success with which the several branches of study had been pursued by nearly all the students. It was further stated that, in consequence of the resignation by Dr. Acworth of the post of Resident Tutor on the score of health, the Rev. C. Daniell, of Melksham, had been cordially elected to that office, Dr. Acworth retaining the Theological Tutorship and Presidential chair. The funds of the college remained in a satisfactory condition, although from the commercial depression of the neighbourhood and other causes, the balance in the Treasurer's

hands was smaller than for some years past, being little more than £50. The subscriptions for the erection of a new college had reached the sum of £5,000, in promises of £100 and upwards; and as this was half of the total estimated amount, a meeting was to be called of the donors, with the committee, for the selection of an appropriate site. The report was adopted on the motion of the Rev. W. F. Burchell, of Rochdale, seconded by the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield. The officers and committee for the year ensuing were then appointed. In the afternoon, the meeting above referred to, of the committee and donors to the new college, was held. The discussions were long and interesting, and a very important point was raised, as to the possibility of so affiliating the college to some great school of secular learning, as to set free the whole time and energy of the tutors for directly theological and biblical instructions. No decision, however, was taken, and a sub-committee was appointed to consider the whole matter, and report to the committee at the next meeting. The sermon to the students was preached in the evening, by the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, from Acts vi. 4: "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word." The attendance was somewhat more numerous than usual, and we believe that the collection at the close of the service was liberal.

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, MARRE-STREET, HACKNEY.

The Baptist chapel, Mare-street, Hackney, was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th of August, 1854. By this calamity a large church and congregation were to a great extent dispersed,—their temporary place of meeting being a mile distant, and not capable of accommodating half their number. The original chapel, together with its subsequent enlargements, is computed to have cost between six and seven thousand pounds. The property was covered by insurance to the amount of 3,700*l*. The proposed new chapel will seat comfortably 1,200 persons. It will be built in the Doric order of architecture, and will embrace ample accommodation for schools. The very solemn and interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of this new tabernacle took place on Wednesday, July 18th. Shortly after three o'clock, Dr. Hoby commenced the service by reading the first hymn appointed, which having been read, the Rev. W. Kirkus, LL.D., read Psalms *lxviii.*, *cxviii.*, *cxvii.*, and *cxvii.*, and Hag-gai. i. ii. The Rev. J. Viney then read the second hymn, and the Rev. H. J. Gamble offered prayer. The Rev. D. Katterns, the esteemed pastor of the place, then delivered an address; after which J. J. Luntley, Esq., the senior deacon of the church, in a suitable address, presented Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., with a massive silver trowel. Sir S. M. Peto, having taken the trowel, then proceeded to lay the stone. The Hon. Baronet having spread

the mortar, the huge block of stone, weighing nearly one ton, was lowered to its appointed place, and Sir Morton, with mallet, finished that part of the ceremony. About 400 persons afterwards adjourned to the Manor Rooms, where tea was provided, after which a meeting of a most interesting character was held, at which the Rev. D. Katterns presided.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

On Monday, July 9th, 1855, the children and teachers of the Baptist Sunday schools at Aberdare and Hirwaun, joined by those of High Street chapel Sunday school, Merthyr Tydvil, were treated to tea and cake by Thomas Joseph, Esq., of Aberdare. The party, which numbered upwards of three thousand, met on the mountain situated between Merthyr and Aberdare, a picturesque part of the county of Glamorgan. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, with several ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood, directed the interesting proceedings. After tea several children from the various schools recited appropriate pieces in poetry and prose. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. B. Evans, of Hirwaun, T. Price, of Aberdare, J. D. Williams, of Cwmbach, T. E. James, of Powtystyll, and G. P. Evans, of Swansea. H. Vincent, Esq., of London, also delivered a short address specially directed to the children. Some beautiful pieces were sung at intervals by the several schools. A vote of thanks was passed with hearty acclamation, to Mr. Joseph and his excellent lady, which Mr. Joseph briefly acknowledged. And, after singing a hymn of united praise, the schools returned to their respective localities highly delighted with the treat which had been so kindly afforded them.

TWERTON, BATH.

On Lord's-day, July 15th, the Baptist chapel in this place, after being closed nearly two months for extensive alterations and repairs, was re-opened for divine worship. The sermon in the morning was delivered by the Rev. R. Brindley, of Percy chapel, Bath; and in the afternoon by the Rev. F. Bosworth, A.M., of Bristol; in the evening the Rev. E. Clarke, pastor of the church, read the Scriptures and offered prayer, after which the Rev. R. Wallace, of Tottenham, preached. On the following Monday, about 120 persons assembled at a public tea, after which a sermon was delivered by the Rev. C. J. Middleditch, of Frome. The services were of a most pleasing and gratifying character. The chapel now presents a singularly chaste and comfortable appearance, highly creditable to the parties who had the direction of the alterations.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, MIDWAY PLACE, LOWER ROAD, DEPTFORD.

The church meeting in this place, having given a most cordial and unanimous invitation to the Rev. Robert Reanhold Finch, to become their pastor, he has accepted the same for twelve months, and com-

commenced his labours on the first Sabbath in August.

COUNTERTSLIP, BRISTOL.

Mr. James Davis, of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted a cordial invitation to labour for twelve months in association with the Rev. Thomas Winter, and entered upon his work on the first Lord's-day in August.

LUTON, BEDS.

The Rev. J. Makepeace, late missionary to Agra, has accepted the earnest and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Union Chapel, London, and purposes commencing his stated labours the first Lord's-day in October next.

BAPTIST OLD CHAPEL, BROSELEY.

Mr. William Yale, who has supplied this place for the last ten months, has accepted the call to the pastorate, and commenced his duties the first Sabbath in August.

Obituary.

THE REV. THOMAS ROBINSON.

Died, June 30th, 1855, in his seventy-third year, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, of New Basford, near Nottingham. The character of the subject of this sketch is concisely but truthfully told in the following words of Scripture: "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many." During the years in which he made a religious profession, he commanded the confidence and esteem of all the followers of Christ who knew him. He died universally regretted. Many tears were shed at his grave; and his name will be embalmed in the affectionate remembrance of a large circle of Christians, of all denominations, who had the happiness of enjoying his friendship.

Mr. Robinson was born Oct. 17th, 1782, at Selston, Notts., where he resided with his parents, and received the scanty education the place afforded, till he was fourteen years of age. To gratify his desire for knowledge, and to see more of the world, he then removed to Nottingham. Soon after this, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Bramwell, and other of the Wesleyan preachers, he became seriously impressed with the subject of religion. He worshipped with the Methodists for some time, and ultimately joined that body of Christians.

About this time his mind became much exercised on the subject of Baptism. After serious thought and prayer he was convinced that the Baptists' view of this ordinance was the Scriptural one. This led to his leaving his Wesleyan friends, and joining a small Baptist church, then meeting in Mole Court, Nottingham (but since removed to Park Street), under the pastoral care of Mr. Samuel Ward. He was baptized in April, 1811.

He now became anxious for the salvation of those around him, and was in the habit of reading and expounding the Scriptures to each of his neighbours as he could induce

to give him a hearing. Encouraged by the prospects connected with these efforts, he fitted up a room on his own premises, where he conducted public worship, and preached the gospel, and, as the result of these labours, many were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

The village of New Basford (near Nottingham), where these operations were carried on, was rapidly increasing in population. God had smiled on the attempts made to extend the kingdom of the Redeemer, and, therefore, Mr. Robinson and his friends resolved to erect a small chapel. Several of the members of the Nottingham church resided at Basford, and the attendance at public worship being encouraging, it was thought desirable to form a church there. In 1829, this was done with the sanction of the brethren at Nottingham, and Mr. Robinson was unanimously chosen as pastor, which office he held till his death, a period of twenty-six years. During this time the chapel was enlarged to double its original size, and is now regularly filled with attentive hearers.

Mr. Robinson's health being impaired, and a manufacturing business of some magnitude necessarily demanding a portion of his time, the church thought it advisable that he should be partly relieved of the labour of the pastorate. To accomplish this, it was agreed to invite a ministering brother to aid him in his "work of faith and labour of love;" and in 1843, Mr. Wastell, of the Bradford Academy, was chosen as his fellow-labourer in the gospel of Christ. Mr. Robinson's health was now gradually declining, and for about two months previous to his death he was confined to the house. He was conscious that his work was done, and that his days were fast drawing to a close. The gospel that he had for nearly half-a-century preached to others, and which was his support and consolation during a life of great anxiety and affliction, was his hope and stay in prospect of death. As he approached the "dark valley," his concern for the church and a large family became deeper and deeper. He delivered separate addresses to his children, grandchildren, the church, and the Sabbath school, in which he breathed out the feelings of his heart for their spiritual welfare.

At the request of Mr. Robinson's family and the church, Mr. Rothery, of London, an old and beloved friend, was present at his burial, and preached his funeral sermon. He was interred on the evening of July 2d, in the burial-ground adjoining the chapel, amidst a large assemblage of relatives and friends, who came with weeping eyes and heaving hearts to see the last, cold resting-place of him who in life they loved and respected, and in death lamented. A service, peculiarly solemn, conducted by Mr. Wastell and Mr. Rothery, was held in the chapel, and an address delivered at the grave. Mr. Robinson's death was improved on the following Sabbath evening, 2d Rev. xiv. 12.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

OCTOBER, 1855.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

BY THE REV. A. DUFFY.

God's patience is most astonishingly displayed in his manner of governing mankind. He does not make haste to rectify what to us seems to be going contrary to his announced purposes. He calmly surveys, and constantly directs, what short-sighted man pronounces adverse to his conception of the Divine plan. We need firm faith in the power of a patient God, or we should lose the basis of some of our brightest hopes. To an unbeliever in the vastness and completeness of God's schemes concerning the human race, and the certain, though slow accomplishment of them, many events must appear to falsify the Divine Word, and to frustrate the intention of the Divine Being. The present fierce and bloody contests of the armies of the chief European States, which are being carried on in close proximity to the countries where Christ lived, and Paul preached, may be regarded by the sceptical as belying the vaunted moral power and social benefits of the christian religion. Yea, as if to give the scoffer full liberty to mock our faith and friends, the war now waging is reported to be occasioned by a quarrel about the burial-place of Him, of whom at his birth it was proclaimed by a messenger despatched from heaven, that one of the effects of his advent should be, "Peace on earth." Here is a sanguinary conflict between nations who profess to believe in, and even to fight for, "the Prince of Peace." Now, says the scoerner, Where is your Lord? What is he doing? What must he think? if, indeed, he be what you affirm of him. To which we reply, He sits supreme above the skies. All is known to Him. Everything is subserving his end.

"His eternal thought moves on
His undisturbed affairs."

"Be still, and know that I am God," is his rebuke for the denier, and his word of assurance for the believer, of his truth. His power by his gospel has done wonders already. As a wide extent of country in one short night is covered by a snowy mantle, composed of particles which fell singly and softly while men slept, so the Word of God has lighted upon many lands; and it only needs that the Holy Ghost dissolve the truth of celestial descent, to make a flood that shall sweep away every moral obstruction to universal peace, and saturate and subdue every obdurate, haughty, and vindictive soul. Our faith is in the Scripture saying, "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth." Yes, Christ shall eventually rule, as

he already owns, the entire globe. All men, all might, all misery, shall be subdued. "He shall lead captivity captive." Among other monstrous ills which he shall crush and chain, is the horrid demon war. Even now the believer, in imagination, sees the relentless fiend, with his glaring eyes, and blood-stained garb, dragged at the chariot wheels of the conqueror Immanuel.

I. *There is the amplest and surest ground for our anticipations of the cessation of war and kindred evils.* Our expectations of the blessed condition of mankind, which will consist in freedom from warfare, with all its wrongs and wretchedness, is based, not on the dreams of poets, or the reasonings of philosophers, but on the predictions of divinely taught seers, or rather on the power and promises of the almighty and faithful One, who made them light-bearers in a dark age. Chief amidst the precious prophecies which buoy our souls in stormy times, is that in Isaiah xi., beginning with, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb," and embracing the three following verses, which you would do well to read and refer to, as you consider what we now advance. Do these words mean what we suppose, viz., that men generally shall yet dwell in love and peace? We hold that they do mean this, and nothing more or less.

They mean nothing more. They surely are not to be understood as a prediction that the nature and habits of the animals mentioned are at any future time to be so thoroughly changed, as the language literally interpreted would indicate. The prediction relates to the kingdom of Christ. That kingdom is Christ's moral rule over men's hearts, and as there is no foundation in the Word of God for the notion that Christ's kingdom will ever be otherwise in its kind than it is now, we are constrained to regard these words as containing metaphorical representations of the moral condition of men. The poor woman who went to Mr. Moffat in trouble, because she thought her Bible told her of things about the animals which were not true, was satisfied when the missionary pointed out that such changes as had taken place in Africamer, and others of her countrymen, were what the prophet spoke of. Thus understood, the words are seen to be both beautifully appropriate and strictly true. In that blest time which yet shall be, men, who if they were like many now living, would be cruel and unspicing as the wolf, shall be gentle and harmless as a lamb. Instead of using their strength like the lion to pursue and destroy, they shall be serviceable like the ox. The slanderer, the corrupter, shall no longer stealthily creep after his victim, and inject his poison like the asp; and so meek shall the wisest and the greatest be, that they will be easily entreated and allured to that which is good, even by a little child. "They shall not hurt or destroy."

Nor do these prophecies mean less than that which we have stated. We cannot suppose that these predictions are having their fulfilment in the moral changes which are now being wrought by the gospel. It is true that now

"Lions and beasts of savagename
Put on the nature of the lamb."

But such instances are too rare to amount to the number evidently intended in such passages as that referred to, and Isaiah ii. 4, Micah iv. 3-4, Psalm lxxii. 7, 8. The terms are too general to mean merely what is now witnessed of the effects of the gospel, great and blessed as its present achievements are. "All my holy mountain," "The earth shall be covered," are expressions which lead us to expect that the peace-makers will one day be the majority, and not as now few and feeble, and overborne and despised, by those who delight in war. Thus does the inspired volume authorize the declaration that there is a day approaching when,

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
Nor brazen trumpets kindle anger more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falcion in a ploughshare end."

II. *The universal peace promised in the Word of God is of inexpressible value.* To form a proper conception of this, it is necessary to consider the various and oppressive evils of war from which the world will then be free. These may be classified thus:—the evils resulting from actual war, those involved in preparation for war, and those felt during recovery from war. In actual war there is extensive unnecessary loss of life, and that in circumstances the most distressing, and by methods the most cruel, not to speak now of destruction of property, and wasteful expenditure of money. In the battles of Alma and Inkerman, how many of our countrymen and allies were slain! How many during the prolonged siege! How many during the attack which led to the fall of Sebastopol! In Caucassia, on an average, the Russians have lost twenty-eight thousand men yearly, for twenty years, or, in all, five hundred and sixty thousand. Napoleon, in his wars, during the eleven years that he was dominant, caused the sacrificing of five millions four hundred and ninety thousand precious human lives. To be spared all this, and more than this, in the coming peaceful age, will indeed be an incalculable blessing.

Look, next, at what men value next to life,—money. How immense is the outlay in preparation for war, all of which will be saved when men shall learn war no more. The cost in Great Britain alone, for the navy and military, in time of peace, is £20,000,000 yearly, making a total, since the year 1815, of £800,000,000. It is computed that the world expends £200,000,000 yearly for warlike purposes.

Then think of the number of men who are permanently withdrawn from useful occupations. In Europe, three millions five hundred thousand men are set apart for this work of blood; besides which, there are nearly three millions more devoted to the same dreadful trade in other parts of the world. When the true golden happy time has arrived, all those men, and all that money, shall be employed in the service of Messiah and mankind.

But this is not all. When nations are said to be recovering from war, they are still suffering through it,—they suffer through the indolence, incapacity, and immorality of disbanded soldiers. They are called still to bear heavy burdens in their national debts, which are enormous and crushing. England owes £800,000,000, which were spent in war; and all the States of Europe combined, are in debt for fighting-money, no less a sum than £2,000,000,000. The ringing of bells, waving flags, and blazing bonfires, are poor expedients to render thoughtful minds insensible to what remains of war even when peace is proclaimed. No peace or treaty can bring children back their fathers, or widows their husbands, or mothers their sons, who have died by sea or land, to gratify a tyrant's wicked lust.

And then, as Robert Hall says, referring to the immortal souls of those slain in battle, "To perish in a moment, to be hurried instantaneously, without preparation and without warning, into the presence of the Supreme Judge, has something in it inexpressibly awful and affecting." If Scripture warrants our looking for such a state of things in this world as will exclude and prevent the evils now considered, with all their consequences in the world to come, we may conclude, that though the perfection of heaven will not be enjoyed prior to the judgment by

residents in this sublunary sphere, the predicted condition of mankind in the coming age may yet be most fitly called paradisaical. It may not be a condition of complete holiness, accompanied by the absence of all physical suffering, but it certainly will be as compared with things as they now are; like the contrast presented by the calm and beauty of noon-day, in the sweet spring season, to the darkness and storms of a mid-winter's night, when rattling hail and furious blasts terrify and devastate, and when only here and there a tiny twinkling star is seen to relieve the gloom, and sustain the hopes of those who wait for the morning.

III. *This blessed consummation is to be secured by the universal spread of the knowledge of the Lord.* Scripture informs us, that general permanent peacefulness, and universal knowledge of God, will be contemporaneous. And from the manner in which these two features of the future happy age are mentioned, we infer that the peacefulness will be the consequence of the intelligence. That knowledge will in nature resemble what is now found to be alone morally efficacious. It necessitates acquaintance with the verbal revelation of divine things; but it involves something more. Truth, to be transforming in its effects upon the individual to whom it is communicated, must be comprehended and approved. It is only where there is faith in the understood will of God that there will be obedience, which is the guarantee of moral improvement, the evidence of inward regeneration, and the pledge of present and future happiness. This knowledge of God will infallibly make its possessor happy, and may be regarded as an earnest of greater good to come, because such a knowledge of God is produced by the Holy Spirit, is indeed a free gift, a salvation which is of grace, and "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." The promises of life to those who in this sense know God, "are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus." If this view be correct, we see that love and harmony among men cannot be secured by merely human agency. The moral development of unrenewed human nature, experience teaches us, would bring the race to quite an opposite state to that at which every benevolent heart desires it should arrive. Intellectual culture, apart from Scriptural instruction, rendered efficacious by the Spirit of God, may make men more skilful in dispute, deceit, and depredation, and will not necessarily root out or restrain the ambitious and avaricious propensities which make men injurious to their fellows. Indeed, in the nature of things, no material or mental advancement of any people can destroy inordinate self-love, or the lusts which the Apostle James tells us are the source of "wars and fightings." If in these ways men could have been morally elevated, the uplifting of a world sunken in vice and misery would have been accomplished long ere this.

The ancient Greeks were justly renowned for their poetry, their philosophy, and eminence in the fine arts; but they were strangers to the joys of true brotherhood and enduring amity. There were wisdom, and riches, and grandeur, in imperial Rome, but its people and rulers were excessive lovers of self, and ruthless slayers of others. Modern Europe has had contributions of art and industry from all lands concentrated in edifices of marvellous beauty and magnitude. Men are in momentary contact with men thousands of miles away, by mysterious channels of communication. Yet men quarrel with, and injure one another, notwithstanding. Where are all the benign results of worlds' exhibitions and international electric telegraphs, which have been so confidently prognosticated and so prematurely sung?

A recent writer has said, "The railway signal is the funeral knell of that monstrous military thing miscalled glory." This is only a pleasing fancy. The evil "spirit which now worketh in the children of dis-

obedience" is not thus to be scared. Useful and valuable as all physical and intellectual progress may be, it is but preliminary, accessory, or consequent to the grand work which is to be done by the gospel. It is only in its operations and triumphs, that the god of this world shall be bound as with chains, and go forth to deceive the nations no longer, when enslaved and sorrowing humanity shall be free and happy.

The disease of which all the evils of war are but symptoms, lies deep in the heart of man. This must be reached and healed by the gospel of Jesus Christ. This is the sole, infallible, universal, divine, panacea for a sinful suffering world.

What we require, that we may have right views of the present and future condition of the world in relation to peace and war, is love to Christ. Where this fills and rules the heart and mind, there will be a *firm conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of war*. Since Christ proposes to relieve the world from the encumbrances of war, sympathy with him will lead us to hate and oppose it. It may be difficult to determine sometimes who is most blameworthy; but the christian will feel that war is essentially and thoroughly wicked.

Again, if we love Christ, and desire the true welfare of the world, we shall cherish *heartfelt gratitude for the christian religion*. If, among men without religion, a benefactor is lauded and rewarded, though the benefit of his discovery or achievement is restricted and temporary, what intense thankfulness should we feel to Jesus for what his gospel has done and will do for the world. We cannot reward him for his beneficence, but we can love him, so that if we could we would,—

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Again, if we hate war, and believe in and love the Saviour, *we shall cheerfully take our part in spreading the knowledge of the gospel*. Convinced that the gospel-banner is that which shall lead on the friends of humanity and the soldiers of Christ to victory over every form of evil, let us resolve,—

"Abroad on the breast of the winds to unfold it,
To win back to earth the bright hopes of her youth,
The fruits of its promise, while all who behold it
Shall be blest by the triumph of virtue and truth."

Needham Market.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

BY THE REV. C. ELVEN.

"I pray thee, send me good speed to-day."—*Gen. xxiv. 12.*

As the storm, which uproots the forest oak, spares the humble shrub which grew beneath its shade; so time, which in its desolating course sweeps away the very remembrance of names that were once the terror or the admiration of the multitude, has preserved in its chronicles the records of men who, in their days, were unknown to fame: "for the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Thus it was said of that Christ-loving woman, who poured the precious ointment on her Saviour's head, "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." And thus the name of Eliezer of Damascus, though only a servant of Abraham's, is embalmed in the imperishable archives of inspired history, that wherever the Bible should come, it should be told how this faithful steward was sent forth on the confidential and delicate embassy to Mesopotamia, to procure a wife for Isaac. But it is not so

much now that we speak of Eliezer's fidelity to his master, as of his piety towards God; for having arrived at the gate of the city, before he took a single step in the prosecution of his mission, he prayed, saying, "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day;" and it is from this we propose to deduce a few reflections for our spiritual improvement.

First. *It teaches us that we should begin the day with prayer.* The patriarch Jacob has also set us a worthy example, when, having been indulged with a glorious vision, he awaked out of his sleep, and "rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it." Well might he call the name of the place Bethel; and so might we Bethelize our chambers, by rising early enough to secure a quiet and uninterrupted season of morning devotion. David, too, was of the same mind; when he said, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning." And of a greater than David it is said, "In the morning, rising up a great while before day; he went out into a solitary place, and there prayed."

Christian reader, you are a warrior! The trump of war wakes you up every morning, and to every good soldier of Jesus Christ it calls, "To arms! to arms!" And will you dare to enter the battle-field of life unarmed? No, you must go into the spiritual armoury of the closet, and "put on the whole armour of God, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit." You are a pilgrim! See to it, before you commence your journey, that you have "your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand." You are a *dependant creature*! Divine goodness has preserved you in the unconscious hours of slumber; and He who "keepeth watch over his flock by night," has shielded you from all harm. And will you not acknowledge Him, whose "mercies are new every morning"? and exclaim with the sweet singer of Israel, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me"? or, looking forward to the unseen occurrences of the day, will you not say with Moses, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence"? Stir not, then, we beseech you, till with Abraham's servant you have cried, "I pray thee, send me good speed to-day."

Secondly. *We are taught to seek Divine aid with regard to our temporal, as well as our spiritual, affairs.* Truly, it is never to be forgotten, that we should "seek first the kingdom of God,"—that our prime concern should be concerning the "one thing needful." But those "err, not knowing the Scriptures," who suppose their temporal affairs are too insignificant to be the object of the divine regard, or the subject of minute and believing prayer; for our Lord, assuring his disciples of the speciality of his providential care, said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." In all our ways, therefore, like Eliezer, we are to acknowledge God. We fear some godly persons are apt to think some of their secular matters too trifling to carry to a throne of grace. This is our infirmity; for He can as easily adjust the atom that floats in the sunbeam, as He can "weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." And He as certainly directs the flight of the meanest insect in the air, as He commands the seraphim around his throne. With regard, therefore, to every event, let this be your prayer, with the dawn of every morning, "I pray thee, send me good speed to-day."

Is the reader a child at school? Then having first given your heart to the Lord, carry all your little troubles to your heavenly Father. Pillow your youthful sorrows on the heart of Him "who taketh the lambs in his

arms, and carrieth them in his bosom." Your first waking thoughts, it may be, turn to that hard lesson in grammar, that perplexing exercise in arithmetic; well, pray that God may give you "good speed" for the conjugation of that verb, the solution of that problem, and that day's learning will be made much easier to a mind tranquillized by the morning prayer.

Others may say, "Ah, we are not scholars, but teachers, schoolmasters, or governesses; and no one can tell the petty vexations and provocations we have to endure from both parents and children." Dear friends, we believe it; but do you not know the worth of the morning prayer, "I pray thee give me good speed this day"? For this will give you the keynote of peace to which all the feelings of the day will be harmonized; and when surrounded by your respective charges, and your poor jaded mind begins to feel rebellious, you may do as it is said the great and good Robert Hall did, when, on a certain occasion he was very much provoked by the intolerable insolence of some rude opponent, instead of allowing his excited feelings to break out in the castigation he was so well able to inflict, he was observed to leave the room, and was heard by a domestic in the passage to say, "*O Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit!*" Doubtless he had been at the throne that morning.

Other christian youths may be apprentices from home,—others domestic servants,—others may be masters and mistresses,—and they, too, it should be remembered, have their vexations, the very best anticipative remedy for which will be the early visit to the closet.

Others of our readers may be the sons and daughters of physical toil. Work is their constant occupation, and with all they are unable to "make ends meet." Cheer up, ye burdened spirits; your way is rough and hard; but if you will, by the hand of believing prayer, take hold on that well-tried staff, "As thy day thy strength shall be," it will wonderfully help you through the day, and your evening song shall be, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

Others may be worn down by mental toil—literary labour. Be it so, the wisest men have not thought it beneath them to implore the Divine blessing on their studies. Dr. Johnson, who was no over-religious enthusiast, made use of the following prayer, on the morning of his commencing one of his celebrated publications: "Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly, grant, I beseech thee, that in this undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others: grant this, O Lord, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen." Writers! Tutors! Students! Ministers! "go ye and do likewise."

Thirdly. *Think, especially, how safe a preparation is the morning prayer for the spiritual exigencies of the day.* As spiritual mariners, believers may consider themselves every morning launched upon an unknown sea,—voyagers over a pathless ocean. But the morning prayer turns the eye of faith to the Pilot that sits at the helm. As to ourselves, we cannot tell whether the day will be fair or foul; whether we may sail over a smooth sea, or amidst the rocks and breakers. It may be a day on which the sun may gild our topmast, and a favourable breeze gently swell the sails,—a day of outward ease and affluence. Such a day had need begin with prayer; for the perils of prosperity are greater than those of adversity. Hence a good brother once said to the writer, "You have been praying for the poor; you had more need pray for the rich."

But what if some unforeseen cloud should darken the sky, and the stormy winds, and the mountain billows, should make wild sport of your

little bark? What then? Why, in answer to the morning prayer, you shall hear a still small voice amidst the tempest's roar, saying, "Oh, ye afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, it is I, be not afraid;" and the skilful Pilot will safely speed your way to the desired haven.

Some sore temptation may assail you; and if you have neglected, before you left your chamber, to put on your armour, why then, like Noah, and David, and Peter, you will fall by the hand of the enemy, be lamed for life, and go limping to heaven, instead of "running the race set before you." You will get into port if, being a child of God, your backslidings are healed by the great Physician; but it will "be on a board or broken piece of the ship," instead of coming full sail, to have "an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven."

Consider, moreover, "The rising morning can't assure that you shall end the day." You may, ere the evening shades, have to pass through "the swellings of Jordan,"—to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." But if you have prayed for "good speed," come what may you need not be dismayed, prayer has bespoken the needed aid. And there stands the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." There is dying grace for dying moments: "Your soul may on this promise live, and on this promise die." For, as good old Flavel says, "Many a child of God, on his dying day, has sucked the breast of a promise, and then fallen sweetly asleep on the bosom of God."

Fourthly. *Take encouragement from the fact that Eliexer's prayer was answered.* Yes, and how promptly! "And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, Rebekah came out," &c. Thus, also, it was with Daniel, to whom Gabriel said, "At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth." The electric telegraph is a new invention to the world; but from the beginning the saints of God had a far more speedy medium of communication with heaven by prayer! On Jacob's ladder the angels ascending and descending may well represent the mediation of Christ, on which, side by side, and simultaneously, the prayers of believers, and the answers of God, are continually passing to and fro, with a speed that time counts not.

Yet some tried believer may say, "But my prayers are not answered so promptly and so evidently." Let such reflect that it is a great mercy that all our prayers are not answered. The surgeon heeds not the cry of the patient, nor stays the incision, till the operation is completed. The more he is entreated, the deeper he cuts; and, in mercy to the sufferer, stays not his hand till all that is needful for the healing process is finished. Patience, then, afflicted one; go on praying, and in due time your prayer will be answered; meantime, believe and sing with Luther,—

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He'll gently clear thy way;
Wait thou His time, thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day."

In conclusion. Let us seek for more conscious love to the Saviour. This alone will make our duty our delight, for bosom-communion flows only from bosom-affection. It was fabled of Jupiter that he had a golden chain, which he could let down to earth, and draw its inhabitants up to heaven. Our covenant God has also a golden chain,—a threefold cord,—which cannot be broken. The Father's electing grace,—the Son's redeeming love,—and the Spirit's sovereign power; and when this divine manifestation is made to the soul, it lifts it heavenward with an irresistible attraction. He draws us and we run after him. He calls us up into the mount of communion, and our enraptured souls exclaim, "It is good for us to be here."

Prayerless reader ! "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter. Thy heart is not right in the sight of God." You never offer the morning prayer, "I pray thee send me good speed this day." But how will this state of mind comport with the solemnities of the dying hour, and the judgment-day ? We beseech you suffer the word of exhortation : "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

Bury St. Edmunds.

PAUL'S SEVEN WISHES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Wishing is generally fruitless, and sometimes sinful. Resignation is generally better than wishing, and acquiescence in God's will better still. But it is natural to desire what we esteem to be good, and grace only regulates and sanctifies this exercise of nature. Desire is often the effect of knowledge, and it is the very soul of prayer. Whatever we have, there is much that we want, and, consequently, much that we must desire. Paul desired seven things especially, and they all referred to Christ, and they are all named in his epistle to the Philippians, and I propose to glance at them. Let us compare our desires with his as we go on, and may the Holy Spirit bless our brief meditation on the subject.

First, he says, "THAT I MAY KNOW HIM" (Phil. iii. 10). Christ had appeared to Paul, he was revealed in him, and was constantly preached by him. He was the object of his trust, the subject of his ministry, and the joy of his heart. But he knew that there was much in Christ with which he was unacquainted. He knew but in part. He desired, therefore, to know more of the glory of his person, the riches of his grace, the magnificence of his work, the excellency of his nature, the majesty of his kingdom, and the royalties he was to wear. Everything in Christ interested Paul. Creation was good; but to him grace was better; but Christ was best of all. He was never wearied of thinking of Christ, speaking of Christ, or learning Christ. He went on with his work, he went on his way, with the desire constantly rising in his heart, "*That I may know Him.*" Beloved, how is it with you ? Do you sympathise with Paul in this desire of his heart ? Is it your daily wish, ardent desire, and constant aim, to know more of Jesus ? Throughout eternity we shall be learning Christ. He is the lesson placed before us in the church on earth, and he is the lesson placed before the church in heaven. Time is given us to learn Christ, and, blessed be God, eternity will be given us to learn Christ too. Nothing endears eternity to me like this,—it will be spent in learning, enjoying, and honouring Christ.

Secondly, he says, "THAT I MAY WIN CHRIST" (Phil. iii. 8). He was not satisfied to know Christ, as the property of some one else; he wanted Christ as his own. He was not only willing to receive Christ as a free gift, but he would win Christ as a prize. Was Christ to be run for ? He would run. Was Christ to be wrestled for ? He would wrestle. Were there any means by which Christ could be obtained ? However painful, however costly, however difficult, Paul would use them. Did he believe ? It was that he might win Christ. Did he pray ? It was that he might win Christ. Did he preach ? It was that he might win Christ. Did he crucify the old man, mortify the flesh, beat under the body, and keep it in subjection ? It was that he might win Christ. Did he suffer the loss of all things, and count them but dung and dross ? It was that he might win Christ. Did he subject himself to stripes, imprisonments, hunger, cold, nakedness, and a martyr's death ? It was that he might win Christ. To

possess Christ was his one object, his ruling desire. Reader, is it yours? Are you prepared to part with all for Christ? To take Christ in exchange for ease, reputation, wealth, labours, sufferings, yea, even death itself? Paul was; and if you are not, his estimate of Christ and yours cannot be the same. My soul, I charge thee, let this be thy object, let this be thy aim, always and everywhere, to "*win Christ*."

Thirdly, "**TO MAGNIFY CHRIST**" (Phil. i. 20). Hence he says, "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also, Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 20, 21). Paul desired to exhibit and exalt Christ. If he wrote, he wrote of Christ. If he spake, he spake of Christ. If he suffered, he suffered for Christ. If he sorrowed, it was because professors dishonoured Christ. Christ was to him dearer than the apple of his eye; more precious than all things in earth or heaven. He would live if he could honour Jesus, or he would die for him if that would honour him more. He felt his obligation. He was inflamed with his love. He was a sacrifice on his altar. He was a vessel for his honour. He would go anywhere, he would do anything, if he might but honour Christ. Heartily would he say, "Let the name of Paul perish, if the name of Christ can be magnified thereby." To him Christ was, in fact, all and in all. He lived for Christ. Christ was the great end of his life. He died for Christ; the honour of Christ was the end for which he laid down his life. My brother, how is it with you? Does your heart cry, "Oh, that I could honour Christ"? Does your life make this impression, "That man aims to honour Christ"? Is it your daily cry and prayer, "Let Christ be magnified in me, by me, and through me, in life, in death, in time, and for ever"? My soul, let it be thy constant desire and prayer that Jesus, thy Jesus, may be magnified by thee!

Fourthly, "**TO BE FOUND IN CHRIST**" (Phil. iii. 9). Paul wished to be in Christ, as Noah was in his ark, as the manslayer was in his refuge, as the jewel is in the cabinet, and as Christ is in God. The closest possible union, the nearest and dearest communion, was desired by him. If he is accepted of God, he desires to be accepted in the name of Jesus. If he is justified, he wishes it to be in the righteousness of Jesus. If he is sanctified, he would be so by the Spirit of Jesus. He would have Paul nothing, Jesus all. In Christ he knew he would be safe. In Christ he felt he would be happy. In Christ he was persuaded he should be satisfied. Christ in Paul was his life. Paul in Christ was his honour. Friend, are you in Christ? Is it your ambition to be found in Christ? If death find you, will it find you in Christ? If justice find you, will it find you in Christ? If judgment find you, will it find you in Christ? In Christ you will meet God as a Father; in Christ you will meet all the saints as your brethren; in Christ you will find the angels ministering unto you. In Christ death has no sting; in Christ the grave has no terrors; in Christ the law has no claims upon you; in Christ there are no threatenings in God's word against you; in Christ all the promises are confirmed to you. Glorious to be in Christ! My soul, let this be thy daily prayer, "That I may be found in Christ, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Fifthly, "**TO BE CONFORMED TO CHRIST**" (Phil. iii. 10). It was not enough to know Christ, to win Christ, to magnify Christ, or to be in Christ; Paul wishes to be like Christ. He would breathe his Spirit, exhibit his temper, copy his example, and be just like Christ. Like

Christ in poverty, like Christ in suffering, like Christ in death itself. Exactly like Jesus. Meek, as Jesus was meek. Patient, as Jesus was patient. Loving, as Jesus was loving. Useful, as Jesus was useful. In every point resembling him. What admiration of Christ is here! What love to Christ! What self-renunciation! What power of grace! What a wonderful transformation! How unlike Saul of Tarsus, the Pharisee of the Pharisees, the persecutor of the church, the blasphemer of the Nazarene! What could be more unlike? Once he saw no beauty in Christ; now he sees nothing but beauty. Once he could not bear the mention of his name; now he never seems happy but when pronouncing it. Once he was exceeding mad against him and his people; now his heartfelt abiding cry is, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings; being made conformable unto his death." Dear reader, have you ever experienced any such change? Are you panting, praying, striving to be like Jesus? Willing to be anything that Jesus was, that you may resemble him. Willing to do anything Jesus did, that you may be like him. Willing to suffer even death, that you may be conformed to him. My soul, this is a very high attainment, aspire to it; seek grace day by day at the throne of grace, that you may so love, so admire, so adore the Saviour, as to desire to be conformed to him in life, in death, and for ever!

Sixthly, "TO BE WITH CHRIST" (Phil. i. 23). Paul dearly loved his work. He was greatly attached to the church, which needed his presence, gifts, and labours. He deeply sympathised with poor perishing sinners who wanted the gospel. But such was his love to Jesus, that he felt himself in a great strait, "having a desire to depart and be with Christ." He says nothing about place or employment, the absence of sorrow or the possession of joy; his heart was fixed on the person of Christ. To be with Christ, this was his desire. To be with Christ anywhere was enough. To be with Christ for ever was a sufficient heaven. Paul had no idea of the soul sleeping, or of an intermediate state where Christ was not. His idea was, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Therefore he was willing to lay down the body, to put off the tabernacle, if so be he might be with Christ. To be with Christ to him was far better than life with all its comforts, the world with all its honours, the ministry with all its enjoyments, the church with all its privileges and pleasures. To be with Christ! This is the flower of bliss, the crown of glory, the perfection of happiness. To be with Christ! Paul could desire nothing beyond this. My brother, can you sympathise with Paul here? Does not Jesus sometimes come to you? Are not his visits peculiarly sweet? Do you not, at such times, desire to be for ever with him? *Do you not?* What! a christian, and a stranger to the visits of Jesus? enjoy the visits of Jesus, and not desire to be with him for ever and altogether? How can one understand this? If one tastes of the grapes of Canaan, one wants to go and see the vineyards. If one obtains an earnest of the inheritance, one wants to go and take full and eternal possession of it. My soul, thou dost at times long to depart and be with Jesus. Oh, that this were more frequently thy sweet experience! All saints feel this, and, blessed be God, that promise extends to it, "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them." Paul's desire is realized; and if we desire as he did, ours, too, will be realized by and bye.

Seventhly, "TO REJOICE IN THE DAY OF CHRIST" (Phil. ii. 16). Paul was constantly looking forward to the advent of Christ, and pointing believers to it. He expected great things then, therefore he longed for it, rejoiced in anticipation of it, and prepared to enter into all its glories and joys. The day of Christ is that day specially set apart for his glory, when

he will openly wed his church, crush under his feet Satan and all his foes, and appear in his own glory, and in his Father's glory too. Such a day never has been yet. Such another period there never will be. Paul's desire was to meet all his converts then, and present them to his glorious Master. "For what," said he, "is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye **IN THE PRESENCE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AT HIS COMING?** For ye are our glory and joy." And here, "That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom shine ye as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life; **THAT I MAY REJOICE IN THE DAY OF CHRIST,** that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain." Jesus is coming to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe; and Paul desired to see all his children there, as mirrors to reflect the glory of Jesus, as monuments on which will be inscribed his triumphs. This would add to his joy. This would open sources of unutterable pleasure. This would produce exquisite delight. Happy Paul, the day of Christ will be a triumphant day for thee! The coming of Jesus will be a glorious event to thee! Reader, what will it be to you? Do you expect the fulfilment of that sweet passage then,—"**When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory**"? My soul, I charge thee so to live, so to labour, so to suffer, so to believe, and so to die, that thou mayest rejoice in the day of Christ. Look forward to it, as to the day of jubilee, the year of release, and expect grace to be brought unto thee at that appearing of Jesus Christ.

We have thus gone over Paul's seven wishes. He had others, no doubt; but these were his principal, his abiding ones. All Paul's desires are gratified but one. Now he knows Christ, not in part, but even as also he is known. He has won Christ, and possesses him as the prize of his high calling. There is no running, wrestling, or striving now. No, no, Christ is his in the highest, in the fullest, in the most glorious sense of the term. He has magnified Christ in his body, both in life and in death; and he magnifies Christ in glory before thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers. He is found in Christ. Death found him in Christ, and he said, "I am ready." The ministering angel found him in Christ, and conducted him up to the eternal throne, and there he is in Christ for ever. He is conformed to Christ in holiness, happiness, and glory, as touching his soul, and will be in reference to his body "at the resurrection of the just." He is with Christ. With Christ, in the presence of his Father. With Christ, in the mansion prepared for him in his Father's house. With Christ, and with Christ for ever. The last wish waits to be realized, and it will be soon. For "he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." "The Lord my God will come, and all the saints with him." The redemption of the body will soon take place,—the redemption of the purchased possession will soon be realized; then the groans of creation will be silenced, the prayers of the church will be ended, the promises that refer to that glorious period will be fulfilled, and the whole earth will be filled with his glory. Then the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. All flesh will see the salvation of God. The glory of the Lord will be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. "Oh, that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!"

We must close our remarks. A man's state may be known by the nature and character of the abiding desires of his soul. For if as Solomon said, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he;" so we may say, "As he desireth in his heart, so is he." If our desires meet and centre in Christ, we must

be christians. If to know Christ, to win Christ, to magnify Christ, to be found in Christ, to be conformed to Christ, to be with Christ, and to rejoice in the day of Christ, be the desire of our souls, we are as really christians as Paul was. Paul, you see, begins with Christ, goes on with Christ, and ends with Christ. Christ was his Alpha, and Christ was his Omega. Christ was the circle within which he moved, the centre to which he constantly tended. The grace of Christ converted him, the preaching of Christ employed him, the power of Christ sustained him, and the glory promised by Christ attracted him. Faith in Christ gave him peace, love to Christ set him working, zeal for Christ stimulated him to persevere, and the hope of glory promised by Christ prompted him to press forward with incessant ardour. Is our religion, then, like Paul's? Is Christ our Alpha and Omega, our first and last, our centre and circumference, our all in all? Would taking away Christ extinguish our light, destroy our life, and pass sentence of death on all our hopes and joys? If so, all is well. All is right. As we have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, so let us walk in him, rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith as we have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Holy Spirit, glorify Jesus in us, by us, and through us, more and more every day; and for us to live may it be Christ, and to die gain!

Cheltenham.

SEEK PEACE.

BY THE REV. JOHN HANSON.

That there should be amongst us occasional misunderstandings, that the peace between individuals and families should sometimes be threatened, we need not wonder. With our natural temperament and mental training so diversified, with our secular interests so involved and ramified, with hearts so depraved, with minds (even the most enlightened) so fallible, and a powerful, subtle, malignant spirit, who has access to the human mind, ever ready to kindle the coals of strife, and set the hearts of men against each other, it need excite no surprise if the strings of society are sometimes a little discordant, that one man should be, or imagine himself to be, unjustly treated by his neighbour, and his neighbour have precisely the same feelings with respect to him,—such things are quite congruous with the fallen condition of human nature. In a lapsed world like this, uniform, unbroken peace would indeed be a pleasing wonder.

While, however, we need not be surprised at the occasional disturbance of social tranquillity, we must not, we cannot justify even the beginnings, much less the continuance of human strife. There never was a quarrel of any kind, but there was on the one side or the other the commission of sin, and generally it is chargeable on both sides. Had there been a little more calculation with respect to each others' infirmities, a little more appreciation of each others' excellences, a little more determination to suppress the risings of anger, a little more watchfulness and restraint over the movements of the tongue, then the designs of Satan would have been frustrated, ten thousand friendships would have remained unbroken, and ten thousand thousand sins would have been more happily prevented.

That these preventives are not immediately applied when the father of strife intrudes himself amongst us, is matter for sincere and deep regret. As the result of the non-application of these simple preventives, we frequently commit sin ourselves, provoke sin in others, throw a blight over that which is lovely, and strew around us confusion and misery. For our

own sakes, then, for the good of others, for the honour of humanity, for the glory of God,—let us, in all places, and at all times, “seek peace and pursue it.” If it must be, it is better silently and patiently to suffer loss and privation, that the injustice of our enemy may stand before society in its solitary naked ugliness, to the very disgust of the perpetrator himself, than that we should divert attention from it, or conceal it, by placing before it our own unjustifiable utterances and feelings; thus inflicting upon ourselves additional wrong, to our own distress, the regret of our friends, the gratification of our enemy, and the aggravation of that very evil which we deplore, and are anxious to remove. Misunderstandings with our fellow-creatures we cannot altogether prevent; but to perpetrate discord, and fan the flame of strife, admits of no justification. It is unbecoming us as men, the children of one Father, and, therefore, brethren, having common enemies and common privileges; it degrades us from that elevation, which, as rational beings, we ought ever to maintain; and is opposed to all the teachings of that divine Christianity which we profess to study, to admire, and to embrace. Strife is one of the “fruits of the flesh;” “it descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.” Let us then, “as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men,” “walking in the footsteps of him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously.” Thus will “the peace of God rule in our hearts, to the which also we are called in one body, and the world will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.”

Milnsbridge.

“EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.”

The church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side:
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours,
Thine own fair world again!
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OLD MILLER'S PRAYER.

Snugly surrounded by lofty hills, stood the little old-fashioned cottage, and the rude mill, in one of which my good friend, the miller, lived, and in the other earned his daily bread. Both had been built and occupied by his father, and here contentedly and prosperously he had lived to a green old age, and then the old homestead and the business were transmitted to his son. Faithfully had the son adhered to both through life, which, as his bent form, wrinkled face, and hoary locks attested, had been long and arduous. But neither were in as good a condition as formerly. Age and service had rendered the cottage ruinous, while competition had injured the business of the mill. Still the old man clung with strong affection to the home of his childhood, for hallowed associations were connected with it which he could not, *would* not break. He loved the old grey hills, in the bosom of which he had lived so long. Like giant champions rising around, they seemed to protect his quiet home. Down their rugged sides ran the rippling streams which formed the rushing current by which the wheel of the mill was turned. He was their child. Raised in their midst, and nourished by their very breath, he could not leave them now in his old age, and so, notwithstanding patrons had diminished to a scanty number, the old miller yet remained at the homestead, succeeding by hard toil in supplying his children with bread, and trusting in the Lord for help in time of need.

At the time when our story commences, there had been a long-continued and most severe drought. Day after day the lurid sun arose in that peculiar smoky atmosphere so common at such times, scorching the parched earth, and withering vegetation with its fierce, unceasing heat. The corn-fields, last to suffer from such a cause, exhibited only brown stalks and stunted meagre ears. The price of all kinds of grain had risen to an unprecedented height. Cattle could hardly find sufficient food to support life. The rivulets dried up, and the mill-stream, which had rushed in a wide torrent along its course, became a little, scanty brook, which a child could step across. The old miller, deprived of his usual means of support, managed for a long

time to obtain a supply of food; but when week after week rolled by, and the sky remained unclouded, his heart sank within him, for starvation stared him in the face.

One morning, after a sleepless night, in which he had not ceased to think of his troubles, he sat down with his family at the scantily furnished table, to partake of the usual meal. Scanty, indeed, was its supply. One brown loaf only occupied the middle of the table, and, as the family took their seats, the miller's wife remarked that the bread before them was the last in the house. "I have baked the last meal," she said, "and what we shall do for more I cannot tell."

The miller's face was troubled, and, for a moment, it seemed as if the emotion within would burst audibly from the old man's lips; but with a powerful effort he restrained his feelings, and in a moment spoke in a calm voice,—

"My dear wife, and you, my children, let us continue to trust in the Lord, who has hitherto never failed to supply our wants. Eat thankfully what we now have, nothing doubting that a kind Providence, which supplies the sparrow's wants, will not fail to bring us succour. I may be able to obtain money or food in some way, and"—

His voice failed him; for, in spite of his resolution, the entire improbability of what he had last mentioned rushed upon his mind, and his heart sank within him at the appalling prospect which seemed before him. He could not talk hopefully of that which seemed almost-impossible, and he could not keep up a show of cheerfulness he did not really feel. "Let us thank God for present blessings," he at length said, and, in a low and husky voice, he repeated the usual form of prayer.

Sad, indeed, was that morning meal. The little ones, hungry from previous privation, and unable to comprehend the situation of the family, ate greedily their portion, and then received from their parents what the latter had neither appetite nor the heart to retain for themselves. The meagre breakfast eaten, the miller rose from his seat, taking his old hat from its peg, and left the house.

Uncertain whither to direct his steps, and unwilling yet to beg, more by accident

than design he took his way towards the old mill. As he walked on, his eye anxiously searched the sky for signs of an approaching storm,—his only permanent relief. A few light, fleecy clouds, such as had often lingered in the sky, only could be seen. "The Lord hides his face in anger," said he to himself, "clouds and darkness are round about him." But "*righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne*," the voice of memory whispered; and the old man silently acquiesced in the declaration of inspiration.

Sadly he surveys the scene before him. The old mill looked solitary and forsaken. Its huge wheel, dry and rusty, seemed a giant resting for ever from its labours. The little babbling brook, which hardly bathed the under edge of the lowest bucket, seemed to say, "Never again, never again, old man, shall I be thy servant." The door swung idly upon its hinges. Tools lay scattered about as left when last used. The miller sat down upon the door-stone, and buried his face in his hands. Remaining thus lost in meditation for some time, he was aroused by a familiar voice, apparently proceeding from the opposite side of the mill. It was a low, gentle voice; one that had often soothed him, when toll-worn and weary, and which he had said was sweeter music to his ear than any strain from a stringed instrument. Even now it acted like a charm upon him, for he lifted his head, and listened eagerly to catch each word.

"Poor, dear papa," murmured the voice, "how I wish I could do something to help him. If I were only a great, strong girl, then I could work, and get money, and buy bread, and do ever so many things. Little brook, a'nt you ever going to get big and strong again, so as to turn the wheel?"

It was the miller's little daughter, Mary, who was slowly walking along the margin of the brook towards the place where her father was sitting. Passing the corner of the mill, she saw him sitting upon the door-stone. With an exclamation of joy she hastened towards him, and in a moment more was nestling in his arms, while he implanted kiss after kiss on her rosy cheek. At length, looking up in his face, she said,—

"Papa!"

"Well, my daughter."

"I have been thinking"——

"Why do you hesitate, my child?"

"I was thinking, dear papa, this morning,

when you and mother seemed so troubled, what we could do to help you. I thought and thought a long while, but couldn't find a way to earn any money. At last I came out of doors, to see if the sky looked as if there would be any rain, and all I could see was those little clouds over the big hill there, and they didn't seem like much. Then, father, I remembered that story in the Bible you were reading last Sabbath-day, about the drought where Elijah was, and I thought it seemed just like this. And then I wondered if you were to pray to God as Elijah did, if God wouldn't make it rain as he did then. Don't you think he's just as kind as he was then, father?"

"The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," rose spontaneously to the old man's lips. The suggestion of his child fell upon his heart with singular power. So unexpected was anything of the kind from such a source, that, as he looked down into the earnest depths of the clear blue eyes, raised so anxiously towards his, it seemed as though an unseen spirit from another world had placed the thought in the mind, and prompted the words from the lips, of his daughter. "Ask and it shall be given you," was the sentiment which a new and most powerful hope suggested as its foundation; and, opening the well-worn pocket Bible, which he always carried with him, he sought for something which might still more increase it. A leaf turned down, to mark some passage of interest, arrested his attention. Unfolding it, he read,—

"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

"It is enough," he said, devoutly, as he closed the sacred volume. "Let us pray, my child;" and, as he spoke, father and daughter knelt upon the turf by the moss-grown door-stone. With uncovered heads, reverently they raised their closed eyes towards the blue sky, and the miller poured forth in simple, earnest words, the strong desire of both their hearts. He prayed that the great Father might look down upon the earth, and pity his feeble children, in this their great distress. He poured into his ever-ready ear the sad story of poverty and want. And, as he proceeded in his narration, the confidence he felt in Him to whom he prayed grew stronger and stronger. His Father, his Father who is

in heaven, seemed stooping to listen to his harassed child's supplications. "*I know*," cried the old miller, "I know, my Father, that thou wilt not desert me in this hour of trial and of need. Didst thou not send food from heaven to supply the hunger, and make water to gush forth from the rock to quench the thirst, of thine ancient people? And art thou not as full of love for thy *redeemed children* as thou wast for thy *chosen ones*? Oh, yes! Thou wilt never leave nor forsake them that put their trust in thee."

The remainder of our story is best told in the words of the miller himself. "I rose from my knees," he says, "with a calm, happy mind, from which the burden I had been for so many days bearing seemed to be removed. My little daughter, too, looked up into my face with a quiet smile, exclaiming, in a tone of strong assurance, 'Now God will make it rain, father.' I could but acknowledge my own strong belief in what my child had said, and from time to time I sought in the sky signs of an approaching storm. Nor was I disappointed. Before an hour had passed, dark clouds gathered in the eastern horizon, and the thunder heralded the coming of the storm. With almost childish delight I hailed the first welcome drops, and when at length the rain descended in torrents, I cared not to seek a shelter, but, standing beside the bed of the mill stream, watched for its rising. Thicker and faster the showers descended, and ere long the little brook began to swell. Higher and higher it rose, faster and faster it ran, until at length the foaming, tumbling torrent reached its usual level. Then with a glad heart I gave the word, the wheel once more revolved, and, amid the creaking and the rattling of the gear, we sang an anthem to our Father's praise."

A YOUNG SINNER SAVED.

Twenty years ago a few pious persons, who were accustomed to worship in the church called St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, London, originated a Sunday school. The first place of meeting was the ball-room of the George Inn; but shortly after its establishment the school assembled in the Infant school room close by. One of the earliest scholars was a boy ten years of age, named Andrew Crichton. He was a lively sharp little fellow, and possessed a good memory, which made it a very easy task for

him to acquire any lesson that was appointed to be learned. As a consequence of this, and of his promptness in replying to questions, he was generally at the top of his class, and carried off the largest share of the rewards.

With all these evidences of mental superiority, Andrew gave frequent proof of being under the power of a very depraved heart. Although his mind was stored with Scripture, he was trifling, ill tempered, and addicted to false speaking, and other wicked practices. One Sabbath afternoon, in company with some other boys, young Crichton absented himself from school. They strolled to the side of the river Thames, near the foot of Southwark bridge. Here they amused themselves by jumping into the barges, throwing stones into the river, and in other ways. Quite regardless of the sanctity of the Sabbath and the sinfulness of their conduct, they had spent some time in their noisy play, when a storm suddenly came on which was very heavy and lasted a considerable time. The thunder roared loudly and frequently, and the forked lightning crackled and glanced on the surface of the water. Rain poured down in torrents from the darkened sky. In a moment the truant boys were quieted. Cowed and drenched they huddled together, pale with a sense of guilt and dread of injury. None were more alarmed and wretched than the high spirited Andrew Crichton. Like the rest he expected detection and punishment on reaching home; but the principal cause of his fear was his reflection on the account of the last judgment, contained in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew. In two weeks he had learnt and correctly repeated it to his teacher, and he had said the latter half of the chapter but the very Sabbath before. Andrew now thought that the judgment had come, and was afraid that he should be sent to hell. He knew that he was a wicked boy, and seriously resolved that if the lightning did not kill him, he would be better in future. His heart and ways, however, remained unchanged except for the worse.

A very short time after this, being severely punished by his uncle, with whom he resided, he left his home in the middle of the day, and went as fast as he could to the Regent's canal, in the City Road, intending to drown himself. On reaching the bridge he went down the steps, and

was about to throw himself into the water, but the fear of death and hell prevented him from doing so. Miserable in the extreme, he sauntered towards home, and late in the evening was found crouching in a door-way in the neighbourhood.

About a year from this time he absconded again, and wandered about the streets a whole night. At one time in the night he fell asleep on the steps leading from the foot of London bridge down into Thames street. Early in the morning he was questioned and searched by some watchmen in the Strand, and at last, when it was daylight, he was taken to St. Sepulchre's watch-house, by a watchman, who found him sitting dozing on the pavement in Farringdon street. Severe chastisement followed, which was for other faults often renewed. Still no amendment took place, and there seemed to be no other prospect than that he would become worse and worse, and eternally perish.

When twelve years of age the providence of God led Andrew under the roof of a pious tradesman a short distance from London, where he was to serve as an errand boy. His master was a Sabbath school teacher, and took him with him to the Sabbath school and place of worship which he attended. At this new school he was placed under the care of a very affectionate and intelligent gentleman. Here he enlarged his acquaintance with the Word of God, and began to see the great evil of sin, and to seek and understand the way of salvation. He prayed for forgiveness, and earnestly strove against sin, and seemed to be, indeed, converted by the Holy Spirit. His intelligence, vivacity, and attachment to the school, induced the superintendent, about this time, to appoint him teacher of the lowest class. To this succeeded a higher and a higher one very quickly. At sixteen years of age he joined a christian church; and by the time he was twenty he was the efficient and respected teacher of the upper class, and at times acted as superintendent. And now, ten years later, he is an acceptable and useful minister of the gospel, preaching every Sabbath day in a sanctuary which will accommodate eight hundred persons. As might be expected, he has a flourishing Sabbath school, in which he is most deeply interested.

How great a change from the conscience-stricken wicked child to the peaceful devoted minister! What hath God wrought!

Elder scholars, junior and other teachers, ponder the lessons which this narrative of facts teaches you. To the first it says, "Be a christian, there is no peace without faith in Christ." To the second, "Be humble, begin low, and persevere." To all, "Work, pray, and hope on."

HOW WILLIAM HONE BECAME AN INFIDEL.

"My father and his friends were in the habit of speaking much and bitterly of John Wesley. They frequently called him a 'child of the devil.' I had a most terrific idea of this 'child of the devil.' Being under six years old, I went to a dame school, to learn my book, and be out of harm's way. My dame was a very stayed and pious old woman; she was very fond of me, and I was always good with her, though naughty enough at home. She lived in one room, a large, underground kitchen; we went down a flight of steps to it. Her bed was always neatly turned up in one corner. There was a large kitchen grate, and in cold weather always a good fire in it, by which she sat, in an old, carved, wooden arm chair, with a small, round table before her, on which lay a large Bible open, on one side, and on the other a birch rod. Of the Bible she made great use, of the rod very little; but with fear we always looked upon it. There, on low, wooden benches, books in hand, sat her little scholars. We all loved her, I most of all; and I was often allowed to sit on a little stool by her side. I was happier there than anywhere. I think I see her now, that placid old face, with her white hair turned up over a high cushion, and a clean, neat cap on the top of it,—all so clean, so tidy, so peaceful. I was happy there. One morning I was told I was not to go to school; I was miserable, naughty, disagreeable, cried to go to my dame; it was a dark day to me. The next day I got up, hoping to go to school; but no, I might not; and then they told me she was ill, and then I cried the more from grief: it was my first sorrow. That day, too, passed in tears, and I cried myself to sleep. Next morning every body was so tired of me, that the servant was told to take me to her. As we approached the house, all was so still, it gave me an awful feeling that all was not right; the kitchen door was shut; the servant tapped, and a girl opened it; no scholars, no benches, the bed let down and

curtained, the little round table covered with a clean, white cloth, and on it something unintelligible, covered up with another. 'Here is Master William; he would come,' said my bearer; and a low, hollow voice from the bed said, 'Let him stay; he will be good.' Therelay my dame; how altered! death on her face; but I loved her all the same. My little stool was placed near her bolster, and I sat down in silence. Presently she said to the maid, 'Is he coming?' The maid went to the window and said, 'No.' Again the same question and the same answer. Who could it be? I wondered in silence, and felt overawed. At last there was a double knock at the house door above, and the maid said joyfully, 'Oh, madam, Mr. Wesley is come!' Then I was to see the 'child of the devil'! I crept to the window, I could only see a pair of black legs, with great silver buckles; the door was opened, steps came down the kitchen stairs, each step increasing my terror; I saw the black legs, then came in a venerable old man, with, as it seemed to me, the countenance of an angel, shining silver hair waving on his shoulders, with a beautiful, fair, and fresh complexion, and the sweetest smile! This, then, was the 'child of the devil'! He went up to the bed,—I trembled for my poor dame; but he took her hand, and spoke so kindly to her, and my dame seemed so glad! He looked at me and said something; she said, 'He is a good boy; he will be quite quiet.' After much talk, he uncovered the table, and I saw the bread and wine, as I had often seen it at my father's chapel, and then he knelt down and prayed. I do not say I prayed, but I was awfully impressed, and quite still. After it was over, he turned to me, laid his hand on my head, and said, 'God bless you, my child, and make you a good man.' Was this a 'child of the devil'? I never saw Mr. Wesley again. My dame died; *but from that hour I never believed anything my father said, or anything I heard at chapel. I felt, though I could not have expressed it, how wicked such enmity was between Christians.* And so I lost all confidence in my good father, and in all his religious friends, and so in all religion."

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

"Why, didn't God make him?" asked the sweet child, with a look of wonder fixed

on the fine black eyes of the scornful nurse.

"Yes, but such as he was made to eat garlic, and sleep in straw, child. He's a human pig, my dear, and I dare say his sty is in some old garret or cellar hereabouts. Well, but it's a nice thing that there's classes and distinctions made between folks, that is something, or else one-half of the world wouldn't be better than the other half. Come along, Miss Atty, your mamma must certainly put a stop to this practice of speaking to every beggar on the road."

But what cared the forsaken object of Atty's charity, for Miss Ellen's scorn? Had not an angel spoken to him? Did he not feel the light of those clear eyes shining down into his heart, warming his whole frame, despite the cruel cold? Never had he seen anything half so beautiful as that bright cheek, or the curls of auburn that tinted a forehead pure as pearls. And this lovely creature had stopped to say a word of comfort to him,—had told him to come to her father's house. How happy he felt, holding one crimson foot and then the other from the biting frost! What a sunbeam there was in his heart!

Little Atty stood at the great window with her mother.

"Poor, miserable child! how dismal he looks through the snow."

"Oh, mamma! it's my little beggar-boy; he hasn't any mother, nor any father, nor any little sisters; he told me so. Let him come in and get warm, because I promised him;" and before her mother could speak, Atty had raised the sash and called the child, who came as fast as his perishing limbs would let him.

"*Did I ever!*" exclaimed the indignant Ellen, as she saw her charge take the boy's numb hand and lead him to the kitchen. The beggar's neglected heart leaped to the measure of the quick flame shooting in red flashes up the wide chimney. The shining floor, clear bright windows, and rows of lustrous silver—that after all was only tin—looked as a glimpse of heaven might to some poor prisoner whose life had been passed in a dungeon.

"What makes my little Atty so merry to-night?" asked her father, as the child, with sparkling eyes and busy fingers, heaped her plate with delicacies from the supper

* Extracted from "Some Account of the Conversion from Atheism to Christianity of the late William Hoac."

table, and with shy, happy glances, hurried from the room.

"What is she doing?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Oh, nothing,—only taking upon herself to supply all the beggars in creation. I really think Atty ought to be apprenticed to the city missionary. She is in raptures at an old garret, and nothing suits her like picking up lame, sick, and hungry children. I shouldn't wonder if she makes a second Hannah Fry."

"How much better she interprets the commands of her Saviour than we do," replied the husband, gravely.

"Yes, but," continued little Atty's mother, with a blush, "such a little outcast of a thing! so dirty, and altogether hopeless."

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me," said Mr. Marion, with a look of reproach. "In that neglected boy we may have entertained an angel unawares; and ——"

"Mother! mother!" came in shrieks of terrible anguish from the rooms beyond, followed by thrilling screams.

With exclamations as wild, the parents rushed into the kitchen,—their child was nearly enveloped in flames, from out of which looked the half-wild face of the little beggar.

Stooping for some purpose, Atty's clothing had caught from a living coal; the fire ran

rapidly up, but the boy sprang to his feet, and while the cook stood helplessly wringing her hands, closed his arms about her, and forcibly held her face against his breast, folding her so tightly that the fire only harmed himself.

Gallant, brave boy! his hair was all gone, for he had bent his head to shield hers; his hands, his arms, were raw and bleeding, but he never flinched once till help came and the fire was put out.

"Oh, you blessed little savage!" muttered the relenting nurse, sobbing over his bed of pain; "may the Lord forgive me for calling you a human pig. You are the dearest little beggar I ever knew. I declare," she added, wiping her eyes, "I shall always love the whole brotherhood after this, for your sake;" and she led little Atty, whose tears were flowing freely at sight of the bandaged limbs, from the room.

"We entertained an angel unawares, surely," murmured her father, pressing his darling Atty to his bosom; "what shall we do for the preserver of our child?"

"He, too, must be our child," replied the mother; "so brave a boy shall be no longer homeless."

And the beggar had cause to remember the day when the little girl, in shining garments, led him to the kitchen fire, in spite of Miss Ellen's indignant protests. He grew to manhood as good as he was brave.

Correspondence.

THE DUTY OF CHURCHES TO THEIR BANKRUPT MEMBERS.

The principles of the Bible cover the whole ground of moral obligation. They embrace the duties which man owes to his fellow-man, as really and as fully as they do those which he owes to God. Hence the man who wilfully neglects one class of these duties has no claim to the title of christian, however punctilious he may seem to be in the discharge of the other class. Worldly men are generally very ready to apply this principle in their decisions respecting christian character. Nor need we complain of them for this. If we cannot conduct our business transactions in such a way as to show that we are governed by christian principle in respect to them, it does not belong to us to make any pretensions to piety. Could the world

be made to feel that a christian will, of course, act on principles of lofty moral integrity, the influence of the church would be immensely increased. But this cannot be, so long as she retains within her enclosures any to whom the world can justly point as fraudulent and dishonest professors. Is it not then the duty of every christian church to clear itself from all suspicion of allowing or conniving at the neglect of pecuniary obligations among its members?

Perhaps the class of business transactions by which the greatest amount of reproach has been brought upon the christian name is that commonly designated as failures in business, or cases of bankruptcy. Few churches escape entirely clear of reproach from this cause. When a person fails in business, he is, almost, of course,

suspected of having done wrong. So numerous have been the disclosures of dishonesty in cases of this kind, that it is not strange that such a feeling exists. In these cases, if the bankrupt is a professor of religion, reproach is thrown upon religion, and his real or supposed delinquency is cited as a proof that religion does not improve the character.

The temptations to fraud in connection with bankruptcy are great, and peculiarly insidious. Many a man, under the pressure of these temptations, has done acts which he would once have abhorred. The name of being "good," in the mercantile sense of the term, is very precious to the man of business. To relinquish that name is an act of severe self-denial. Probably many who know that they have not the means at present of meeting their liabilities, still cherish the hope that by acts which they regard as merely yielding to circumstances, but which are really unjust, they can retrieve their condition. They do not really mean to defraud. But there is concealment in contracts; there is artifice; there are misrepresentations, sometimes wilful, sometimes the result of self-deception; and there is often criminal risk of property which is not really theirs; and when, at length, the whole course pursued is brought to light, the character of the individual suffers; and if he is known as a professing christian, the cause of religion suffers likewise.

What ought churches to do in relation to members who become bankrupt? The question is an important one, and not without its difficulties. If the church take no notice of such cases, she is regarded as sanctioning the conduct of the bankrupt, and then the enemies of religion exclaim, "If religion will allow such conduct, we would not give much for it." This occasion is given for the prejudiced to sneer, for enquirers to stumble, and for the worldling to strengthen himself in his determination to be guided by policy rather than principle. In the Society of Friends, if I mistake not, it is customary to disown any one who becomes a bankrupt, but with the understanding that he is to be restored if he is proved innocent. But there are difficulties here too. This course seems too much like making the punishment precede the trial. It throws the burden of proof, too, on the accused, and that under circumstances which often render it peculiarly difficult

for him, however innocent he may be, to bring proof of his innocence. The punishment of exclusion, too, which it inflicts, is one that would be deeply felt by the conscientious and right-intentioned bankrupt, while it would be regarded with scornful indifference by the hardened and reckless swindler. Cannot a medium course be taken,—a course which will relieve the church from the suspicion of conniving at iniquity on the one hand, and from the appearance of unjustifiable severity on the other? If our churches would, in all cases of bankruptcy among their members, institute a thorough investigation, and then take such action in each case as its merits appear to require, it would relieve them from much of the odium which is now brought upon them by cases of really or apparently fraudulent bankruptcy, while it would at the same time be a salutary restraint upon the spirit of rash and ill-advised speculation. True, this course could not always be pursued without some inconvenience. But this would rarely be the case, and the danger of injuring either debtor or creditor by premature disclosures, could almost always be avoided by a suitable degree of delay in completing the investigation. Besides, contracts which are strictly just and equitable would seldom be injuriously affected by the disclosures which such an investigation would require. There is far too much of concealment and artifice in business transactions. Those contracts which are supposed to require anything of this kind, are, to a great extent, based on principles which, whatever worldly policy may say of them, the religion of the Bible decidedly condemns. The watchful, conscientious christian, will generally be on his guard against making such contracts. He will prefer to forego an advantage, rather than do anything which may injure the best of all causes.

It may be added, that not only does fidelity to the cause of Christ demand that the church should take action in cases of this kind, but duty to bankrupts themselves demands it. If a church member, through unavoidable misfortunes, has failed in business, it will be a consolation to him to know that his brethren, after a fair investigation of his case, regard him as free from blame; and to this consolation he has a right, and also to the confidence in him which would thus be inspired; and if, without any manifest guilt on his part, there have been inju-

delicious and ill-advised plans, the cautions of his brethren may prove useful to him in respect to his future arrangements; and, finally, if there has been fraud, the church have a right to know it; and who can say that their admonitions and reproofs may not be the means appointed by God to bring the delinquent to repentance?

The great point to be aimed at is, for the church to show her utter abhorrence of sin, let that sin exist in what form it may. The moral power of the church of Christ consists in its holiness. It is not numbers, nor wealth, nor worldly honour, that will enable her to pursue that course of triumph which her God has marked out for her. Universal, unwavering, uncompromising fidelity to her glorious Leader—this, and this only, will do it. Our professions of attachment to the cause of Christ will avail little, and our recommendations of that cause to others will be regarded with comparative indifference, if the world can still say with truth in respect to any class of our duties, "What do ye more than others?" On the contrary, let us show that in all that we do—in our dealings with men as well as in our worship of God—we are actuated by higher, holier principles than any of which the world knows, and our example would act on an ungodly world with irresistible power.

A. P.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness?"

There are certain passages of Scripture that are in great danger of becoming obsolete. Their true significance seems to be overlooked or forgotten, or perhaps we imagine we have grown wiser or better, and do not need all the lessons taught to "those wicked Jews" and Gentiles.

Since the days when all who were not christians were idolaters, the church and the world have come nearer together,—either the church is worse, or the world better, perhaps both. Certainly there are some who make no profession of piety, who are better outwardly, than others who are full of profession.

Yet the distinction is the same as ever; the words of Christ are still in force, "He that is not with me, is against me;" "He that shall deny me before men, him will I

deny before the angels of God;" "Come out from among them and be ye separate."

Do we come out from among them? How are we to do so? We must associate with them in the world, ties of family and relationship compel this; we meet them in our daily intercourse, and here is where our influence may reach and improve them. Do we stop here? "Be ye not unequally yoked together." Christians do not always remember this injunction. Young people are associated together, and soon strong ties are formed. Parents look on and say, "All is well"—the *only* objection is, one is not a christian! So we see the child of God and the child of sin attempting to follow the path of life together. The friend and the enemy of God would walk together in peace.

All is bright between them till they come to this most important interest, and here they diverge,—here they have no sympathy. The christian fondly hoped to lead the other in the right way, but finds himself more in danger of being drawn aside; and having broken God's command in forming the ties, he can have no faith to pray, has no promises to claim. So his path is traced wearily onward, even at the brightest darkened by a cloud, want of sympathy here, and the dark fear of eternal separation.

"Be not unequally yoked together." A man is about to form a business connection, one presents himself, a man of honour, and probity, and uprightness, in the eye of the world. He knows his reputation and trusts him; perhaps his trust is betrayed, and the principles of his partner, having no firm foundation, fall in the hour of trial, or, perhaps he, the unconverted man, still refusing God, is a child of prayers and tears. He must be brought to the Saviour, and adversity may be the rod to lead him to repentance. The frown of God is on his business, and the partners must stand or fall together. Then the christian mourns over this dispensation, and perhaps never stops to think he may have brought it on himself.

The wicked do not always prosper. If God have designs of mercy toward them, they are often fulfilled through the sharp teachings of adversity.

We have seen those who really believed there was meaning in the command we have quoted, who would not have dared to marry except according to the Divine in-

struction, "only 'in the Lord,'" and who thought it the safer course as well as the most obedient to their heavenly Father, to associate in business with those who held the same firm principles with themselves.

And we have been inclined to conclude that they were at least on the safe side; that if there were a doubt, they took the benefit of the doubt, while they knew there was no danger of obeying God too implicitly.

There is, it may be, too much of enquiry how far we may go, and how far we may forget or explain away direct commands, instead of keeping in full force the strict principle of entire obedience. If we desire worldly prosperity, the way is plain, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

S. T. J.

A Page for the Young.

THE USE OF LEARNING.

"I am tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. "I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and the dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They will never do me any good. I am not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea-captain."

"How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked in a quiet tone, as he looked up into his face.

"Why, I am going to learn a trade; or, at least, my father says that I am."

"And so am I," replied William; "and yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can; for he says that it will all be useful some time or other in my life."

"I am sure I can't see what use I am ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra and surveying."

"Still, if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavour to learn, simply because they wish us, even if, in everything we are expected to study, we do not see clearly the use."

"I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head; "and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said, in a serious tone. "I would not think as you do for the world. My father knows what is best for me, and so does your father know what is best for you; and if we do not confide in them we shall surely go wrong."

"I am not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring reluctantly for half an hour, in the vain effort to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and, taking some marbles from

his pocket, he began to amuse himself with them, at the same time that he concealed them from the teacher's observation. William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention.

The difference in the character of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident in numerous particulars,—in their conduct, their habits, and manners. William always recited his lesson correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school, the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were well taken care of,—Herbert's soiled, torn, disfigured, and broken externally and internally.

Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other, indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will. As men, at the age of thirty-five, we will again present them to the reader.

Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant, in an active business; while Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen?" said the merchant to the mechanic, about this time, as the latter entered the counting-room of the former. The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well dressed, and had a cheerful look; while the other was poorly clad, and seemed troubled and dejected.

"I cannot say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied, in a tone of despondency. "Work is very dull, and wages low; and, with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough getting along under the best circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant in a kind tone. "How much can you earn now?"

"If I had steady work I could make thirty-five or forty shillings a-week. But our business is very bad. The substitution of steam engines on railroads for horses on turnpikes has broken in seriously upon the harness-making business. The consequence is that I do not average twenty-five shillings a-week the year round."

"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

"Yes; in the harness-making branch of it, especially in large cities like this, where the heavy-waggon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that twenty-five shillings a-week was all that you could average?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, Sir."

"Five children! and only twenty-five shillings a-week?"

"That is all, Sir; but that will not support them, and I am, in consequence, getting behindhand."

"You ought to try to get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant mused awhile, and then said, "Perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better. I am President of a newly-projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and locating the route. You studied surveying and engineering at the school at the same time that I did, and I suppose have still a correct knowledge of both; if so, I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen, and at my desire he will give you all requisite instruction until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is fifteen pounds a-month."

"A shadow, still darker than that which before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic. "Alas, Sir!" he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge of surveying. It is true I studied it, or rather pretended to study it, at school; but it made no permanent impression upon my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Allen," the merchant replied, in real concern. "If you

were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you into an office. What is your capacity in this respect?"

"I ought to have been a good accountant, Sir, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now, although I was for many months, while at school, pretending to study book-keeping. I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

"Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do for you. But stay; I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and want a man to go as supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. The captain will direct the sales. I remember that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be ten pounds a-month."

"I have forgotten all my Spanish, Sir, I did not see the use of it while at school, and, therefore, it made no impression upon my mind."

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said, "I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary labourers are employed,—that of chain-carrying to the surveyor on the proposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, Sir?"

"Forty shillings a-week."

"I will accept it, Sir, thankfully," the man said. "It will be much better than my present employment."

"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready, Sir," the poor man replied, and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Allen with them as chain-carrier, when, had he as a boy taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office, at nearly double the wages paid to him as chain-carrier. Indeed, we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness and profit he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.

I earnestly hope that none of my young readers will make the same discovery that Allen did, when it is too late to reap any real benefit!

Miscellaneous.

DANIEL A MODEL TO MEN OF BUSINESS.

—Daniel was a busy statesman. Darius had made him his chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtual ruler of the empire. But amidst all the cares of office, he maintained his wonted practice of praying thrice a day. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still: the accounts did not run into confusion. There was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his. And though disappointed rivals were ready to found an impeachment on the slightest flaw, so wise, and prompt, and impartial was his procedure, that they at last concluded, "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and leisure to pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a first-rate business man, to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge, his wisdom, and his skill. In the composure and serenity which these frequent approaches to God imparted to his spirit, as well as in the supernatural sagacity and forethought, and power of arrangement, which God gave in direct answer to his prayers, he had a decided advantage over those men who, refusing to acknowledge God in their callings, vex themselves in vain, and who, when the fret, the worry, and sweltering of their jaded day is done, find that they have accomplished less, and that little far more painfully, than their wiser brethren, who took time to pray. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him. Daniel was in a place where prayer was eminently needful. He was in Babylon, a place of luxury and revelry, and from his position in society he was peculiarly exposed to the idolatrous and voluptuous temptations around him. It was difficult, and ere long it was dangerous, to maintain his singularity. But so far as there was any seduction in the pleasures of that luxurious and wicked city, prayer kept him separate; and so far as there was any danger in withholding countenance from its idol-orgies, prayer made him bold. Though the clash of cymbals and the shouts of the revellers were coming in at the window, they did not disturb his devotion; and though he had not forgotten the king's decree and the lions' den, he did not close the lattice, nor try to conceal his faith and his worship; and secure alike from spiritual detriment and personal danger, the Lord hid his praying servant in the hollow of his hand.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

THE POSITION OF THE CHRISTIAN.—It

were in vain to seek to escape from the conditions of our place in the dominions of God. A mind of wandering and melancholy thought, impatient of the grievous realities of our state, may at some moments almost breathe the wish that we had been a different order of beings, in another dwelling place than this, and appointed on a different service to the Almighty. In vain! Here still we are, to pass the first part of our existence in a world where it is impossible to be at peace, because there has come into it a mortal enemy to all that live in it. Amidst the darkness that veils from us the state of the universe, we would willingly be persuaded that this our world may be the only region (except that of penal justice) where the cause of evil is permitted to maintain a contest. Here, perhaps, may be almost its last encampment, where its prolonged power of hostility may be suffered, in order to give a protracted display of the manner of its appointed destruction. Here our lot is cast, on a ground so awfully pre-occupied,—a calamitous distinction; but yet a sublime one, if thus we may render to the eternal King a service of a more arduous kind than it is possible to the inhabitants of any other world than this to render him,—and if thus we may be trained, through devotion and conformity to the celestial Chief in this warfare, to the final attainment of what he has promised, in so many illustrious forms, to him that overcometh. We shall soon leave the region where so much is in rebellion against our God. But we shall go where all that pass from our world must present themselves as from battle, or be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conquerors.—*John Foster.*

A CROWN OF GLORY THE REWARD OF THE HUMBLE.—While every true-hearted christian is thankful that the Son of God stooped so low for his salvation, he will rejoice because his state of humiliation is past. "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father." The eclipse is over, the sun has resumed its original brightness, and the heavenly world is illuminated with his rays. That Man, in whom there was "no form or comeliness, for which he should be desired," sits upon the throne of the universe, wearing a crown of immortal glory, and is adored by angels and men. His humility has conducted to honour; his sorrow has terminated in unspeakable joy. "His glory is great in thy selection; honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him. For thou hast made him most blessed for ever; thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance." Similar shall be the result in the case of those who follow his steps, and tread the lowly path in which he has commanded them to walk. The crown of glory is reserved for the humble; but shame shall be the reward of the proud. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—*Dr. Dick.*

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

"It seems certain," we said in our last number, "that the allies will have to endure another winter in the Crimea, before the great Stronghold of the foe will be in their power." Such was the opinion which was then entertained by most people in England, and everything, both at home and in the Crimea, seemed to confirm that impression. Within little more than a week of the appearance of our article, however, the startling news arrived, unexpected by us all,—Sebastopol is in the hands of the Allies! Such was indeed the fact. After a siege of nearly twelve months, almost unparalleled for the amount of suffering experienced and courage evinced, the Russian army has been compelled to evacuate the citadel, on which so much skill and treasure have been expended, and to take refuge in the fortifications on the north side of the harbour. This is indeed an important result of the year's operations, having at least the effect of relieving Turkey for years to come from any fear of danger from Russia through the Euxine, and striking a blow at Russian pride and power which she will not easily recover. We do not wonder, therefore, at the rejoicings which have been excited both in England and France by the news of the victory. The Queen has uttered her words of rejoicing in the quiet halls of Balmoral,—the Emperor has bowed more ostentatiously at the altar, amidst assembled thousands, in Notre Dame,—and in every town and village, bells have rung, and banners have waved, and guns have been fired, in honour of the event. At these rejoicings we do not wonder; but if we were asked what are our anticipations as to the effect of the victory on the termination of the struggle, we must confess that our anticipations would not go to aid the popular joy. We fear that we are no nearer peace now than before, and in many parts of Europe there are signs of the probable extension of the conflagration. Still, indeed, would we utter the prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord;" but in the circumstances and with the probabilities that surround us, we rejoice to be able to add, "It is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O Lord!"

Of other significant Continental events, must be recorded simply the fact of another attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon, which, however, was a complete failure,—the would-be assassin proving to be a lunatic. Italy is attracting much attention and thought. At Naples especially, the doings of King Bomba have excited universal disgust and indignation, an indignation and disgust of which a revolution that should dispose of him would be but a gratifying expression. Mazzini has just issued an address to the young men of Naples, calling on them to rise and assert their manhood. What will be the result of all this it is impossible to say.

Two interesting ecclesiastical events have occurred during the month—the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Paris, and the Presentation of the Jubilee Testimonial to the Rev. J. A. James. The former appears to us chiefly interesting from its directing careful and persevering attention to the persecutions on the Continent, and from its organizing measures with a view to their relief. In this great work we wish the Alliance all possible success! The meetings at Birmingham, in connexion with the presentation to Mr. James, seem to have been remarkably impressive. Mr. James deserved this honour. We rejoice that he has been spared to receive it. May it be many years before we shall have to honour him with our tears, and mourn over him as one departed!

STEPNEY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The annual meeting of Stepney College was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 19th, in the college chapel, under the presidency of G. T. Kemp, Esq., the treasurer of the institution. The proceedings were commenced with devotion. After some remarks from the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Angus, the principal, submitted the report for the year, which stated that during the session twenty-two ministerial students, and one lay student, had enjoyed the advantages of the institution. Of this number, two had settled as pastors, Mr. J. J. Mombert, at Arlington, and Mr. C. Ballhache, at Leeds. Mr. E. Hull was preparing to take his degree in the University of London, and after October would be free to accept any suitable post. Mr. Davies had arranged, through the kindness of his friends, to spend one session on the continent, at Halle or Geneva. Mr. Hansen was now supplying at Romsey, and one student, Mr. E. Little, had been compelled, through indifferent health, to relinquish hard study, and to return into the country. In supplying the vacancies thus created, the committee had received eleven applications, and, after careful examination, had admitted the following six, viz.—Joseph Lehmann, son of that devoted minister, Mr. Lehmann, of Berlin; Mr. James C. Brown, member of the church meeting in Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh; Mr. William Walker, of Mundesley, Norfolk; Mr. Benjamin Dickens, of Daventry; Mr. James A. Spurgeon, of Colchester; and Mr. Philip Rowe, of Ivy Bridge, near Devonport. There were besides in the institution three lay students, one of whom is studying on Ward's Fund, with a view to the ministry. The entire number of students connected with the institution was twenty-seven. Of these, six had matriculated; three take a short two years' course, chiefly theological; four are contemplating a life of missionary labour among the heathen; one or two on the continent of Europe. The financial state of the insti-

tion was, in some respects, satisfactory, though not without cause for anxiety. The subscriptions, donations, and congregational collections, are all slightly in excess of last year. On the other hand, several valued friends and subscribers of the institution, among whom may be mentioned W. B. Gurney, Esq., George Deane, Esq., and Mr. John Haddon, have left the scene of their labours, and their places on the subscription-list are unsupplied. In the last annual report it was intimated that the question of the removal of the institution from its present locality to a site more eligible for the purpose had been introduced into the committee, and would probably be brought before a special meeting of the members of the society. Since November, applications had been made by letter, chiefly to various friends, and sums had been promised to the amount of upwards of £4,500. The donors of this sum are not more than 120; and, though many more applications had been made, to which as yet no affirmative decisive reply has been received, the committee do not question for a moment that, when in other respects their path is made plain, the requisite funds will be supplied. The reports of the examiners were of a highly laudatory character. The Rev. William Brock, J. H. Allen, Esq., the Rev. J. Bigwood, the Rev. D. Kisterns, and some other friends, then spoke. A large number of ministers and friends, including several ladies, afterwards took tea together at the college, and from thence repaired again to the chapel, where the Rev. W. Landels preached the annual sermon at six o'clock.

CIRCUS CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.

On Sunday, the 2nd Sept., the Rev. J. J. Brown, late of Reading, commenced his stated labours in this place, and on the following Tuesday evening a social tea meeting of the members of the church and congregation was held in the Lecture-room to receive Mr. Brown. After tea, the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's Park Chapel, London, the late pastor at the Circus, was called to the chair, and around him, on the platform, were the Rev. J. J. Brown, Messrs. Middlemore, Thomas, Griffith, Ross, and others. Prayer having been offered, and the 133rd Psalm sung, the chairman (the Rev. W. Landels) spoke in a suitable and feeling manner. William Middlemore, Esq., then formally introduced Mr. Brown to the people, expressing in a few words the great pleasure he felt in welcoming him amongst them, and reminding them that, having been instrumental in transferring Mr. Brown from a very important sphere of labour, it was incumbent upon them to uphold and sustain him by the exercise of love, kindness, and Christian feeling. A hymn, composed for the occasion by Mr. Hunt, a member of the church, having been sung, the chairman called on the Rev. J. J. Brown, who, after acknowledging the remarks made by the preceding speakers, spoke of his feelings in coming there, and the new relation on which they

had just entered. He invited all to look upon him as their personal friend, ready and desirous at all times to counsel or aid them in any way he could. He trusted they would find him worthy of their confidence, and that the times of sickness, sorrow, or bereavement, to which, in the dispensations of Providence, they must look forward, would but serve to strengthen and cement their union. Addresses were then delivered by Messrs. Ross, Thomas, Batchelor, Edmunds, Holmes, and Bions, responding to the observations that had fallen from Mr. Brown, and expressive of the pleasure and gratification it afforded the friends assembled to welcome him amongst them, and also to have their beloved friend and former pastor uniting in the service, and to learn from his own lips the prospects of comfort and usefulness opening before him in his new and important station. The meeting, which was throughout of a very delightful and cheering character, broke up about ten o'clock, after singing and prayer.

WALWORTH.

Several very interesting services in connection with Lion Street Chapel, Walworth, have just been held. They had for their object the double purpose of celebrating the jubilee of the formation of the church and the re-opening of the chapel after some extensive repairs. The church having been formed on the 8th September, 1805, a meeting for prayer and thanksgiving was held on Saturday morning week. Again, on the next Sabbath morning, an early devotional service was also conducted in the chapel, and on the same day two special sermons were preached, the Rev. John Adey, of Horsleydown, occupying the pulpit in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Steane, of Camberwell, in the evening; the afternoon being devoted to a juvenile service. On the Monday evening, a large number of the friends partook of a social repast in the spacious school-rooms attached to the place of worship, and at seven o'clock they repaired to the chapel, which, in addition to the painting and beautifying it had undergone, was gracefully festooned with evergreens and flowers. The entire body of the edifice having become filled, and the galleries also, the Rev. W. Howatson, the pastor, took the chair, and the proceedings were commenced with praise and prayer, the Rev. H. J. Betts leading the devotions of the congregation. W. H. Watson, Esq., then read a paper, which reviewed the history of the church, and concluded with an expression of devout and humble gratitude for the divine mercy that had watched over the church during so many years. The Rev. John Burnett afterwards addressed the meeting on "The Progress of Social Improvement during the last Fifty Years," and the Rev. Samuel Green on "The Progress of Religion in our Country during the last Fifty Years." The Rev. John Aldis was the next speaker, the subject of his address being the progress of Christianity in the world at large, as evidenced by the success of Christian missions. The Rev.

Jonathan George then concluded the proceedings with prayer.

TWESKESBURY.

The Baptist church at Tewkesbury, having attained its bicentenary, held services on Sunday, the 26th August, in celebration of the event. The pastor, the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, preached, morning and evening, from Eph. ii. 20, 22. The subjects founded on the passage were, "The cause of the church's stability," and "The means of the church's growth;" the one subject being in special reference to the past, the other to the future. On Tuesday, the 28th, a public tea meeting was held, which was numerously attended. After tea, an outline and some details of the history of the church were given by the pastor, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. H. Welsford (Independent), the Rev. E. Toyne (Wesleyan), the Rev. A. Pitt, of Upton-on-Severn, the Rev. J. Smith, of Cheltenham, and the Rev. F. Overbury, of Pershore. Several persons came from a distance, and many members of other denominations were present, whilst the interest and advantage of the occasion were heightened not less by the impressive retrospective and admonitory addresses which were given, than by the evident hearty sympathy of the audience in the objects of the meeting.

Obituary.

THE REV. A. ARTHUR, OF EDINBURGH.

This excellent minister of the gospel died at his house in Buccleuch-place, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 8th, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He was co-pastor of the Baptist congregation in Bristo-place, Edinburgh, along with Mr. Dickie and Mr. Anderson. He preached twice on the previous Sunday, but was seized on the Monday evening with inflammation of the brain, and after lingering in unconsciousness for two days, he quietly breathed his last.

Mr. Arthur was for seventeen years pastor of the church in Bristo-street, over which Mr. Archibald Mc Lean once presided, but in many of the Dissenting pulpits in the town his services were often asked and never refused when in his power. For some years back he has preached weekly to the paupers in the Edinburgh workhouse,—in fact it was enough for him that any were poor or sick, within the circle of his influence, to call forth his sympathy and exertion on their behalf. Many a forgotten and helpless invalid will miss his kind and soothing voice by their bed of sickness.

Previous to Mr. Arthur's connection with the church in Edinburgh, he was co-pastor with his father over the Scotch Baptist church in Kirkcaldy, where the latter preached the gospel for the long period of forty-two years, without receiving any support from the church. Mr. Arthur was the first Dissenter chosen as a magistrate by his fellow-townsmen after the passing of the Burgh Reform Bill,

which honourable position he held for some years.

Our friend's greatness consisted chiefly in his goodness. As a divine who had given himself to study the Scriptures, he was an intelligent scholar, a sound and judicious critic, and had so drunk in the spirit of the sacred writers, that his acquaintance with them seemed something intuitive rather than simply profound. He was never so happy as when engaged in his Master's service, and never unhappy unless when prevented from being so engaged. He seemed ever to live in an atmosphere of prayer. As a christian and christian minister his conduct was irreproachable. With a gentleness of disposition that made him accessible to all, he was yet a man of stern integrity; of a guileless nature, and of transparent Christianity, he was, nevertheless, of unbending principle. He will be much missed in the city in which he has so long laboured,—in the sphere of those numerous benevolent works in which it was his pleasure to engage,—in the denomination of which he was a respected and untiring promoter,—and from amidst that inner circle of private friends, in which his death has left a void, which the soothing hand of time may succeed in concealing, but not in filling up.

DR. CONE, OF NEW YORK.

The Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D.D., the beloved pastor of the first Baptist church in New York, and the chief founder and President of the American Bible Union, ceased from his labours at eight o'clock, on Tuesday, August 28th. On Friday, the 10th ult., he was attacked with paralysis of the left side, and from that period remained in an exceedingly enfeebled condition till the moment of his demise. At times, faint hopes were cherished of his recovery, but the symptoms were never decidedly favourable, and although his departure was sudden, almost instantaneous, his physicians and family were not altogether unprepared for such an event. During his sickness, Dr. Cone manifested his uniform confidence in the doctrines which he had for so many years proclaimed, and his perfect assurance of his interest in Him whom his soul loved with ardent affection. Just before his late illness, he had two or three full and free conversations with friends upon his firm convictions of salvation, and his unwavering anticipations of future glory. His feelings, especially since the decease of his wife, to whom he was ardently attached, were remarkably tender, and often, when talking in private about the love of Christ and his own unworthiness, he wept like a child. Dr. Cone was born in Princeton, N.J., on the 30th of April, 1785, and therefore was in his seventy-first year at the period of his death. He had been pastor of the church in Broom Street, New York, for upwards of fourteen years. The funeral took place on Thursday, August 30th. Dr. Magoon gave an address, and Drs. Spring, Bethune, and Cox, took part in the service.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph.* ii. 20.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

LOT AND HIS WIFE.

BY DR. FRIEDR. STRAUSS.*

Genesis xix. 15—26.

"Arise, and away! Escape for thy life! Look not behind thee!" How loudly sound these words, from the awful story of Lot, through our souls! The ruin of a whole valley full of cities and of men makes so deep an impression, that the power of the divine command is at once suggested to the mind. It seems as if these earnest and powerful appeals were addressed to us rather than to Lot and his family, and that it behoved us to yield to them. Nor are we wrong in this. Although first made to that family, about to be delivered from a fearful judgment, they have a broader application to us, and contain a threefold call to seek salvation without delay. We shall consider them, first, in their primary acceptation, and then set forth their more extended application.

The books of the Old Testament, in many a passage, describe the land of Israel as the promised land, where milk and honey flowed. But it had no region once to be compared for beauty and fruitfulness with that which was formed by the vale of Siddim toward the south. When the Jordan had taken its rise from its pure, transparent spring at the foot of Hermon, and flowed through the Sea of Meron, and then through the larger Sea of Gennesareth, it rolled its ever-widening waters through the flowery Jordan dale, a long tract extending below Jericho. Here the valley formerly opened into a plain, fifty miles long and fifteen broad. On the one side rose the bold mountain range of Judah, and on the other the still loftier summits of the mountains of Moab. Five opulent cities—Sodom, Gomorrah, Zeboiim, Admah, and Zoar—peopled the valley. The Jordan increased here in volume, watered the fields, and the soil being underlaid with resin and bitumen, its great fertility was furthered by their peculiar heat. Thither was Lot, with his flocks and herds, attracted. Between his herdmen and those of Abraham had a strife arisen, which drew from Abraham the proposal: *"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we are brethren. Separate thyself from me: if thou take to the left, I will take to the right; and if thou take to the right, I will take to the left."* Then Lot, though his inferior in substance and consideration, chose the fairest and best tract in the land, the vale of Siddim, which the Scriptures call a garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt. This choice gives us an insight into his spiritual state. He acted immodestly and greedily in

* A Translation of a Sermon, preached at the Chapel Royal, Berlin, 5th October, 1828.
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making this choice of the best of the land before his uncle and protector hitherto, and rashly and inconsiderately, for the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly. It seems he loved the richness of the country, and the pleasure and ease of a city life, more than he feared the example and punishment of the wicked. Nor did God fail to enlighten him on this point, by a significant warning. He was involved in the war which his neighbours waged with Chedorlaomer, in which he was robbed and captured, and only by Abraham's prowess and magnanimity was he delivered. Still he laid not to heart the lesson the Lord designed to have taught him by this event, but remained in Sodom, although he was the daily witness of that people's enormous sins, and was grieved from day to day with their unlawful deeds. Temporal gains and worldly pleasures have so many charms for the human heart, that it listens to many a long admonition ere it comes to the resolution of denying them so far as they hurt the soul. But in one in whom the Spirit of God had so wrought, that pleasure could be found in the society of an Abraham, these admonitions would return more frequently, and strongly, and painfully. This found Lot on that night in the evening of which he invited two strangers to enter his dwelling. He took them for men only, to whom he would exercise the sacred rites of hospitality, unaware that he entertained angels. The inhabitants of Sodom were sunk so deep in sin, that these rites were no longer sacred to them, and a miracle alone could deliver the strangers from their violence. Now they disclose to Lot who they are, and what is their mission, as messengers of God to destroy those cities whose cry had gone up to heaven, and conduct him out, with his family, and all that belonged to him.

Lot believed the prophetic word and warning. He goes to his sons-in-law, who were to have married his daughters, and warns them of the impending overthrow of the city. But to them it was folly. Was Lot affected by their ridicule? Scripture is silent. But well we know what an influence the world's raillery and wit exercise over the wise; how many are more afraid of the crafty sneers of the world than of the displeasure of God, and to avoid which they have at once exposed and conformed themselves to the world. It is evident, from his conduct earlier in the night, that Lot had not escaped uncontaminated from the society of the ungodly, and had learned to reconcile the divine command with their sins, so as to effect a safe accommodation between them. He naturally loved the ease, variety, and convenience of a city life, and hence the life of a shepherd on the mountains or in the desert had no attractions for him. Hence he busies himself, either in justifying his conduct to his fellow-citizens, or in persuading them to a compromise in sin, or to remain himself, or, at least, to save as much as possible. What has been, may be. He trusts to peradventures, and thus loses so much time, that the command is repeated. The morning already draws on. "*When the day broke, the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters which are here, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.*" They urge him to leave all behind in so pressing an hour. They show him how dangerous is the society of sinners, and how imperative that he should come out wholly from them. They entreat him to withdraw from the iniquity of the city, its past sin as well as its impending punishment, that he may save at once his life and his soul. "*And while he lingered,*" —alas, for human weakness! A Lot, who with wise decision had come with Abraham out of Ur, and then out of Haran, to escape from the idolatry of these lands, can linger in Sodom; and, though twice solemnly warned by God's angels, can yet delay and hang on in culpable irresolution! What follows?—"the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the

hand of his wife, and of his two daughters: the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city." He must be compelled, and by angels too! He will, and he will not! He knows not which he should do! He must be laid hold of by force, and drawn away by compulsion! What think you, dear hearers! was there ever a time in your life when one had to compel you to save yourself, and the force of circumstances alone drew you away from the society of the ungodly? How often is it said, that man is the creature of circumstances, nothing more, nothing less. Is that your conviction? While this is a proverb only in the mouth of men of the world who have lost heart and hope, how often do we hear men of stronger minds assert the very contrary, that man is the sole author and moulder of his own happiness and misery. Do you concur with this sentiment? In either case you will have caught but a part of the truth. We do not deny that man is moulded by his destiny, and that that is shaped by God; and every one who has come out from the world, and entered on the new life, bears witness to a peculiar drawing of divine grace from without. But let grace have its perfect work, and it will operate not only on the circumstances, but on the inmost heart; and this is its noblest work, that it makes it willing, and gives at once the power and the inclination to flee from sin and to seek the Lord. Then we feel that outward circumstances exercise such an influence, as only to show more clearly how much we need to hasten, with free and joyful resolution, to renounce all association with sin, and not only to disown such participation with it as falls under the eyes of others, but to dissolve all alliance with it, and inwardly to break off all secret intercourse with it in thought and inclination. What avails it to come out from the world only so far as to leave the fellowship of open sinners, while we cherish the world in the heart with its perverse and sinful nature? Is not the call to get us out from the *iniquity of Sodom*? Was it not from this that the angels laid hold of Lot and his family by force, and led them out? So, whoever would be saved, let him arise and go wholly out of sin; let him feel that it requires haste, and that every moment delayed is lost; let him be aware that judgment ever comes instantaneously, so that the mercy of God, the counsel of his angels, and the danger we are in, all unite to sound the alarm, *Arise, and away! Arise, and away!*

Lot is up and away, and now in the early dawn stands without the city. He greatly wonders how he came there. He had rather allowed himself to be dragged out than freely come out. As he was drawn with hasty steps through the streets of Sodom all was still. In the houses were those he knew, sleeping in full security, nor dreaming of danger nigh. Might he not have thought, Can ruin be really so near? Can so many be, indeed, in the wrong? Can these be the very angels of God? Thoughts such as these might well harass the mind of such a man as Lot, though they could not determine his conduct. They might impede his course, though they could not bend him from it. His resolution wavers, and he lingers once more, till roused by the angel's voice: "*Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; tarry not in all the plain; escape to the mountains, lest thou be consumed.*" How this reiterated call must have nerved him! He sees the danger nearer; is glad that he is come from it thus far; and breathes more freely that he is out of the city. But his backsliding heart attempts new doublings and windings, and he answers, "*Oh, not so, my Lord, since now thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, thou wilt magnify thy mercy which thou hast shown, if thou wilt deliver me still.*" How can he say, "Oh, not so"? Is this the answer of one only half delivered to the injunction of his own deliverer? Why cannot he? Surely he can go

forward. He is not loaded with burdens. Angels stand at his very side, and the mountains rise before him so near. But he only says, "*I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me and I die!*" How is this? He puts no trust in the power that had already delivered him. Though conscious that by it he has been plucked as a brand from the city, and that he is indebted solely to it for his safety hitherto, yet he seems to suppose that henceforth his deliverance must depend on his own strength. As he deems himself *half* in everything, he cannot roll his *whole* deliverance on the angel, nor rest in the assurance that he who has saved him from Sodom will bring him to the mountain. His faith fails him. This is the second weakness of the human heart. First, the love of the world, and then, the weakness of our faith, impedes us. Are we still in the world? we think we have time enough. Has the grace of God brought us out? we fear we have no time for complete deliverance. As it is with men in general, so was it with Lot. Saved out of Sodom, he sees the catastrophe so nigh, that he despairs of reaching the mountain, and delivering himself in that way; but he knows how to help himself in another way. "*See, now,*" he continues, "*this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one; oh, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live!*" At the southern extremity of the valley lay the smallest of the five cities. He saw it from the gates of Sodom, and hoped to be able, at least, to reach it. The distance of the mountain may be greater; but his weakness of faith conceals itself in this request. The proverb of our fathers is here suggested,—a proverb which experience has fully established, the truth of which the inhabitants of the metropolis have occasion daily to recognise,—"*Great cities, great sins.*" But this was not the ground of Lot's determination. It was his fear that some evil might befall him, his tenderness that the mountain air would be too raw for him, and, more than all, his want of a strong, abiding faith. He scarcely deserved direction for the way; but the angel yet replies, "*See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also, that I will not overthrow this city for the which thou hast spoken.*" If there be even so much faith in a man as to turn him to the Lord, the Lord accepts him in this or that thing also. In his mercy he often accepts such prayers as are improper for us to make, and such as we should not have made had we yielded up ourselves with more unreserved confidence to him; and in his long-suffering with us, grants what our weak faith implores, to strengthen that faith, which, when it has become strong, needs the granted support no longer. But in all this he ceases not to urge us to seek immediate salvation. "*Haste thee and escape,*" continues the angel, still pressing the warning with which he began, and which is still the burden of his converse with Lot. He closes with assigning an unlooked-for reason: "*For I cannot do anything till thou be come thither.*" Can the grace of God appear more gracious, or his mercy more merciful, towards so weak a believer as Lot? Can a clearer proof be given that this rich forbearance and unbounded grace and mercy regards faith alone? and can we find a stronger confirmation of what the prophet says, that the Lord, when his people have become ripe for judgment, only looks for one to make up the wall, and stand in the breach, that he destroy them not? Indeed, while the compassion of the Lord is so clearly seen through the whole deliverance wrought for Lot, here it appears in all its power. Antiquity itself recognised it, for our narrative asserts that on this account the city was called Zoar. Its former name, Bela, was changed into Zoar the Little, for an everlasting memorial of the compassionate grace of God. Through the whole Old Testament period of two thousand years, Zoar bore in its name these precious memories, and it is easily understood why, in New Testament

times, the christian church, by an appropriate figure, has been styled the spiritual Zoar. Little, on the whole, has the assembly of the Lord ever remained. Through sins and infirmities it has ever been so with her. But God spares her for her faith, and during every age she has been the holy city of refuge for the souls who would be saved from their sin and misery. Permit me, dear friends, to dwell for a moment on this figure, once so dear to our forefathers, in order that I may impress on you, as strongly as I can, the lesson which this part of our narrative conveys. The spiritual Zoar lies hard by Sodom, yet whoever, to save his soul, would leave the latter, must flee to the former. As we may not delay our departure out of the realm of sin, we must make the more haste to enter the region of faith. No condition more wretched than that of halting between the world and God! No joy like the joy of faith! Who, then, would linger on the way to happiness? "*Up, then, make haste, believe, and deliver thy soul!*"

Blessed be God! At length Lot does make haste. "*The sun was risen on the earth when Lot entered Zoar.*" As morning dawned he is yet in Sodom, and as the sun arose he enters Zoar. He has made good speed. And now burst forth the judgment of God. It was the second time in which God displayed his vindictive justice to the Old World. In the waters of the flood which at once poured down from heaven and burst up through the earth, had the first race of men found destruction; and in the fires which at once flamed down from heaven, and up from earth, shall the sinners of Siddim's vale find their destruction. Simple and sublime is the description of what God has here wrought. "*The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. And he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of those cities, and that which grew upon the ground.*" After a day full of sin, and a night of abomination, lay the citizens of Sodom wrapt in securest slumber. Now rolls the distant thunder. Now lightnings flash and the heavens redden with a lurid glow. But no alarm is felt. Some remain in broken slumbers. Others awake and suppose a storm approaches, which, as others had done, will soon pass by; while others, deeming themselves wise, perhaps ask with scornful sneer, how Lot with his foolish superstition, will conduct himself. Meanwhile the lightnings blaze more vividly, and a thick, stifling smoke spreads all around. They look out. Whole masses of fire are falling. It is raining brimstone from heaven, and is as though the sky itself were on flame. That is something new and unseen before. All fly out. Scoff and scorn has vanished from their visage. Everywhere, as men rush from their houses, they see with sudden terror, that not only are the heavens on fire, but the very earth is burning. The lightning has pierced the soil, intersected with veins of asphaltum and bitumen. The soil itself glows,—burns. The flames shoot upward in numerous places. First single houses, then long rows, and at last the whole city is in a blaze. Do they now think of Lot? Do they now believe in the threatened overthrow? Do his sons-in-law now repent that they derided his friendly warning? Universal terror! What can they do? For safety they hurry to and fro without ceasing. They rush through the streets, but torrents of burning brimstone are rolling to meet them there. Here and there the surface breaks, and presents chasms which are suddenly filled with subterranean water. One abode of iniquity after another catches fire from the flames, which, bursting from the ground, seize on the threshold. The glowing sky kindles the roof, and, crashing together, the palaces are overthrown, and the cities which for years had been the scene of unnatural abominations pass away for ever from the sight of man and the light of day. Lot's house, the doors of

which they could not find the night before, for God had smitten them with blindness, appears once more in the red glimmer of the heat; once more they see it, and then it vanishes in the flames. The fissures which constantly increase in number, yawn horribly. Whole families have now perished. Hollow groans and loud shrieks fill the air. The wailings of the wounded, the burning, and the dying, pierce through the roaring of the elements. Wild death-cries are heard amid the hissing of the opening fissures, the crackling of the flames, the blustering of the wind, the crash of the falling houses, and the hollow rumbling of the sinking soil. What heart-rending scenes are presented to our view! The mother clasping her babe, runs to save herself and it, but she knows not whither to run; she stands, and as she stands the ground opens, and she sinks. The aged father calls after his sons, calls after the young and the strong who should help him, but the glowing blast only conveys to him the last curses of those who are at once cut off. No one sees his neighbour any longer, but still hears the cries of despair and blasphemy with which the well-known voices pass away. At length the place of darkness in thick vapours is enveloped. By degrees human sounds cease to be heard, and all is still. It only smokes. It only steams from the tide of the Jordan which takes possession of the burning tract. Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim sink,—sink in the deep, and from city to city a dark and heavy sea rolls its sluggish waves. For a few days must that pool of sin seethe and smoke, and then the Dead Sea stands over the accursed spot,—still stands, after thousands of years; and every morning and every evening veils itself in a vapoury cloud, as if Sodom and Gomorrah were burning anew. At mid-day it becomes clearer, when travellers, at times when the waters are low, have seen, so it is reported, the ruins of cities emerging from the surface. No fish glides through the heavy waves; no grass, or reeds, or rushes, grow on the margin; and, after thousands of years, the children of succeeding generations, and the sons of the stranger who have come from far distant lands, have seen with dread how the Lord, in his wrath and indignation, has overthrown these cities, and destroyed all the surrounding region with brimstone, and salt, and burning, that it should never be sown or tilled, or any grass grow therein.

Once more back to that awful day of the vengeance of the Lord! Lot has entered into Zoar. He has made speed, and been saved. His daughters have made speed with him, and been saved. His wife, also, made speed at the first. At the first; but soon she stood still, and looked behind her. Is it fear that withers her strength? Ah, she should have been so moved with fear as to believe, and faith brings fortitude! Is it pity for her friends and acquaintance, whose cries she hears from afar? Ah, that pity is untimely when the Lord calls on us to deliver our souls! Is it curious desire to see the end of the ungodly, that she may be able to relate it hereafter? Ah, that curiosity is sin, and a judicial crime! Or hastens she back that she may save this or that? Ah, these were the accursed things, and to covet them is rebellion and disobedience! But we need not weary ourselves in conjectures. Our Lord has said, "Remember Lot's wife;" and, in another place, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "*Lot's wife looked behind her, and she became a pillar of salt.*" She stood; she looked where she should not have looked; she reached not forth unto those things that were before, nor forgot the things which were behind. Then rushes forth the curse; it overwhelms her; she cannot escape it; and she becomes a pillar of salt! Deliverance so nigh, already plucked out of Sodom, and on the way to Zoar; associated with those who had already set their feet within the city of refuge, and whom she called her husband

and children, and—yet she is lost! Truly it is not enough to renounce sin, and find ourselves on the way to safety. Forwards must we reach forth, that we attain the end,—the salvation of the soul. We must speed us at the outset; speed us in the view of the mark of the prize; speed us to the close of the race. Never must we stand still; never look back; ever and unremittedly advance the work of our salvation, until it is accomplished. Weighty is that word, "*Look not behind thee!*"

LORD, THOU COMMANDEST, "ARISE AND AWAY; ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE; LOOK NOT BEHIND THEE!" OH, ENLARGE OUR HEARTS, AND WE SHALL RUN IN THE WAY OF THY COMMANDMENTS! AMEN!

THE EVENING EXERCISE.

BY THE REV. C. ELVEN.

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide."—*Gen.* xxiv. 63.

In a former number we directed the attention of our readers to the "Morning Prayer" of Eliezer, and now, by way of furnishing them with a companion picture, we invite them to the consideration of Isaac's "Evening Exercise." The margin suggests that he went out to *pray*. But without presuming to adjust and decide upon the claim of either the margin or the text, so as to reject the one or the other, we propose to unite them, believing that no great injury will be inflicted by rendering the passage, "And Isaac went out to *meditate and pray*;" these exercises being so far from uncongenial, that they never ought to be separated; for it would surely be a "presumptuous sin" to go heedlessly, "as the horse rusheth into the battle," into the audience-chamber of the omniscient and heart-searching God: and, on the other hand, devout meditation is the best preparative for fervent and effectual prayer,—while we are musing, the fire of devotion will kindle, and the evening sacrifice will ascend acceptable to Him who desires not the mere service of the lip, but the homage of the heart.

We are to consider then, dear reader, that we are conversing in the "eventide." The woodman's axe is still,—the feathered songsters (save the sweet bird of night) have ceased their warblings,—the shepherd is watching his recumbent flock,—the shadows are lengthening on the landscape,—the glorious sun is bidding farewell to the toil-worn world,—and only on the gilded summits of the towering hills are seen the last faint smiles of departing day.

"Now comes still evening on, and twilight gray
Has in her sober livery all things clad."

Ere, then, we resign ourselves to balmy sleep, let us go into the fields to meditate and pray, for of a greater than Isaac it is recorded, "He went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone" (*Matt.* xiv. 23).

And alone in this evening exercise you may be, as regards your fellow-creatures; yet not alone, for beneath the ample canopy of the starry heavens you may say,—

"In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven and here my God I find."

It is true night has veiled the earth with its sable mantle, and concealed alike all that is beautiful and all that is sublime in this lower world, but a voice from the Eternal is heard to direct your meditations upwards. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number! He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power: not one

faileth." Thus the shepherd-king, the royal astronomer, went out to meditate at eventide, and sang, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." We are not left like the heathen to worship the host of heaven, but to look through nature up to nature's God.

"For though no real voice nor sound,
Amid those radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth their glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Beneath this ample dome we may meditate with the Psalmist on *the infinite condescension of the great Creator*. "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers,—the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" We may here meditate, also, on the *divine care towards the people of God*, seeing that these innumerable orbs are all numbered and sustained by Almighty power. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God." Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength (Isa. xl. 27—29).

But, christian reader, with that spiritual telescope, the eye of faith, you may carry your meditations beyond the utmost limits of "the solar walk, or milky way," and look within the veil, "Seeing that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God" (Heb. iv. 14). Surely, then, "our meditation of Him shall be sweet," who is "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person." Compared with him, the visible firmament has no glory, by reason of that which excelleth.

"Nor earth, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face."

But the various events and circumstances of the day, will give their peculiar character to the evening meditation and prayer. As for example, there will be the evening of the *happy day*, for some such sunny seasons are given to us even in this our fallen world. No cloud may have obscured the bright and smiling sky. Health, friends, competence, buoyant spirits, and social joys, may all have combined to make it a happy day. But the evening comes, and then, oh, how *grateful* should be our meditations! what special mercies! Within the last twelve hours, according to the ordinary rate of mortality (to say nothing of the devouring sword), some fifty thousand of our fellow-creatures have felt the mortal pang, and passed to their final account,—we should, therefore, cherish grateful meditations on such sparing mercy, and exemption from the innumerable sorrows which have crushed the sons and daughters of woe.

Christian reader, in addition to your temporal mercies, you have had access to the Word of God, and to the throne of grace, and you may have "walked in the light of his countenance all the day long;" surely, then, to your grateful *meditations* you will add your fervent *prayers*, that such mercies may be daily improved, and "in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, make known your requests unto God."

There will also be the evening of *the dark and cloudy day*, for "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," the sad inheritance of tribulation is the legacy of the Fall. Not a few of the children of God have their pathway to heaven through the vale of poverty, and although the

impress of their Lord and Master's footsteps are there, the iron grasp of adversity is felt. And at eventide many are weary and exhausted by the ill-requited toils of industry,—many a christian parent has to look with tearful eye upon the poorly clad and scantily fed children, that depend upon the labour of his arm and the sweat of his brow for their daily food; others have been all day prostrate on beds of sickness,—others pained by the pangs of bereavement, wrung with anguish by the treachery of false friends, or broken-hearted by the unsympathising heedlessness of others, for, alas, for christian sympathy, it is too true,

"The friends that in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone."

So then, christian reader, your harp is on the willow! It has been a weary day. The spirit has been jaded, the temper tried, the bosom torn, and, it may be, the smiles of God concealed by the clouds of trouble, so that the enemy has tauntingly whispered, "Where is now thy God?" That was a stormy day for poor Job on which his earthly all was swept away; yet how calm his evening meditation: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." His faith saw a bow on that dark cloud, and, in meek submission, he makes no mention of the Sabceans that drove away his oxen, and killed his servants; of the fire which burned up the sheep; of the Chaldeans that robbed him of his camels; or of the whirlwind which buried his children in the ruins of their house. He regarded not these second causes, recognising only the hand of the Lord, bowed to the desolating tempest, and, looking on the bow of the covenant, that stormy day ended in the peaceful exercise of holy meditation and prayer. Even so, ye "companions in tribulation," if you would not lay your aching heads on a sleepless pillow, take down your harp and tune it to the patriarch's submissive strain; and then, with a conscience purified by a glance at the Cross, some precious promise received by faith, a sense of forgiving love, and an earnest prayer, you may say with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

But some reader may cast his eye on this article on a *Sabbath evening*.

"Delightful hour of sweet repose,
Of hallowed thoughts, of love, and prayer,
I love thy deep and tranquil close,—
Foretastes of heavenly rest are there."

On this blest eventide especially we should "enter into our closet," and shut the door upon us. It might be a Sabbath evening on which Isaac retired for holy meditation and secret prayer. And surely the close of the christian Sabbath should thus be hallowed. Christians, let not the savour of its holy services be dissipated by vain and trifling conversation,—by paying or receiving visits, even of christian friends, save under peculiar circumstances. *Sabbath evening parties* ought not so much as to be named among us. This would be, as it were, to tell your household, and the world, that you are glad to shake off the constraints of the sanctuary, and to unbend from the weariness of public worship! Let the example of Ruth be your model: "So she gleaned in the field till even, and beat out that she had gleaned." Thus, by prayer and meditation, may we beat out our Sabbath gleanings, and not, under the name of social intercourse, scatter them to the winds. But you say, "We like society," and so you may; but you should like *spirituality* better. knowing what an influence for good or evil the Sabbath has upon week, we are desirous of guarding its hallowed hours from all unpro intrusion, and especially to secure its calm and peaceful close.

Then cometh the *evening of life*. The shadows are already gathering around some of us. "The day is far spent, and the night is at hand." What matter have we for *grateful* meditation! Why have such barren fig-trees, such cumberers of the ground, been spared so long? Why have we not long since heard the announcement, "Give an account of thy stewardship; thou mayest be no longer steward?" Instead, however, of this, we have to meditate on promises fulfilled,—ordinances and Sabbaths enjoyed,—deliverances wrought out, prayers answered, and heaven anticipated. It becomes us, however, to meditate on the close of life's busy day with penitential sorrow, as well as grateful praise. But few, we suppose, can say with the late Mr. Jay, they should be willing to live their lives over again, and to retrace every step. But few can say as he did, "I should not shrink from the repetition." His journey through life must have been in silver slippers, and on a velvet lawn, in which were no lurking snares, no pricking thorns. For ourselves, arrived at the eventide of life, were it only for the remembrance of the sins even of our holy things, we *should* "shrink from the repetition." We "remember Lot's wife," and dare not look wishfully back again. We think of the patriarchs who, "if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, might have had opportunity to have returned, but they desired a better country, that is an heavenly." We meditate on the past with tears of penitence, and on the future with humble hope; and with our dying meditations may we also mingle our dying supplication, "God be merciful unto us sinners," and so "enter heaven with prayer."

Bury St. Edmunds.

"CONTINUE IN PRAYER."

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Col. iv. 2.

The christian prays as naturally as he breathes; for prayer is the breath of the regenerated soul. It is the effect of divine teaching, and the proof of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the heart. If forbidden to pray, he would be wretched; if not assisted in prayer, he is depressed and feeble. He must pray, and yet he often feels it difficult to pray. He is tempted to omit it, to hurry it over, and to undervalue it. Satan hates prayer, and tries in every possible way to discourage us in it. But the sinner must pray, or perish; and the believer must pray, or be wretched. But we do not pray *as we ought*, with faith, fervour, and importunity; nor *so much as we ought*; for from press of business, carnality of mind, or the discouragements we meet with, we too often neglect to pray. Hence the apostle exhorts, "Continue in prayer," not only begin to pray, but continue praying. Keep on, withdraw not the hand, let nothing silence you; but persevere in prayer. These words are especially applicable to three classes.

FIRST, DISCOURAGED LABOURERS. Friend, art thou at work for God? Dost thou preach Christ's gospel? or teach young children, and try to lead them to Jesus? or distribute the little messengers of mercy? or speak, in thy poor way, as opportunity offers, in hope that God will bless a word from thee? And art thou discouraged, because no fruit appears, or because you see very little good result from your labours? You began in prayer; did you not? You have mixed work for God with prayer to God; have you not? Your object has been the honour of your dear Saviour, and the good of immortal souls; has it not? Then yield not to discouragement; but "continue in prayer." You may have a late spring; but

there will be a good harvest. Labour for God in vain, *you cannot*. Every suggestion that you may, comes from Satan, and you are to resist him. Pray, that you may pray more; that is, in prayer seek the grace of prayer, and God will hear, the clouds will gather, the rain will fall, the seed will grow, and a glorious harvest will reward thy toil. Therefore, my poor discouraged brother, my poor disheartened sister, lay to afresh. Up and at it anew. "*Continue in prayer,*" and God will never disappoint you.

Secondly, **TRIED BELIEVERS**. Some christians are very much tried. One trial seems to tread on the heels of another, like the messengers of Job. Nay, they seem at times to come in pairs, or two or three abreast. Tried in the soul, tried in the family, tried in the world, and, perhaps, tried in the church too. This is sharp work. Prayer has ascended to heaven. It has been repeated again and again. But no answer has been sent. The trial continues. Strength seems to fail. Hope reels to and fro. Faith staggers. The tried one is tempted to give up. But no, no, my poor tried friend, never for one moment entertain the thought of giving up; but "*continue in prayer.*" God has promised to hear, answer, and deliver thee, only he has not told thee when. He has not said whether he will come at cock crowing, at midnight, or in the morning. Do you not remember that he did not come to his disciples on the lake until the fourth watch of the night? You are in a hurry; but God sees no need to hurry. You are not out of his thoughts. He has registered your prayer, and if you could see his book you would read the register, and, perhaps, see written in the margin, "*To be answered when faith has been well tried, patience has been sufficiently exercised, and sincerity thoroughly proved.*" Or, "*To be answered just as the sun goes down.*" Yield not, then, to temptation, slack not thy hand, but wrestle as Jacob did, all night, until the breaking of the day.

"The promise may be long delayed,
But never comes too late."

Thirdly, **THE PERSECUTED CHRISTIAN**. Persecution is not what it was once; but many are persecuted still. Many, many an honest labourer by his cruel master; many a poor tradesman by his rich neighbour; many a godly servant by her proud and imperious mistress; many a consistent wife by her ignorant and carnal husband; many a christian child by its injudicious and worldly parents; many a protestant subject by popish magistrates, under unjust laws. My poor persecuted brother, thou findest it hard work to suffer for Christ at times; however willing the spirit may be, the flesh is weak. Satan strangely harasses thee, misrepresents thy God, and perplexes thy poor soul. But hold on; if you suffer *with* Jesus now, you shall reign with him by and bye. If you suffer *for* Christ, happy are you; for the Spirit of glory and of God will rest upon you. "*Continue in prayer,*" and more grace will be given you. Grace that will enable you to glory in your tribulations. Grace that will enable you to take joyfully the spoiling of your goods. Grace that will make you more than a conqueror. And deliverance will come in the rear of grace. He that supports you now, will emancipate you soon; sooner, perhaps, than you anticipate. Prayer will soothe your spirit, relieve your burdened mind, introduce you to the presence of your God, fortify you against temptation, and strengthen you with strength in your soul.

There are many reasons why we should continue in prayer; take three. First, because *God requires it*. He tells you, by the lips of Jesus, that you "*ought always to pray, and not to faint.*" He directs you, by Paul, "*to pray without ceasing.*" It is a surprising fact, but it is a fact, that God loves to hear us pray. He never wearies of hearing us. Poor

though our prayers be, broken and unconnected though they be, so imperfect that we feel utterly ashamed of them, yet the Lord loves to hear us. And, perhaps, one reason why he does not answer us sooner is, because he loves to hear us pray so much. Secondly, then, because *God approves of it*. If he permitted us to continue praying, for our own relief merely, it would be a mercy; but he requires it of us as a duty, and approves of it as an act of obedience. He loves his child to speak with him, treat him with confidence, and expect blessings from him; and, therefore, he says, "Continue praying, and as soon as ever it will be good for you, and honourable to me, I will answer your prayers." Thirdly, because *He rewards it*. They who pray most, get most. Not because there is any merit in prayer, but because it is the Lord's plan; he wills it to be so, it pleases him that it should be so. Hence Jesus said, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut thy doors about thee, and pray unto thy Father in secret; and thy Father that seeth in secret *himself shall reward thee openly.*"

Let us "*continue in prayer,*" then, when all is dark and dreary. Our Father can hear us then, and we can speak to him, and plead with him, without a light. Dark hours make the promises shine, endear the throne of grace, and enhance the value of our privileges. "By night," says the spouse, "on my bed I sought Him." Let us, also, seek him, cry to him, call upon him, plead with him, and give him no rest, until he arise and have mercy upon us. Let us "*continue in prayer,*" when all is discouraging. If, like Jacob, we think that all things are against us; or even conclude with Jeremiah, "Surely against me is He turned, He turneth his hand against me all the day," still let us pray on. Restraining prayer, we shall lose; persevering in prayer, we must prevail. He said not unto the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain;" but he said, "Seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Let us "*continue in prayer,*" though all seems disheartening. It was disheartening to the disciples to toil all night, and catch nothing; nevertheless at their Master's bidding they were ready to let down the net. So, however disheartened we may be with long waiting, though hope deferred may have made the heart sick, yet "in due season we shall reap, IF WE FAINT NOT." Let us, then, pray always, and not faint. Dark as the night may be, discouraging as our circumstances may be, disheartened as we may have been, let us rouse up, start afresh, and say, "Let Satan say as he will, let unbelief work as it may, let my heart misgive me never so much, let never so many circumstances rise to discourage me, yet will I *continue in prayer,* trust in the Lord, and stay myself upon my God."

Let us "*continue in prayer,*" though no answer be given. The poor Syrophenician woman cried to Jesus; but "he answered her not a word." She fell at his feet, and pleaded, as only a mother could plead; but he repulsed her. She continued in prayer until he exclaimed, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" Precious instance this of the power of prayer, of the importance of persevering in prayer. Keep at it then, though day after day thou waitest and no answer comes; or if, after waiting long, a rough answer be given thee. There was nothing but love in Joseph's heart when he answered his brethren roughly; so there is nothing but love in the heart of God when thou hast to say, "By terrible things in righteousness hast thou answered us, O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of all them that are afar off upon the sea." "*Continue in prayer,*" though your enemies prevail against you. It may be no proof of God's displeasure though they do. The enemies of Joseph prevailed against him; the enemies of Daniel prevailed against him; and the enemies of

Paul prevailed against him; but was it any proof of God's displeasure? No, not any, and as it was said of Gad, so it was proved true of them: "Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last." The triumphing of thy wicked enemies is but short; for God will beat down thy foes before thy face, and will plague them that hate you in the end. "*Continue in prayer*," though God seems set against you. He may cover himself with a cloud, as though he was determined that your prayer should not pass through. He may hold back the face of his throne, and hang a cloud upon it. But, as Jacob, when the angel would leave him without the blessing, refused and prevailed; as the disciples at Emmaus, when Jesus made as if he would go further, constrained him, and conquered, so do you. He may delay; he will not deny. He may try thy faith now; but he will honour it in the end. If he frown, still plead; if he is silent, cry the more; and if his chariot is driven on, run behind it, hang to it, and refuse to be beaten from it. This **MUST** prevail.

My soul, if any one of God's family needs this exhortation, to "*continue in prayer*," thou dost. Naturally backward to plead with God; often discouraged by circumstances without, and doubts, fears, and unbelief within; harassed by Satan, and prone to believe his lies; how often hast thou restrained prayer before God? If any one of God's family need prayer, I am sure thou dost. Look where thou wilt, thou wilt see causes to "*continue in prayer*." In the world how many! In the church how many! In the family how many! In thy own heart how many! Oh, Spirit of God, as the Spirit of prayer, rest upon my soul, fill my heart, and daily draw me to the throne of grace; help my infirmities, furnish me with arguments, fire me with zeal, impart faith, infuse power, and enable me to "*continue in prayer*, and to watch in the same with thanksgiving!"

Cheltenham.

"BE COURTEOUS."

When the writer was a boy, there was in his neighbourhood a stable, where a troublesome horse was kept. This horse had a most inveterate habit of kicking. His owner, however, took care always to explain, that though his horse was a furious kicker, it "did not mean anything." Poor consolation certainly to anybody who received a kick—that the horse had no particular ill-will to him! It was just a way it had!

Since we grew up to manhood, we have discovered that the quadruped in question was the type of many bipeds.

Some christians have a genial disposition, which falls like sunshine on all around them. We feel that we can lay our heart close to theirs, and, drawn out by their sympathy, we can freely tell them all our joys and sorrows. Such believers have received a precious talent from their Lord, fitting them for vast usefulness as "parlour preachers." Such a man was Wilberforce; we wish there were more of this class—"Gentle unto all men, apt to teach; patient."

But, "he is a good man at bottom, but has a troublesome temper," is a character which has many representatives in the church. And for such the apology is usually made that it is just their way! There is certainly much to annoy in this world of ours. We are engaged, for instance, in some matter of business which requires concentration of thought, when we are interrupted by a visitor whose errand is of the paltriest and most common-place description. Or we are enjoying that very pleasant thing, a busy leisure, say on some quiet Saturday evening, when some acquaint-

ance, for whom we have no particular esteem, looks in, "just to pass an hour or two, knowing that we were not likely to be engaged." All this is a little provoking, no doubt. But did either of those visitors *intend* to annoy us? No, by no means. When the first interrupted us at business, he had no means of knowing that we were so busily engaged, and that an interruption might cost us so much. And the second meant his call as an act of kindness; and though the intrusion might be ill-judged, it was yet well-intended. The inconvenience in both cases arose from ourselves, and not from our visitors. How very unreasonable, how very cruel, how very sinful, would it have been in us, therefore, to get angry at them, and send them away smarting under some unkind or cutting words,—in all likelihood to be our enemies for ever after. One advice we would give; it is the result of experience. If you really are so engaged that you cannot afford a visitor a minute's conversation, tell him so. Do it plainly, frankly, politely; and you may be sure that he will be thankful to you for preventing his intruding unreasonably on your time. Besides, his time may very likely be just as valuable to him as yours is to you.

How much does usefulness in the world depend on manner! Often, often have we seen a coarse or harsh manner destroy much good. And living examples there are everywhere of christian men who would have done much good but for that abominable manner of theirs. No doubt there is an opposite extreme,—a silky, whining, namby-pambyism, which in the eyes of all sensible people,—christians or no,—is despised as silly and suspicious. This, however, is much rarer than a bad manner,—the icy coldness, or suspecting distance, or rudeness of the rough christian.

Some years ago, a friend of ours was in an omnibus passing from the heart of our city to one of the suburbs. The omnibus stopped to pick up a passenger, who, from being welcomed by the others, was evidently well known and esteemed. Our friend admired the hearty old man, who had a kind word for everybody: and his kind words were evidently considered compliments, though spoken in broad Scotch. From some words dropped from him, he was evidently a man of unusual talent, and a christian. Our friend wondered who he could be, and all the more as the unknown, with the most polite attention, gave a poor servant girl some information which she desired about a house she had been told to call at. Who could this loveable yet mysterious stranger be? It was Dr. Chalmers. The genial old man had room in his large heart for sympathy and kindness to all.

If we are to do good to all as we have opportunity, we must abound in kind words. In this rough world, so full of hardships, trials, and difficulties, christians should abound in the grace of kindness. "Oh," says some one, "kind words are cheap." So they are; and so is the light of heaven, and a cup of cold water; yet these are among the most precious gifts of God. Passing along the streets a few days ago, we saw a little child who had tripped his foot, and fallen down. He was crying over his distress. We lifted him up, instinctively saying, "Poor little fellow!" These little words of sympathy were very cheap, but they brushed away his tears, and spread sunshine over his face again.

The poorest on earth can say a kind word to his struggling brother or sister; and who can tell the good that may be done by a single kind word? It may cheer an enquiring sinner,—it may send a faint believer on his way rejoicing!

Tales and Sketches.

THE SABBATH AT HOME.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"Sweet day of rest! lit with thy Maker's smile—
Thee the exulting angels sang,
Till with the sound creation rang—
Born from perfection's breast, from love erewhile
Superior spirits undivided boast—
Love shared with man now joy of heaven's whole
host."

It was near the close of a pleasant Saturday afternoon that I drew up my weary horse in front of a neat little dwelling in the village of Norton. This, as near as I could gather from description, was the house of my cousin, William Fletcher, the identical rogue of a Bill Fletcher, of whom we have aforetime spoken. Bill had always been a thriving, push-ahead sort of character, and during the course of my rambling life I had improved every occasional opportunity of keeping up our early acquaintance. The last time that I returned to my native country, after some years of absence, I heard of him as married and settled in the village of Norton, where he was conducting a very prosperous course of business, and shortly after received a pressing invitation to visit him at his own home. Now, as I had gathered from experience the fact that it is of very little use to rap one's knuckles off on the front door of a country house without any knocker, I therefore made the best of my way along a little path, bordered with marigolds and balsams, that led to the back part of the dwelling. The sound of a number of childish voices made me stop, and, looking through the bushes, I saw the very image of my cousin Bill Fletcher, as he used to be twenty years ago; the same bold forehead, the same dark eyes, the same smart, saucy mouth, and the same "who-cares-for-that" toss to his head. "There now," exclaimed the boy, setting down a pair of shoes that he had been blacking, and arranging them at the head of a long row of all sizes and sorts, from those which might have fitted a two-year-old foot upward, "there, I've blacked every single one of them, and made them shine too, and done it all in twenty minutes; if anybody thinks they can do it quicker than that, I'd just like to have them try, that's all."

"I know they couldn't though," said a fair-haired little girl, who stood admiring

the sight, evidently impressed with the utmost reverence for her brother's ability; "and, Bill, I've been putting up all the playthings in the big chest, and I want you to come and turn the lock—the key hurts my fingers."

"Poh! I can turn it easier than that," said the boy, snapping his fingers; "have you got them all in?"

"Yes, all; only I left out the soft bales, and the string of red beads, and the great rag baby for Fanny to play with,—you know mother says babies must have their playthings on Sunday."

"Oh, to be sure," said the brother, very considerably; "babies can't read, you know, as we can, nor hear Bible stories, nor look at pictures." At this moment I stepped forward, for the spell of former times was so powerfully on me, that I was on the very point of springing forward with a "halloo, there, Bill!" as I used to meet the father in old times; but the look of surprise that greeted my appearance brought me to myself.

"Is your father at home?" said I.

"Father and mother are both gone out, but I guess, Sir, they will be home in a few moments: wont you walk in?"

I accepted the invitation, and the little girl showed me into a small and very prettily furnished parlour. There was a piano with music books on one side of the room, some fine pictures hung about the walls, and a little, neat centre-table was plentifully strewn with books. Besides this, the two recesses on each side of the fireplace contained each a bookcase with a glass locked door.

The little girl offered me a chair, and then lingered a moment, as if she felt some disposition to entertain me if she could only think of something to say, and at last, looking up in my face, she said, in a confidential tone, "Mother says she left Willie and me to keep house this afternoon while she was gone, and we are putting up all the things for Sunday, so as to get everything done before she comes home. Willie has gone to put away the playthings, and I'm going to put up the books." So saying, she opened the doors of one of the bookcases, and began busily carrying the books from the centre-table to deposit them on the shelves, in which employment she was soon

assisted by Willie, who took the matter in hand in a very masterly manner, showing his sister what were and what were not "Sunday books," with the air of a person entirely at home in the business. Robinson Crusoe and the many-volumed Peter Parley were put by without hesitation; there was, however, a short demurring over a Quarterly Review, because Willie said he was sure his father read something one Sunday out of them, while Susan averred that he did not commonly read in it, and only read in it then because the piece was something about the Bible; but as nothing could be settled definitely on the point, the review was "laid on the table," like knotty questions in parliament. Then followed a long discussion over an extract book, which, as usual, contained all sorts, both sacred, serious, comic, and profane; and at last Willie, with much gravity, decided to lock it up, on the principle that it was best to be on the *safe side*, in support of which he appealed to me. I was saved from deciding the question by the entrance of the father and mother. My old friend knew me at once, and presented his pretty wife to me with the same look of exultation with which he used to hold up a string of trout, or an uncommonly fine perch of his own catching, for my admiration, and then looking round on his fine family of children, two more of which he had brought home with him, seemed to say to me, "There! what do you think of that, now?"

And, in truth, a very pretty sight it was—enough to make any one's old bachelor coat sit very uneasily on him. Indeed, there is nothing that gives one such a startling idea of the tricks that old Father Time has been playing on us, as to meet some boyish or girlish companion with half-a-dozen or so of thriving children about them. My old friend, I found, was in essence just what the boy had been. There was the same upright bearing, the same confident, cheerful tone to his voice, and the same fire in his eye; only that the hand of manhood had slightly touched some of the lines of his face, giving them a staidness of expression becoming the man and the father.

"Very well, my children," said Mrs. Fletcher, as, after tea, William and Susan finished recounting to her the various matters that they had set in order that afternoon; "I believe now we can say that our week's work is finished, and that we

have nothing to do but rest and enjoy ourselves."

"Oh, and papa will show us the pictures in those great books that he brought home for us last Monday, will he not?" said little Robert.

"And, mother, you will tell us some more about Solomon's Temple and his palaces, wont you?" said Susan.

"And I should like to know if father has found out the answer to that hard question I gave him last Sunday?" said Willie.

"All will come in good time," said Mrs. Fletcher. "But tell me, my dear children, are you sure that you are quite ready for the Sabbath? You say you have put away the books and the playthings; have you put away, too, all wrong and unkind feelings? Do you feel kindly and pleasantly towards everybody?"

"Yes, mother," said Willie, who appeared to have taken a great part of this speech to himself; "I went over to Tom Walters this very morning to ask him about that chicken of mine, and he said that he did not mean to hit it, and did not know he had till I told him of it; and so we made all up again, and I am glad I went."

"I am inclined to think, Willie," said his father, "that if everybody would make it a rule to settle up all their differences *before* Sunday, there would be very few long quarrels and law-suits. In about half the cases, a quarrel is founded on some misunderstanding that would be got over in five minutes if one would go directly to the person for explanation."

"I suppose I need not ask you," said Mrs. Fletcher, "whether you have fully learned your Sunday school lessons?"

"Oh, to be sure," said William. "You know, mother, that Susan and I were busy about them through Monday and Tuesday, and then this afternoon we looked them over again, and wrote down some questions."

"And I heard Robert say his all through, and showed him all the places on the Bible Atlas," said Susan.

"Well, then," said my friend, "if everything is done, let us begin Sunday with some music."

Thanks to the recent improvements in the musical instruction of the young, every family can now form a domestic concert, with words and tunes adapted to the capacity and the voices of children; and while these little ones, full of animation, pressed round

their mother as she sat at the piano, and accompanied her music with the words of some beautiful hymns, I thought that though I might have heard finer music, I had never listened to any that answered the purpose of music so well.

It was a custom at my friend's to retire at an early hour on Saturday evening, in order that there might be abundant time for rest, and no excuse for late rising on the Sabbath; and, accordingly, when the children had done singing, after a short season of family devotion, we all betook ourselves to our chambers, and I, for one, fell asleep with the impression of having finished the week most agreeably, and with anticipations of very great pleasure on the morrow.

Early in the morning I was roused from my sleep by the sound of little voices singing with great animation in the room next to mine, and, listening, I caught the following words:—

"Awake! awake! your bed forsake,
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
With joy we hail his cheerful light,
In songs of love
Praise God above—
It is the Sabbath day!"

The last words were repeated, and prolonged most vehemently by a voice that I knew for Master William's.

"Now, Willie, I like the other one best," said the soft voice of little Susan; and immediately she began,—

"How sweet is the day,
When, leaving our play,
The Saviour we seek;
The fair morning glows
When Jesus arose—
The best in the week."

Master William helped along with great spirit in the singing of this tune, though I heard him observing, at the end of the first verse, that he liked the other one better, because "it seemed to step off so kind o' lively;" and his accommodating sister followed him as he began singing it again with redoubled animation.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and the voices of the children within accorded well with the notes of birds and bleating flocks without,—a cheerful, yet Sabbath-like and quieting sound.

"Blessed be children's music!" said I to myself; "how much better this is than the solitary tick, tick, of old Uncle Fletcher's tall mahogany clock!"

The family bell summoned us to the breakfast-room just as the children had finished their hymn. The little breakfast-parlour had been swept and garlished expressly for the day, and a vase of beautiful flowers, which the children had the day before collected from their gardens, adorned the centre table. The door of one of the bookcases by the fireplace was thrown open, presenting to view a collection of prettily-bound books, over the top of which appeared, in gilt letters, the inscription, "Sabbath Library." The windows were thrown open to let in the invigorating breath of the early morning, and the birds that flitted among the rosebushes without seemed scarcely lighter and more buoyant than did the children as they entered the room. It was legibly written on every face in the house, that the happiest day in the week had arrived, and each one seemed to enter into its duties with a whole soul. It was still early when the breakfast and the season of family devotion was over, and the children eagerly gathered round the table to get a sight of the pictures in the new books which their father had purchased in New York the week before, and which had been reserved as a Sunday's treat. They were a beautiful edition of Calmet's Dictionary, in several large volumes, with very superior engravings.

"It seems to me that this work must be very expensive," I remarked to my friend as we were turning the leaves.

"Indeed it is so," he replied; "but here is one place where I am less withheld by considerations of expense than in any other. In all that concerns making a show in the world, I am perfectly ready to economize. I can do very well without expensive clothing or fashionable furniture, and am willing that we should be looked on as very plain sort of people in all such matters; but in all that relates to the cultivation of the mind, and the improvement of the hearts of my children, I am willing to go to the extent of my ability. Whatever will give my children a better knowledge of, or deeper interest in, the Bible, or enable them to spend a Sabbath profitably and without weariness, stands first on my list among things to be purchased. I have spent in this way one-third as much as the furnishing of my house cost me." On looking over the shelves of the Sabbath library, I perceived that my friend had been at no small pains in the selection. It

comprised all the popular standard works for the illustration of the Bible, together with the best of the modern religious publications adapted to the capacity of young children. Two large drawers below were filled with maps and scriptural engravings, some of them of a very superior character.

"We have been collecting these things gradually ever since we have been at house-keeping," said my friend; "the children take an interest in this library, as something more particularly belonging to them, and some of the books are donations from their little earnings."

"Yes," said Willie, "I bought 'Helen's Pilgrimage' with my egg-money, and Susan bought 'The Life of David,' and little Robert is going to buy one, too, next new year."

"But," said I, "would not the Sunday-school library answer all the purpose of this?"

"The Sabbath-school library is an admirable thing," said my friend; "but this does more fully and perfectly what that was intended to do. It makes a sort of central attraction at home on the Sabbath, and makes the acquisition of religious knowledge and the proper observance of the Sabbath a sort of family enterprise. You know," he added, smiling, "that people always feel interested for an object in which they have invested money."

The sound of the Sabbath school bell put an end to this conversation. The children promptly made themselves ready, and as their father was the superintendent of the school, and their mother one of the teachers, it was quite a family party.

One part of every Sabbath at my friend's was spent by one or both parents with the children, in a sort of review of the week. The attention of the little ones was directed to their own characters, the various defects or improvements of the past week were pointed out, and they were stimulated to be on their guard in the time to come, and the whole was concluded by earnest prayer for such heavenly aid as the temptations and faults of each particular one might need. After service in the evening, while the children were thus withdrawn to their mother's apartment, I could not forbear reminding my friend of old times, and of the rather anti-sabbatical turn of his mind in our boyish days.

"Now, William," said I, "do you

know that you were the last boy of whom such an enterprise in Sabbath-keeping as this was to have been expected? I suppose you remember Sunday at 'the old place'?"

"Nay, now, I think I was the very one," said he, smiling, "for I had sense enough to see, as I grew up, that the day must be kept *thoroughly* or not at all, and I had enough blood and motion in my composition to see that something must be done to enliven and make it interesting; so I set myself about it. It was one of the first of our housekeeping resolutions, that the Sabbath should be made a pleasant day, and yet be as inviolably kept as in the strictest times of our good father; and we have brought things to run in that channel so long, that it seems to be the natural order."

"I have always supposed," said I, "that it required a peculiar talent, and more than common information in a parent, to accomplish this to any extent."

"It requires nothing," replied my friend, "but common sense, and a strong *determination to do it*. Parents who make a definite object of the religious instruction of their children, if they have common sense, can very soon see what is necessary in order to interest them; and if they find themselves wanting in the requisite information, they can, in these days, very readily acquire it. The sources of religious knowledge are so numerous, and so popular in their form, that all can avail themselves of them. The only difficulty, after all, is, that the keeping of the Sabbath and the imparting of religious instruction is not made enough of a *home* object. Parents pass off the responsibility on to the Sabbath school teacher, and suppose, of course, if they send their children to Sunday school, they do the best they can for them. Now, I am satisfied, from my experience as a Sabbath school teacher, that the best religious instruction imparted abroad still stands in need of the coöperation of a systematic plan of religious discipline and instruction at home; for, after all, God gives a power to the efforts of a *parent* that can never be transferred to other hands."

"But do you suppose," said I, "that the *common* class of minds, with ordinary advantages, can do what you have done?"

"I think in most cases they could, if *they begin* right. But when both parents and children have formed *habits*, it is more

difficult to change than to begin right at first. However, I think *all* might accomplish a great deal if they would give time, money, and effort towards it. It is because the object is regarded of so little value compared with other things of a worldly nature that so little is done."

My friend was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Fletcher with the children. Mrs. Fletcher sat down to the piano, and the Sabbath was closed with the happy songs of the little ones; nor could I notice a single anxious eye turning to the window to see if the sun was not almost down. The tender and softened expression of each countenance bore witness to the subduing power of those instructions which had hallowed the last hour, and their sweet bird-like voices harmonized well with the beautiful words,—

"How sweet the light of Sabbath eve!
How soft the sunbeam lingering there!
Those holy hours this low earth leave,
And rise on wings of faith and prayer."

BLIND KATIE.

A young mother was seated by the cradle of a lovely infant. She was watching the gentle breathing, that did not stir a leaflet of the rose on which its little cheek was partly resting. There was nothing to betoken the approach of the angel, who had already borne away on his soft wings three of her nurslings, and yet her heart was weighed down with a strange misgiving. The eye of her darling had never sought hers when nestled on her bosom. She had never given her smile for smile, as she lay stretching and crooning on her lap.

The violet eyes were limpid and beautiful, yet ever appeared to be seeking some object that was never found. The delicate ear was upturned at the slightest sound, as if it alone was the organ of intelligence. How often of late had the mother's pulses stood still at the thought, that perhaps this beloved one—given back, as it were, to her earnest pleading from treasures taken away—might never look on the bright sky, or the beautiful earth. And thus it seemed to be. The child was fair to look upon, healthy, and of rare intelligence; but there was a mournfulness in the wandering eye, a want of elasticity in step and movement, that betokened an ever-present sense of a want.

Her father was an artist, and it was his delight to paint for her, in choicest words,

all the beautiful things shut out from her enjoyment. The far-off summer sky,—the pure and silent stars,—the foam and sparkle of the mountain's stream,—the glowing autumnal sunset, seeming, as it were, to open a vista into the eternal world,—the calm and cold radiance of the moon, and the ever-changing loveliness of the earth,—were all portrayed with the fire of the poet, tenderly chastened by the sympathy of the parental heart. Could he have given her an idea of colour, his task would have been easy, for her memory was most retentive, and her imagination vivid. Her senses of touch and hearing were exquisitely fine. She would recognize any friend by the voice, and could name every familiar flower by its form and scent.

Unlike many children in her circumstances, it was impossible to reconcile her to her privation. It was not that she was repining and fretful, but she longed, with a painful intensity, to realize those visions of beauty with which both parents had imbued her spirit.

Many consultations had been held as to the possibility of an operation, but from the peculiarity of her case the idea was given up. However, one day, when she had attained her eighth year, an old friend of her father, having to pass near his residence, made him a visit. He was struck with the intelligence of the child, who was, indeed, wise beyond her years, and advised his friend to consult for her an eminent Parisian oculist, who had performed cures where many others had failed. The parents of poor Katie would have taken her to the end of the world, could they have procured for her the blessed gift of sight; they, therefore, made speedy preparation for a journey to Paris.

The poor child shrunk from the pain to be endured, and earnestly begged to hear the operator's voice, that she might gather from its tones if he would be kind and gentle. As they entered the room, several gentlemen were engaged in conversation. As one of them spoke, Katie whispered, "Oh, mamma, I hope that is the gentleman who is to perform the operation. I am sure he is kind, and will not hurt me more than he can help. Don't weep, dear mamma; I am not afraid now." It so happened, that the gentleman on whose kind voice the little one relied, was the oculist in question. And as he called her to him, and examined her eyes, he spoke hopefully

of a cure, to be effected by the aid of Him who himself opened the eyes of the blind. He led her to a darkened room, and, with exceeding gentleness, removed a film, quite imperceptible to the naked eye, but which had yet effectually locked up the power of sight. The little maiden would fain have looked on that dear face, with every lineament of which her touch was so familiar, but her kind friend had veiled the tender and newborn sense so carefully, that every gleam of light was excluded. Gradually, and one by one, those folds of crape were to be removed, as the sight strengthened; till at length the child gazed, as one entranced, on a world which was to her a sudden and glorious creation.

Many years have passed since Katie first looked forth on the sunlight and cloud, on bird, and tree, and flower. She is now a noble and gifted woman, whose meridian of life and beauty has some time passed away. Her thoughts have thrilled through many hearts. "Fame, like sunlight," has been about her path; but she has often confessed, that no after-day dream of her poet life has ever possessed the charm of those bright imaginings vouchsafed to the shut-up vision of the blind girl.

Dear christian, will it seem too fanciful if I trace in the history of Katie some similitude to thine? More years than those which were dark to her the eyes of thy understanding were darkened, so that thou couldst discern no beauty nor fitness in that which is now the gladness and life of thy soul. Yet, amid the darkness and gloom of thy natural state, were there no aspirations for the true and the pure, no unutterable longings, which yet thy failing purposes and feeble endeavours failed to realize? And on that memorable day when thine eyes were opened, were they not gently veiled by the heavenly Operator, lest thy sense of the spiritual should become too vivid,—lest the clear vision of thy moral deformity should wither up thy soul with sudden blight? or, on the other hand, lest a foresight of heavenly glory should unfit thee for earthly duty? It was a gracious hand that interposed a veil betwixt thee and Himself; and it was a gentle voice that, guiding the blind one by a way he knew not, whispered, "Fear not, I am with thee." But here the parallel ends. The world portrayed by the imagination of Katie was a fairer and happier one than that opened to her actual vision. But with

thy heaven, oh, christian, the reality will far exceed thy fondest anticipations. Why, then, should that home of thy spirit appear so dim and far away? Why art thou forever engrossed by things that perish in the using?

"His hand *the christian* fastens on the skies
Nor sees earth move, nor feels her idle wheel."

THE REST DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Wherefore," said the youthful Samma to his teacher, "does the Eternal need the service of men? Why do we celebrate the Sabbath-day? It was only intended for man in his rude state, that he might be educated thereby. Is not one day like another? Every day is blessed with the light of the sun!"

The Rabbi answered, and said:—"When the children of Israel returned from exile to the land of promise, there lived on the borders of Mesopotamia, with his wife and children, an Israelite, named Boni; he was a wise man and a Levite.

"And the angel of the Lord appeared to him in the likeness of a messenger from King Arthasasta, and said, 'Get thee forth, thou, and thy wife, and thy children, and thy maidservant, and go into the land of your fathers, and help thy people, and give them counsel, that they may order the city and the land wisely.'

"Then answered Boni, and said, 'Let the king, my lord, graciously accept my thanks; but how can I wander through the desert with my wife and children? besides, I know not the way!' But the messenger said, 'Get thee forth, and learn to trust the king.'

"Therefore Boni rose up early, and went forth as the angel of the Lord had commanded him. But Boni doubted, and said, 'What shall the end of this be?' And they were passing through the desert towards evening. When they had journeyed six parasangs, and were very weary, behold, there stood in the way a tent, and a man came out and said to Boni and his household, 'Rest here.' Then they rested and refreshed their souls. And Boni said, 'The goodness of the Lord refreshes us here; but who will lead us the rest of the way?'

"Then the man came near and showed him both the way and the bye-ways; he

also gave him a map for six parasangs further, and then said, 'Go in peace!'

"Then Boni and his household went forward in the path which had been showed them, and bore with patience the difficulties of the way; for they remembered the comfort they had received. And when they had travelled six parasangs more, they saw another tent. In this also they found a servant of the king, who entertained them, and again pointed out the way, and warned them against the bye-ways.

"And so it always happened for eighty years, at the end of which time Boni and all his house arrived at the land of promise.

And he perceived that the angel of the Lord had led him, and, with Ezra and Nehemiah, he was concerned that the Sabbath should be sanctified, for the people had become dissolute.

"Thou seest, Samma," said the teacher, "that the life of man is a pilgrimage; six parasangs are six days; but the seventh is a day of rest, on which stands open to men the tabernacle of the Lord, that they may think of the way, and put their trust in God. The wicked regard it not, and, therefore, lose themselves in the desert; but the wise find refreshment, and reach the promised land."

Correspondence.

VISITING THE INIQUITY OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN.

Exodus xx. 5; xxxiv. 7. Num. xiv. 18.

FROM THE FRENCH OF J. H. GRANDPIERRE, D.D.

The opponents of revelation have always cried out against those declarations of Scripture which threaten the chastisements of God upon the sons of the ungodly. They see in the passages which affirm the doctrine of the visiting of the sins of the fathers upon the children, an outrage inflicted upon the first principles of justice, and hence conclude that a book which contains such declarations, cannot have God for its author. This objection has been answered by many writers; and to relieve it, they have had recourse to many hypotheses; but unhappily the defenders of the Word of God have not always agreed in the methods they have employed for removing the difficulty.

Thus, Grotius (*De jure belli et pacis*, vol. ii., p. 593,) does not hesitate to say that in menacing the Hebrews with the punishment of their impious deeds in the persons of their descendants, God exercised his right as master. The power of God is unlimited, His sovereignty absolute; beings rational and irrational, bodies and souls, property and lives, all belong to Him, and He disposes of them as seems good to Him; consequently He can punish whom He pleases, when He pleases, and how He pleases, without our ever having the right to question His dealings. Thus reasons the Dutch theologian. But the reader has already perceived that Grotius has here confounded two very distinct things; God's

independence in respect to human laws and His liberty as to the very laws of His being. That God is free, who can doubt? That He is independent of our ideas of justice, and the decisions of our judgment, who would deny? But, from the fact that He has no need of our advice in order to act, that He recognizes no authority but His own, that He is dependent only on Himself, does it follow that He is able, or has the right, to act without binding Himself by any rule, and in obedience to no law but that of whim or caprice? That He owes us nothing is self-evident; but, on the other hand He owes very much to Himself. Now, He owes it to Himself, that He should always conform the acts of his government to the eternal principles of justice; that He should punish the guilty, and the guilty only, and never permit to fall upon the innocent that suffering which is due alone to him who has incurred and deserved it. The highest degree of liberty consists in the strictest attachment, the most complete submission, to the laws of truth and order.

Warburton, who has enlarged at length upon this question (*Divine Legation of Moses*, iii., p. 135), proposes a different solution of it, although in its principles it amounts to the same thing with that which we have just been opposing. According to him, it is unjust to punish the children for the sins of their parents; but this act, which in itself would be an injustice, loses its obnoxious character by the fact that it rests upon a law which forms an integral part of the covenant entered into by the Lord with the Hebrew people, and accepted

by them. Thus it is the covenant which has sanctioned or sanctified a measure which in itself is not justifiable. Besides, adds Warburton, this law was never permanent, but temporary, transitory; it was designed to supply provisionally the place of the doctrine of a future life. In refuting Grotius, we have answered Warburton, for that which in itself is unjust, can never become just by any treaty or covenant; the circumstances, the place, the opportunity, have never been able to make evil good, nor cause injustice to become justice.

Dr. Hengstenberg, following on this point the footsteps of the Chaldaic paraphrast, Onkelos, as well as Jonathan, Gerhard, Steudel, and others, thinks that the threatenings which we read in Exodus are conditional, and that it is necessary to understand or supply these words, *If the children persevere in the sins of their parents.*

This explanation is natural, very natural; we may add that it is too much so; that it falls by an excess of simplicity. If it were received, it would produce a tautology without parallel, the sense of which amounts to this: God punishes the fathers and the children; the fathers if they are disobedient to his laws, the children if they are no more obedient than their parents. And how long does he cause the rebellious children to feel the effects of his just displeasure? Until the third and fourth generation, that is to say, during a certain length of time, but this period limited. But when men rebel against Jehovah, and set at naught his laws, does God punish them only to the third and fourth generation? Would not his justice follow and reach them unto the twentieth or the hundredth generation, even to the end of the world, everywhere and always? Can we suppose that in order to lead parents to a life of obedience, there was presented as a motive the consideration that their children would be punished if they trod in their steps. But this is too evident, and would not be, in any case, a reason fitted to turn parents from the path of impiety; for it does not strictly depend upon their conduct whether their children shall be vicious or virtuous. We may add that it is never, in a certain sense, in their capacity as men, that the children are represented in this threatening as liable to suffer the consequences of the sins of their parents; but in the capacity of descendants, successors, inheritors. Now it is precisely this considera-

tion, that in becoming estranged from God, the fathers would not only bring evil upon themselves, but would, in addition, entail an unhappy lot upon their children, which the Lord wished to set before the former, to excite them to watchfulness over themselves and families, lest they should bring upon them the most terrible judgments. We say, in fine, that there is no authority for introducing into the text of the passages at the head of this article, and others analogous to them, the clause and restriction cited above. The threatening, in fact, is general, often repeated, and Moses nowhere makes mention of the exception which some wish to introduce. Now it would be strange, if the lawgiver had intended to announce that children would be punished only in case they should follow the example of their fathers, that he had not indicated it in any of these declarations, nor in others which are of a like nature. From which we conclude that the proposed explanation is inadmissible, and that it is in direct opposition to the context, which clearly teaches that it is in the capacity of children, and not of men, that the descendants of unbelievers are said to suffer.

There is, in our opinion, a more rational, and at the same time more Scriptural method of solving the difficulty; it is to confine the chastisements denounced upon the children of the ungodly to temporal evils, to the natural consequences of sin, to national punishments, and to moral disorders, in so far as they have their source in an irreligious education, or in demoralising examples. What was, in fact, the object of the threatening? It was to cause the heads of families properly to estimate of what importance, not only to themselves, but also to their offspring, were the principles which they professed, and the lives which they led. Pious, they might call down upon their posterity the blessing of heaven; impious, they would be likely, even after their death, to involve their families in the most dreadful evils. But what are these evils? Is it the loss of the soul? Is it endless perdition? By no means; in respect to this, the Word of God is positive. "The soul that sinneth it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him" (Ezek. xviii. 20). Is it, then,

of positive penalties that he here treats? of chastisements expressly inflicted? Not at all; but of natural pains, the ordinary consequences of the laws of nature, and which, without a miracle, Providence could not avert. Is it, in fine, a question of personal sufferings, deserved and endured by the individual? Not absolutely; but principally of national calamities, chastisements inflicted upon the people as people, upon society as society. It has reference to certain vices, excesses, which have power to overwhelm entire families in misery throughout the existence of many generations. Such as the diseases, the fruit of licentiousness, the misery resulting from misconduct, intemperance, the effect of bad example. There had occurred with the Israelites circumstances in which their irreligion, their rebellions, their iniquities, had drawn down upon them fearful scourges. The Lord had warned them of it beforehand, and had been faithful to his threatening. At his command the enemy had appeared; it had pounced upon the Jewish nation like a vulture on its prey; it had wasted, pillaged, burned; it had massacred young and old, confounded in its fury the innocent and the guilty; it had reduced to slavery numerous captives; and long after the death of the guilty fathers were the innocent children subject to the sad consequences of the impiety of those to whom they owed their existence.

We might even go still farther and say, that often, too often, worldly parents make worldly children, ungodly parents train up ungodly children, vicious parents produce vicious children; and when these last die in impenitence, free, and consequently responsible, it is, nevertheless, permitted for them to impute a good part of their miseries to the authors of their lives, who, as a secondary cause, have contributed to their destruction. But, in this case, the children are not punished *on account*, but *in consequence*, of the sins of their fathers.

After all, there is here a mystery from which the veil can never be fully removed in this life. The simple fact which history

teaches, which the whole experience of the Hebrew people confirms, to which that of the entire human race adds its testimony, is that the sins of parents often bring the gravest consequences upon the future existence of their children; that the happiness of the children in this world, and their salvation in eternity, are intimately connected with the piety and fidelity of their parents; as in like manner their temporal miseries and their sufferings, under another economy, with the thoughtlessness or the irreligion of those to whom God has entrusted the care of their education. Think solemnly what can replace the most lively and heartfelt solicitude of every father and every mother! It is this, we need not doubt, which Jehovah desired to impress and perpetuate in his Word, when he wrote there with his own finger this terrible threatening, "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

Thus, physically and socially almost always, and sometimes morally, does Divine providence justify the language of the Decalogue; physically, by the hereditary transmission of shameful vices or disgusting maladies; socially, by terrible revolutions, the reaction of which falls upon future generations who have had no share in their causes, but who, nevertheless, suffer their effects; morally, by the fearful results of a neglected education, or of evil example, upon the moral character and condition of the children. Here is a divine order which God would not disarrange, a chain of cause and effect which he cannot sever, a law of his kingdom from which the Holy of Holies would not desire exemption, but of which he sometimes avails himself to display the wonders of his grace. The law reigns, justice has its course, but mercy hovers over them, and pardon often interposes where the offence has abounded. "Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

A Page for the Young.

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

Dear Children,—Would you like to know who was the happiest child I ever saw? Listen to me, and I will tell you.

The happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a

great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives,—but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friend or relation to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said when she got into the carriage, "Tell me how many people there are in the carriage? I am quite blind and can see nothing." A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. "No," she said, "I am not frightend; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy,—and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her,—she had sought Jesus Christ, and she had found him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon saw she knew a great deal of it. She went to a school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; and she was a good girl, and had remembered what her mistress had read.

Dear children, you cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew. I only wish that every grown-up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must try and tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and it was to be seen everywhere now. "Oh," she said, "there are no really good people. The very best in the world have many sins every day, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of time, if we do nothing else wrong. Oh, we are all such sinners! there is nobody who has not sinned a great many sins."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ. She told me about the agony in the garden of Gethsemane; about his sweating drops of blood; about the soldiers nailing him to the cross; about the spear piercing his side, and blood and water coming out. "Oh," she said, "how very good it was of him to die for us, and such a cruel death! how good he was to suffer so for our sins!"

And then she talked about wicked people. She told me she was afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made her very unhappy to see how many of her school-fellows and acquaintances went on. "But," she said, "I know the reason why they are so wicked; it is because they do not try to be good,—they do not wish to be good,—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the three last chapters of the book of Revelation. I had got a Bible with me, and I took it out and read these chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done, she began to talk about heaven. "Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there. There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there, for it says, 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall always be with him; and besides this, there shall be no night there; they will need no candle nor light of the sun."

Dear children, just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the account of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow nor night.

I have never seen her since. She went to her own home in London, and I do not know whether she is alive or not; but I hope she is, and I have no doubt Jesus Christ has taken good care of her.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was?

You are not blind, you have eyes and can run about and see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl?

Oh, if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my advice to-day; do as the little blind girl did,—love Jesus Christ, and he will love you,—seek him early, and you shall find him.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

"'Tis sweet to do something for those that we love,
Though the favour be ever so small."

Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charming circle we call home? We love to receive little favours ourselves;

and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father,—to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother,—to help brother or assist sister,—how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up, "I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister, help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another little one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the "naughty stitch."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister all nicely arranged; "you are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "Oh, go away, and don't trouble me:" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favour.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles,—they strew the path of life with flowers,—they make the sunshine

brighter and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favour upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and he pronounced the meek blessed.

Brothers, sisters, love one another, bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater, than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humour by an elder member proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, or gathering them around her while she relates some pleasant story!

And brothers, do not think, because you are stronger, it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters. True nobleness of heart and true manliness of conduct are never coupled with pride and arrogance.

Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand; and when I see a young man kind and respectful to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

Ah! many a mother's and sister's heart has been wrung by the cold neglect and stiff unkindness of those whom God has made their natural protectors.

Brothers, sisters, never be unkind to one another, never be ashamed to help one another, never be ashamed to help any one, and you will find that though it is pleasant to receive favours, yet it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Miscellaneous.

ON CHERISHING THE INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.—If we would wish for much of the presence of God by his Spirit, we must learn to set a high value upon it; we must seek it by fervent prayer; we must cherish habitual dependance on divine influence; and we must take care to maintain a deportment suited to the character of that Divine Agent. When the apostle exhorts us not to grieve the Spirit of God, by which we are sealed to the day of redemption, it is forcibly implied, that he is susceptible of offence, and that to offend him involves heinous ingratitude and folly; ingratitude, for what a requital is this for being sealed to the day of redemption! and

folly, inasmuch as we may fitly say on this, as Paul did on a different occasion, "Who is he that maketh us glad, but the same that is made sorrow by us?" Have we any other comforter when he is withdrawn? Can a single ray of light visit us in his absence, or can we be safe for a moment without his guidance and support? If the immense and infinite Spirit, by a mysterious condescension, deigns to undertake the conduct of a worm, ought it not to yield the most implicit submission? The appropriate duty owing to a faithful and experienced guide, is a ready compliance with his dictates; and how much more may this be expected, when the dis-

parity between the parties is no less than infinite! The language of the Holy Spirit, in describing the manners of the ancient Israelites, is awfully monitory to professors in every age: "They rebelled, and vexed his Holy Spirit; therefore he turned to be their enemy, and fought against them." As we wish to avoid whatever is more curious than useful, we shall not stay to enquire precisely on what occasions, or to what extent, the Spirit is capable of being resisted. It may be sufficient to observe, it is evident from melancholy experience, that it is very possible to neglect what is the obvious tendency of his motions, which is invariably to produce universal holiness. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, meekness, gentleness, temperance, faith:" whatever is contrary to these, involves an opposition to the Spirit, and is directly calculated to quench his sacred influence. From his descending on Christ in the form of a dove, as well as from many express declarations of Scripture, we may with certainty conclude the indulgence of all the irascible and malignant passions to be peculiarly repugnant to his nature; and it is remarkable, that the injunction of not grieving the Holy Spirit, is immediately followed by a particular caution against cherishing such dispositions: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Have you not found by experience, that the indulgence of the former has destroyed

that self-recollection and composure which are so essential to devotion? Vindictive passions surround the soul with a sort of turbulent atmosphere, than which nothing can be conceived more opposite to that calm and holy light in which the blessed Spirit loves to dwell. The indulgence of sensual lusts, or of whatever enslaves the soul to the appetites of the body, in violation of the rules of sobriety and chastity, it seems almost unnecessary to add, must have a direct tendency to quench his sacred influences; wherever such desires prevail, they war against the soul, immerse it in carnality, and utterly indispose it to every thing spiritual and heavenly. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" it bears a resemblance to its Author in being a spiritual production, which requires to be nourished by divine meditation, by pure and holy thoughts.—*Robert Hall.*

A HINT TO CRITICS.—The venerable Job Orton, the biographer of Doddridge, in one of his letters, relates a fact which may furnish a useful hint to both ministers and their hearers. He says:—"My grandfather once solicited a very excellent but very modest minister to pray in the family, where several others were present, who had supped with him. He begged to be excused, alleging that he had not thought of it, and there were so many other ministers present. My grandfather replied in his familiar way, 'Sir, you are to speak to your Master and not to them; and my Bible tells me that he is not so critical and censorious as men are.'"

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

This month has been by no means as eventful as was the last. After the exciting news of the Fall of Sebastopol, little that has reached us *seems* to be of much importance, though, doubtless, there has been a good deal to alter the aspects of affairs; and to open up the path of the future. Changed, indeed, is the appearance of things before the city, which, as besieged nearly a year previous to its fall. The trenches are filled up, the embankments thrown down, and the camps removed to other positions; while the booming of cannon, which had continued to fall upon the ear for so long a time, is now, to a great extent, silent. The allied armies have, however, so changed their positions, that it is apprehended that Prince Gortschakoff will not be able much longer to hold his place in the Crimea, and that he will be compelled to withdraw either to Perekop or Nicolaieff, which latter place is now seriously endangered by successes that have been given to the fleets at Kinburn and Oschakoff,—at which places, situated on the mainland of Russia, the fortifications have been destroyed, and thus the way into the Dnieper opened. At Kars, too, in Asia Minor, an important success has been given to the

Turks, who had defended the place with much difficulty for months. So that, altogether, the Russian position is becoming rapidly one of greater difficulty and danger; and we may therefore hope that there is greater probability of the restoration of peace.

Much, indeed, is peace to be desired and prayed for. Apart from the considerations of humanity, which have been always equally forcible, the war is now causing great pressure and difficulty amongst the trading classes, indicated by the increase of the rate of discount at the Bank of England to six per cent. Affairs on the continent are also such as to cause great apprehension; and many are asking the question whether all the objects have not been now gained, that *could* be gained even by years of war; and whether, therefore, the voice of prudence, as well as the voice of humanity, does not call for the cessation of hostilities? Whatever may be the answer to this question, it is certainly one that should be carefully considered, and one that must force itself upon us as a nation, professing, at least, to be under the influence of christian sentiments and principles.

Since the preparation of our last number

the testimonial has been presented to Mr. Courtald, the chief defender of religious and constitutional freedom in the recent Braintree Church Rate contest. The proceedings were interesting and appropriate. We are glad to know that preparations are being made to continue the effort for the abolition of Church Rates, with which effort his presentation is naturally associated, in the next session of Parliament. It only needs that Dissenters should be united and resolved, and this effort might be made with assured success.

Some attention has been attracted during the month to the efforts which are being made,—especially by a Society just formed, calling itself the “National Sunday League,”—to secularise the Lord’s-day. It is to be feared that, with the favourable view taken of the movement by certain politicians, the Society may become somewhat formidable; but we do not at all fear that it will be successful to any large extent. The national feeling in England is against it; and probably the visits that have been made this year to Paris, where the plan of the “National Sunday League” is in full operation, will not do much to remove this feeling. Who, that has spent a Sunday in Paris, would wish the English Sunday to be ever like that?

Death has of late been very busy, and has gained some rich spoils in various circles. Sir J. B. Williams, a man well known in Dissenting circles, has fallen. Lord Wharnclyffe has left a place, which he had long filled with honour, vacant in aristocratic circles. Mr. Lucas, whose name will be remembered in connexion with Irish Politics, is dead. More than all will Sir William Molesworth be missed in the national councils, and in the national heart. He will be a loss to the country, and to the government. He has been removed at a time when able and honest men, such as he, can ill be spared either by the Crown or the People.

EDINBURGH.

The anniversary services in connexion with the Baptist Union and Theological Institution of Scotland, were held on Wednesday, October 4th, in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh. On Tuesday evening the Rev. William Lees, of Glasgow, preached the annual sermon from James v. 20,—an excellent and appropriate discourse. On Wednesday morning the committee met at ten o’clock for business, and at six o’clock in the evening a soirée was held in the large hall, when the Rev. F. Johnstone (Theological Tutor) presided, and read the reports, which were highly gratifying. The amount of work done in class proved the diligence of the students in every department of their mental culture, while the funds of the institution never were in a more prosperous state. Addresses were then delivered by various speakers. The Rev. J. Haigh, of Falkirk, spoke on “The necessity for an educated ministry.” The

Rev. J. Pearson, of Leith, in his usual quaint and happy style, further enforced its importance. The Rev. D. Wallace, of Paisley, gave an eloquent and impressive address on “The necessity for an earnest ministry;” and the Rev. J. Simpson (late of Middleton) closed, in his sweet and powerful style, on “The necessity for an earnest church.” It was truly a season of refreshing to all, and each one felt the importance of maintaining vigorously this academy in Scotland.

LUTON, BEDS.

On Tuesday, the 8th instant, a valedictory service was held in the Town Hall, Luton, in connection with the removal of the Rev. J. Harcourt from the pastorate of the church at Wellington Street Chapel, to the church meeting at Regent Street, Lambeth, London. After Mr. Harcourt’s friends had taken tea together, a public meeting was held, when the hall, which will seat about seven hundred people, was well filled. The chair was taken by James Walker, Esq., one of the deacons. After singing and prayer, the chairman, in a few suitable remarks, stated the object of the meeting, and expressed his own regret, and also that of the church with which he was connected, at the loss they were about to experience by the removal of their esteemed pastor, who had been so useful among them during the last five years. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. J. Harcourt, J. J. Davies, D. Gould, of Dunstable, T. Lewis, of Houghton Regis, J. Bird, of Hatfield, T. Owen, of Cranfield, J. Hart, and Mr. Goodwin, of Houghton, Hunts. The meeting was characterised by deep feeling throughout, particularly amongst the young who were present. It appears that when Mr. Harcourt came to the town, the church numbered seventy-four members, and through his instrumentality three hundred and fourteen persons have been added, and a large congregation established. The only cause assigned for his leaving the church is that of a larger sphere of usefulness offering in a densely populated part of the metropolis.

BOW, MIDDLESEX.

On Tuesday evening the 25th of September, the public recognition of the Rev. W. P. Balfour, as pastor of the Baptist church at Bow, took place. The Rev. B. Preece, of Poplar, commenced the service by giving out a hymn, after which the Rev. Samuel Davis, the neighbouring Independent minister, read and prayed; the Rev. F. Wills, of Eagle street, stated the nature and constitution of a gospel church; the Rev. C. Woollacott, of Wild street, then put the usual questions to the church and pastor, which being answered, the Rev. J. Angus, D.D., in an affectionate and earnest prayer commended the church and pastor to the blessing of God; the Rev. C. Stovel, of Whitechapel, then delivered an impressive charge to the pastor; the Rev. W. B. Bowes, who was to have addressed the church, finding the time had expired,

kindly agreed to fulfil his part of the engagement the next Sabbath evening. The Revs. J. Whitmore, Kent, P. Cater, R. B. Isaac, and other ministers, were present; and the services, both on the Tuesday and on the following Lord's-day evening, were truly edifying, and will be remembered with pleasure.

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

A public tea meeting was held in the Court-house of this town, on Wednesday, September 26th, for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred in recent alterations and improvements in the Baptist chapel, and also to give an expression of becoming respect to the Rev. G. C. Catterall, who has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church there. Friends from all the different religious bodies in the town joined in the meeting: the spacious room was crowded to overflowing; and, after utterances of fraternal esteem from many speakers, including the Rev. J. Hanson, of Milnsbridge, one of a missionary deputation to the town, it was moved by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, seconded by the Rev. J. Williams (Independent minister), of Ouseburn, heartily supported by the Rev. J. E. Cullen (Independent minister), of Boroughbridge, and carried unanimously.—“That this meeting would accord its high regard for the christian character and ministerial worth of the Rev. G. C. Catterall, who has laboured nearly seven years in the town and neighbourhood, and, while regretting his removal from amongst us, earnestly prays for his success and comfort in the whole of his future course.”

PARK CHAPEL, BRENTFORD.

This chapel was opened for worship on Wednesday, the 12th of September, when the Rev. William Brock preached in the morning, and the Rev. Samuel Martin in the evening. The following ministers also took part in the services:—Revs. J. W. Lance, pastor; R. Robinson, York-road, Lambeth; S. Davis, Bow-road; E. Morley, Brentford; J. Glendenning, Uxbridge; A. G. Fuller, Cardiff; R. Ann, Isleworth; and —. Rigg, Brentford. The day was beautifully fine, and there was a large gathering of ministers and friends from all parts. About 160 sat down to dinner, and above 300 to tea. On Sunday, the 16th, the Rev. J. W. Lance preached in the morning, and the Rev. Daniel Katterns in the evening. The proceeds of the two days were about £110. The chapel is an elegant Gothic building, the cost of which, including the freehold ground and all extra expenses, such as lighting, warming, &c., is about £2,000. Of this, between £800 and £900 has yet to be raised.

LEE, HIGH-ROAD.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th of September, a deeply interesting meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, High-road, Lee, at which about five-and-twenty disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ formed themselves

into a christian church. After short devotional services, a solemn covenant of fellowship, which had been previously considered and adopted, was signed by all who were present. An affectionate and unanimous request was then presented to the Rev. R. H. Marten, B.A., late of Abingdon, to undertake the pastorate of the church. To this he acceded, expressing his earnest hope that the future would prove that he had been directed by infinite wisdom amongst them. After the election of deacons, the sacred engagements of the evening were concluded by the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

SALISBURY.

On Wednesday evening, September 19th, a most interesting meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Salisbury, to commemorate the bi-centenary of the formation of the Baptist church in that city. The Rev. Thomas Hands, the pastor of the church, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Haylen and the Rev. R. Chancellor, of Salisbury (Independents); the Rev. J. Collyer, of Downton, and the Rev. S. Pugh, of Southampton (Baptists). A memorial of the church from its formation to the present time was read on the occasion; and the evening was spent in a most pleasant and profitable manner.

HAWTON ROAD, NEWARK.

The Baptist church meeting in the above place of worship, having given an earnest and unanimous invitation to the Rev. Richard Bayly, of Horton College, Bradford, to become its pastor, and he having accepted the same, he commenced his stated ministry on the second Sabbath in October. Present appearances indicate a pleasing prospect of usefulness; and it is the united and fervent prayer of both pastor and people, that the Divine blessing may rest on the union thus formed, reviving and extending this long drooping cause.

GLOUCESTER.

We understand that the Rev. George M'Michael, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Gloucester, and that his labours there terminated at the end of last month.

Obituary.

THE REV. J. H. TUCKER.

Died, August 29th, at St. Mabyn, Cornwall, where he had gone in the hope of recruiting his health and strength, the Rev. J. H. Tucker, pastor of the Baptist church in Winchester, in the 30th year of his age. He was publicly recognised as the pastor of the above church, April 17th, in the present year; shortly after which his health failed, and he was compelled to retire from the scene of his labours; and after four months severe suffering which he bore with christian meekness and fortitude, he expired, rejoicing in that Saviour who had suffered and died for him, leaving a widow and one son.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Eph. ii. 20.*

DECEMBER, 1855.

THE SPIRITUAL MIRROR.

BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.*

"For if any be a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."—*James i. 23.*

For giving the reflection of the "natural face," nature itself has furnished means, in water, ice, and other smooth substances, and art has willingly been subservient to this throughout the known world. Mirrors have been *favourite* articles. But a looking-glass for the mind was a thing of the utmost importance and necessity, and to be supplied from a supernatural source; that is, if it were to be a true and perfect one; one that would show not the mere *form*, so to speak, but also the *quality* of the character. The heathen moral wisdom was not a material which the greatest intellect, even if honestly set upon it, could work into such a mirror. It must be brought down from heaven, by divine revelation alone. Accordingly, in our text, it is the *word* of truth which is represented as showing men to themselves, as a glass does the *natural face*: the *word*, whether read or heard, for we need not make any distinction. It is before this that a man must stand to see the true visage and complexion of his soul. And without this all earth's inhabitants must have gone to their last account without any competent estimate of themselves,—they could not have known the exact truth of *what they really were*, till unveiled to their own view in another world.

It is easy to see *how* this declaration of truth from God is preëminently fit and competent to be the revealer of man to himself. One quality is, that it displays the whole truth of human nature in *matter of fact*,—the whole mass and combination of the properties of this nature,—and each distinctly with the utmost prominence,—all the principles, passions, tempers, motions, and modes of action:—so that one has only to look alternately on it and on mankind to see that it is the grand Demonstrator; it tells him what the deepest, widest, longest experience confirms. He has only to look to see that what is dictated to man as truth and command comes from a Spirit most perfectly acquainted with all that is in man. And more than this, it exhibits everywhere, in the most marked and luminous manner, what *man ought to have been*, and what *would have been* the excellence and happiness of his nature. By the side of each deformity there is placed an image of perfect beauty. As if, in the sad varieties of an hospital, there were placed by each of the most ghastly subjects of disease, in contrast with each injured limb and feature, a person

* The Rev. John Foster's own Notes of a Sermon.

that should be the finest specimen of blooming health, and vigour, and beauty that could be found. Such is the property of this Divine Word in its display of man. Were it not playing too much on the idea of its being a mirror, we might say, that the man who looks into it to see the plain image of what he is, sees beside and beyond it *another image*, an almost angelic one, presented in fairest lineaments, and *what is that?* It is what he *should have been!* Let him look and see whether there be a difference, on the whole, and in particulars.

Another character of excellent fitness in the Divine Word to give man an impressive sense of what he is, is its authoritative, solemn, and *applicatory* spirit. It does not exhibit man as if a subject of mere science, speculation, natural history. It bears throughout an emphasis of enforcement, admonition, requirement, warning, expostulation, and alarming censure of what is evil. So that the man beholding in this faithful representer "what manner of man he is," if he sees something evil, is not permitted to *go away with that mere fact*, indifferent about it, as if it were an "unfortunate blemish," "venial error." There is, as it were, a darkness of divine condemnation falling on the image he is beholding, with gleams of lightning intermingled, and there are awful sounds to tell him that *what is evil is also dangerous*.

Thus adapted is the Divine Word, not only to show men what they are, but to enforce upon them the importance of making a serious concern of the character and state of their minds. But, then, who would not lament that the object is so imperfectly accomplished,—that it is in so great a degree frustrated? We mean among that portion of mankind to which the divine revelation has been imparted, taking no account of that impenetrable mystery in the divine dispensations, that to the larger portion of the race this truth has not been communicated. If we look only at the most favoured part, how evident is the fact that vast numbers in our own community never consult the Divine Word in any manner concerning themselves; even never, or scarcely ever, hear it or read it; have no curiosity as to what it might say of them (though they would have much if they heard of any writing that was understood to describe them by name, and express a judgment of them); would think it very strange to be told that if there be parts of the Divine Word which faithfully describe their character, and pronounce a certain sentence on it, it is the same in effect as if their very names could have been inserted there. In some instances, when such minds have been brought under the power of the truth, they have described that particular and specially applicable parts of the inspired language have come to their consciences with such a pointed, vivid force, that they have felt as if the words were spoken to them personally and by name. And with any of us the effect of the divine testimonies will be in proportion to our approach towards this kind of feeling. But in the numerous class we are adverting to there seems to be no apprehension,—they seem never to have understood that God's communication of his word has anything to do distinctly with individuals. That messages were sent by him personally for them, seems reserved for them to learn when it will be too late—in another world. Such is the description of those hundreds of thousands who will this day have given *no attention whatever*, in any manner, to the declarations of the divine truth.

But the language of our text supposes *some* degree of attention to be paid to the words of God, yet without avail. There may be exterior semblances of attention, but, without any sin against charity, we may estimate very low the manner and spirit in which very many hear and even read the instructions of Divine truth. Let it be supposed there were some art or spell to reduce various persons to confess the plain, full truth

after hearing or even reading. And let the question be, "Where was your mind, what did you chiefly think of during that time, while reading the Scriptures, or praying, or preaching?" The answer should honestly name the subjects: then compare them with those which the exercise had been formally occupied about! Or to another, "What can you assign as the topics of the illustration? the things insisted on, proved, illustrated?" Again, "Did you feel that you were *acquiring* anything? Had you the sense that you were coming to *know* more? Had you any opinion, any judgment, that this or that was true, was important, and applicable to yourself?" "Did anything touch your conscience? convict you of being wrong? anything make you anxious to be right?" "Was there anything you charged yourselves to remember,—resolved to think of again?" "If there was a series of petitions to God, did you really, and in *earnest*, make one petition,—one silent, but fervent, *Amen*?" "And, now, when a course of exercises for religious profit is over, say, might you not, as to any improvement, have been with equal advantage employed in any other way?" We none of us feel that charity would be violated in assuming that by many persons such questions would be miserably answered. Attention exercised in a close and strenuous manner is perhaps a comparatively rare tribute given to serious subjects. And there are few things more mortifying to conscience than the comparison which a man may make between the utmost degree of attention which he *can* give to a subject, and the degree which he is sensible he often *does* give to the most important subject when spoken or read of.

But our text describes a class beyond the *inattentive*. It supposes a considerable degree of attention, and even some degree of *self-application*. "He *beholdeth himself*" in the spiritual glass. A grand indispensable requisite in order to any good from hearing or reading divine truth is *religion*, i.e., the turning of the attention on a *man's self*, in conjunction with attention to the truth. We have known persons who had given very considerable attention to the christian truth, both in its doctrine and its moral principles, but seemed quite unaware of the state of their own minds and character as to be *judged of by that truth*,—standing asunder from the truth while they contemplated it, like a man in a dark room with his eye at a perforation in the wall, seeing all light *outside*, while all is obscure within,—and *within* there may be some lurking mischief near him! But we might appeal to any man who is attentive to divine truth with the question, "What good to you is that truth, or any part of it, but for *what it is to do for you*? And what can it do for you but by its correct application? But then you must know what is the correct application; you must discern how you need it to be applied, must clearly see each particular in the state of your soul, and the character of your actions, —what has been done or not done within you, what is the state of your affections, will, motives. Whether there be an evil cherished there, a corruption unsubdued; how your heart is towards God and men; whether the grand renovation be there established and progressive; and then seriously make the application accordingly." Plainly, of what *use* to a man can the dictates of the divine word be but in such a way as this? That word may be condemning him even to perdition, and he be unaware and unalarmed. The grand duty, then, of reflection, self-investigation, in hearing or reading the word!

But the text seems to say there may be somewhat *even* of this, yet so transient as to be unavailing. He "*beholdeth himself*," "and straightway forgetteth." If we could know what passes in men's minds, we should doubtless behold many mournful exemplifications. There is within the soul and without a dreadful power ever at work to frustrate

salutary convictions and illuminations. If inspection into the interior were possible, it would be a matter of deep and painful interest to observe the divine truth, while comprehended as truth simply, to observe it attempting and attempting the soul, trying to find a vital part, to excite or to *sting* the conscience, striving to break up the insensibility, protesting against a delusive self-satisfaction, urging a serious act of self-judgment, and *partially succeeding* in awakening the soul to consciousness of what it is according to the divine sentence. And *then* all this passing away! and a relapse into the same state as before! How trifling to this the failure of all medicinal means tried on a deceased body! There may be, in the word read or heard, a description and discrimination of what genuine vital religion is, as a personal thing, and the man attending to it may have a consciousness more or less distinct, that it does *not so exist in him*; he is reluctant to perceive it, but *does* perceive it, it is uneasy, and in some degree alarmed. But soon this shall be passed away! Under an inculcation of the nature and necessity of *repentance*, the record of past sins may unfold itself to the mind, with a consciousness that there has not been such a work of painful contrition and humiliation, and a feeling that it would be sad not to have all *this forgiven*,—a disturbed emotion,—“*I must repent.*” But soon this will be calm again! Application to Christ, faith in Christ, love to him, may be heard of. But the mind may be consciously convicted of coldness towards him, of never making earnest application for an interest in him; this may be felt as fatally wrong! But let an hour or two pass away, and this disquietude will be gone! During the attention to the divine truth there may be an enforced conviction of some one important duty neglected, or of some sinful practice indulged; there may be the reflection: “This is bad; it is miserable to be thus accumulating guilt; what fatality is it that thus holds me enchanted?” This is to pass away! A man may hear exhibited the great law of *christian charity*, the suppression of malice and resentment, forgiveness of injuries, without which there is no pardon or mercy from the Supreme Judge. *While hearing this*, he may be sensible that he has in his heart a settled rancour against some of his fellow-sinners. He somewhat shrinks at this clear consciousness. It is alarming to have this palpable and pointed testimony to him, that he does not stand pardoned before his God. He seeks about for justification or palliation, but there still it remains, the black mark of his being unpardoned by the God of mercy. A most uneasy state! But the disturbance will soon subside! This great law of charity condemns covetousness, in the most emphatic terms that language can supply, in the hearing of a man who is the subject of that vice. It is represented before him what baseness of spirit it is to be hoarding up wealth, refusing the beneficent use of it, while there are in his view so many objects and occasions for a noble application of a portion of it. But, no! he refuses all but an exceedingly diminutive scantling, and that reluctantly surrendered. Yet he hears the law and the gospel uniting in his condemnation. Can he avoid feeling something like relenting and self-accusation? Perhaps he *can* avoid it. And it must be acknowledged that this is an example the most doubtfully cited in illustration of the text. For perhaps of all men this is the one least capable of seeing “what manner of man he is,”—as if God had inflicted some peculiar infatuation on this vice, as being idolatry. Still there are some irksome emotions, some mortifying struggles, under the dictates of the Divine Word, but to be quelled and forgotten! To these particular exemplifications we but add one of a *general* nature. Under the solemn representations of divine truth, how many are constrained to confess to themselves that they are not prepared for death: there is a consciousness that they

could not calmly meet it, that there would be a fearful hazard for hereafter, that something most indispensable is yet to be done, and that they are not in earnest in applying themselves that it may be done. But even *this* consciousness too, so painfully awakened sometimes at the voice of truth, they can soothe down when they are withdrawn from the admonitions of that truth!

"He goeth his way, and *straightway forgetteth*." What, "and *straightway*!" Is it not amazing? But it is the fact. An hour or two, or less. A change of place to a very short distance. As if time or place altered an absolute fact! The intervention of any trifling circumstance, trifling in *itself*; but what it *does* is no trifle. Conversation with acquaintance, it may be unimportant, but it has the power to silence a most important voice, that of conscience. "*Straightway!*" Very soon after a man has seen himself in the light of disapprobation, of condemnation, of menace, and of danger, with that convicted self he shall soon be at peace again. As if it had been some phantom of imagination, pretending to be that he had beheld, and it being gone, all that was wrong in *him* had gone too. Can he help saying to himself sometimes, that is if he do not wholly forget it, "Was it not a dream from which I have happily awaked?" In a short time he is completely ready for business or amusement. He will go freely, and even gaily, out of that dark apartment of his soul, carrying no marks upon him of what he had so lately encountered there. Who that transacts business with him, or joins him in amusement, would suspect what a mournful sight he has been beholding. A more mournful sight than if he had witnessed the death or interment of a friend. Who would perceive on his brow the written trace of his own condemnation?

But there is something dreadful in this treachery of the soul to itself. Thus to see it deserting itself under circumstances of peril, when there is nothing on earth that is calling so loud for its active and earnest interposition,—thus to see it concurring with every spiritual enemy that is watchful, and active, and subtle, to steal away every salutary remembrance, and thought, and feeling,—those fowls of the air, represented by our Lord in the parable of the sower, snatching away the good seed lest it take root. To see it thus denying to itself, and refusing, the means of remedy for the fatal evils, for in forgetting *what he is*, he forgets all that is adapted and offered for a happy *alteration* of all in which he is wrong. He forgets all that divine mercy offers, nay, he despises it.

What can be said to him who can so easily dismiss all this from his memory and his care? What? but that he is not to have a *perpetual* oblivion. He cannot forget these things so as to reduce them to a non-existence. His forgetting what he is will not transform him into something else and better, so that he should come from an obscure sojourn in oblivion *another* man. He must come to himself again, and under circumstances which will let *him no more forget*. And then he will be amazed to think what insensibility it was, and what trifles they were, that could so beguile him to forget. And let him be warned that there is One who does *not* forget; that keeps in perfect view all that he has ever been and is, and will in due time "set him in order before his eyes."

THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Friendship is the great sweetener of human life. Formed for society, we cannot be happy alone. We must have a friend, or be wretched. Yet nature, in its fallen state, cannot present the friend we need. There

must be intellect, heart, and character to fit any one to be our friend. The Lord Jesus is, therefore, presented to us as "a friend that loveth at all times," and he proposes himself as our friend. He takes every believer into the closest intimacy, and engages to perform the part of a friend. He has wisdom and wealth, heart and honour. He has knowledge and will impart it,—wealth and will communicate it,—love and will display it,—character and will illustrate it,—power and will exert it. He is fitted for friendship, and crowns and dignifies it. He takes every christian to his bosom, and wishes him to be free, friendly, and firm. Every saint, however poor, illiterate, diseased, despised, or infirm, is the friend of Christ. Let us,—

First, GLANCE AT A FRIEND OF CHRIST. *Look at that poor man.* He labours hard, he is often tired, his path is rough; but his mind is easy, his heart is light, his face often shines. Unnoticed by his fellow-men, or despised by the rich, the learned, and the polite, yet he is happy. What makes him so? He knows Jesus. He has been taught by the Holy Spirit. He knows the Saviour as a person. As one present with him, attached to him, and watching over him. He is persuaded that the Saviour loves him, and he loves the Saviour. He was ignorant of him once, but he has been revealed to him. He was enmity against him once, but he is reconciled to him. He was far off from him, but he has been brought nigh. He realizes the fact, that Jesus is his friend, and the friendship of Jesus soothes, solaces, and cheers him under all difficulties and trials. *Look at that cottager with a large family, low wages, many claims, and but a small pittance to meet them;* he looks subdued, but not unhappy. A calm reigns in his breast, and the sun often seems to throw a cheering light on his brow. He knows well what trouble means, and is often in great difficulty, yet he has peace. How is this? He has a Friend who can help him, who has promised never to leave nor forsake him, and he trusts in his Saviour's word. He is a friend of Jesus. Weaned from his fellow-men, and conscious of his need of help, he reads the precious promises, exercises confidence in them, and looks to Jesus to make them good. Tempted to doubt, he struggles against unbelief. Teased with thoughts of the future, he casts his care on his Redeemer, and refuses to believe that his heavenly Friend will be either forgetful or unkind. He is a friend of Jesus, and proves his friendship by his trust. The confidence he exercises is honoured, and the prayers he presents are answered. He lives by faith, not by sight; believing when he cannot see, and expecting when there is no present prospect. *Look at that sick and suffering one.* Reduced by weakness, and often racked with pain, yet cheerful and resigned. There are proofs of poverty in the habitation, but evidences of satisfaction in the soul. The heart has One on which it can lean, the affections have an object on which they can centre. Peace rules there. Pleasure is often experienced there. At times joy unspeakable and full of glory is realized there. That sufferer is a friend of Jesus. His love has been shed abroad in that poor one's heart, and that poor heart enjoys a little heaven in loving him in return. The sympathy of Jesus, so exquisitely tender, is a balm and a cordial under fits of weakness and of pain. Long as that affliction has been continued, painful as the visitation is, the sufferer views it as coming from a friend, as sent in love. The friends of Jesus are often a poor and afflicted people. They are chosen in the furnace of affliction. They are thus purified and made white, that they may shine brighter in glory. *Look at that poor prisoner.* Robbed of his liberty, confined in a gloomy dungeon, deprived of many of the comforts of life, treated more like a wild beast than a man. Yet there is a dignity in his bearing, a bright-

ness in his eye, and a majesty in his communications. Why is he there? Because he has confessed with his mouth the Lord Jesus. He resigned his conscience to the Son of God, to be ruled by him alone. He took the Saviour's testament for his guide, to walk by that alone. Man claimed the right to rule his conscience, but he refused to yield. Man gave him a rule contrary to his testament, and he could not obey it. But if he will not sin, he must suffer; and he prefers suffering to sin. He is much alone, yet he is not solitary; man converses with him little, yet he is not without society. He has a Friend who can enter his prison, "the doors being shut," and who is never so indulgent, as when we suffer for his sake. He is one of the friends of Jesus, and is on terms of intimacy with him. He has no secrets, for he tells his Saviour all. Every sin he confesses with sorrow. Every want he makes known with humility. Every desire he utters with submission. He tells of outward trials, and inward conflicts; of bodily pains, and mental sufferings; of man's cruelty, and Satan's insinuations. He reveals his thoughts, his fears, his wishes, and woes. This relieves him, and in return his beloved Lord, who allows him to be so tried, whispers consolation, applies his own promises, imparts new strength, and gives more grace. Day by day he is renewed in the spirit of his mind; and when ready to faint, he receives some divine cordial. He is a friend of Jesus, and finds in communion with him, refreshment, comfort, and strength. The friendship of Jesus manifested, produces submission to his will, resignation to his appointments, and at length acquiescence in his arrangements. *Look at that dying man.* The death sweat is upon his countenance. Eternity opens to his view. He is in the mortal agony. He is enduring the last trial. He is engaged in conflict with the last enemy. Heart and flesh are failing. But is he alarmed? No. Is he harassed with doubts? No. Does he cling to life? No. The waters come in to him, even into his soul; but peace rules and reigns in his heart. How is this? He has faith in his Saviour's word. Every now and then he catches a glimpse of the promised land. He feels his long known and faithful friend near him. He enjoys the thought, that though he will change his place, he will not change his company. He is a friend of Jesus, and he is going where his friendship will be perfected, and his fellowship will be interrupted no more. In a word, every one, wherever situated, or however circumstanced, who knows Jesus, as the Son of God,—who trusts in Jesus, as the only Saviour,—who loves Jesus, as the brightness of glory, and the express image of his Father's person,—who communes with Jesus day by day, as a man communes with his friend,—who expects to dwell for ever with Jesus, and looks to this as his highest heaven, is a friend of Christ. Reader, are you one? Search and look, for it is of the last importance that you be so. Let us notice,—

Secondly, HOW WE SHOULD CONDUCT OURSELVES TOWARDS THE FRIENDS OF JESUS. *We should receive them as such.* Persuaded that the root of the matter is in them, however poor, however illiterate, however infirm, we should receive them as the friends of Jesus. Never let us forget that Jesus has said of his friends, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me." Some professors judge by appearances, and if a man is well dressed, well informed, or a little respectable, according to the world's estimation, he is received with a cordiality, and embraced with an affection, which is withheld from a poor, illiterate, hard working christian. If I have received Christ, I must receive Christ's friends; and if they have his marks upon them, I must own them as his before men. *We should regard them as such.* If I pass by a poor believer's cottage, I should say to myself, "A friend of

Christ lives there." If I pass by where one lies afflicted, I should say, "One of Christ's friends lies suffering there." If I know of a christian in want, I should say, "One of Christ's friends is in want." If this were practised, would the Lord's poor be passed by their wealthier brethren without the nod of recognition? Would the Lord's sick ones lie and suffer without being visited and comforted? Would the Lord's poor be allowed to pine in poverty, unpitied and unprovided for? Brethren, if we acknowledge a man to be a christian, let us remember he is one of Christ's friends, and Jesus expects us to regard him as such. *We should treat them as such.* In all the ranks of society, in all the changes of human life, we should treat christians as the friends of Jesus; remembering that he takes what is done to them as done to him. Dost thou overcharge a christian, or beat him down when dealing with him? Thou doest it to Christ. Dost thou give him wages upon which he cannot live, or require of him a degree of labour he cannot perform? Thou doest it to Christ. Some rich professors treat their domestic animals, kept as pets, with the utmost kindness, feeding them on the best they have, and let the friends of Jesus half starve almost within sight of their dwelling. Remember, christian lady, Jesus compares thy treatment of thy lap dog, with thy treatment of his friends. Remember, wealthy professor, Jesus compares thy treatment of thy favourite pets, be they what they may, with thy treatment of his friends, his brothers, his sisters.. Oh, that we could always remember that the christian, every christian, the poorest, the meanest, the believer most compassed with infirmities, is the friend of Christ. So that if we speak to them, we may speak to them as to our Saviour's friends; if we deal with them, we may deal with them as the friends of Jesus. May I put in a word for the Lord's poor? Prices are high, wages are low, winter is come, and many of the Lord's poor friends will be sharply pinched. Clothing, food, and fuel, will be needed by many. Christians in comfortable circumstances, remember your brethren in the cheerless tenements of poverty. Send them blankets for the bed, coals for the hearth, and food for the table. Act towards them as if you deeply felt, and powerfully realised, the fact that they are the friends of Jesus. If any man will not work, he ought not to be encouraged; but if he would work but has no employment,—if he does work and is poorly paid,—or if he cannot work because disabled by age, disease, or weakness,—then he ought to be pitied, visited, and assisted. Let every believer who has the means so act this winter, as to be able to say with Job, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out" (Job xxix. 11, 12, 13, 16). Or, "If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep," &c. (Job. xxxi. 16, 17, 19, 20). Friends of Jesus, whom he has favoured by his providence, he demands your sympathy for his friends in sickness, in poverty, and in old age: he assures you he will not forget, or fail to reward the cup of cold water given to one of his little ones, when there was nothing better to impart. Let it never be said that you treated the lower animals with kindness and consideration, and left the friends of your Lord and Saviour to pine in want and privation without pity and relief!

Cheltenham.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it."—*Prov. xv. 23.*

"God hath made everything beautiful in his time." "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us fruitful seasons."

The Season,—we hear much of it. The Customs of the Season, both gay and serious, both ecclesiastical and profane. The Fashions of the Season, and what multitudes conform to their influences, and bow at their shrines. The Enjoyments of the Season: the Summer with its sea-side trip, and the Winter with its long evenings for instruction, and gladness in the domestic circle. Seasons when vice runs rampant, and the hearts of the godly are stricken; or Seasons when converts are multiplied, and the church rejoices in "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

A Word in Season, having reference to the present period, our ministers, and ourselves.

It is the Wintry Season. Although the Winter quarter has not yet commenced, and the frosts and snows of mid-winter have not yet set in, we have its precursors, the earnest of its approach: the short and sunless days, the drenching rains, the leafless trees, the miry roads, the lowering temperature, the feeling of discomfort which oft steals over us as we see the change, and the depression which, amidst December fogs, weighs on our spirits and saddens us. To this period we have come, and Winter is before us.

It is an Expensive Season. Every housekeeper can testify to this; without being profoundly versed in the philosophy, the causes of our increasing needs, the fact is known. An increase of fuel, an increase of food and raiment, increasing rates for the poor, are all so many claims forced upon us by the advancing season, and prove it to be increasingly expensive: these claims speak in language which we must understand, in tones we must hear; they are oftentimes "words that burn."

It is a very Dear Season. *Expensive* refers to the general fact; *dear* has respect to the special character of the present season. "Things are very dear," is an expression heard on every hand. Almost every article of life has greatly advanced in price, and, truly, *every article* which forms the staple food of our families. He must be a clever economist, and should widely publish his views, who could maintain his household for less than twenty per cent. increase on former and cheap winter seasons. Wintry, Expensive, and Dear, are three terms, the force, weight, and meaning of which will, we fear, be too well known and proved, by aching hearts, empty stomachs, shivering limbs, weeping eyes. Such is the season. In its *first* aspect, we know it is right, unalterably right, ordained by wisdom, sent in love; in its *second* aspect, a necessary fact; into its *third*, it is not our province or design to enter: we simply state the fact concerning the season, and proceed to the word in season. That word shall be for *Our Ministers*.

Perhaps no class of the people will feel the season to which we have referred more than the Ministers of the Gospel; certainly none, in proportion to their numbers, and the *just claims* which they have on the kindness and liberality of their people. Some of them can truly say, "I have all, and abound;" Others of them have incomes just sufficient for their need, and those incomes are greatly augmented by the cheerful and liberal offerings of their people. A few days since, a minister was heard to say, "My salary is sufficient, my people are liberal; but, in addition to this, presents from my people have averaged, during the many years of

my pastorate amongst them, sixty pounds per year additional." But there are yet *very many* to whom the present will be a trying season; they need help, and need it more than at any former period in their history. Their churches are small, the most of their people are poor, and not a few as ignorant of the principle of giving to Christ's ministers as they are poor; some few of them are wealthy, we hope liberal too! The salaries of these godly ministers are small, often very irregularly paid, and their presents are like angel's visits, "few and far between." For them we would speak a word in season. Unless they have *more* help, they must endure "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness;" nor they alone, their families must endure it too. They must fast, but it will be compulsory. In such circumstances, how can they labour, and toil, and study, and serve; how rise to that grandeur of conception, to that elevation of fervour and zeal, which is necessary, and which they desire? The eagle with broken wing is their symbol! True, they have a never-failing refuge at the mercy-seat, and unchanging promises—the *promises of God*—on which to rely. They *also* need the practical expressions of their people's love, the voluntary gifts of their true benevolence; and if all our members, even in our poorest churches, would help, "each according to his ability," such ministers would have enough.

Our poor ministers! with you, dear readers of "The Church," we plead, we offer a "word in season;" shall *they* prove "how good it is"? They are doing God's work, faithfully, affectionately, zealously,—they "watch for your souls,"—they serve a gracious Master, who will publicly own and welcome them with, "Well done, good and faithful servant," in "that day;" *but they need your help, and they need it now*. Perhaps you are a *farmer*, and, in these good times, a sack of corn would not be missed from your vast store, and how it would comfort and help your pastor; or a *grocer*, and to send him a month's, or even a week's, supply, would be of immense benefit to him and his,—it would not injure you; or a *draper*,—some of those stores which you have, and which if removed would be scarcely missed, would help to clothe by day or enwrap by night. You are, it may be, a *merchant*,—why, the coals which would be sufficient for your minister's family through the winter, would never be felt from your well-filled yards; and thus we might address the tailor, the baker, the gardener, the butcher; and where is there *one* who could not help? but we forbear. Only two things are requisite: first, that you will *think* carefully on this matter; and, next, that you will *act* as thought shall suggest and love decide.

Will each reader of "The Church" do this? Will each one give a few minutes' thought concerning the income of his pastor, and his necessities this season? And as the springs of sympathy rise, and the emotions of love, will you put those thoughts and emotions into practice? If so, then many a hearth will be cheered, and many a table supplied, and many a family gladdened, by your kindness. If so, your pastor's burdens will be lightened, his mind more free for study, his labours more acceptable. If so, you will diffuse a gladness, and create a joy, which angels could not impart. If so, you will reap your own reward in your own act.

Do it then, and do it for CHRIST'S SAKE. He, whose name you bear, whose cause you love, whose servants you esteem, will own such acts as done to him; and your Father in heaven will prove to you, that he is "not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which ye have showed towards his name, in that ye *have ministered to the saints, and do minister.*"

Lynn.

J. T. W.

Tales and Sketches.

THE DARK PRAYER MEETING.

A delightful day was drawing to its close. The buzzing activity, the noisy, restless hum of trade and traffic, with which a few hours previously the streets of the thriving village of D— were rife, had altogether ceased. There were plenty of ladies and gentlemen, to be sure, upon the walks, for how could any one choose to remain in doors upon *such* an evening? The church bells are ringing. 'Ah, it is Thursday evening, the night of the weekly prayer meetings. One, and another, and another, might have been seen dropping into the vestries of the several chapels, though a christian's eye would have remarked with sadness the comparatively few, of all who were out that eve, whose feet sought the house of prayer!

At the corner of two of the principal streets of the village, stood a small but neat looking place of worship. Around the vestry door was gathered a little group, consisting of the minister, two or three of the good brethren of the church, and four or five of the sisters. The little company were engaged in low consultation. The door was still unopened,—what could be the reason? The sexton must have either forgotten that it was Thursday, or sickness, or absence from town, detained him from performing the duties of his office. At all events the house was unlocked; and, as the sexton resided at a considerable distance from the place, the question arose respecting the expediency of giving up the meeting for the night. At this juncture, a gentleman passing advised them of the whereabouts of the key fitting the lock, which having been obtained, and entrance effected, brother A— proceeded to strike a light; but, alas, the lamps were untrimmed. With the exception of one upon the desk, not a single wick could be coaxed to burn. It seemed cold too, for the room had been several days closed, and the nights were then damp and chilly.

Meanwhile a few more persons had dropped into the vestry; but, under the circumstances, it seemed a debatable point whether or not to remain. Doubtful whispers were rife among the ladies, to the effect that it would be dangerous to sit in so cold a room,—that the sexton was greatly to blame,—and that it was decidedly imprudent to re-

main without a fire. Mrs. B— said *she* shouldn't stay; sister C— thought *she* would try and remain a few minutes, fifteen or so, but shouldn't dare to stop longer; and sister D— thought it a burning shame that the house hadn't been properly lighted and warmed; but, inasmuch as *she* was there, if they had a meeting *she* would remain.

The pastor, seeing the spirit of the good sisters, proposed to leave it entirely with the brethren and sisters whether or not to hold the meeting. Deacon M— remarked that, seeing they were together, it might be well to spend a few minutes in prayer; though if there were any that deemed it unadvisable to remain, they could, of course, retire. Accordingly the exercises were commenced by reading a short, but interesting portion of Scripture, and by fervent solemn prayer from the lips of the young pastor. A half hour or more was spent in devotion. The prayers of the brethren seemed peculiarly earnest and direct, and the exercises were closed by a few serious, appropriate remarks by the pastor. Instituting a comparison between natural darkness and the darkness of the soul, he spoke with deep feeling and solemnity of the fearfulness of the latter, and of its remedy,—of Christ, the true light,—the only light capable of dispelling the thick shades of moral darkness. Something in the manner of the speaker, in the tones of his voice, in the expression of his countenance, half discernible by the flickering light of the single, waning lamp, convinced the listeners that his language was not mere words, but that it welled up from the deep fountains of his heart; in short, that he was fully in earnest,—that he believed, and meant, and felt what he said,—that he spoke of a Saviour whom he knew, and loved, and served, and desired others to love and serve also.

Then the little company dispersed. Some, feeling it had been "good" for them to be there, went home to offer in secret a prayer for more of the "true light;" others, vexed at the uncomfortable and cheerless aspect of the meeting-room, to indulge in feelings of discouragement, and language of reproach, concerning the carelessness of the sexton, and the remissness of the church in general. The minister sought his study

with a heavy heart. He had not been long connected with that church. He was young, of a delicate, nervous organization, keenly alive to every disheartening circumstance in his field of labour. And these were by no means few. His society was neither large, nor wealthy, nor influential. This he did not much care for, but the want of interest which the most of the church manifested in the cause of Christ, their backwardness in attending the prayer-meeting and Sabbath school, and their lack of sympathy, not so much for *him*, personally, for he was everywhere kindly received, but with his yearning desire to see the kingdom of the blessed Saviour advanced, all distressed him. "Ah," thought he, wearily leaning his head upon his hand, "I am not the man for this place; my gifts are not such as this people need. The other societies are strong, and they have able, energetic pastors—talented, earnest men; my church is weak, and so much the more needs a man calculated to build it up. To what purpose do I toil here?" Then he prayed, "O God, forgive me if I have done wrong in coming hither, and speedily open a place for me in some other portion of thy vineyard; but, oh, wherever I may be, or go,—in however humble a sphere I may be called to labour, honour Thyself through me. Yet will I give Thee all the glory. Thou, O God, seest my heart; do I not desire to glorify thy name?" His tears were falling thick and fast from between his closed eyelids. Never in his life had he felt so discouraged, and sad, and weary. Faith was a little in eclipse. He saw the promises of a covenant-keeping God "through a glass" very "darkly."

A stranger was present at that little prayer-meeting. He was a traveller, tarrying only a little time in the town. Hearing the bells announcing the hour for prayer, he left the bar-room of the crowded hotel, and prompted partly by curiosity, partly by a desire to spend the evening quietly, and, to some extent, it may be, by a vague hope of hearing something suited to *his* case, he sought the nearest chapel. It was the one of which we are speaking. This man had been once a professing christian, an active, useful member of an evangelical church. He was a person possessing a liberal education, a man who *thought* much,—who studied and read upon every side of every question in which he became interested. He "ran well" for a time, but the cares of the world

gradually crept into his soul, and, ere he knew it, he had wandered far from the fold of the good Shepherd. He became familiar with the German language, and literature, and philosophy. The worse than misty theories of some of its theologians had a sad tendency to unsettle his faith. He sought in vain, from the chaos of philosophical abstractions, with which he was familiar, to rest upon some belief. Numerous enquiries, which philosophy could not answer, arose in his mind; mysteries, which man could not solve, crowded upon him, and disturbed his peace. By degrees he lost his former relish for the truths of the Bible, and ceased to see the beauty of the religion of faith in an atoning Saviour. He was, at the date of our story, neither a sceptic, nor yet a believer. That he was ever a christian, he could not imagine. He dared not wholly disbelieve the christian system, nor did he heartily believe it. He was in a wretched state of dubiety,—of vacillation between unbelief and faith. With feelings made up of the ludicrous and the serious, he sat down in that dark room. Once he took up his hat to leave, but the voice of the minister arrested his attention,—so solemn, and earnest, and impressive was it. He paused, and then settled back in his seat. "I can at least respect this man," thought he, "for he believes what he says; he prays as if there were some one to hear, and as if he were accustomed to visit the mercy-seat." The simple earnestness of the short petitions which followed impressed him too. "I would give worlds for the faith of these men!" he mentally exclaimed. "Oh, that I could believe!" The closing remarks of the pastor seemed peculiarly adapted to him. "*My soul is dark, dark, dark!*" said he, as he left the room. "Oh, that some ray of Divinity would enlighten it! Oh, that the Saviour, in whom I once believed, would pity me! Whether this gospel be, or be not a delusion, I long to believe it as I once did. I have never been happy since I doubted. I shall never be happy until I yield it my heart's assent. For the simple, living faith of that young pastor, I would give everything I possess."

He sought his chamber, but not to sleep. The impressive earnestness of the man of God, and his picture of the darkness of the unrenowned heart, haunted him still. All night he walked the floor, absorbed in serious, anxious thought. With the morn-

ing's dawn he knelt,—it was long since he had bent the knee,—he knelt and prayed, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." A gracious, long-suffering God heard his prayer, strengthened his weak faith, poured balm upon his self-inflicted wounds, and hid him in the "shadow" of his own wing. The penitent wanderer returned to the fold,—was again a useful member of the church he formerly loved, and to this day walks softly and humbly before God. With tearful eyes he speaks of the solemn earnestness and eloquence of that young minister, and of the dark prayer meeting in the village of D—, as the means of his rescue from the worse than Egyptian darkness of infidelity.

Could that young pastor, upon the night in question, have looked into the chamber of that stranger,—have witnessed his agony of heart,—have heard his prayers,—and known that he was instrumental in thus arousing that soul,—how would he have "thanked God, and taken courage." Ah, "we see" now "but in part." We are too apt to forget to be "instant in season, and out of season;" too apt to lose sight of the command, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand!"

THE TEAR.

There was once a poor woman, who had a great many children, but lost them all, one after the other, with the exception of one, the youngest, prettiest, and nicest of them all. The mother wept her darlings, it is true, but after each succeeding death solaced herself with the thought, "I have still some comfort remaining;" and when, as I have said, they all died save one, she concentrated all her love, her thoughts, and her affections on that one, and was consoled. Dearly did she love this child, a little girl two years old; her whole delight was to talk to her, wash, dress, and feed her, and as, on account of the child's tender age, it could not pray itself, she used to pray by the hour for its welfare and success, and even in sleeping her dreams would follow the same paths as her waking thoughts, and one might hear the accents of the mother during sleep, invoking a blessing on her loved one's head.

But who shall resist death, or rather death's Master? He spoke, and the poor woman's only child, her last hope, was taken from her: then, indeed, despair entered her soul, she wept unceasingly, and

would not be comforted; her neighbours' common-place consolations fell on an unheeding ear, and at last every one quitted the cottage, and left her alone with her grief.

It was evening; the funeral was to take place the following day. The mother, bowed down with sorrow, leant her head on the little bed where the corpse of her child lay, and fell into a kind of heavy sleep. How long she had thus lain she knew not, but suddenly a bright light roused her, and a beautiful figure stood opposite to her, and said, "Daughter of Eve, awake, thy prayers and tears have reached his throne, who is the Lord of all; I have been sent to thee, and I am permitted to bear thee to Heaven, where all the pure tears, shed since the world began, are collected; if thou canst choose the purest from amongst them, those free from all earthly stain, and shouldest thyself wish it, their touch will restore thy child to life." The woman shook and trembled, but the angel touched her with his pinions, and, spreading them, flew with her to Heaven.

It may be fancied that the music from myriads of golden harps enchanted her,—that the perfume of thousands of flowers, far brighter than those of earth, soothed her,—and that, dazzled by the glories of Heaven, she ceased to mourn. No; the mother passed them all unheeded by, until she came to the place which the angel told her was the garden containing the flowers, sprung from those tears which pure are shed on earth, and caught up to Heaven, there to bloom for ever as plants and flowers.

There she saw the yew sprung from Abraham's tears for Sarah; the cypress, caused by Jacob's tears for Rachel; the red carnation, glowing from the hero David's grief for Jonathan, and many, many more;—there were daisies sprung from the tears shed by orphans for their parents; passion flowers, growing from the Virgin Mary's weeping for her son; lilies of the valley, the tears of the Hebrew mothers; and dark blue violets, the offspring of the repentant drops shed by Mary Magdalen.

Though these were all pure, though each flower rivalled the other in beauty, the poor woman stood irresolute. A nameless something told her they were not all pure enough; so she wandered farther, and at last espied a white lily, pure and lovely beyond all description: suddenly she cried, "Oh, holy angel, this must be the flower

sprung from the purest tear." "Well hast thou spoken, oh, woman," answered he; "truly it is so, *this lily* had birth from the tears shed by Jesus for his beloved Lazarus; one blade of this plant will restore thy child to life, for this lily is sprung from the only drops that ever fell from human eyes, unalloyed by earthy passion or some stain of humanity; those fell from the eyes of perfect love."

The mother stretched her hand to the plant to pluck a leaf therefrom, but suddenly paused, and said, as if in thought, "Oh, God, forgive my selfishness!—what? one tear of the Saviour's could restore my child! so mighty in the power of his love! Why should I wish to take her from the presence of that love to return to the miseries of earth? No! let me leave my darling in thy hands, oh, Saviour,—thy will be done, she is happier than with me."

It was morning—the poor woman had but dreamt! A bright sunshine streamed through the room. The child appeared to smile. The mother was strangely comforted, and though her tears still fell, she no longer wept despairingly.

She saw her darling buried, and returned to her now solitary home, but not to pine in useless grief. She employed herself in doing all the good that lay in her power; wherever there was sorrow, she was at hand to comfort and console; but, above all, she strove to teach little children the goodness of God.

Two years passed thus. At last, one day, she did not appear as usual. The neighbours entered her house, and found her dead, but smiling,—her spirit had flown to meet her child, and live for ever, happy and blessed.—*From the German.*

FAMILY DEVOTION.

What a cheerful radiance is diffused through the family circle by fireside piety! It is not enough that each one pray alone. Parents and children are bound together by holy ties, and it is fitting that they should join in bending before that Maker on whom they all depend. The safety and happiness of each are dear to all, and they can pray for each other with a united heart. See them at their morning devotions. How sacred is the hour, when, as the sun is just rising on a new day, they form a circle round the fireplace,—the old father in the

midst. Here is a scene for a painter. Here are sons and daughters, grown to manhood and womanhood, and, perhaps, children climbing their parents' knees. By turn they all read from the Scriptures, and it is sweet to hear the little voices mingling with the dry and trembling accents of age. Then they kneel, and if prayer ever is heard in heaven, it is such as ascends from this group of affectionate worshippers.

The whole service has occupied but a few minutes, yet how marked the influence of that brief devotion. How tender is this family as they rise from their knees! The brothers and sisters disperse to their several occupations with a light step and a cheerful heart. The effect of this morning prayer will last through the whole day. How rash and presumptuous are they who rush forth to duties and trials with no such preparation of spirit! How likely are they to be plunged into passion and bitterness before its close!

And when the evening shades appear this family assemble again. They are about to commit themselves to sleep,—the image of death. They thank God for his care through the day, and pray that He who never slumbers nor sleeps would watch over them through the night. They sing a hymn, and, as their humble notes rise and float away, it seems as if some bird of heaven, stooping to their windows, had poured forth into the hushed night the melody of a celestial song.

We have seen many families, intelligent and refined to a very high degree, yet without religion, and it always seemed that there was wanting somewhat of moral beauty and loveliness. Their minds were cultivated, their dispositions amiable, and their manners polished, yet there was a certain charm which the eye sought in vain. It was the moral tone and elevation which religion gives to the human soul,—a kind of unearthly, spiritual light, like the halo with which the old painters surrounded the head of our Saviour. An artist has recently painted the Adoration of the Magi, and he has illumined the dark stable of Bethlehem with a supernatural light. Not less heavenly is that moral radiance which beams on every forehead, and in every eye, where all hearts are touched with the sweetness and serenity of prayer.

Take away this family altar, this Bible, this sacred hymn, this morning and evening devotion, and does not the day become

dark? Has not the home lost something of its attractiveness? Those who live without family prayer, have no light in their dwellings. They may live in palaces; but their palaces are dark as dungeons.

Would that all who are so happy as to have a home and a family, would bless them with such gentle piety. Our religion is too much a public affair,—a religion of the street or of the church, rather than of the

family and of the heart. There is no want of harmony between these duties, and it is not necessary to disparage the one in order to exalt the other. But it does seem that if there is any spot where a good man should show his excellence, it is at home. There should parents keep their lamps always trimmed and burning, that children may see by their light, and be led to God by their faithful and affectionate piety.

Correspondence.

THE DUTY OF CHURCHES TO THEIR BANKRUPT MEMBERS.

To the Editors of "The Church."

Sirs,

I have been much interested in reading the remarks in a recent number of "The Church" on this important subject. Your correspondent's observations and suggestions are worthy of, and should receive, the serious consideration of every christian church, for there is reason to fear that failures in business and cases of bankruptcy, on the part of professors of religion, are greatly on the increase. In the neighbourhood where I reside, a small church has received a heavy blow from the bankruptcy of its only deacon, under circumstances which leave no doubt of his culpability.

There is one view of this question which your correspondent has failed to notice. The men of the world are accustomed to regard all who attend our chapels as members of the church; they forget that many persons dissent from the "Establishment" on political grounds only. We may take it to be a fact, therefore, that our churches suffer as much reproach from the delinquencies of those who are merely subscribers or seatholders as from those who are members.

I believe that bankruptcy most frequently arises either from speculation or living beyond income. No man, much less a christian man, is justified in speculating in business so as to endanger the common and ordinary comforts of his family; and it

need hardly be remarked that to incur debts for other than the necessities of life, without the reasonable expectation of being able to pay them, must be sheer dishonesty. But, as if sufficient indiscretion and injustice to creditors had not been perpetrated prior to bankruptcy, members of churches and seatholders, when in a state of hopeless insolvency, seem to consider it their duty to "pay for their pews:" they must keep religion under patronage, for thereby they expect to gain sympathy. But surely it is not creditable for a church to receive money so offered in support of the sacred cause of truth and righteousness; it would redound to the glory of any church who would strive to ascertain from what period money had been improperly given by a bankrupt for his pew, and then to pay the amount to his creditors: but if this should be considered an extreme view of christian duty, and not obligatory upon any church, I would venture to assert that money offered by bankrupt members and seatholders should be peremptorily refused until creditors are paid. As christians we should avoid the very appearance of collusion with men of doubtful character.

If you can afford space in your valuable columns for a limited correspondence on this subject, the minds of christians may be stirred up to grapple with this evil, which has become so much the occasion of reproach to us.

I am, Sirs, yours truly,

X. Y. Z.

A Page for the Young.

THE NETTLE IN THE GARDEN.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

Jane Stevens came from the garden into the house one morning, crying bitterly.

She had not learned to bear pain very heroically, and she had been badly nettled.

"What is the matter, Jane?" said her mother.

"I've got nettled."

"Nettled! How?"

"I was picking currants, and there was a great, ugly nettle in the currant bushes, and so I got stung with it."

"You should have been more careful."

"Well, I didn't see it; besides, it had no business to be there. It was no place for a nettle."

"That is very true," replied her mother, smiling. "It is no place for it, and Tom should have seen that it was removed. But come here, and I will put something on your hand which will make it feel better."

Jane's hand was soon relieved, and she thought no more about the matter that morning.

In the afternoon her cousin Lucy came to see her. "I've come to spend the afternoon; mother has given me leave," said Lucy.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Jane; and away the two girls skipped to their play.

In an hour, however, Jane came into the house, looking quite out of sorts, and Lucy was not with her.

"Where is Lucy?" asked Jane's mother.

"She has gone home."

"Gone home! What does that mean? I thought she had come to spend the afternoon."

"She didn't want to stay any longer," said Jane, hurrying away from her mother, as if she wished to avoid being asked any more questions.

Her mother saw that something was wrong; but she saw, also, that Jane did not wish to be questioned; and as Lucy was already gone, she thought she would say no more to her at that time.

Jane went straight to her own room, and there she remained until she was called down to tea. When she came to the tea-table her mother saw that she had been crying. After tea she called her to her own room, and said gently but firmly,—

"Now, Jane, you must tell me what happened between you and Lucy this afternoon. I heard her say when she came that her mother had given her permission to spend the afternoon. It is not often that little girls decline to avail themselves of such a permission. Now, I wish you to tell me frankly, just as it is, why your cousin Lucy went home."

"I will tell you, mother," said Jane; "for I have been very unhappy about it ever since. While we were playing in the

garden, I asked Lucy to go with me into the meadow, and gather some wild flowers. But she did not wish to go, because she wanted to come into the house and play with my great doll. She said that she had asked her mother to let her come on purpose to play with it. I was vexed with her, because she would not go into the meadow, and declared that I would not bring out the doll that afternoon. Then she got angry, and said, 'If I were going to be so ugly she would not stay with me,—she would go home.' 'You don't mean to go home, I know,' I said. 'Aunt Lucy said you might stay until night, and I guess you will be glad enough to stay.' 'No, I shan't stay,' she said; 'I shall go home;' and she turned to go out of the garden. I thought she was only trying to frighten me and make me bring out my doll; but the first thing I knew, she was out of the garden and the yard, and running towards home as fast as she could. When I saw that she was really gone, I was sorry for what I had done."

"And what have you been about all the time since Lucy went away?"

"I have been up in my room, crying."

"I should think so, by the looks of your eyes. I think you and Lucy both have been pretty badly nettled this afternoon, and I think it is time that the great, ugly nettle was pulled up."

Jane looked at her mother, as if not quite certain what she meant.

"You have not forgotten how you were nettled this morning, have you?"

"No, mother."

"And don't you remember that you said the garden was no place for the nettle?"

"Yes, mother."

"What you said was very true. The garden was no place for it. It should not have been suffered to grow there. Go out, my dear, and see if you can find it there now."

Jane went to the spot where the nettle was growing in the morning, but it was not there, and she went in and told her mother that it was gone.

"So I expected, my dear, for I ordered Thomas, to-day, to pull it up. Now, the spirit of unkindness in your heart, my child, is like that ugly, stinging nettle. Do you think it should be suffered to grow there? Think of the mischief it has done, and the pain it has caused to-day. Lucy came here this afternoon, hoping to have a very pleasant visit, and a grand time with

your doll, which, she having seen but once, is quite an attraction to her. When she came, you both skipped out into the garden as happy as lambs; but your unkindness spoiled it all. She was your guest, and you know you should have done all you could to make her visit pleasant. But instead of doing this you were disobliging, and positively unkind, and your unkindness, doubtless, sent her home feeling very unhappy. Don't you think it caused her more pain than the nettle did you, this morning? Don't you think it worse to have the heart stung than the hands? And this same ugly nettle has stung you as well as Lucy. Is it not so? Had you not rather bear the pain of being nettled this morning, than the self-reproach which you have felt for treating her as you did?"

"Yes, mother, I am sure I had; for I have been very unhappy this afternoon."

"The nettle in the garden has been pulled up and thrown away. What shall be done with that ugly weed of unkindness and selfishness which has sprung up in your heart? Would it not be a fine thing if that could be pulled up too? So long as it remains, it will be stinging some one, as it did this afternoon. Who do you suppose planted the nettle in the garden?"

"Planted the nettle, mother! I never heard of such a thing as planting a nettle. They come up of themselves quite fast enough."

"Did you ever hear of corn and potatoes coming up of themselves?"

"No, mother; I fancy Thomas would like it if they would."

"So it is with our hearts, my daughter. They may be compared to a garden. The weeds of unkindness, selfishness, and pride, come up of themselves. They need no cultivation. If we take no care of our

hearts, these will be sure to grow rank enough. But the beautiful plants of love, gentleness, kindness, and self-denial, will not grow without culture. Again, let me ask you what shall be done with the weed of unkindness in your heart? Shall it be suffered to grow there, or will you try to pull it up?"

Jane looked at her mother, and replied, earnestly and seriously, "I will try to get rid of it, mother. I know it has done a great deal of mischief already. I don't want it to grow in my heart any longer."

"I am glad to hear you say so; but you must remember that one effort will not suffice. Do you suppose that Thomas will never have to pull up another nettle in the garden?"

"I know he will have to pull up many nettles. I know they keep growing all the time."

"Let this teach you a lesson, my dear. You must watch your heart all the time, if you will keep down the weeds. When unkind thoughts arise, you must try to overcome them, while you carefully cultivate every kind and gentle emotion. If you do this faithfully, the nettles of your heart will not grow rank enough to sting your friends, as they did this afternoon; but the beautiful plants which you carefully cultivate will rejoice the hearts of all who love you. You must, however, remember, that it is only by constant watchfulness that you can subdue the ever-springing weeds of evil in your heart. You must watch that you may be able to uproot them as soon as they appear, before they obtain a firmer hold; and you must pray, because you need help to do this. It is too great a work for you to do in your own strength; but there is One who will help you, if you will ask Him."

Miscellaneous.

DAILY PRAYER.—Prayer is the bellows that blows up the affections; and a christian is most active when his affections are most violent. Prayer keeps the trade of religion a-going. Prayer is to the soul what the animal spirits are to the body; the animal spirits make the body more lively and agile; so doth prayer the soul. That the motion of a watch may be quicker, the spring must be wound up. Christian! wind up thy heart *every day* by prayer. Prayer fetcheth in strength from Christ; and when His strength comes in, it sets the soul a-working. Prayer leaves the heart in a good

frame; as the morning sun leaves a warmth in the room all the day after. When christians lay aside prayer, or leave off fervency in it, then by degrees they lose their holy violence. If you would be violent for Heaven, keep up *daily fervent prayer*.—*T. Watson.*

TAUGHT BY THE SPIRIT.—At first sight it appears strange, that if all christians be taught by the same Spirit, there should be any difference among them. Can the great Teacher lead his people to opposite conclusions? But a proper view of the subject will entirely remove the difficulty. Christians are all taught the *same thing* by the Spirit, so far

as they are taught by him. But as the Spirit does not teach them all to the same extent, there is room for many differences. All his people are not in the same class. There are babes, young men, and fathers. God is Sovereign in this, as in everything else. *He gives his gifts as he pleases*—Carson.

LITTLE THINGS.—I see in this world two

heaps of human happiness and misery. Now if I can take the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something; I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.—*Newton*.

Intelligence.

THE MONTH.

The news during the past month has not generally been exciting or important. The operations in the Crimea, to which all the year we have looked with so much interest, may be said now to be suspended for the winter; and the naval force in the Baltic, to which all the year we have looked with scarcely any interest at all, is on its way home. The winter months will therefore do little to forward the great objects of the war, except in the way of diplomatic and peaceful debate and intrigue. It is said that the Emperor of Russia, warned by defeat, is inclined to make peace; and there is no doubt that the allies are taking measures—amongst others, the gaining over Sweden to their side—which must probably have the effect of compelling him to do so. We would fain hope that the winter will be employed in honest and sincere effort on both sides, to prevent the necessity of the renewal of bloodshed. After all the proofs which the allies have furnished of their power and determination, it would be but foolish temerity for the Emperor of Russia obstinately to maintain what must turn out to be a hopeless struggle; and, for ourselves, it is impossible to deny that all the *original* objects of the war have been gained, and that, therefore, really nothing remains to stand in the way of a satisfactory and speedy settlement of a dispute, which but for the folly and ambition of our adversary would never have been begun.

There are two other reasons—in addition, of course, to that furnished by feelings of humanity and mercy—why we are anxious for peace. One is, the serious injury done to trade by the straitsness of the money market, which is the consequence of the war. The other is the influence which continental politics appears, through the war, to be gaining in England. We refer especially now to the recent expulsion from Jersey of the well-known Victor Hugo and of thirty-three other French refugees,—the reason assigned being an alleged libel on the Emperor of the France. There can be no doubt that this step has been sanctioned by the English government, in consequence of the direct or indirect influence of Louis Napoleon; and we confess that it is a step which, having been taken without the sanction of the English law, has caused us considerable alarm. It would be a pity if, in aiding the cause of freedom abroad, we should admit into our constitution principles opposed to freedom at home.

There has been some talk during the

month of war with America. The thing seems to have arisen out of some singularly imprudent measures taken by our own government, and some singularly injudicious articles in the newspapers of both England and America. The matter has never caused us much uneasiness, simply because we believe a war between England and the United States to be now impossible. Even were there any danger of a quarrel between the two governments which might lead to such a result, there is too much friendship and affection between the two peoples, for them ever to permit it.

One interesting event of the month is the election of a Jew to be Lord Mayor of London. It is a proof of increased liberality of feeling, and enlightenment of view, that such an appointment should have been made at all; still more satisfactory is the general approval with which the appointment has been received in London and throughout the country.

Lord John Russell has been lecturing to the London Young Men's Christian Association, on "The Obstacles to Political and Social Progress." The fact of one of England's foremost statesmen consenting to occupy such a post, is itself sufficiently significant; but still more so is his uttering such lofty sentiments, which the young men of London cheered to the echo. We recommend the lecture to the careful perusal of all our readers who can have access to it: proud that England has a statesman who can utter such noble sentiments so boldly and wisely; proud, too, that England's metropolis has three thousand young men who can listen appreciatively and approvingly to their utterance!

REGENT-STREET CHAPEL, LAMBETH.

The recognition of the Rev. Jas. Harcourt, late of Luton, Beds, as pastor of the church meeting in the above chapel, took place on Tuesday, November 6th, 1855. Tea was provided at five o'clock, when three hundred and sixty persons were assembled. At six o'clock the chapel was well filled, and the services of the evening commenced. The chair was taken by J. Stiff, Esq., one of the deacons. A hymn having been sung, the Rev. Samuel Green engaged in prayer. Letters were read from the Rev. Drs. Steane, Angus, and Wills, and from the Revs. S. M. Soule, and F. Trestrail, expressive of regret on account of their being unable to be present on this interesting occasion. The chairman then gave a brief statement of the

steps which led to the connection recently formed between pastor and people, and adverted to the design of the church to build a new and larger place of worship in a more eligible locality. The Rev. J. Harcourt followed, explaining the subject more fully, particularly in reference to his own share in this important transaction, stating that God had blessed his labours in Luton to the conversion of many souls, even until the time of his leaving that place, but that he was induced to accept the invitation of the church in Lambeth, believing that it presented to him a still wider sphere of usefulness. Mr. Harcourt, speaking of his future labours, observed, that it should be his aim to benefit all classes of the community, that he hoped not to neglect the richer and more enlightened portion of his hearers, yet at the same time, he should endeavour to preach the gospel with such simplicity, that the poor man, as he passed his grave, might revere his memory as the instrument of his spiritual good. The Rev. J. Aldis, of Mase Pond, then addressed the pastor on his acceptance of the office. The Rev. W. Howieson, of Waiworth, addressed "The church, who, in answer to fervent and effectual prayer to God, have at length obtained a pastor." A few verses were then sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. J. Lance, of Brentford; after which the Rev. J. J. Davies, of Luton, spoke on "The obligations a church owes to a new pastor." The Rev. J. Hart, of Houghton, Hunts, followed, on "The best means of sustaining respect to the pastor, and to each other, in a christian church." Potto Brown, Esq., of Houghton, spoke on "The advantages of point and simplicity in preaching the gospel, and of the duty of church members to aid their minister by coöperating with him in his schemes of usefulness." The Rev. J. Burton, of St. Ives, Hunts, succeeded on "The obligations of the church to seek the evangelisation of the densely populated neighbourhood surrounding the chapel, and the best means of attaining this end." The Revs. W. Leask, of Escher Street, Kennington, and R. Robinson, of the York Road, Lambeth, gave short addresses of fraternal congratulation,—the latter giving out a hymn, and concluding the meeting with prayer. Amongst the ministerial brethren present were observed the Revs. P. Cornford, S. Collings, B. Evans, G. Frances, J. George, E. Hull, S. Hatch, J. Russell, A. M. Stalker, and S. Todd. The services of the evening were highly interesting, and a season of grateful joy to the church and congregation.

NEW CHURCH STREET CHAPEL, EDGEWARE ROAD, LONDON.

The Jubilee services of New Church Street Chapel, for the extinction of the chapel debt, were commenced on Lord's-day, October the 28th, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Burns, the pastor; in the forenoon from Zech. iv. 10; in the evening from Isaiah xxvii. 13. The congregations filled the building on both

occasions, and large collections were made. On Monday afternoon, the 29th, Portman Hall, and every available room in the building, notwithstanding a pouring rain, was filled by those who had assembled at the jubilee tea meeting. Nearly four hundred persons were present. After tea the meeting adjourned to the chapel, where the services commenced by the singing of a suitable piece by the choir. Dr. Burns then read the history of the chapel and church from its rise. Mr. Balfour, the senior officer of the church, then moved, after an earnest and warm-hearted speech, that the amount over the claim of the chapel debt should be presented to their pastor, as a small token of their esteem, confidence, and grateful affection. This was seconded and carried by acclamation. The pastor then acknowledged the gift so generously bestowed, stating that he had entered on the pastorate twenty years before, with nearly an empty chapel, and a salary of £120 per annum. That he had been necessitated to be largely employed as an author, for many of the earlier years of his ministry, but that nearly the whole of the sittings were let, and he now enjoyed, by the resolution of the church, the proceeds thereof. He urged on the meeting to give the entire glory of all their success to God, and he hoped that they would all feel constrained to devote themselves more closely now to the spiritual concerns of the church and congregation. Two appropriate and beautiful pieces were then sung by the choir, their efficient services kindly acknowledged, and the benediction pronounced about ten o'clock.

PAULTON, SOMERSET.

On Wednesday, Sept. 26th, the Baptist church in this place held public services, for the purpose of reviewing and testifying the gracious care and goodness of the great King in Zion, during the two hundred years of its existence. In the afternoon, after the Rev. J. J. Joplin, of Keynsham, had read a portion of the scriptures and prayed, the Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., of Bristol, delivered a most interesting discourse, in which he presented to the congregation our early denominational history to the year 1655, which was eloquently concluded by admirable practical inferences and valuable suggestions. The Rev. C. Nettleship (Independent) closed by prayer. A large number then gathered together in the school-room to take tea; after which a public meeting was held, the chair being taken by James Bigg, Esq., of Radford-house, a venerable gentleman of four score years, whose ancestors were connected with the church almost from the time of its formation, and seven of whose descendants are now members of it. The well known hymn, "Kindred in Christ," &c., being sung, and prayer offered by G. C. Ashmead, Esq., of Bristol, excellent addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Wasseil, of Bath; Davies, of Wells; Nettleship, of Clutton (Independent); and Sutch, of Paulton (Wesleyan). During the evening the Rev. H. W. Stembridge, pastor of

the church, presented to the meeting a history of the church; from which it appears that during the two hundred years of its existence, eleven pastors have been settled over it; the united pastorates of the first four extended over a period of one hundred and forty-three years; 379 have been added by baptism; and the church now numbers 120 members.

BIGH ROAD, LEE.

On Wednesday evening, the 14th Nov., a most impressive and deeply interesting service was held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. R. H. Marten, B.A., as pastor of the newly-formed church worshipping in the above chapel. The chapel was crowded. The Rev. Dr. Steane presided. A portion of Scripture was read and prayer offered by the Rev. Joshua Russell. Dr. Steane, in a few words, then stated the purpose of the meeting, and called upon Mr. S. S. Benson, one of the newly-elected deacons, to read an historic record. After this had been read, Dr. Steane called upon Mr. Joseph Warmington, another of the deacons, to read the covenant of fellowship on which the church had been formed, which showed, that it admits to its membership all believers in Christ, irrespective of denominational opinions. The Rev. R. H. Marten then ascended the pulpit, and, in an appropriate address, proceeded to assign his reasons for accepting the pastorate of the church at Lee. The Rev. William Brock next commended the pastor to the merciful support and guidance of Almighty God. Dr. Angus, in a few pertinent remarks, dwelt upon the relation upon which Mr. Marten was entering, as the pastor, the evangelist, the servant, the ruler, and the model of the church; and the Rev. S. Green followed in a brief address on the relation of the church to the pastor, and its consequent duties. Dr. Steane concluded with an earnest supplication on behalf of the people at Abingdon, whom Mr. Marten had just left, and who have since received as pastor the Rev. S. Edgar, late of Kimbolton. All desired and ventured to anticipate that good days may be in store for a church whose beginnings have been small and somewhat trying, yet hopeful.

PENKNAP, WESTBURY LIGHT, WILTS.

Several very interesting services, in connection with the recognition of the Rev. Joseph Hurlstone as pastor of the Baptist church of that place, were held in Penknapp Chapel, on Tuesday, the 23rd October. In the afternoon, the Rev. Thomas Winter, of Bristol, addressed the pastor elect in an affectionate and impressive charge, founded on Col. i. 28; after which, the Rev. James Sprigg, of Westbury Leigh, addressed the church very faithfully, on the duties they owe to their Master, their minister, and themselves. The Rev. Mr. Harris, of Westbury (Independent), the Rev. George Howe, of Warminster, and the Rev. Joseph

Preese, of Westbury, took part in the devotional services. Immediately after, upwards of three hundred persons sat down to tea. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel, to welcome the Rev. Mr. Hurlstone to his new sphere of labour. After singing and prayer, Mr. Curtis, on the part of the church, read a statement of the circumstances which had led to the formation of the union now formed between pastor and people. Mr. Hurlstone replied to that statement in a very feeling and appropriate manner. The meeting was then addressed by the venerable chairman, Mr. Winter, and by the Rev. Mr. Manning, of Frome, the Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Bratton, the Rev. Mr. Harris and the Rev. Mr. Watson, of Westbury (Independents), the Rev. Mr. Howe, of Warminster, the Rev. Mr. Clift, of Crockerton, and the Rev. Mr. Sprigg, of Westbury Leigh. The services of the day seemed to produce a very solemn and pleasing impression on many.

KINGSGATE STREET CHAPEL, HOLBORN.

Our readers are already aware that the church which, for the last one hundred and twenty years, has worshipped in Eagle Street Chapel, Holborn, has at last found it necessary to erect a larger and more commodious place of meeting. Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 24th, was the time appointed for the laying of the foundation-stone of the new edifice. The ceremony was performed by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart. The proceedings having been commenced by a devotional exercise, in which Dr. Wills, the Rev. S. Woollocott, and the Rev. W. Brock, engaged, Mr. Brock very appropriately and eloquently addressed the assembly. The Rev. F. Wills then read a record of the chapel since its foundation, which having been deposited, together with the usual accompaniments, in the stone, Sir S. M. Peto proceeded to perform the ceremony. After a few remarks from Sir S. M. Peto, a hymn was sung, and the benediction offered, after which the assembly dispersed.

PEMBROKE DOCK.

The Rev. W. B. Bliss, late of Kington, Herefordshire, having received and accepted a very hearty invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church meeting in Bethel chapel in this town, commenced his labours on Lord's day, November 4th.

READING.

The Rev. John Aldis, of Maze Pond, London, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Reading, and is expected shortly to commence his ministrations there.

CHELSEA.

The Rev. Thos. J. Cole has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Paradise-walk, Chelsea, and terminates his labours there the first Sabbath in January.



